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DON ORSINO.

I.

DON ORSINO SARACINESCA is of the younger age and lives in the younger Rome, with his father and mother, under the roof of the vast old palace which has sheltered so many hundreds of Saracinesca in peace and war, but has rarely, in the course of the centuries, been the home of three generations at once during one and twenty years.

The lover of romance may lie in the sun, caring not for the time of day, and content to watch the butterflies that cross his blue sky on the way from one flower to another; but the historian is an entomologist who must be stirring. He must catch the moths, which are his facts, in the net, which is his memory, and he must fasten them upon paper with sharp pins, which are dates.

By far the greater number of old Prince Saracinesca's contemporaries are dead, and more or less justly forgotten. Old Valdarno died long ago in his bed, surrounded by sons and daughters. The famous dandy of other days, the Duke of Astrardente, died at his young wife's feet some three and twenty years before this chapter of family history opens. Then the primeval Prince Montevarchi came to a violent end at the hands of his librarian, leaving his English princess consolable but unconsoled; leaving also his daughter Flavia married to that other Giovanni Saracinesca who still bears the name of Marchese di San Giacinto; while the younger girl, the fair, brown-eyed Faustina, loved a poor Frenchman, half soldier and all artist. The weak, good-natured Ascanio Bellegra reigns in his father's stead, the timidly extravagant master of all that wealth which the miser's lean and crooked fingers had consigned to a safekeeping. Frangipani, too, whose son was to have married Faustina, is gone these many years, and others of the older and graver sort have learned the great secret from the lips of death.

But there have been other and greater deaths, beside which the mortality of a whole society of noblemen sinks into insignificance. An empire is dead and another has arisen in the din of a vast war, begotten in bloodshed, brought forth in strife, baptized with fire. The France we knew is gone, and the French Republic writes "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" in great red letters above the gate of its habitation, which within is yet hung with mourning. Out of the nest of kings and princes and princelings, and of all manner of rulers, great and small, rises the solitary eagle of the new German Empire and hangs on black wings between sky and earth, not striking again, but always ready, — a vision of armed peace, a terror, a problem, perhaps a warning.

Old Rome is dead, too, never to be old Rome again. The last breath has been breathed, the aged eyes are closed forever, corruption has done its work, and the grand skeleton lies bleaching upon seven hills, half covered with the

piecemeal stucco of a modern architectural body. The result is satisfactory to those who have brought it about, if not to the rest of the world. The sepulchre of old Rome is the new capital of united Italy.

The three chief actors are dead also, — the man of heart, the man of action, and the man of wit, the good, the brave, and the cunning, the Pope, the King, and the Cardinal, — Pius IX., Victor Emmanuel II., and Giacomo Antonelli. Rome saw them all dead.

In a poor chamber of the Vatican, upon a simple bed beside which burned two waxen torches in the cold morning light, lay the body of the man whom none had loved and many had feared, clothed in the violet robe of the cardinal-deacon. The keen face was drawn up on one side with a strange look of mingled pity and contempt. The delicate, thin hands were clasped together on the breast. The chilly light fell upon the dead features, the silken robe, and the stone floor. A single servant in a shabby livery stood in a corner, smiling foolishly, while the tears stood in his eyes and wet his unshaven cheeks. Perhaps he cared, as servants will when no one else cares. The door opened almost directly upon a staircase, and the noise of the feet of those passing up and down upon the stone steps disturbed the silence in the death chamber. At night the poor body was thrust unhonored into a common coach and driven out to its resting-place.

In a vast hall, upon an enormous catafalque, full thirty feet above the floor, lay all that was left of the honest king. Thousands of wax candles cast their light up to the dark, shapeless face, and upon the military accoutrements of the uniform in which the huge body was clothed. A great crowd pressed to the railing to gaze their fill and go away. Behind the division tall troopers in cuirasses mounted guard and moved carelessly about. It was all tawdry, but tawdry on a magnificent scale, — al unlike the man in whose honor it wa done. For he had been simple an brave.

When he was at last borne to hi tomb in the Pantheon, a file of imperia and royal princes marched shoulder t shoulder down the street before him and the black charger he had loved wa led after him.

In a dim chapel of St. Peter's la the Pope, robed in white, the jewele tiara upon his head, his white face calm and peaceful. Six torches burned be side him ; six nobles of the guard stoo like statues with drawn swords, thre on his right hand and three on his left That was all. The crowd passed i single file before the great closed gate of the Julian Chapel.

At night he was borne reverently b loving hands to the deep crypt below But at another time, at night also, th dead man was taken up and driven to wards the gate to be buried without th walls. Then a great crowd assembled in the darkness and fell upon the litt band, and stoned the coffin of him wh never harmed any man, and screamed out curses and blasphemies till all th city was astir with riot. That was th last funeral hymn.

Old Rome is gone. The narrow street are broad thoroughfares, the Jews' quarter is a flat and dusty building lot, the fountain of Ponte Sisto is swept away, one by one the mighty pines of Villa Ludovisi have fallen under axe and saw, and a cheap, thinly inhabited quarter is built upon the site of the enchanted garden. The network of byways from the Jesuits' church to the Sant' Angelo bridge is plough[illegible] and opened by the huge Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. Buildings which strangers used to search for in the shade, guidebook and map in hand, are suddenly brought into the blaze of light that fills broad streets and sweeps across great squares. The vast Cancelleria stands out nobly to the sun,

the curved front of the Messino palace exposes its black colonnade to sight upon the greatest thoroughfare of the new city, the ancient Arco de' Cenci exhibits its squalor in unshadowed sunshine, the Portico of Octavia once more looks upon the river.

He who was born and bred in the Rome of twenty years ago comes back, after long absence, to wander as a stranger in streets he never knew, among houses unfamiliar to him, amidst a population whose speech sounds strange in his ears. He roams the city from the Lateran to the Tiber, from the Tiber to the Vatican, finding himself now and then before some building once familiar in another aspect, losing himself perpetually in unprofitable wastes made more monotonous than the sandy desert by the modern builder's art. Where once he lingered in old days to glance at the river, or to dream of days yet older and long gone, scarce conscious of the beggar at his elbow and hardly seeing the half dozen workmen who labored at their trades almost in the middle of the public way, — where all was once aged and silent and melancholy and full of the elder memories, — there, at that very corner, he is hustled and jostled by an eager crowd, thrust to the wall by huge, grinding, creaking carts, threatened with the modern death by the wheel of the modern omnibus, deafened by the yells of the modern news-venders, robbed, very likely, by the light fingers of the modern inhabitant.

And yet he feels that Rome must be Rome still. He stands aloof and gazes at the sight as upon a play in which Rome herself is the great heroine and actress. He knows the woman, and he sees the artist for the first time, not recognizing her. She is a dark-eyed, black-haired, thoughtful woman when not upon the stage. How should he know her in the strange disguise, her head decked with Gretchen's fair tresses, her olive cheek daubed with pink and white paint, her stately form clothed in garments which would be gay and girlish, but which are only unbecoming? He would gladly go out and wait by the stage door until the performance is over, to see the real woman pass him in the dim light of the street lamps as she enters her carriage and becomes herself again. And so, in the reality, he turns his back upon the crowd and strolls away, not caring whither he goes, until, by a mere accident, he finds himself upon the height of Sant' Onofrio, or standing before the great fountains of the Acqua Paola, or perhaps upon the drive which leads through the old Villa Corsini along the crest of the Janiculum. Then, indeed, the scene thus changes: the actress is gone and the woman is before him; the capital of modern Italy sinks like a vision into the earth out of which it was called up, and the capital of the world rises once more, unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable, before the wanderer's eyes. The greater monuments of greater times are there still, majestic and unmoved; the larger signs of a larger age stand out clear and sharp; the tomb of Hadrian frowns on the yellow stream; the heavy hemisphere of the Pantheon turns its single opening to the sky; the enormous dome of the world's cathedral looks silently down upon the sepulchre of the world's masters.

Then the sun sets, and the wanderer goes down again through the chilly evening air to the city below, to find it less modern than he had thought. He has found what he sought, and he knows that the real will outlast the false, that the stone will outlive the stucco, and that the builder of to-day is but a builder of card-houses beside the architects who made Rome.

So his heart softens a little, or at least grows less resentful, for he has realized how small the change really is as compared with the first effect produced. The great house has fallen into

new hands, and the latest tenant is furnishing the dwelling to his taste. That is all. He will not tear down the walls, for his hands are too feeble to build them again, even if he were not occupied with other matters and hampered by the disagreeable consciousness of the extravagances he has already committed.

Other things have been accomplished, some of which may perhaps endure and some of which are good in themselves, while some are indifferent and some distinctly bad. The great experiment of Italian unity is in process of trial, and the world is already forming its opinion upon the results. Society, heedless as it necessarily is of contemporary history, could not remain indifferent to the transformation of its accustomed surroundings; and here, before entering upon an account of individual doings, the chronicler may be allowed to say a few words upon a matter little understood by foreigners, even when they have spent several seasons in Rome, and have made acquaintance with one another for the purpose of criticising the Romans.

Immediately after the taking of the city in 1870 three distinct parties declared themselves, to wit, the Clericals or Blacks, the Monarchists or Whites, and the Republicans or Reds. All three had doubtless existed for a considerable time, but the wine of revolution favored the expression of the truth, and society awoke one morning to find itself divided into camps holding very different opinions.

At first the mass of the greater nobles stood together for the lost temporal power of the Pope, while a great number of the less important families followed two or three great houses in siding with the Royalists. The Republican idea, as was natural, found but few sympathizers in the highest class, and these were, I believe, in all cases young men whose fathers were Blacks or Whites, and most of whom have since thought fit to modify their opinions in one direction or the other. Nevertheless, the Red interest was, and still is, tolerably strong, and has been destined to play the powerful part in parliamentary life which generally falls to the lot of a compact third party, where a fourth does not yet exist or has no political influence, as is the case in Rome.

For there is a fourth body in Rome which has little political but much social importance. It was not possible that people who had grown up together in the intimacy of a close caste life, calling each other "thee" and "thou," and forming the hereditary elements of a still feudal organization, should suddenly break off all acquaintance and be strangers one to another. The brother, a born and convinced Clerical, found that his own sister had followed her husband to the court of the new king. The rigid adherent of the old order met his own son in the street arrayed in the garb of an Italian officer. The two friends who had stood side by side in good and evil case for a score of years saw themselves abruptly divided by the gulf which lies between a Roman cardinal and a senator of the Italian kingdom. The breach was sudden and great, but it was bridged for many by the invention of a fourth proportional. The points of contact between White and Black became Gray, and a social power, politically neutral and constitutionally indifferent, arose as a mediator between the Contents and Malcontents. There were families who had never loved the old order, but who distinctly disliked the new, and who opened their doors to the adherents of both. There is a house which has become Gray out of a sort of superstition inspired by the unfortunate circumstances which oddly coincided with each movement of its members to join the new order. There is another, and one of the greatest, in which a very high hereditary dignity in the one party, still exercised by force of

circumstances, effectually forbids the expression of a sincere sympathy with the opposed power. Another there is whose members are cousins of the one sovereign and personal friends of the other.

A further means of amalgamation has been found in the existence of the double embassies of the great powers. Austria, France, and Spain each send an ambassador to the king of Italy and an ambassador to the Pope, of like state and importance. Even Protestant Prussia maintains a minister plenipotentiary to the Holy See. Russia has her diplomatic agent to the Vatican, and several of the smaller powers keep up two distinct legations. It is naturally neither possible nor intended that these diplomatists should never meet on friendly terms, though they are strictly interdicted from issuing official invitations to one another. Their point of contact is another gray square on the chessboard.

The foreigner, too, is generally a neutral individual; for if his political convictions lean towards the wrong side of the Tiber, his social tastes incline to court balls; or if he is an admirer of Italian institutions, his curiosity may yet lead him to seek a presentation at the Vatican; and his inexplicable though recent love of feudal princedom may take him, cardcase in hand, to that great stronghold of Vaticanism which lies due west of the Piazza di Venezia and due north of the Capitol.

During the early years which followed the change, the attitude of society in Rome was that of protest and indignation on the one hand, of enthusiasm and rather brutally expressed triumph on the other. The line was very clearly drawn, for adherence was of the nature of personal loyalty on both sides. Eight and a half years later the personal feeling disappeared with the almost simultaneous death of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel II. From that time the great strife degenerated by degrees into a difference of opinion. It may perhaps be said, also, that both parties became aware of their common enemy, the social democrat, soon after the disappearance of the popular king, whose great individual influence was of more value to the cause of a united monarchy than all the political clubs and organizations in Italy put together. He was a strong man. He only once, I think, yielded to the pressure of a popular excitement, namely, in the matter of seizing Rome when the French troops were withdrawn, thereby violating a ratified treaty. But his position was a hard one. He regretted the apparent necessity, and to the day of his death he never would sleep under the roof of Pius IX.'s palace on the Quirinal, but had his private apartments in an adjoining building. He was brave and generous. Such faults as he had were no burden to the nation, and concerned himself alone. The same praise may be worthily bestowed upon his successor, but the personal influence is no longer the same, any more than that of Leo XIII. can be compared with that of Pius IX., though all the world is aware of the present Pope's intellectual superiority and lofty moral principle.

Let us try to be just. The unification of Italy has been the result of a noble conception. The execution of the scheme has not been without faults, and some of these faults have brought about deplorable, even disastrous consequences, such as to endanger the stability of the new order. The worst of these attendant errors has been the sudden imposition of a most superficial and vicious culture, under the name of enlightenment and education. The least of the new government's mistakes has been a squandering of the public money which, when considered with reference to the country's resources, has perhaps no parallel in the history of nations.

Yet the first idea was large, patriotic, even grand. The men who first steered

the ship of state were honorable, disinterested, devoted, — men like Minghetti, who will not soon be forgotten, loyal, conservative Monarchists, whose thoughts were free from exaggeration, save that they believed almost too blindly in the power of a constitution to build up a kingdom, and credited their fellows almost too readily with a purpose as pure and blameless as their own. Can more be said for these? I think not. They rest in honorable graves, their doings live in honored remembrance. Would that there had been such another generation to succeed them!

And having said thus much, let us return to the individuals who have played a part in the history of the Saracinesca. They have grown older, some gracefully, some under protest, some most unbecomingly.

In the end of the year 1887 old Leone Saracinesca is still alive, being eighty-two years of age. His massive head has sunk a little between his slightly rounded shoulders, and his white beard is no longer cut short and square, but flows majestically down upon his broad breast. His step is slow, but firm still, and when he looks up suddenly from under his wrinkled lids the fire is not even yet all gone from his eyes. He is still contradictory by nature, but he has mellowed like rare wine in the long years of prosperity and peace. When the change came in Rome he was in the mountains at Saracinesca, with his daughter-in-law Corona and her children. His son Giovanni, generally known as Prince of Sant' Ilario, was among the volunteers at the last, and sat for half a day upon his horse in the Pincio, listening to the bullets that sang over his head while his men fired stray shots from the parapets of the public garden into the road below. Giovanni is fifty-two years old, but though his hair is gray at the temples and his figure a trifle sturdier and broader than of old, he is little changed. His son, Orsino, who will soon be of age, overtops him by a head and shoulders, — a dark youth, slender still, but strong and active, the chief person in this portion of my chronicle. Orsino has three brothers of ranging ages, of whom the youngest is scarcely twelve years old. Not one girl child has been given to Giovanni and Corona, and they almost wish that one of the sturdy little lads had been a daughter. But old Saracinesca laughs and shakes his head, and says he will not die till his four grandsons are strong enough to bear him to his grave upon their shoulders.

Corona is still beautiful, still dark, still magnificent, though she has reached the age beyond which no woman ever goes until after death. There are few lines in the noble face, and such as are there are not the scars of heart wounds. Her life, too, has been peaceful and undisturbed by great events these many years. There is, indeed, one perpetual anxiety in her existence, for the old prince is an aged man and she loves him dearly. The tough strength must give way some day, and there will be a great mourning in the house of Saracinesca, nor will any mourn the dead more sincerely than Corona. And there is a shade of bitterness in the knowledge that her marvelous beauty is waning. Can she be blamed for that? She has been beautiful so long. What woman who has been first for a quarter of a century can give up her place without a sigh? But much has been given to her to soften the years of transition, and she knows that, also, when she looks from her husband to her four boys.

Then, too, it seems more easy to grow old when she catches a glimpse from time to time of Donna Tullia Del Ferice, who wears her years ungracefully, and who was once so near to becoming Giovanni Saracinesca's wife. Donna Tullia is fat and fiery of complexion, uneasily vivacious and unsure of herself. Her disagreeable blue eyes have not

softened, nor has the metallic tone of her voice lost its sharpness. Yet she should not be a disappointed woman, for Del Ferice is a power in the land, a member of parliament, a financier, and a successful schemer, whose doors are besieged by parasites, and his dinner table by those who wear fine raiment and dwell in kings' palaces. Del Ferice is the central figure in the great building syndicates which in 1887 are at the height of their power. He juggles with millions of money, with miles of real estate, with thousands of workmen. He is director of a bank, president of a political club, chairman of half a dozen companies, and a deputy in the chambers. But his face is unnaturally pale, his body is over-corpulent, and he has trouble with his heart. The Del Ferice couple are childless, to their own great satisfaction.

Anastase Gouache, the great painter, is also in Rome. Sixteen years ago he married the love of his life, Faustina Montevarchi, in spite of the strong opposition of her family. But times had changed. A new law existed, and the thrice-repeated formal request for consent made by Faustina to her mother freed her from parental authority and brotherly interference. She and her husband passed through some very lean years in the beginning, but fortune has smiled upon them since that. Anastase is quite famous. But his character has changed little. With the love of the ideal republic in his heart, he shed his blood at Mentana for the great conservative principle; he fired his last shot for the same cause at the Porta Pia on the 20th of September, 1870; a month later he was fighting for France under the gallant Charette, — whether for France imperial, regal, or republican he never paused to ask; he was wounded in fighting against the Commune, and decorated for painting the portrait of Gambetta, after which he returned to Rome, cursed politics, and married the woman he loved, — which was, on the whole, the wisest course he could have followed. He has two children, both girls, aged now respectively fifteen and thirteen. His virtues are many, but they do not include economy. Though his savings are small and he depends upon his brush, he lives in one wing of an historic palace and gives dinners which are famous. He proposes to reform and become a miser when his daughters are married.

"Misery will be the foundation of my second manner, my angel," he says to his wife, when he has done something unusually extravagant.

But Faustina laughs softly and winds her arm about his neck as they look together at the last great picture. Anastase has not grown fat. The gods love him and have promised him eternal youth. He can still buckle round his slim waist the military belt of twenty years ago, and there is scarcely a white thread in his black hair.

San Giacinto, the other Saracinesca, who married Faustina's elder sister, Flavia, is in process of making a great fortune, — greater perhaps than the one so nearly thrust upon him by old Montevarchi's compact with Meschini, the librarian and forger. He had scarcely troubled himself to conceal his opinions before the change of government, being by nature a calm, fearless man, and under the new order he unhesitatingly sided with the Italians, to the great satisfaction of Flavia, who foresaw years of dullness for the mourning party of the Blacks. He had already brought to Rome the two boys who remained to him from his first marriage with Serafina Baldi, — the little girl who had been born between the other two children had died in infancy, — and the lads had been educated at a military college, and in 1887 are both officers in the Italian cavalry, sturdy and somewhat thick-skulled patriots, but gentlemen nevertheless, in spite of the peasant

blood. They are tall fellows enough, but neither of them has inherited the father's colossal stature, and San Giacinto looks with a very little envy on his young kinsman Orsino, who has outgrown his cousins. This second marriage has brought him issue, a boy and a girl, and the fact that he has now four children to provide for has had much to do with his activity in affairs. He was among the first to see that an enormous fortune was to be made in the first rush for land in the city, and he realized all he possessed, and borrowed to the full extent of his credit to pay the first installments on the land he bought, risking everything with the calm determination and cool judgment which lie at the root of his strong character. He was immensely successful, but though he had been bold to recklessness at the right moment, he saw the great crash looming in the near future, and when the many were frantic to buy and invest, no matter at what loss, his millions were in part safely deposited in national bonds, and in part as securely invested in solid and profitable buildings of which the rents are little liable to fluctuation. Brought up to know what money means, he is not easily carried away by enthusiastic reports. He knows that when the hour of fortune is at hand no price is too great to pay for ready capital, but he understands that when the great rush for success begins the psychological moment of finance is already passed. When he dies, if such strength as his can yield to death, he will die the richest man in Italy, and he will leave what is rare in Italian finance, a stainless name.

Of one person more who has played a part in this family history I must speak. The melancholy Spicca still lives his lonely life in the midst of the social world. He affects to be a little old-fashioned in his dress. His tall, thin body stoops ominously, and his cadaverous face is more grave and ascetic than ever. He is said to have been suffering from a mortal disease these fifteen years, but he still goes everywhere, reads everything, and knows every one. He is between sixty and seventy years old, but no one knows his precise age. The foils he once used so well hang untouched and rusty above his fireplace, but his reputation survives the lost strength of his supple wrist, and there are few in Rome, brave men or harebrained youths, who would willingly anger him even now. He is still the great duelist of his day; the emaciated fingers might still find their old grip upon a sword-hilt, the long, listless arm might perhaps once more shoot out with lightning speed, the dull eye might once again light up at the clash of steel. Peaceable, charitable when none are at hand to see him give, gravely gentle now in manner, Count Spicca is thought dangerous still. But he is indeed very lonely in his old age, and if the truth be told such fortune as he had has suffered sadly of late years, so that he rarely leaves Rome, even in the hot summer, and it is very long since he spent six weeks in Paris or risked a handful of gold at Monte Carlo. Yet his life is not over, and he has still a part to play, for his own sake and for the sake of another, as shall soon appear more clearly.

II.

Orsino Saracinesca's education was almost completed. It had been of the modern kind, for his father had early recognized that it would be a disadvantage to the young man in after life if he did not follow the course of study and pass the examinations required of every Italian subject who wishes to hold office in his own country. Accordingly, though he had not been sent to public schools, Orsino had been regularly entered since his childhood for the public examinations, and had passed them all in due order with great difficulty and

indifferent credit. After this preliminary work he had been at an English university for four terms, not with any view to his obtaining a degree after completing the necessary residence, but in order that he might perfect himself in the English language, associate with young men of his own age and social standing, though of different nationality, and acquire that final polish which is so highly valued in the human furniture of society's temples.

Orsino was not more highly gifted as to intelligence than many young men of his age and class. Like many of them, he spoke English admirably, French tolerably, and Italian with a somewhat Roman twang. He had learned a little German, and was rapidly forgetting it; Latin and Greek had been exhibited to him as dead languages, and he felt no more inclination to assist in their resurrection than is manifested by most boys in our day. He had been taught geography in the practical Continental manner, by being obliged to draw maps from memory. He had been instructed in history, not by parallels, but, as it were, by tangents, a method productive of odd results; and he had advanced just far enough in the study of mathematics to be thoroughly confused by the terms "differentiation" and "integration." Besides these subjects a multitude of moral and natural sciences had been made to pass in a sort of panorama before his intellectual vision, including physics, chemistry, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and political economy, with a view to cultivating in him the spirit of the age. The Ministry of Public Instruction having decreed that the name of God shall be forever eliminated from all modern books in use in Italian schools and universities, Orsino's religious instruction had been imparted at home, and had at least the advantage of being homogeneous.

It must not be supposed that Orsino's father and mother were satisfied with this sort of education. But it was not easy to foresee what social and political changes might come about before the boy reached mature manhood. Neither Giovanni nor his wife was of the absolutely "intransigent" way of thinking. They saw no imperative reason to prevent their sons from joining, at some future time, in the public life of their country, though they themselves preferred not to associate with the party at present in power. Moreover, Giovanni Saracinesca saw that the abolition of primogeniture had put an end to hereditary idleness, and that although his sons would be rich enough to do nothing if they pleased, yet his grandchildren would probably have to choose between work and genteel poverty, if it pleased the fates to multiply the race. He could, indeed, leave one half of his wealth intact to Orsino, but the law required that the other half should be equally divided among all; and as the same thing would take place in the second generation, unless a reactionary revolution intervened, the property would before long be divided into very small moieties indeed, for Giovanni had no idea of imposing celibacy upon his younger sons, still less of exerting any influence he possessed to make them enter the Church. He was too broad in his views for that. They promised to turn out as good men in a struggle as the majority of those who would be opposed to them in life, and they should fight their own battles unhampered by parental authority or caste prejudice.

Many years earlier Giovanni had expressed his convictions in regard to the change of order then imminent. He had said that he would fight as long as there was anything to fight for, but that if the change came he would make the best of it. He was now keeping his word. He had fought as far as fighting had been possible, and had sincerely wished that his warlike career might have offered more excitement and more

opportunity for personal distinction than had been afforded him in spending an afternoon on horseback, listening to the singing of bullets overhead. His amateur soldiering was over long ago, but he was strong, brave, and intelligent, and if he had been convinced that a second and more radical revolution could accomplish any good result he would have been capable of devoting himself to its cause with a single-heartedness not usual in these days. But he was not convinced. He therefore lived a quiet life, making the best of the present, improving his lands, and doing his best to bring up his sons in such a way as to give them a chance of success when the struggle should come. Orsino was his eldest born, and the results of modern education became apparent in him first, as was inevitable.

Orsino was at this time not quite twenty-one years of age, but the important day was not far distant, and in order to leave a lasting memorial of the attaining of his majority, Prince Saracinesca had decreed that Corona should receive a portrait of her eldest son executed by the celebrated Anastase Gouache. To this end the young man spent three mornings in every week in the artist's palatial studio, a place about as different from the latter's first den in the Via San Basilio as the basilica of St. Peter is different from a roadside chapel in the Abruzzi. Those who have seen the successful painter of the nineteenth century in his glory will have less difficulty in imagining the scene of Gouache's labors than the writer would find in describing it. The workroom is a hall; the ceiling is a vault thirty feet high; the pavement is of polished marble; the light enters by north windows which would not look small in a good-sized church; the doors would admit a carriage and pair; the tapestries upon the walls would cover the front of a modern house. Everything is on a grand scale, of the best period, of the most genuine description. Three or four originals of great masters — of Titian, of Rubens, of Van Dyck — stand on huge easels in the most favorable lights. Some scores of matchless antique fragments, both of bronze and marble, are placed here and there upon superb carved tables and shelves of the sixteenth century. The only reproduction visible in the place is a very perfect cast of the Hermes of Olympia. The carpets are all of Shiraz, Sinna, Gjordez, or old Baku. No common thing of Smyrna, no unclean aniline production of Russo-Asiatic commerce, disturbs the universal harmony. In a full light upon the wall hangs a single silk carpet of wonderful tints, famous in the history of Eastern collections, and upon it is set, at a slanting angle, a single priceless Damascus blade, — a sword to possess which an Arab or a Circassian would commit countless crimes. Anastase Gouache is magnificent in all his tastes and in all his ways. His studio and his dwelling are his only estate, his only capital, his only wealth, and he does not take the trouble to conceal the fact. The very idea of a fixed income is as distasteful to him as the possibility of possessing it is distant and visionary. There is always money in abundance: money for Faustina's horses and carriages; money for Gouache's select dinners; money for the expensive fancies of both. The paint-pot is the mine, the brush is the miner's pick, and the vein has never failed nor the hand trembled in working it. A golden youth, a golden river flowing softly to the red gold sunset of the end, — that is life as it seems to Anastase and Faustina.

On the morning which opens this chronicle Anastase was standing before his canvas, palette and brushes in hand, considering the nature of the human face in general, and of young Orsino's face in particular.

"I have known your father and mother for centuries," observed the painter,

with a fine disregard of human limitations. "Your father is the brown type of a dark man, and your mother is the olive type of a dark woman. They are no more alike than a red Indian and an Arab, but you are like both. Are you brown or are you olive, my friend? That is the question. I should like to see you angry, or in love, or losing at play. Those things bring out the real complexion."

Orsino laughed and showed a remarkably solid set of teeth, but he did not find anything to say.

"I should like to know the truth about your complexion," said Anastase meditatively.

"I have no particular reason for being angry," answered Orsino, "and I am not in love" —

"At your age! Is it possible?"

"Quite. But I will play cards with you, if you like," concluded the young man.

"No," returned the other. "It would be of no use. You would win, and if you happened to win much I should be in a diabolical scrape. But I wish you would fall in love. You should see how I would handle the green shadows under your eyes."

"It is rather short notice."

"The shorter the better. I used to think that the only real happiness in life lay in getting into trouble, and the only real interest in getting out."

"And have you changed your mind?"

"I? No. My mind has changed me. It is astonishing how a man may love his wife under favorable circumstances."

Anastase laid down his brushes and lit a cigarette. Rubens would have sipped a few drops of Rhenish from a Venetian glass. Teniers would have lit a clay pipe. Dürer would perhaps have swallowed a pint of Nuremberg beer, and Greuze or Mignard would have resorted to their snuffboxes. We do not know what Michelangelo or Perugino would have done under the circumstances, but it is tolerably evident that the man of the nineteenth century cannot think without talking, and cannot talk without cigarettes. Therefore Anastase began to smoke, and Orsino, being young and imitative, followed his example.

"You have been an exceptionally fortunate man," remarked the latter, who was not old enough to be anything but cynical in his views of life.

"Do you think so? Yes, I have been fortunate. But I do not like to think that my happiness has been so very exceptional. The world is a good place, full of happy people. It must be; otherwise purgatory and hell would be useless institutions."

"You do not suppose all people to be good as well as happy, then?" said Orsino, with a laugh.

"Good? What is goodness, my friend? One half of the theologians tell us that we shall be happy if we are good, and the other half assure us that the only way to be good is to abjure earthly happiness. If you will believe me, you will never commit the supreme error of choosing between the two methods. Take the world as it is, and do not ask too many questions of the fates. If you are willing to be happy, happiness will come in its own shape."

Orsino's young face expressed rather contemptuous amusement. At twenty, "happiness" is a dull word, and "satisfaction" spells excitement.

"That is the way people talk," he said. "You have got everything by fighting for it, and you advise me to sit still till the fruit drops into my mouth."

"I was obliged to fight. Everything comes to you naturally, — fortune, rank, everything, including marriage. Why should you lift a hand?"

"A man cannot possibly be happy who marries before he is thirty years old," answered Orsino, with conviction. "How do you expect me to occupy myself during the next ten years?"

"That is true," Gouache replied,

somewhat thoughtfully, as though the consideration had not struck him.

"If I were an artist, it would be different."

"Oh, very different. I agree with you." Anastase smiled good-humoredly.

"Because I should have talent, and a talent is an occupation in itself."

"I dare say you would have talent," Gouache answered, still smiling.

"No, I did not mean it in that way. I mean that when a man has a talent it makes him think of something besides himself."

"I fancy there is more truth in that remark than either you or I would at first think," said the painter in a meditative tone.

"Of course there is," returned the youthful philosopher, with more enthusiasm than he would have cared to show if he had been talking to a woman. "What is talent but a combination of the desire to do and the power to accomplish? As for genius, it is never selfish when it is at work."

"Is that reflection your own?"

"I think so," answered Orsino modestly. He was secretly pleased that a man of the artist's experience and reputation should be struck by his remark.

"I do not think I agree with you," said Gouache.

Orsino's expression changed a little. He was disappointed, but he said nothing.

"I think that a great genius is often ruthless. Do you remember how Beethoven congratulated a young composer after the first performance of his opera? 'I like your opera. I will write music to it.' That was a fine instance of unselfishness, was it not? I can see the young man's face." Anastase smiled.

"Beethoven was not at work when he made the remark," observed Orsino, defending himself.

"Nor am I," said Gouache, taking up his brushes again. "If you will resume the pose — so — thoughtful but bold — imagine that you are already an ancestor contemplating posterity from the height of a nobler age — you understand. Try and look as if you were already framed and hanging in the Saracinesca gallery between a Titian and a Giorgione."

Orsino resumed his position, and scowled at Anastase with a good will.

"Not quite such a terrible frown, perhaps," suggested the latter. "When you do that, you certainly look like the gentleman who murdered the Colonna in a street brawl — I forget how long ago. You have his portrait. But I fancy the princess would prefer — Yes — that is more natural. You have her eyes. How the world raved about her twenty years ago! — and raves still, for that matter."

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world," said Orsino. There was something in the boy's unaffected admiration of his mother which contrasted pleasantly with his youthful affectation of cynicism and indifference. His handsome face lighted up a little, and the painter worked rapidly.

But the expression was not lasting. Orsino was at the age when most young men take the trouble to cultivate a manner, and the look of somewhat contemptuous gravity which he had lately acquired was already becoming habitual. Since all men in general have adopted the fashion of the mustache, youths who are still waiting for the full crop seem to have difficulty in managing their mouths. Some draw in their lips with that air of unnatural sternness observable in rough weather among passengers on board ship just before they relinquish the struggle and retire from public life. Others contract their mouths to the shape of a heart, while there are yet others who lose control of the pendent lower lip and are content to look like idiots, while expecting the hairy growth which is to make them look like men. Orsino had chosen the least objection-

able idiosyncrasy and had elected to be of a stern countenance. When he forgot himself he was singularly handsome, and Gouache lay in wait for his moments of forgetfulness.

"You are quite right," replied the Frenchman. "From the classic point of view your mother was and is the most beautiful dark woman in the world. For myself — well, in the first place you are her son, and secondly I am an artist, and not a critic. The painter's tongue is his brush and his words are colors."

"What were you going to say about my mother?" asked Orsino, with some curiosity.

"Oh — nothing. Well, if you must hear it, the princess represents my classical ideal, but not my personal ideal. I have admired some one else more."

"Donna Faustina?" inquired Orsino.

"Ah well, my friend, she is my wife, you see. That always makes a great difference in the degree of admiration."

"Generally in the opposite direction," Orsino observed in a tone of elderly unbelief.

Gouache had just put his brush into his mouth, and held it between his teeth as a poodle carries a stick, while he used his thumb on the canvas. The modern painter paints with everything, not excepting his fingers. He glanced at his model and then at his work, and got his effect before he answered.

"You are very hard upon marriage," he said quietly. "Have you tried it?"

"Not yet. I will wait as long as possible before I do. It is not every one who has your luck."

"There was something more than luck in my marriage. We loved each other, it is true, but there were difficulties; you have no idea what difficulties there were. But Faustina was brave, and I caught a little courage from her. Do you know that when the Terristori barracks were blown up she ran out alone to find me merely because she thought I might have been killed? I found her in the ruins, praying for me. It was sublime."

"I have heard that. She was very brave."

"And I a poor Zouave, and a poorer painter. Are there such women nowadays? Bah! I have not known them. We used to meet at churches and exchange two words while her maid was gone to get her a chair. Oh, the good old time! And then the separations, the taking of Rome, when the old princess carried all the family off to England and stayed there while we were fighting for poor France, and the coming back, and the months of waiting, and the notes dropped from her window at midnight, and the great quarrel with her family when we took advantage of the new law. And then the marriage itself, — what a scandal in Rome! But for the princess your mother, I do not know what we should have done. She brought Faustina to the church and drove us to the station in her own carriage, in the face of society. They say that Ascanio Bellegra hung about the door of the church while we were being married, but he had not the courage to come in, for fear of his mother. We went to Naples and lived on salad and love, and we had very little else for a year or two. I was not much known then, except in Rome, and Roman society refused to have its portrait painted by the adventurer who had run away with a daughter of Casa Montevarchi. Perhaps if we had been rich we should have hated each other by this time. But we had to live for each other in those days, for every one was against us. I painted and she kept house, — that English blood is always practical in a desert. And it was a desert. The cooking — it would have made a billiard ball's hair stand on end with astonishment. She made the salad, and then evolved the roast from the inner consciousness. I painted a *chaudfroid* on an old plate. It was well done, — the

transparent quality of the jelly and the delicate quails imprisoned within, imploring dissection. Well, must I tell you? We threw it away. It was martyrdom. St. Anthony's position was enviable compared with ours. Beside us that good man would have seemed but a humbug. Yet we lived through it all. I repeat it. We lived, and we were happy. It is amazing how a man may love his wife."

Anastase had told his story with many pauses, working hard while he spoke; for though he was quite in earnest in all he said, his chief object was to distract the young man's attention, so as to bring out his natural expression. Having exhausted one of the colors he needed, he drew back and contemplated his work. Orsino seemed lost in thought.

"What are you thinking about?" asked the painter.

"Do you think I am too old to become an artist?" inquired the young man.

"You? Who knows? But the times are too old. It is the same thing."

"I do not understand."

"You are in love with the life, not with the profession. But the life is not the same now, nor the art either. Bah! In a few years I shall be out of fashion. I know it. Then we will go back to first principles. A garret to live in, bread and salad for dinner. Of course, what do you expect? That need not prevent us from living in a palace as long as we can."

Thereupon Anastase Gouache hummed a very lively little song as he squeezed a few colors from the tubes. Orsino's face betrayed his discontent.

"I was not in earnest," he said; "at least not as to becoming an artist. I only asked the question to be sure that you would answer it just as everybody answers all questions of the kind, — by discouraging my wish to do anything for myself."

"Why should you do anything? You are so rich!"

"What everybody says! Do you know what we rich men, or we men who are to be rich, are expected to be? Farmers. It is not gay."

"It would be my dream — pastoral, you know — Normandy cows, a river with reeds, perpetual Angelus, bread and milk for supper. I adore milk. A nymph here and there; at your age, it is permitted. My dear friend, why not be a farmer?"

Orsino laughed a little, in spite of himself.

"I suppose that is an artist's idea of farming."

"As near the truth as a farmer's idea of art, I dare say," retorted Gouache.

"We see you paint, but you never see us at work. That is the difference; but that is not the question. Whatever I propose, I get the same answer. I imagine you will permit me to dislike farming as a profession."

"For the sake of argument, only," said Gouache gravely.

"Good. For the sake of argument. We will suppose that I am myself in all respects what I am, excepting that I am never to have any land, and only enough money to buy cigarettes. I say, 'Let me take a profession. Let me be a soldier.' Every one rises up and protests against the idea of a Saracinesca serving in the Italian army. Why? 'Remember that your father was a volunteer officer under Pope Pius IX.' It is comic. He spent an afternoon on the Pincio for his convictions, and then retired into private life. 'Let me serve in a foreign army, — France, Austria, Russia, I do not care.' They are more horrified than ever. 'You have not a spark of patriotism! To serve a foreign power! How dreadful! And as for the Russians, they are all heretics.' 'Perhaps they are. I will try diplomacy.' 'What? Sacrifice your convictions? Become the blind instrument of a scheming, dishonest ministry? It is unworthy of a Saracinesca!' 'I will

think no more about it. Let me be a lawyer and enter public life.' 'A lawyer indeed! Will you wrangle in public with notaries' sons, defend murderers and burglars, and take fees like the old men who write letters for the peasants under a green umbrella in the street? It would be almost better to turn musician and give concerts.' 'The Church, perhaps?' I suggest. 'The Church? Are you not the heir, and will you not be the head of the family some day? You must be mad.' 'Then give me a sum of money and let me try my luck with my cousin San Giacinto.' 'Business? If you make money it is a degradation, and with these new laws you cannot afford to lose it. Besides, you will have enough of business when you have to manage your estates.' So all my questions are answered, and I am condemned at twenty to be a farmer for my natural life. I say so. 'A farmer, forsooth! Have you not the world before you? Have you not received the most liberal education? Are you not rich? How can you take such a narrow view! Come out to the villa and look at those young thoroughbreds, and afterwards we will drop in at the club before dinner. Then there is that reception at the old Principessa Befana's to-night, and the Duchessa della Seccatura is also at home.' That is my life, Monsieur Gouache. There you have the question, the answer, and the result. Admit that it is not gay."

"It is very serious, on the contrary," answered Gouache, who had listened to the detached jeremiad with more curiosity and interest than he often showed. "I see nothing for it but for you to fall in love without losing a single moment."

Orsino laughed a little harshly.

"I am in the humor, I assure you," he answered.

"Well, then, what are you waiting for?" inquired Gouache, looking at him.

"What for? For an object for my affections, of course. That is rather necessary under the circumstances."

"You may not wait long, if you will consent to stay here another quarter of an hour," said Anastase, with a laugh. "A lady is coming whose portrait I am painting, — an interesting woman, tolerably beautiful, rather mysterious. Here she is; you can have a good look at her before you make up your mind."

Anastase took the half-finished portrait of Orsino from the easel and put another in its place, considerably further advanced in execution. Orsino lit a cigarette in order to quicken his judgment, and looked at the canvas.

The picture was decidedly striking, and one felt at once that it must be a good likeness. Gouache was evidently proud of it. It represented a woman, who was certainly not yet thirty years of age, in full dress, seated in a high carved chair against a warm dark background. A mantle of some sort of heavy claret-colored damask, lined with fur, was draped across one of the beautiful shoulders, leaving the other bare, the scant dress of the period scarcely breaking the graceful lines from the throat to the soft white hand of which the pointed fingers hung carelessly over the carved extremity of the arm of the chair. The lady's hair was auburn; her eyes were distinctly yellow. The face was an unusual one and not without attraction, very pale, with a full red mouth, too wide for perfect beauty, but well modeled, — almost too well, Gouache thought. The nose was of no distinct type, and was the least significant feature in the face, but the forehead was broad and massive, the chin soft, prominent, and round, the brows much arched and divided by a vertical shadow which, in the original, might be the first indication of a tiny wrinkle. Orsino fancied that one eye or the other wandered a very little, but he could not tell which; the slight defect made the glance disquieting and yet attractive. Altogether

it was one of those faces which to one man say too little, and to another too much.

Orsino affected to gaze upon the portrait with unconcern, but in reality he was oddly fascinated by it, and Gouache did not fail to see the truth.

"You had better go away, my friend," he said, with a smile. "She will be here in a few minutes, and you will certainly lose your heart if you see her."

"What is her name?" asked Orsino, paying no attention to the remark.

"Donna Maria Consuelo — something or other, — a string of names ending in Aragona. I call her Madame d'Aragona for shortness, and she does not seem to object."

"Married? And Spanish?"

"I suppose so," answered Gouache. "A widow, I believe. She is not Italian and not French, so she must be Spanish."

"The name does not say much. Many people put 'd'Aragona' after their names — some cousins of ours, among others: they are Aranjuez d'Aragona; my father's mother was of that family."

"I think that is the name, — Aranjuez. Indeed I am sure of it, for Faustina remarked that she might be related to you."

"It is odd. We have not heard of her being in Rome, and I am not sure who she is. Has she been here long?"

"I have known her a month, — since she first came to my studio. She lives in a hotel, and she comes alone, except when I need the dress, and then she brings her maid, an odd creature, who never speaks and seems to understand no known language."

"It is an interesting face. Do you mind if I stay till she comes? We may really be cousins, you know."

"By all means; you can ask her. The relationship would be with her husband, I suppose?"

"True. I had not thought of that; and he is dead, you say?"

Gouache did not answer, for at that moment the lady's footfall was heard upon the marble floor, soft, quick, and decided. She paused a moment in the middle of the room when she saw that the artist was not alone. He went forward to meet her and asked leave to present Orsino, with that polite indistinctness which leaves to the persons introduced the task of discovering one another's names.

Orsino looked into the lady's eyes and saw that the slight peculiarity of the glance was real, and not due to any error of Gouache's drawing. He recognized each feature in turn in the one glance he gave at the face before he bowed, and he saw that the portrait was indeed very good. He was not subject to shyness.

"We should be cousins, madame," he said. "My father's mother was an Aranjuez d'Aragona."

"Indeed?" said the lady, with calm indifference, looking critically at the picture of herself.

"I am Orsino Saracinesca," said the young man, watching her with some admiration.

"Indeed?" she repeated, a shade less coldly. "I think I have heard my poor husband say that he was connected with your family. What do you think of my portrait? Every one has tried to paint me and failed, but my friend Monsieur Gouache is succeeding. He has reproduced my hideous nose and my dreadful mouth with a masterly exactness. No, my dear Monsieur Gouache, it is a compliment I pay you. I am in earnest. I do not want a portrait of the Venus of Milo with red hair, nor of the Minerva Medica with yellow eyes, nor of an imaginary Medea in a fur cloak. I want myself, just as I am. That is exactly what you are doing for me. Myself and I have lived so long together that I desire a little memento of the acquaintance."

"You can afford to speak lightly of

what is so precious to others," said Gouache gallantly. Madame Aranjuez sank into the carved chair Orsino had occupied.

"This dear Gouache, — he is charming, is he not?" she said, with a little laugh. Orsino looked at her.

"Gouache is right," he thought, with the assurance of his years. "It would be amusing to fall in love with her."

III.

Gouache was far more interested in his work than in the opinions which his two visitors might entertain of each other. He looked at the lady fixedly, moved his easel, raised the picture a few inches higher from the ground and looked again. Orsino watched the proceedings from a little distance, debating whether he should go away or remain. Much depended upon Madame d'Aragona's character, he thought, and of this he knew nothing. Some women are attracted by indifference, and to go away would be to show a disinclination to press the acquaintance. Others, he reflected, prefer the assurance of the man who always stays, even without an invitation, rather than lose his chance. On the other hand, a sitting in a studio is not exactly like a meeting in a drawing-room. The painter has a sort of traditional, exclusive right to his sitter's sole attention. The sitter, too, if a woman, enjoys the privilege of sacrificing one half her good looks in a bad light, to favor the other side which is presented to the artist's view, and the third person, if there be one, has a provoking habit of so placing himself as to receive the least flattering impression. Hence the great unpopularity of the third person, or "the third inconvenience," as the Romans call him.

Orsino stood still for a few moments, wondering whether either of the two would ask him to sit down. As they did not, he was annoyed with them and determined to stay, if only for five minutes. He took up his position in a deep seat under the high window, and watched Madame d'Aragona's profile. Neither she nor Gouache made any remark. Gouache began to brush over the face of his picture. Orsino felt that the silence was becoming awkward. He began to regret that he had stayed, for he discovered from his present position that the lady's nose was indeed her defective feature.

"You do not mind my staying a few minutes?" he said, with a vague interrogation.

"Ask madame, rather," answered Gouache, brushing away in a lively manner. Madame said nothing, and seemed not to have heard.

"Am I indiscreet?" asked Orsino.

"How? No. Why should you not remain? Only, if you please, sit where I can see you. Thanks. I do not like to feel that some one is looking at me and that I cannot look at him, if I please; and as for me, I am nailed in my position. How can I turn my head? Gouache is very severe."

"You may have heard, madame, that a beautiful woman is most beautiful in repose," said Gouache.

Orsino was annoyed, for he had of course wished to make exactly the same remark. But they were talking in French, and the Frenchman had the advantage of speed.

"And how about an ugly woman?" inquired Madame d'Aragona.

"Motion is most becoming to her — rapid motion — towards the door," answered the artist.

Orsino had changed his position, and was standing behind Gouache.

"I wish you would sit down," said the latter, after a short pause. "I do not like to feel that any one is standing behind me when I am at work. It is a weakness, but I cannot help it. Do you believe in mental suggestion, madame?"

"What is that?" inquired Madame d'Aragona vaguely.

"I always imagine that a person standing behind me when I am at work is making me see everything as he sees," answered Gouache, not attempting to answer the question.

Orsino, driven from pillar to post, had again moved away.

"And do you believe in such absurd superstitions?" asked Madame d'Aragona, with a contemptuous curl of her heavy lips. "Monsieur de Saracinesca, will you not sit down? You make me a little nervous."

Gouache raised his finely marked eyebrows almost imperceptibly at the odd form of address, which betrayed ignorance either of worldly usage or else of Orsino's individuality. He stepped back from the canvas and moved a chair forward.

"Sit here, prince," he said. "Madame can see you, and you will not be behind me."

Orsino took the proffered seat without any remark. Madame d'Aragona's expression did not change, though she was perfectly well aware that Gouache had intended to correct her manner of addressing the young man. The latter was slightly annoyed. What difference could it make? It was tactless of Gouache, he thought, for the lady might be angry.

"Are you spending the winter in Rome, madame?" he asked. He was conscious that the question lacked originality, but no other presented itself to him.

"The winter?" repeated Madame d'Aragona dreamily. "Who knows? I am here at present, at the mercy of the great painter. That is all I know. Shall I be here next month, next week? I cannot tell. I know no one. I have never been here before. It is dull. This was my object," she added, after a short pause. "When it is accomplished I will consider other matters. I may be obliged to accompany their Royal Highnesses to Egypt in January. That is next month, is it not?"

It was so very far from clear who the Royal Highnesses in question might be that Orsino glanced at Gouache, to see whether he understood. But Gouache was imperturbable.

"January, madame, follows December," he answered. "The fact is confirmed by the observations of many centuries. Even in my own experience it has occurred forty-seven times in succession."

Orsino laughed a little, and as Madame d'Aragona's eyes met his the red lips smiled without parting.

"He is always laughing at me," she said pleasantly.

Gouache was painting with great alacrity. The smile was becoming to her, and he caught it as it passed. It must be allowed that she permitted it to linger, as though she understood his wish, but as she was looking at Orsino he was pleased.

"If you will permit me to say it, madame," he observed, "I have never seen eyes like yours."

He endeavored to lose himself in their depths as he spoke. Madame d'Aragona was not in the least annoyed by the remark nor by the look.

"What is there so very unusual about my eyes?" she inquired. The smile grew a little more faint and thoughtful, but did not disappear.

"In the first place, I have never before seen eyes of a golden-yellow color."

"Tigers have yellow eyes," remarked Madame d'Aragona.

"My acquaintance with that animal is at second hand, — slight, to say the least."

"You have never shot one?"

"Never, madame. They do not abound in Rome, nor even, I believe, in Albano. My father killed one when he was a young man."

"Prince Saracinesca?"

"Sant' Ilario. My grandfather is still alive."

"How splendid! I adore strong races."

"It is very interesting," observed Gouache, poking the stick of a brush into the eye of his picture. "I have painted three generations of the family, I who speak to you, and I hope to paint the fourth if Don Orsino here can be cured of his cynicism and induced to marry Donna — what is her name?" He turned to the young man.

"She has none, and she is likely to remain nameless," answered Orsino gloomily.

"We will call her Donna Ignota," suggested Madame d'Aragona.

"And build altars to the unknown love," added Gouache.

Madame d'Aragona smiled faintly, but Orsino persisted in looking grave.

"It seems to be an unpleasant subject, prince."

"Very unpleasant, madame," replied Orsino shortly.

Thereupon Madame d'Aragona looked at Gouache and raised her brows a little as though to ask a question, knowing perfectly well that Orsino was watching her. The young man could not see the painter's eyes, and the latter did not betray by any gesture that he was answering the silent interrogation.

"Then I have eyes like a tiger, you say. You frighten me. How disagreeable to look like a wild beast!"

"It is a prejudice," returned Orsino. "One hears people say of a woman that she is beautiful as a tigress."

"An idea!" exclaimed Gouache, interrupting. "Shall I change the damask cloak to a tiger's skin? One claw just hanging over the white shoulder, — Omphale, you know, in a modern drawing-room, — a small cast of the Varnese Hercules upon a bracket there, on the right. Decidedly here is an idea. Do you permit, madame?"

"Anything you like, only do not spoil the likeness," answered Madame d'Aragona, leaning back in her chair and looking sleepily at Orsino from beneath her heavy, half-closed lids.

"You will spoil the whole picture," said Orsino rather anxiously.

Gouache laughed.

"What harm if I do? I can restore it in five minutes."

"Five minutes!"

"An hour, if you insist upon accuracy of statement," replied Gouache, with a shade of annoyance.

He had an idea, and, like most people whom fate occasionally favors with that rare commodity, he did not like to be disturbed in the realization of it. He was already squeezing out quantities of tawny colors upon his palette.

"I am a passive instrument," said Madame d'Aragona. "He does what he pleases. These men of genius, — what would you have? Yesterday a gown from Worth; to-day a tiger's skin; indeed, I tremble for to-morrow."

She laughed a little and turned her head away.

"You need not fear," returned Gouache, daubing in his new idea with an enormous brush. "Fashions change. Woman endures. Beauty is eternal. There is nothing which may not be made becoming to a beautiful woman."

"My dear Gouache, you are insufferable. You are always telling me that I am beautiful. Look at my nose."

"Yes, I am looking at it."

"And my mouth."

"I look. I see. I admire. Have you any other personal observation to make? How many claws has a tiger, Don Orsino? Quick! I am painting the thing."

"One less than a woman."

Madame d'Aragona looked at the young man a moment, and broke into a laugh.

"There is a charming speech. I like that better than Gouache's flattery."

"And yet you admit that the portrait is like you," said Gouache.

"Perhaps I flatter you, too."

"Ah! I had not thought of that."

"You should be more modest."

"I lose myself" —

"Where?"

"In your eyes, madame. One, two, three, four, — are you sure a tiger has only four claws? Where is the creature's thumb, — what do you call it? It looks awkward."

"The dewclaw?" asked Orsino. "It is higher up, behind the paw. You would hardly see it in the skin."

"But a cat has five claws," said Madame d'Aragona. "Is not a tiger a cat? We must have the thing right, you know, if it is to be done at all."

"Has a cat five claws?" asked Anastase, appealing anxiously to Orsino.

"Of course, but you would only see four on the skin."

"I insist upon knowing," said Madame d'Aragona. "This is dreadful! Has no one got a tiger? What sort of studio is this, with no tiger!"

"I am not Sarah Bernhardt nor the Emperor of Siam," remarked Gouache, with a laugh.

But Madame d'Aragona was not satisfied.

"I am sure you could procure me one, prince," she said, turning to Orsino. "I am sure you could, if you would. I shall cry if I do not have one, and it will be your fault."

"Would you like the animal alive or dead?" inquired Orsino gravely, and he rose from his seat.

"Ah, I knew you could procure the thing!" she exclaimed, with grateful enthusiasm. "Alive or dead, Gouache? Quick, — decide!"

"As you please, madame. If you decide to have him alive, I will ask permission to exchange a few words with my wife and children, while some one goes for a priest."

"You are sublime to-day. Dead, then, if you please, prince, — quite dead; but do not say that I was afraid" —

"Afraid? With a Saracinesca and a Gouache to defend your life, madame? You are not serious."

Orsino took his hat.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," he said, as he bowed and went out.

Madame d'Aragona watched his tall young figure till he disappeared.

"He does not lack spirit, your young friend," she observed.

"No member of that family ever did, I think," Gouache answered. "They are a remarkable race."

"And he is the only son?"

"Oh, no! He has three younger brothers."

"Poor fellow! I suppose the fortune is not very large."

"I have no means of knowing," replied Gouache indifferently. "Their palace is historic. Their equipages are magnificent. That is all that foreigners see of Roman families."

"But you know them intimately?"

"Intimately, — that is saying too much. I have painted their portraits."

Madame d'Aragona wondered why he was so reticent, for she knew that he had himself married the daughter of a Roman prince, and she concluded that he must know much of the Romans.

"Do you think he will bring the tiger?" she asked presently.

"He is quite capable of bringing a whole menagerie of tigers for you to choose from."

"How interesting! I like men who stop at nothing. It was really unpardonable of you to suggest the idea, and then to tell me calmly that you had no model for it."

In the mean time Orsino had descended the stairs and was hailing a passing cab. He debated for a moment what he should do. It chanced that at that time there was actually a collection of wild beasts to be seen in the Prati di Castello, and Orsino supposed that the owner might be induced, for a large

consideration, to part with one of his tigers. He even imagined that he might shoot the beast and bring it back in the cab. But, in the first place, he was not provided with an adequate sum of money, nor at a moment's notice did he know exactly how to lay his hand on so large a sum as might be necessary. He was still under age, and his allowance had not been calculated with a view to buying menageries. Moreover, he considered that even if his pockets had been full of bank notes the idea was ridiculous, and he was rather ashamed of his youthful impulse. It occurred to him that what was necessary for the picture was not the carcass of the tiger, but the skin, and he remembered that such a skin lay on the floor in his father's private room, the spoil of the animal Giovanni Saracinesca had shot in his youth. It had been well cared for, and was a fine specimen.

"Palazzo Saracinesca," he said to the cabman.

It chanced, as such things will chance in the inscrutable ways of fate, that Sant' Ilario was just then in that very room, and was busy with his correspondence. Orsino had hoped to carry off what he wanted without being questioned, in order to save time, but he now found himself obliged to explain his errand.

Sant' Ilario looked up in some surprise as his son entered.

"Well, Orsino? Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing serious, father. I want to borrow your tiger's skin for Gouache. Will you lend it to me?"

"Of course. But what in the world does Gouache want of it? Is he painting you in skins, the primeval youth of the forest?"

"No, not exactly. The fact is, there is a lady there. Gouache talks of painting her as a modern Omphale, with a tiger's skin, and a cast of Hercules in the background."

"Hercules wore a lion's skin, not a tiger's. He killed the Nemean lion."

"Did he?" inquired Orsino indifferently. "It is all the same. They do not know it, and they want a tiger. When I left they were debating whether they wanted it alive or dead. I thought of buying one at the Prati di Castello, but it seemed cheaper to borrow the skin of you. May I take it?"

Sant' Ilario laughed. Orsino rolled up the great hide and carried it to the door.

"Who is the lady, my boy?"

"I never saw her before, — a certain Donna Maria Aranjuez d'Aragona. I fancy she must be a kind of cousin. Do you know anything about her?"

"I never heard of such a person. Is that her own name?"

"No; she seems to be somebody's widow."

"That is definite. What is she like?"

"Passably handsome, — yellow eyes, reddish hair; one eye wanders."

"What an awful picture! Do not fall in love with her, Orsino."

"No fear of that; but she is amusing, and she wants the tiger."

"You seem to be in a hurry," observed Sant' Ilario, considerably amused.

"Naturally. They are waiting for me."

"Well, go as fast as you can. Never keep a woman waiting. By the way, bring the skin back. I would rather you should buy twenty live tigers at the Prati than lose that old thing."

Orsino promised, and was soon in his cab on the way to Gouache's studio, having the skin rolled up on his knees, the head hanging out on one side and the tail on the other, to the infinite interest of the people in the street. He was just congratulating himself on having wasted so little time in conversation with his father when the figure of a tall woman walking towards him on the pavement arrested his attention. His cab must pass close by her, and there was no mistaking his mother at a hun-

dred yards' distance. She saw him, too, and made a sign with her parasol for him to stop.

"Good-morning, Orsino," said the sweet, deep voice.

"Good-morning, mother," he answered, as he descended, hat in hand, and kissed the gloved fingers she extended to him.

He could not help thinking, as he looked at her, that she was infinitely more beautiful even now than Madame d'Aragona. As for Corona, it seemed to her that there was no man on earth to compare with her eldest son, except Giovanni himself, and there all comparison ceased. Their eyes met affectionately, and it would have been hard to say which was the more proud of the other, the son of his mother, or the mother of her son. Nevertheless Orsino was in a hurry. Anticipating all questions, he told her in as few words as possible the nature of his errand, the object of the tiger's skin, and the name of the lady who was sitting to Gouache.

"It 's strange," said Corona. "I have never heard your father speak of her."

"He has never heard of her, either. He just told me so."

"I have almost enough curiosity to get into your cab and go with you."

"Do, mother." There was not much enthusiasm in the answer.

Corona looked at him, smiled, and shook her head.

"Foolish boy! Did you think I was in earnest? I should only spoil your amusement in the studio, and the lady would see that I had come to inspect her. Two good reasons, but the first is the better, dear. Go; do not keep them waiting."

"Will you not take my cab? I can get another."

"No. I am in no hurry. Good-by." And nodding to him with an affectionate smile, Corona passed on, leaving Orsino free at last to carry the skin to its destination.

When he entered the studio he found Madame d'Aragona absorbed in the contemplation of a piece of old tapestry which hung opposite to her, while Gouache was drawing in a tiny Hercules high up in the right-hand corner of the picture, as he had proposed. The conversation seemed to have languished, and Orsino was immediately conscious that the atmosphere had changed since he had left. He unrolled the skin as he entered, and Madame d'Aragona looked at it critically. She saw that the tawny colors would become her in the portrait, and her expression became more animated.

"It is really very good of you," she said, with a grateful glance.

"I have a disappointment in store for you," answered Orsino. "My father says that Hercules wore a lion's skin. He is quite right; I remember all about it."

"Of course," said Gouache. "How could we make such a mistake!"

He dropped the bit of chalk he held, and looked at Madame d'Aragona.

"What difference does it make?" asked the latter. "A lion, — a tiger! I am sure they are very much alike."

"After all, it is a tiresome idea," said the painter. "You will be much better in the damask cloak. Besides, with the lion's skin you should have the club. Imagine a club in your hands! And Hercules should be spinning at your feet, — a man in a black coat and a high collar, with a distaff! It is an absurd idea."

"You should not call my ideas absurd and tiresome. It is not civil."

"I thought it had been mine," observed Gouache.

"Not at all. I thought of it; it was quite original."

Gouache laughed a little, and looked at Orsino as though asking his opinion.

"Madame is right," said the latter. "She suggested the whole idea — by having yellow eyes."

"You see, Gouache. I told you so. The prince takes my view. What will you do?"

"Whatever you command."

"But I do not want to be ridiculous."

"I do not see" —

"And yet I must have the tiger."

"I am ready."

"Doubtless; but you must think of another subject, with a tiger in it."

"Nothing easier. Noble Roman damsel — Colosseum — tiger about to spring — rose" —

"Just heaven! What an old story! Besides, I have not the type."

"The Mysteries of Dionysus," suggested Gouache. "Thyrsus, leopard's skin" —

"A Bacchante! Fie, monsieur! And then the leopard, when we have only a tiger!"

"Indian princess interviewed by a man-eater — jungle — new moon — tropical vegetation" —

"You can think of nothing but subjects for a dark type," said Madame d'Aragona impatiently.

"The fact is, in countries where the tiger walks abroad the women are generally brunettes."

"I hate facts. You who are enthusiastic, can you not help us?" She turned to Orsino.

"Am I enthusiastic?"

"Yes, I am sure of it. Think of something."

Orsino was not pleased. He would have preferred to be thought cold and impassive.

"What can I say? The first idea was the best. Get a lion instead of a tiger; nothing is simpler."

"For my part, I prefer the damask cloak and the original picture," said Gouache, with decision. "All this mythology is too complicated — too Pompeian — how shall I say? Besides, there is no distinct allusion. A Hercules on a bracket, — anybody may have that. If you were the Marchesa di San Giacinto, for instance, — oh, then every one would laugh."

"Why? What is that?"

"She married my cousin," said Orsino. "He is an enormous giant, and they say that she has tamed him."

"Ah, no! My poor Aranjuez was a little man. People might even think — how shall I say — a satire on his memory" —

Gouache smiled behind his canvas at the affectionate allusion to the deceased. Orsino involuntarily thought of a sphinx as he looked at the massive brow, the yellow, sleepy eyes, and the heavy mouth. He wondered how the late Aranjuez had lived, and what death he had died. He offered the suggestion.

"It would be appropriate," replied Madame d'Aragona. "The Sphinx in the Desert. Rome is a desert to me."

"It only depends on you" — Orsino began.

"Oh, of course! To make acquaintances, to show myself a little everywhere, — it is simple enough. But it wearies me. Until one is caught up in the machinery, a toothed wheel going round with the rest, one only bores one's self, and I may leave so soon. Decidedly it is not worth the trouble. Is it?"

She turned her eyes to Orsino as though asking his advice. He laughed.

"How can you ask that question?" he exclaimed. "Only let the trouble be ours."

"Ah! I said you were enthusiastic." She shook her head, and rose from her seat. "It is time for me to go. We have done nothing this morning, and it is all your fault, prince."

"I am distressed; I will not intrude upon your next sitting."

"Oh, as far as that is concerned" — She did not finish the sentence, but took up the neglected tiger's skin from the chair on which it lay.

She threw it over her shoulders, bringing the grinning head over her hair and holding the forepaws in her pointed

white fingers. She came very near to Gouache and looked into his eyes, her closed lips smiling.

"Admirable!" cried Gouache. "It is impossible to tell where the woman ends and the tiger begins. Let me draw you like that."

"Oh, no, not for anything in the world."

She turned away quickly and dropped the skin from her shoulders.

"You will not stay a little longer? You will not let me try?" Gouache seemed disappointed.

"Impossible," she answered, putting on her hat and beginning to arrange her veil before a mirror.

Orsino watched her as she stood, her arms uplifted, in an attitude which is almost always graceful, even for an otherwise ungraceful woman. Madame d'Aragona was perhaps a little too short, but she was justly proportioned and appeared to be rather slight, though the tight-fitting sleeves of her frock betrayed a remarkably well-turned arm. Not seeing her face, one might not have singled her out of many as a very striking woman, for she had neither the stateliness of Orsino's mother nor the enchanting grace which distinguished Gouache's wife. But no one could look into her eyes without feeling that she was very far from being an ordinary woman.

"Quite impossible," she repeated, as she tucked in the ends of her veil and then turned upon the two men. "The next sitting? Whenever you like; to-morrow — the day after — name the time."

"When to-morrow is possible, there is no choice," said Gouache, "unless you will come again to-day."

"To-morrow, then; good-by." She held out her hand.

"There are sketches on each of my fingers, madame; principally of tigers."

"Good-by, then; consider your hand shaken. Are you going, prince?"

Orsino had taken his hat and was standing beside her.

"You will allow me to put you into your carriage?"

"I shall walk."

"So much the better. Good-by, Monsieur Gouache."

"Why say 'monsieur'?"

"As you like; you are older than I."

"I? Who has told you that legend? It is only a myth. When you are sixty years old, I shall still be five-and-twenty."

"And I?" inquired Madame d'Aragona, who was still young enough to laugh at age.

"As old as you were yesterday; not a day older."

"Why not say to-day?"

"Because to-day has a to-morrow; yesterday has none."

"You are delicious, my dear Gouache. Good-by."

Madame d'Aragona went out with Orsino, and they descended the broad staircase together. Orsino was not sure whether he might not be showing too much anxiety to remain in the company of his new acquaintance, and as he realized how unpleasant it would be to sacrifice the walk with her, he endeavored to excuse to himself his derogation from his self-imposed character of cool superiority and indifference. She was very amusing, he said to himself, and he had nothing in the world to do. He never had anything to do, since his education had been completed. Why should he not walk with Madame d'Aragona, and talk to her? It would be better than hanging about the club or reading a novel at home. The hounds did not meet on that day, or he would not have been at Gouache's at all. But they were to meet to-morrow, and he would therefore not see Madame d'Aragona.

"Gouache is an old friend of yours, I suppose?" observed the lady.

"He was a friend of my father's. He is almost a Roman. He married a dis-

tant connection of mine, Donna Faustina Montevarchi."

"Ah, yes, I have heard. He is a man of immense genius."

"He is a man I envy with all my heart," said Orsino.

"You envy Gouache? I should not have thought" —

"No? Ah, madame, to me a man who has a career, a profession, an interest, is a god."

"I like that," answered Madame d'Aragona. "But it seems to me you have your choice. You have the world before you. Write your name upon it. You do not lack enthusiasm. Is it the inspiration that you need?"

"Perhaps," remarked Orsino, glancing meaningly at her as she looked at him.

"That is not new," thought she, "but he is charming, all the same." Then she added aloud, "They say that genius finds inspiration everywhere."

"Alas, I am not a genius. What I ask is an occupation and permanent interest. The thing is impossible, but I am not resigned."

"Before thirty everything is possible," said Madame d'Aragona. She knew that the mere mention of so mature an age would be flattering to such a boy.

"The objections are insurmountable," replied Orsino.

"What objections? Remember that I do not know Rome nor the Romans."

"We are petrified in traditions. Spicca said, the other day, that there was but one hope for us. The Americans may yet discover Italy, as we once discovered America."

Madame d'Aragona smiled.

"Who is Spicca?" she inquired, with a lazy glance at her companion's face.

"Spicca? Surely you have heard of him. He used to be a famous duelist. He is our great wit. My father likes him very much. He is an odd character."

"There will be all the more credit in succeeding, if you have to break through a barrier of tradition and prejudice," said Madame d'Aragona, reverting rather abruptly to the first subject.

"You do not know what that means." Orsino shook his head incredulously. "You have never tried it."

"No. How could a woman be placed in such a position?"

"That is just it. You cannot understand me."

"That does not follow. Women often understand men — men they love or detest — better than men themselves."

"Do you love me, madame?" asked Orsino, with a smile.

"I have just made your acquaintance," laughed Madame d'Aragona. "It is a little too soon."

"But then, according to you, if you understand me, you detest me."

"Well? If I do?" She was still laughing.

"Then I ought to disappear, I suppose."

"You do not understand women. Anything is better than indifference. When you see that you are disliked, then refuse to go away. It is the very moment to remain. Do not submit to dislike. Revenge yourself."

"I will try," said Orsino, considerably amused.

"Upon me?"

"Since you advise it" —

"Have I said that I detest you?"

"More or less."

"It was only by way of illustration to my argument. I was not serious."

"You have not a serious character, I fancy," remarked Orsino.

"Do you dare to pass judgment on me after an hour's acquaintance?"

"Since you have judged me! You have said five times that I am enthusiastic."

"That is an exaggeration. Besides, one cannot say a true thing too many times."

"How you run on, madame!"

"And you — to tell me to my face that I am not serious! It is unheard of. Is that the way you talk to your compatriots?"

"It would not be true. But they would contradict me, as you do. They wish to be thought gay."

"Do they? I should like to know them."

"Nothing is easier. Will you allow me the honor of undertaking the matter?"

They had reached the door of Madame d'Aragona's hotel. She stood still and looked curiously at Orsino.

"Certainly not," she replied, rather coldly. "It would be asking too much of you, — too much of society, and far too much of me. Thanks. Good-by."

"May I come and see you?" asked Orsino. He knew very well that he had gone too far, and his voice was correctly contrite.

"I dare say we shall meet somewhere," answered Madame d'Aragona, entering the hotel.

F. Marion Crawford.

BOSTON.

THE old physiologists said, "There is in the air a hidden food of life;" and they watched the effect of different climates. They believed the air of mountains and the seashore a potent predisposer to rebellion. The air was a good republican, and it was remarked that insulary people are versatile and addicted to change, both in religious and secular affairs.

The air that we breathe is an exhalation of all the solid material globe. An aerial fluid streams all day, all night, from every flower and leaf, from every water and soil, from every rock-ledge; and from every stratum a different aroma and air according to its quality. According to quality and according to temperature, it must have effect on manners.

There is the climate of the Sahara: a climate where the sunbeams are vertical; where is day after day, sunstroke after sunstroke, with a frosty shadow between. "There are countries," said Howell, "where the heaven is a fiery furnace, or a blowing bellows, or a dropping sponge, most parts of the year." Such is the assimilating force of the Indian climate that, Sir Erskine Perry says, "the usage and opinion of the Hindoos so invades men of all castes and colors who deal with them that all take a Hindoo tint. Parsee, Mongol, Afghan, Israelite, Christian, have all passed under this influence, and exchanged a good part of their patrimony of ideas for the notions, manner of seeing, and habitual tone of Indian society." He compares it to the geologic phenomenon which the black soil of the Dhakkan offers, — the property, namely, of assimilating to itself every foreign substance introduced into its bosom.

How can we not believe in influences of climate and air, when, as true philosophers, we must believe that chemical atoms also have their spiritual cause why they are thus and not other; that carbon, oxygen, alum, and iron each has its origin in spiritual nature?

Even at this day men are to be found superstitious enough to believe that to certain spots on the surface of the planet special powers attach, and an exalted influence on the genius of man. And it appears as if some localities of the earth, through wholesome springs, or as the habitat of rare plants and minerals, or through ravishing beauties of Nature, were preferred before others. There is

great testimony of discriminating persons to the effect that Rome is endowed with the enchanting property of inspiring a longing in men there to live and there to die.

Who lives one year in Boston ranges through all the climates of the globe. And if the character of the people has a larger range and greater versatility, causing them to exhibit equal dexterity in what are elsewhere reckoned incompatible works, perhaps they may thank their climate of extremes, which at one season gives them the splendor of the equator and a touch of Syria, and then runs down to a cold which approaches the temperature of the celestial spaces.

It is not a country of luxury or of pictures; of snows rather, of east winds and changing skies; visited by icebergs, which, floating by, nip with their cool breath our blossoms. Not a luxurious climate, but wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease. Give me a climate where people think well and construct well: I will spend six months there, and you may have all the rest of my years.

What Vasari said, three hundred years ago, of the republican city of Florence might be said of Boston: "that the desire for glory and honor is powerfully generated by the air of that place in the men of every profession; whereby all who possess talent are impelled to struggle that they may not remain in the same grade with those whom they perceive to be only men like themselves, even though they may acknowledge such indeed to be masters; but all labor by every means to be foremost."

We find no less stimulus in our native air; no less ambition in our blood, which Puritanism has not sufficiently chastised; and at least an equal freedom in our laws and customs, with as many and as tempting rewards to toil, with so many philanthropies, humanities, charities, soliciting us to be great and good.

New England is a sort of Scotland. 'T is hard to say why. Climate is much; then, old accumulation of the means, — books, schools, colleges, literary society; as New Bedford is not nearer to the whales than New London or Portland, yet it has all the equipments for a whaler ready, and it hugs an oil-cask like a brother.

I do not know that Charles River or Merrimac water is more clarifying to the brain than that of the Savannah or Alabama River, yet the men that drink it get up earlier, and some of the morning light lasts through the day. I notice that they who drink for some little time of the Potomac water lose their relish for the water of the Charles River, of the Merrimac and the Connecticut, — even of the Hudson. I think the Potomac water is a little acrid, and should be corrected by copious infusions of these provincial streams.

Of great cities you cannot compute the influences. In New York, in Montreal, in New Orleans and the farthest colonies, in Guiana, in Guadeloupe, a middle-aged gentleman is just embarking with all his property to fulfill the dream of his life and spend his old age in Paris; so that a fortune falls into the massive wealth of that city every day in the year. Astronomers come because there they can find apparatus and companions; chemist, geologist, artist, musician, dancer, because there only are grandees and their patronage, appreciators and patrons. Demand and supply run into every invisible and unnamed province of whim and passion.

Each great city gathers these values and delights for mankind, and comes to be the brag of its age and population. The Greeks thought him unhappy who died without seeing the statue of Jove at Olympia. With still more reason, they praised Athens, the "Violet City." It was said of Rome in its proudest days, looking at the vast radiation of the privilege of Roman citizenship through the

then known world, "The extent of the city and of the world is the same" (Spatium et urbis et orbis idem). London now for a thousand years has been in an affirmative or energizing mood; has not stopped growing. Linnæus, like a naturalist, esteeming the globe a big egg, called London the *punctum saliens* in the yolk of the world.

This town of Boston has a history. It is not an accident, not a windmill, or a railroad station, or cross-roads tavern, or an army-barracks, grown up by time and luck to a place of wealth, but a seat of humanity, of men of principle, obeying a sentiment and marching loyally whither that should lead them; so that its annals are great historical lines, inextricably national, part of the history of political liberty. I do not speak with any fondness, but the language of coldest history, when I say that Boston commands attention as the town which was appointed in the destiny of nations to lead the civilization of North America.

A capital fact distinguishing this colony from all other colonies was that the persons composing it consented to come on the one condition that the charter should be transferred from the company in England to themselves; and so they brought the government with them.

On the 3d of November, 1620, King James incorporated forty of his subjects, Sir F. Gorges and others, the council established at Plymouth, in the county of Devon, for the planting, ruling, ordering, and governing of New England in America. The territory — conferred on the patentees in absolute property, with unlimited jurisdiction, the sole power of legislation, the appointment of all officers and all forms of government — extended from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and in length from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

John Smith writes (1624): "Of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen not inhabited, could I but have means to transplant a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere: and if it did not maintain itself, were we but once indifferently well fitted, let us starve. Here are many isles planted with corn, groves, mulberries, salvage gardens, and good harbors. The seacoast, as you pass, shows you all along large cornfields and great troops of well-proportioned people." Massachusetts, in particular, he calls "the paradise of these parts;" notices its high mountain and its river, "which doth pierce many days' journey into the entrails of that country." Morton arrived in 1622, in June, beheld the country, and "the more he looked, the more he liked it."

In sixty-eight years after the foundation of Boston Dr. Mather writes of it: "The town hath indeed three elder sisters in this colony, but it hath wonderfully outgrown them all, and her mother, Old Boston in England, also; yea, within a few years after the first settlement it grew to be the metropolis of the whole English America."

How easy it is, after the city is built, to see where it ought to stand! In our beautiful bay, with its broad and deep waters covered with sails from every port; with its islands hospitably shining in the sun; with its waters bounded and marked by lighthouses, buoys, and seamarks, every foot sounded and charted; with its shores trending steadily from the two arms which the capes of Massachusetts stretch out to sea, down to the bottom of the bay where the city domes and spires sparkle through the haze, a good boatman can easily find his way for the first time to the State House, and wonder that Governor Carver had not better eyes than to stop on the Plymouth sands.

But it took ten years to find this out. The colony of 1620 had landed at Plymouth. It was December, and the ground was covered with snow. Snow and moonlight make all places alike; and the weariness of the sea, the shrink-

ing from cold weather, and the pangs of hunger must justify them.

But the next colony planted itself at Salem, and the next at Weymouth, another at Medford, before these men, instead of jumping on to the first land that offered, wisely judged that the best point for a city was at the bottom of a deep and islanded bay, where a copious river entered it, and where a bold shore was bounded by a country of rich undulating woodland.

The planters of Massachusetts do not appear to have been hardy men; rather, comfortable citizens, not at all accustomed to the rough task of discoverers; and they exaggerated their troubles. Bears and wolves were many, but early they believed there were lions; Monadnoc was burned over to kill them. John Smith was stung near to death by the most poisonous tail of a fish called a sting-ray. In the journey of Rev. Peter Bulkley and his company through the forest from Boston to Concord, they fainted from the powerful odor of the sweetfern in the sun, — like what befell, still earlier, Biörn and Thorfinn, Northmen, in their expedition to the same coast, who ate so many grapes from the wild vines that they were reeling drunk. The lions have never appeared since — nor before. Their crops suffered from pigeons and mice. Nature has never again indulged in these exasperations. It seems to have been the last outrage ever committed by the sting-rays, or by the sweetfern, or by the fox-grapes; they have been of peaceable behavior ever since.

Any geologist or engineer is accustomed to face more serious dangers than any enumerated, excepting the hostile Indians. But the awe was real and overpowering in the superstition with which every new object was magnified. The superstition which hung over the new ocean had not yet been scattered; the powers of the savage were not known; the dangers of the wilderness were unexplored; and, in that time, terrors of witchcraft, terrors of evil spirits, and a certain degree of terror still clouded the idea of God in the mind of the purest.

The divine will descends into the barbarous mind in some strange disguise; its pure truth not to be guessed from the rude vizard under which it goes masquerading. The common eye cannot tell what the bird will be from the egg, nor the pure truth from the grotesque tenet which sheathes it. But by some secret tie it holds the poor savage to it, and he goes muttering his rude ritual or mythology, which yet conceals some grand commandment, as courage, veracity, honesty, or chastity and generosity.

So these Englishmen, with the Middle Ages still obscuring their reason, were filled with Christian thought. They had a culture of their own. They read Milton, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, and Flavel with religious awe and delight, not for entertainment. They were precisely the idealists of England, the most religious in a religious era. An old lady who remembered these pious people said of them that "they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to hinder themselves from being translated."

In our own age we are learning to look as on chivalry at the sweetness of that ancient piety which makes the genius of St. Bernard, Latimer, Scougal, Jeremy Taylor, Herbert, and Leighton. Who can read the fiery ejaculations of St. Augustine, a man of as clear a sight as almost any other, of Thomas à Kempis, of Milton, of Bunyan even, without feeling how rich and expansive a culture — not so much a culture as a higher life — they owed to the promptings of this sentiment; without contrasting their immortal heat with the cold complexion of our recent wits? Who can read the pious diaries of the Eng-

lishmen in the time of the Commonwealth, and later, without a sigh that we write no diaries to-day? Who shall restore to us the odoriferous Sabbaths which made the earth and the humble roof a sanctity?

This spirit, of course, involved that of Stoicism, as, in its turn, Stoicism did this. Yet how much more attractive and true that this piety should be the central trait, and the stern virtues follow, than that Stoicism should face the gods and put Jove on his defense! That piety is a refutation of every skeptical doubt. These men are a bridge to us between the unparalleled piety of the Hebrew epoch and our own. These ancient men, like great gardens with great banks of flowers, send out their perfumed breath across the great tracts of time. How needful are David, Paul, Leighton, Fénelon, to our devotion! Of these writers, of this spirit which deified them, I will say with Confucius, "If in the morning I hear of the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy."

I trace to this deep religious sentiment and to its culture great and salutary results to the people of New England, namely, the culture of the intellect, which has always been found in the Calvinistic church. The colony was planted in 1620; in 1638 Harvard College was founded. The General Court of Massachusetts, in 1647: "To the end that learning may not be buried in the graves of the forefathers, ordered, that every township, after the Lord has increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall appoint one to teach all children to write and read; and where any town shall increase to the number of a hundred families, they shall set up a Grammar School, the Masters thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the University."

Many and rich are the fruits of that simple statute. The universality of an elementary education in New England is her praise and her power in the whole world. To the schools succeeds the village lyceum, — now very general throughout all the country towns of New England, — where every week through the winter lectures are read and debates sustained which prove a college for the young rustic. Hence it happens that the young farmers and mechanics, who work all summer in the field or shop, in the winter often go into a neighboring town to teach the district school arithmetic and grammar. As you know, too, New England supplies annually a large detachment of preachers and schoolmasters and private tutors to the interior of the South and West.

New England lies in the cold and hostile latitude which, by shutting men up in houses and tight and heated rooms a large part of the year, and then again shutting up the body in flannel and leather, defrauds the human being in some degree of his relations to external nature, — takes from the muscles their suppleness, from the skin its exposure to the air; and the New Englander, like every other Northerner, lacks that beauty and grace which the habit of living much in the air, and the activity of the limbs not in labor but in graceful exercise, tend to produce in climates nearer to the sun. Then the necessity, which always presses the Northerner, of providing fuel and many clothes and tight houses and much food against the long winter makes him anxiously frugal, and generates in him that spirit of detail which is not grand and enlarging, but goes rather to pinch the features and degrade the character.

As an antidote to the spirit of commerce and of economy, the religious spirit — always enlarging, firing man, prompting the pursuit of the vast, the beautiful, the unattainable — was especially necessary to the culture of New England. In the midst of her laborious and economical and rude and awk-

ward population, where is little elegance and no facility, with great accuracy in details, little spirit of society or knowledge of the world, you shall not unfrequently meet that refinement which no education and no habit of society can bestow; which makes the elegance of wealth look stupid, and unites itself by natural affinity to the highest minds of the world; nourishes itself on Plato and Dante, Michael Angelo and Milton, on whatever is pure and sublime in art, and, I may say, gave a hospitality in this country to the spirit of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and to the music of Beethoven, before yet their genius had found a hearty welcome in Great Britain.

I do not look to find in England better manners than the best manners here. We can show native examples, and I may almost say (travelers as we are) natives who never crossed the sea, who possess all the elements of noble behavior.

It is the property of the religious sentiment to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no good birth or breeding, no culture of the taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, even no depth of affection that does not rise to a religious sentiment, can bestow that delicacy and grandeur of bearing which belong only to a mind accustomed to celestial conversation. All else is coarse and external; all else is tailoring and cosmetics, beside this;[1] for thoughts are expressed in every look or gesture, and these thoughts are as if angels had talked with the child.

By this instinct we are lifted to higher ground. The religious sentiment gave the iron purpose and arm. That colonizing was a great and generous scheme, manly meant and manly done. When one thinks of the enterprises that are attempted in the heats of youth, the Zoars, New Harmonies and Brook Farms, Oakdales and phalansteries, which have been so profoundly ventilated, but end in a protracted picnic, which after a few weeks or months dismisses the partakers to their old homes, we see with new-increased respect the solid, well-calculated scheme of these emigrants, sitting down hard and fast where they came, and building their empire by due degrees.

John Smith says: "Thirty, forty, or fifty sail went yearly to America only to trade and fish, but nothing would be done for a plantation till about some hundred of your Brownists of England, Amsterdam, and Leyden went to New Plymouth; whose humorous ignorances caused them for more than a year to endure a wonderful deal of misery with an infinite patience."

What should hinder that this America, so long kept in reserve from the intellectual races until they should grow to it, glimpses being afforded which spoke to the imagination, yet the firm shore hid until science and art should be ripe to propose it as a fixed aim, and a man should be found who should sail steadily west sixty-eight days from the port of Palos to find it, — what should hinder that this New Atlantis should have its happy ports, its mountains of security, its gardens fit for human abode, where all elements were right for the health, power, and virtue of man?

America is growing like a cloud, — towns on towns, States on States; and wealth (always interesting, since from wealth power cannot be divorced) is piled in every form invented for comfort or pride.

If John Bull interests you at home, come and see him under new conditions, — come and see the Jonathanization of John.

There are always men ready for ad-

[1] "Come dal fuoco il caldo, esser diviso,
Non puo'l bel dall' eterno."
(Michael Angelo.)

[As from fire heat cannot be separated, neither can beauty from the eternal.]

ventures, — more in an over-governed, over-peopled country, where all the professions are crowded and all character suppressed, than elsewhere. This thirst for adventure is the vent which Destiny offers; a war, a crusade, a gold mine, a new country, speak to the imagination, and offer swing and play to the confined powers.

The American idea, Emancipation, appears in our freedom of intellection, in our reforms, and in our bad politics. It has, of course, its sinister side, which is most felt by the drilled and scholastic, but if followed it leads to heavenly places.

European and American are each ridiculous out of his sphere. There is a Columbia of thought and art and character, which is the last and endless sequel of Columbus's adventure.

European critics regret the detachment of the Puritans to this country without aristocracy; which a little reminds one of the pity of the Swiss mountaineers when shown a handsome Englishman: "What a pity he has no goitre!" The future historian will regard the detachment of the Puritans without aristocracy the supreme fortune of the colony, as great a gain to mankind as the opening of this continent.

There is a little formula, couched in pure Saxon, which you may hear at the corners of streets and in the yard of the dame's school, from very little republicans, "I 'm as good as you be," which contains the essence of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights and of the American Declaration of Independence. And this was at the bottom of Plymouth Rock and of Boston Stone; and this could be heard (by an acute ear) in the Petitions to the King and the platforms of churches, and was said and sung in every tone of the psalmody of the Puritans; in every note of Old Hundred and Hallelujah and Short Particular Metre.

What is very conspicuous is the saucy independence which shines in all their eyes. They could say to themselves: "Well, at least this yoke of man, of bishops, of courtiers, of dukes, is off my neck. We are a little too close to wolf and famine than that anybody should give himself airs here in the swamp. London is a long way off, with beadles and pursuivants and horse-guards. Here in the clam-banks and the beech and chestnut forest I shall take leave to breathe and think freely. If you do not like it, if you molest me, I can cross the brook and plant a new state out of reach of anything but squirrels and wild pigeons."

Bonaparte sighed for his republicans of 1789. The soul of a political party is by no means usually the officers and pets of the party, who wear the honors and fill the high seats and spend the salaries. No, but the theorists and extremists, the men who are never contented and never to be contented with the work actually accomplished, but who from conscience are engaged to what that party professes, — these men will work and watch and rally and never tire in carrying their point. The theology and the instinct of freedom that grew here in the dark in serious men furnished a certain rancor which consumed all opposition, fed the party and carried it, over every rampart and obstacle, to victory.

Boston never wanted a good principle of rebellion in it, from the planting until now. There is always a minority unconvinced, always a heresiarch whom the governor and deputies labor with, but cannot silence; some new light; some new doctrinaire who makes an unnecessary ado to establish his dogma; some Wheelwright or defender of Wheelwright; some protester against the cruelty of the magistrates to the Quakers; some tender minister hospitable to Whitefield against the counsel of all the ministers; some John Adams

and Josiah Quincy and Governor Andrew to undertake and carry the defense of patriots in the courts against the uproar of all the province; some defender of the slave against the politician and the merchant; some champion of first principles of humanity against the rich and luxurious; some adversary of the death penalty; some pleader for peace; some noble protestant, who will not stoop to infamy when all are gone mad, but who will stand for liberty and justice, if alone, until all come back to him.

I confess I do not find in our people, with all their education, a fair share of originality of thought; not any remarkable book of wisdom; not any broad generalization, any equal power of imagination. No Novum Organum, no Mécanique Céleste, no Principia, no Paradise Lost, no Hamlet, no Wealth of Nations, no National Anthem, have we yet contributed.

Nature is a frugal mother, and never gives without measure. When she has work to do, she qualifies men for that and sends them equipped for that. In Massachusetts she did not want epic poems and dramas yet, but first planters of towns, fellers of the forest, builders of mills and forges, builders of roads, and farmers to till and harvest corn for the world. Corn, yes, but honest corn; corn with thanks to the Giver of corn; and the best thanks, namely, obedience to his law. This was the office imposed on our founders and people: liberty, clean and wise. It was to be built on Religion, the emancipator, — Religion which teaches equality of all men in view of the spirit which created man.

The seed of prosperity was planted. The people did not gather where they had not sown. They did not try to unlock the treasure of the world except by honest keys of labor and skill. They knew, as God knew, that command of nature comes by obedience to nature; that reward comes by faithful service; that the most noble motto is that of the Prince of Wales, — "I serve," — and that he is greatest who serves best. There was no secret of labor which they disdained.

They accepted the divine ordination that man is for use; that intelligent being exists to the utmost use; and that his ruin is to live for pleasure and for show. And when, within our memory, some flippant Senator wished to taunt the people of this country by calling them "the mudsills of society," he paid them ignorantly a true praise; for good men are as the green plain of the earth is, as the rocks and the beds of rivers are, the foundation and flooring and sills of the State.

The power of labor which belongs to the English race fell here into a climate which befriended it, and into a maritime country made for trade, where was no rival and no envious lawgiver. The sailor and the merchant made the law to suit themselves, so that there was never, I suppose, a more rapid expansion in population, wealth, and all the elements of power, and in the citizens' consciousness of power and sustained assertion of it, than was exhibited here.

Moral values become also money values. When men saw that these people, besides their industry and thrift, had a heart and soul and would stand by each other at all hazards, they desired to come and live here. A house in Boston was worth as much again as a house just as good in a town of timorous people, because here the neighbors would defend each other against bad governors and against troops. Quite naturally houserents rose in Boston.

Besides, youth and health like a stirring town above a torpid place where nothing is doing. In Boston they were sure to see something going forward before the year was out. For here was the moving principle itself, the *primum mobile*, a living mind agitating the mass

and always afflicting the conservative class with some odious novelty or other: a new religious sect, a political point, a point of honor, a reform in education, a philanthropy.

From Roger Williams and Eliot and Robinson and the Quaker women who for a testimony walked naked into the streets, and as the record tells us "were arrested and publicly whipped, — the baggages that they were;" from Wheelwright the Antinomian and Ann Hutchinson and Whitefield and Mother Ann the first Shaker, down to Abner Kneeland and Father Lamson and William Garrison, there never was wanting some thorn of dissent and innovation and heresy to prick the sides of conservatism.

With all their love of his person, they took immense pleasure in turning out the governor and deputy and assistants, and contravening the counsel of the clergy, as they had come so far for the sweet satisfaction of resisting the bishops and the king.

The Massachusetts colony grew and filled its own borders with a denser population than any other American State (Kossuth called it the City State), all the while sending out colonies to every part of New England; then South and West, until it has infused all the Union with its blood.

We are willing to see our sons emigrate, as to see our hives swarm. That is what they were made to do, and what the land wants and invites. The towns or countries in which the man lives and dies where he was born, and his son and son's son live and die where he did, are of no great account.

I know that this history contains many black lines of cruel injustice, — murder, persecution, and execution of women for witchcraft. I am afraid there are anecdotes of poverty and disease in Broad Street that match the dismal statistics of New York and London. No doubt all manner of vices can be found in this as in every city, — infinite meanness, scarlet crime. Granted. But there is yet in every city a certain permanent tone, a tendency to be in the right or in the wrong, audacity or slowness, labor or luxury, giving or parsimony: which side is it on? And I hold that a community, as a man, is entitled to be judged by its best.

We are often praised for what is least ours. Boston too is sometimes pushed into a theatrical attitude of virtue, to which she is not entitled and which she cannot keep. But the genius of Boston is seen in her real independence, productive power, and Northern acuteness of mind, which is in nature hostile to oppression. It is a good city as cities go. Nature is good. The climate is electric, good for wit and good for character. What public souls have lived here, what social benefactors, what eloquent preachers, skillful workmen, stout captains, wise merchants; what fine artists, what gifted conversers, what mathematicians, what lawyers, what wits! And where is the middle class so able, virtuous, and instructed?

And thus our little city thrives and enlarges, striking deep roots, and sending out boughs and buds, and propagating itself like a banyan over the continent. Greater cities there are that sprung from it, full of its blood and names and traditions. It is very willing to be outnumbered and outgrown, so long as they carry forward its life of civil and religious freedom, of education, of social order, and of loyalty to law. It is very willing to be outrun in numbers and in wealth; but it is very jealous of any superiority in these its natural instincts and privileges. You cannot conquer it by numbers, or by square miles, or by counted millions of wealth. For it owes its existence and its power to principles not of yesterday, and the deeper principle will always prevail over whatever material accumulations.

As long as she cleaves to her liberty,

her education, and to her spiritual faith as the foundation of these, she will teach the teachers and rule the rulers of America. Her mechanics, her farmers, will toil better; she will repair mischief; she will furnish what is wanted in the hour of need; her sailors will man the Constitution, her mechanics repair the broken rail; her troops will be the first in the field to vindicate the majesty of a free nation, and remain last on the field to secure it. Her genius will write the laws and her historians record the fate of nations.

In an age of trade and material prosperity, we have stood a little stupefied by the elevation of our ancestors. We praised the Puritans because we did not find in ourselves the spirit to do the like. We praised with a certain adulation the invariable valor of the old war-gods and war-councilors of the Revolution. Washington has seemed an exceptional virtue. This praise was a concession of unworthiness in those who had so much to say of it. The heroes only shared this power of a sentiment which, if it now breathes into us, will make it easy for us to understand them, and we shall not longer flatter them. Let us shame the fathers by superior virtue in the sons.

It is almost a proverb that a great man has not a great son. Bacon, Newton, and Washington were childless. But in Boston Nature is more indulgent, and has given good sons to good sires, or at least continued merit in the same blood. The elder President Adams has to divide voices of fame with the younger President Adams. The elder Otis could hardly excel the popular eloquence of the younger Otis; and the Quincy of the Revolution seems compensated for the shortness of his bright career in the son who so long lingers among the last of those bright clouds,

> "That on the steady breeze of honor sail
> In long succession calm and beautiful."

Here stands to-day as of yore our little city of the rocks; here let her stand forever, on the man-bearing granite of the North! Let her stand fast by herself! She has grown great. She is filled with strangers, but she can prosper only by adhering to her faith. Let every child that is born of her and every child of her adoption see to it to keep the name of Boston as clean as the sun; and in distant ages her motto shall be the prayer of millions on all the hills that gird the town, "As with our fathers, so God be with us!" (Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis!)

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Spring, 1861.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

After a man's long work is over and the sound of his voice is still, those in whose regard he has held a high place find his image strangely simplified and summarized. The hand of death, in passing over it, has smoothed the folds, has made it more typical and general. The figure retained by the memory is compressed and intensified; accidents have dropped away from it and shades have ceased to count; it stands, sharply, for a few estimated and cherished things, rather than, nebulously, for a swarm of possibilities. We cut the silhouette, in a word, out of the confusion of life, we save and fix the outline, and it is with his eye on this profiled distinction that the critic speaks. It is his function to speak with assurance, when once his impression has become final; and it is in

noting this circumstance that I perceive how slenderly prompted I am to deliver myself on such an occasion as a critic. It is not that due conviction is absent; it is only that the function is a cold one. It is not that the final impression is dim; it is only that it is made on a softer part of the spirit than the critical sense. The process is more mystical, the deposited image is insistently personal, the generalizing principle is that of loyalty. I can therefore not pretend to write of James Russell Lowell in the tone of detachment and classification; I can only offer a few anticipatory touches for a portrait that asks for a steadier hand.

It may be professional prejudice, but as the whole color of his life was literary, so it seems to me that we may see in his high and happy fortune the most substantial honor gathered by the practice of letters from a world preoccupied with other things. It was in looking at him as a man of letters that one got closest to him, and some of his more fanatical friends are not to be deterred from regarding his career as in the last analysis a tribute to the dominion of style. This is the idea that his name most promptly evokes, to my sense; and though it was not by any means the only idea he cherished, the unity of his career is surely to be found in it. He carried style — the style of literature — into regions in which we rarely look for it: into politics, of all places in the world, into diplomacy, into stammering civic dinners and ponderous anniversaries, into letters and notes and telegrams, into every turn of the hour — absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit. Any friendly estimate of him is foredoomed to savor potently of reminiscence, so that I may mention how vividly I recall the occasion on which he first struck me as completely representative.

The association could only grow, but the essence of it was all there, on the eve of his going as minister to Spain. It was late in the summer of 1877; he spent a few days in London on his way to Madrid, in the hushed gray August, and I remember dining with him at a dim little hotel in Park Street, which I had never entered before and have never entered since, but which, whenever I pass it, seems to look at me with the melancholy of those inanimate things that have participated. That particular evening remained, in my fancy, a kind of bridge between his old bookish and his new worldly life; which however had much more in common than they had in distinction. He turned the pages of the later experience with very much the same contemplative reader's sense with which, in his library, he had, for years, smoked the student's pipe over a thousand volumes; the only difference was that a good many of the leaves were still to cut. At any rate, he was enviably gay and amused, and this preliminary hour struck me, literally, as the reward of consistency. It was tinted with the promise of a singularly interesting future, but the saturated American time was all behind it, and what was to come seemed an ideal opportunity for the nourished mind. That the American years had been diluted with several visits to Europe was not a flaw in the harmony, for to recollect certain other foreign occasions — pleasant Parisian and delightful Italian strolls — was to remember that if these had been months of absence for him, they were for me, on the wings of his talk, hours of repatriation. This talk was humorously and racily fond, charged with a perfect drollery of reference to the *other* country (there were always two — the one we were in and the one we were n't), the details of my too sketchy conception of which, admitted for argument, he showed endless good nature in filling in. It was a joke polished by much use that I was dread-

fully at sea about my native land; and it would have been pleasant indeed to know even less than I did, so that I might have learned the whole story from Mr. Lowell's lips.

His America was a country worth hearing about, a magnificent conception, an admirably consistent and lovable object of allegiance. If the sign that, in Europe, one knew him best by was his intense national consciousness, one felt that this consciousness could not sit lightly on a man in whom it was the strongest form of piety. Fortunately for him, and for his friends, he was one of the most whimsical, one of the wittiest, of human beings, so that he could play with his patriotism and make it various. All the same, one felt in it, in talk, the depth of passion that hums through much of his finest verse — almost the only passion that, to my sense, his poetry contains, the accent of chivalry, of the lover, the knight ready to do battle for his mistress. Above all it was a particular allegiance to New England — a quarter of the earth in respect to which the hand of long habit, of that affection which is usually half convenience, never let go the prime idea, the standard. New England was heroic to him, for he felt in his pulses the whole history of her *origines;* it was impossible to know him without a sense that he had a rare divination of the hard realities of her past. The Biglow Papers show to what a tune he could play with his patriotism — all literature contains, I think, no finer sport; but he is serious enough when he speaks of the

> . . . "strange New World, that yit wast never young,
> Whose youth, from thee, by gripin' need was wrung,
> Brown foundlin' of the woods whose baby-bed
> Was prowled round by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
> And who grew'st strong thro' shifts and wants and pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains."

He was never at trouble to conceal his respect for such an origin as that, and when he came to Europe in 1877 this sentiment was one of the things he brought with him at the top of his luggage.

One of the others was the extraordinary youthfulness which could make a man considerably younger than himself (so that it was only with the lapse of years that the relation of age settled upon the right note) constantly forget that he had copious antecedents. In the times when the difference counted for more — old Cambridge days that seem far away now — I doubtless thought him more professorial than he felt, but I am sure that in the sequel I never thought him younger. The boy in him was never more articulate than during the last summer that he spent in England, two years before his death. Since the recollection comes of itself, I may mention, as my earliest impression of him, the charm that certain of his Harvard lectures — on English literature, on Old French — had for a very immature person who was supposed to be pursuing, in one of the schools, a very different branch of knowledge, but who on dusky winter afternoons escaped with irresponsible zeal into the glow of Mr. Lowell's learned lamplight, the particular incidence of which, in the small, still lecture-room, and the illumination of his head and hands, I recall with extreme vividness. He talked communicatively of style, and where else, in all the place, was any such talk to be heard? It made a romance of the hour — it made even a picture of the scene; it was an unforgettable initiation. If he was American enough in Europe, in America he was abundantly European. He was so steeped in history and literature that to some yearning young persons he made the taste of knowledge sweeter, almost, than it was ever to be again. He was redolent, intellectually speaking, of Italy and Spain; he had lived in long intimacy with

Dante and Calderon; he embodied, to envious aspirants, the happy intellectual fortune — independent years in a full library, years of acquisition without haste and without rest, a robust love of study which went sociably arm in arm with a robust love of life. This love of life was so strong in him that he could lose himself in little diversions as well as in big books. He was fond of everything human and natural, everything that had color and character, and no gayety, no sense of comedy, was ever more easily kindled by contact. When he was not surrounded by great pleasures he could find his account in small ones, and no situation could be dull for a man in whom all reflection, all reaction, was witty.

I waited some years really to know him, but it was to find at once that he was delightful to walk with. He spent the winter of 1872–73 in Paris, and if I had not already been fond of the streets of that city, his example and companionship would have made me so. We both had the habit of long walks, and he knew his Paris as he knew all his subjects. The history of a thing was always what he first saw in it — he recognized it as a link in an interminable chain. He led, at this season, the most home-keeping, book-buying life, and Old French texts made his evenings dear to him. He had dropped (and where he dropped he usually stayed) into an intensely local and extremely savory little hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, unknown to tourists but patronized by deputies, where the *table d'hôte*, at which the host sat down with the guests and contradiction flourished, was a page of Balzac, full of illustration for the humorist. I used sometimes, of a Sunday evening, to dine there, and to this day, on rainy winter nights, I never cross the Seine amid the wet flare of the myriad lamps, never note the varnished rush of the river or the way the Louvre grows superb in the darkness, without a recurrent consciousness of the old sociable errand, the sense of dipping into a still denser Paris, with the Temps and M. Sarcey in my pocket.

We both spent the following winter — he at least the larger part of it — in Florence, out of manifold memories of which certain hours in his company, certain charmed Italian afternoons in Boboli gardens, on San Miniato terraces, come back to me with a glow of their own. He had indeed memories of earlier Italian times, some of which he has admirably recorded — anecdotes, tormenting to a late comer, of the superseded, the missed. He himself, in his perpetual freshness, seemed to come so late that it was always a surprise to me that he had started so early. Almost any Italy, however, was good enough for him, and he kept criticism for great occasions, for the wise relapse, the study-chair and the vanquished hesitation (not timid, but overbrimming, like a vessel dangerous to move) of that large prose pen which was so firm when once set in motion. He liked the Italian people — he liked the people everywhere, and the warm street life and the exquisite idiom; the Tuscan tongue, indeed, so early ripe and yet still so perfectly alive, was one of the comforts of the world to him. He produced that winter a poem so ample and noble that it was worthy to come into being in classic air — the magnificent elegy on the death of Agassiz, which strikes me as a summary of all his vigors and felicities, his most genial achievement, and (after the Harvard Commemoration Ode) the truest expression of his poetic nature. It is hard to lend to a great old house, in Italy, even when it has become a modern inn, any associations as romantic as those it already wears; but what the high-windowed face of the Florentine Hôtel du Nord speaks to me of to-day, over its chattering cab-stand and across the statued pillar of the little square of the Holy Trinity, is neither its ancient

honor nor its actual fall, but the sound, one December evening, by the fire the poet pronounces "starved," of

> "I cannot think he wished so soon to die
> With all his senses full of eager heat,
> And rosy years that stood expectant by
> To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
> He that was friends with Earth, and all her sweet
> Took with both hands unsparingly."

Of Mr. Lowell's residence in Spain I know nothing but what I gathered from his talk, after he took possession, late in the spring of 1879, of the post in London rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. John Welsh; much of it inevitably referring to the domestic sorrow — the prolonged illness of his admirable wife — which cast over these years a cloud that darkened further during the early part of his English period. I remember getting from him a sense that a diplomatic situation at Madrid was not quite so enlivening as might have been expected, and that for the American representative, at least, there was not enough business to give a savor to duty. This particular representative's solution of every personal problem, however, was a page of philology in a cloud of tobacco, and as he had seen the picture before through his studies, so now he doubtless saw his studies through the picture. The palace was a part of it, where the ghost of Charles V. still walked and the princesses were what is called in princesses literary. The diplomatic circle was animated — if that be the word — by whist; what his own share of the game was animated by may be left to the imagination of those who remember the irrepressibility, on his lips, of the comic idea. It might have been taken for granted he was well content to be transferred to England; but I have no definite recollection of the degree of his satisfaction beforehand. I think he was mainly conscious of the weight of the new responsibility, so that the unalloyed pleasure was that of his friends and of the most enlightened part of the public in the two countries, to which the appointment appeared to have an unusual felicity. It was made, as it were, for quality, and that continued to be the sign of the function so long as Mr. Lowell exercised it. The difficulty — if I may speak of difficulty — was that all judgment of it was necessarily *a priori*. It was impossible for him to know what a success, in vulgar parlance, he might make of a totally untried character, and above all to foresee how this character would adapt itself to his own. During the years of his residence in London on an official footing it constantly struck me that it was the office that inclined, at every turn, to him, rather than he who inclined to the office.

I may appear to speak too much of this phase of his life as the most memorable part of it — especially considering how short a time it occupied in regard to the whole; but in addition to its being the only long phase of which I can speak at all closely from personal observation, it is just to remember that these were the years in which all the other years were made most evident. "*We* knew him and valued him ages before, and never stinted our appreciation, never waited to care for him till he had become the fashion," his American readers and listeners, his pupils and colleagues, might say; to which the answer is that those who admired him most were just those who might naturally rejoice in the multiplication of his opportunities. He came to London with only a vague notion, evidently, of what these opportunities were to be, and in fact there was no defining them in advance; what they proved to be, on the spot, was anything and everything that he might make them. I remember hearing him say, a day or two after his arrival, "Oh, I've lost all my wit — you must n't look to me for good things *now*." The words were uttered to a gentleman who had found one of his

"things" very good, and who, having a political speech to make in a day or two, had thriftily asked his leave to bring it in. There could have been no better example of the experimental nature of his acceptance of the post; for the very foundation of the distinction that he gave it was his great reserve of wit. He had no idea how much he had left till he tried it, and he had never before had so much occasion to try it. This uncertainty might pervade the minds even of such of his friends as had a near view of his start; but those friends would have had singularly little imagination if they had failed to be struck, in a general way, with the highly civilized character of his mission. There are circumstances in operation (too numerous to recite) which combine to undermine greatly the felicity of the representative of the United States in a foreign country; it is, to speak summarily, in many respects a singularly uncomfortable honor. I cannot express more strongly how happy Mr. Lowell's opportunity seemed to be than by saying that he struck people at the moment as enviable. It was an intensification of the impression given by the glimpse of him on his way to Spain. The true reward of an English style was to be sent to England, and if his career in that country was, throughout, amusing, in the highest sense of the term, this result was, for others at least, a part of their gratified suspense as to the further possibilities of the style.

From the friendly and intimate point of view it was presumable from the first that there would be a kind of drama, a spectacle; and if one had already lived a few years in London one could have an interesting prevision of some of its features. London is a great personage, and with those with whom she establishes a relation she always plays, as it were, her game. This game, throughout Mr. Lowell's residence, but especially during the early part, was exciting; so much so that I remember being positively sorry, as if I were leaving the theatre before the fall of the curtain, when, at that time, more than once, I found myself, by visits to the Continent, obliged to turn my back upon it. The sight of his variety was a help to know London better; and it was a question whether *he* could ever know her so well as those who could freely consider the pair together. He offered her from the first a nut to crack, a morsel to roll under her tongue. She is the great consumer of spices and sweets; if I were not afraid of forcing the image, I should say that she is too unwieldy to feed herself, and requires, in recurring seasons, as she sits, prodigiously, at her banquet, to be approached with the consecrated ladle. She placed this implement in Mr. Lowell's hands with a confidence so immediate as to be truly touching — a confidence that speaks for the eventual amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon race in a way that, surely, no casual friction can obliterate. She can confer conspicuity, at least for the hour, so well that she is constantly under the temptation to do so; she holds a court for those who speak to her, and she is perpetually trying voices. She recognized Mr. Lowell's from the first and appointed him really her speaker-in-chief. She has a peculiar need, which when you know her well you understand, of being eased off with herself, and the American minister speedily appeared just the man to ease her. He played into her talk and her speeches, her commemorations and functions, her dinners and discussions, her editorials and anecdotes. She has immense wheels which are always going round, and the ponderous precision of which can be observed only on the spot. They naturally demand something to grind, and the machine holds out great iron hands and draws in reputations and talents, or sometimes only names and phrases.

Mr. Lowell immediately found him-

self, in England, whether to his surprise or no I am unable to say, the first of after-dinner speakers. It was perhaps somewhat to the surprise of his public there, for it was not to have been calculated in advance that he would have become so expert in his own country — a country sparing of feast-days and ceremonies. His practice had been great before he came to London, but his performance there would have been a strain upon any practice. It was a point of honor with him never to refuse a challenge, and this attitude, under the circumstances, was heroic, for he became a convenience that really tended to multiply occasions. It was exactly his high competence in these directions that constituted the practical good effect of his mission, the particular manner in which it made for civilization. It was the *revanche* of letters; that, throughout, was the particular note of the part he played. There would have been no revanche if he had played it inadequately; therefore it was a pleasure to feel that he was accomplished up to the hilt. Those who did n't like him pronounced him too accomplished, too omniscient; but, save in a sense that I will specify, I never saw him commit himself unadvisedly, and much is to be forgiven a love of precise knowledge which keeps a man out of mistakes. He had a horror of them; no one was ever more in love with the idea of being right and of keeping others from being wrong. The famous Puritan conscience, which was a persistent part of his heredity, operated in him perhaps most strongly on the scholarly side. He enjoyed the detail of research and the discussion of differences, and he had an instinct for rectification which was unflinching. All this formed a part of the enviability I have noted — the serenity of that larger reputation which came to him late in life, which had been paid for in advance, and in regard to which his finished discharge of his diplomatic duties acted, if not, certainly, as a cause, at least as a stimulus. The reputation was not, doubtless, the happiest thing; the happiest thing was the inward opportunity, the chance to absorb into an intelligence extraordinarily prepared a peculiarly full revelation.

He had studied English history for forty years in the texts, and at last he could study it in the pieces themselves, could handle and verify the relics. For the man who in such a position recognizes his advantages, England makes herself a museum of illustration. She is at home in the comfortable dust of her ages, where there is no need of excavation, as she has never been buried, and the explorer finds the ways as open to him as the corridors of an exhibition. It was an exhibition of which Mr. Lowell never grew tired, for it was infinitely various and living; it brought him back repeatedly after his public mission had expired, and it was perpetually suggestive to him while that mission lasted. If he played his part so well here — I allude now more particularly to the social and expressive side of it — it was because he was so open to suggestion. Old England spoke to him so much as a man of letters that it was inevitable he should answer her back. On the firmness and tact with which he acquitted himself of his strictly diplomatic work I shall not presume to touch; his success was promptly appreciated in quarters where the official record may be found, as well as in others less discoverable to-day, columns congruous with their vituperative "headings," where it must be looked for between the lines. These latter responsibilities, begotten mainly of the Irish complication, were heavy ones, but they were doubtless, for Mr. Lowell, the keenest interest of his term, and I include them essentially in the picture afforded by that term of the supremely symmetrical literary life — the life in which the contrasts have been effectively timed; in which the invading and acclaiming world has entered too late

to interfere, to distract, but still in time to fertilize; in which contacts have multiplied and horizons widened gradually; in which, in short, the dessert has come after the dinner, the answer after the question, and the proof after the patience.

I may seem to exaggerate in Mr. Lowell's history the importance of the last dozen years of his life — especially if the reckoning be made of the amount of characteristic production that preceded them. He was the same admirable writer that he appears to-day before he touched diplomacy — he had already given to the world the volumes on which his reputation rests. I cannot undertake in this place and at this hour a critical estimate of his writings; the perspective is too short and our acquaintance too recent. But I have been reading him over in fragments, not to judge him, but to recall him, and it is as impossible to speak of him without the sense of his high place as it would be with the pretension to be final about it. He looms, in such a renewed impression, very large and ripe and sane, and if he was an admirable man of letters there should be no want of emphasis on the first term of the title. He was indeed a man, in literature; essentially masculine and active and upright. Presenting to survivors that simplified face that I have spoken of, he almost already looks at us as the last accomplished representative of the joy of life. His robust and humorous optimism rounds itself more and more; he has even now something of the air of a classic, and if he really becomes one it will be in virtue of his having placed as fine an irony at the service of hope as certain masters of the other strain have placed at that of despair. Sturdy liberal as he was, and contemptuous of all timidities of advance and reservations of faith, one thinks of him to-day, at the point at which we leave him, as the last of the literary conservatives. He took his stand on the ancient cheerful wisdom, many of the ingenious modern emendations of which seemed to him simply droll.

Few things were really so droll as he could make them, and not a great many, perhaps, are so absolute. The solution of the problem of life lay for him in action, in conduct, in decency; his imagination lighted up to him but scantily the region of analysis and apology. Like all interesting literary figures, he is full of tacit as well as of uttered reference to the conditions that engendered him; he really testifies as much as Hawthorne to the New England spirit, though in a totally different tone. The two writers, as witnesses, weigh against each other, and the picture would be imperfect if both had not had a hand in it. If Hawthorne expressed the mysticism and the gloom of the transplanted Puritan, his passive and haunted side, Lowell saw him in the familiar daylight of practice and prosperity and good health. The author of The Biglow Papers was surely the healthiest of highly cultivated geniuses, just as he was the least flippant of jesters and the least hysterical of poets. If Hawthorne fairly cherished the idea of evil in man, Lowell's vision of "sin" was operative mainly for a single purpose — that of putting in motion the civic lash. The Biglow Papers are mainly an exposure of national injustice and political dishonesty; his satiric ardor was simply the other side of the medal of his patriotism. His poetry is not all satirical, but the highest and most sustained flights of it are patriotic, and in reading it over I am struck with the peculiar definiteness it borrows, in parts at least, from this particular inspiration.

The look at life that it embodies is almost never vague or irresponsible; it is only the author's humor that is whimsical, never his emotion nor his passion. His poetical performance might sometimes, no doubt, be more intensely lyri-

cal, but it is hard to see how it could be more intensely moral — I mean, of course, in the widest sense of the term. His play is as good as a game in the open air; but when he is serious he is as serious as Wordsworth, and much more compact. He is the poet of pluck and purpose and action, of the gayety and liberty of virtue. He commemorates all manly pieties and affections, but does not conceal his mistrust of overbrimming sensibility. If the ancients and the Elizabethans, he somewhere says, "had not discovered the picturesque, as we understand it, they found surprisingly fine scenery in man and his destiny, and would have seen something ludicrous, it may be suspected, in the spectacle of a grown man running to hide his head in the apron of the Mighty Mother whenever he had an ache in his finger or got a bruise in the tussle for existence." It is visible that the poetic occasion that was most after his own heart was the storm and stress of the civil war. He vibrated in this long tension more deeply than in any other experience. It was the time that kindled his steadiest fire, prompted his noblest verse, and gave him what he relished most, a ground for high assurance, a sense of being sturdily in the right and having something to stand up for. He never feared and never shirked the obligation to be positive. Firm and liberal critic as he was, and with nothing of party spirit in his utterance, save in the sense that his sincerity was his party, his mind had little affinity with superfine estimates and shades and tints of opinion; when he felt at all he felt altogether — was always on the same side as his likings and loyalties. He had no experimental sympathies, and no part of him was traitor to the rest.

This temper drove the principle of subtlety in his intelligence, which is the need of the last refinement, to take refuge in one particular and I must add very spacious corner, where indeed it was capable of the widest expansion. The thing he loved most in the world after his country was the English tongue, of which he was an infallible master, and his devotion to which was in fact a sort of agent in his patriotism. The two passions, at any rate, were closely connected, and I will not pretend to have determined whether the western republic was dear to him because he held that it was a magnificent field for the language, or whether the language was dear to him because it had felt the impact of Massachusetts. He himself was not unhappily responsible for a large part of the latter occurrence. His linguistic sense is perhaps the thing his reputation may best be trusted to rest upon — I mean, of course, in its large outcome of style. There is a high strain of originality in it, for it is difficult to recall a writer of our day in whom the handling of words has been at once such an art and such a science. Mr. Lowell's generous temperament seems to triumph in one quarter, here, while his educated patience triumphs in the other. When a man loves words singly, he is apt not to care for them in an order, just as a very great painter may be quite indifferent to the chemical composition of his colors. But Mr. Lowell was both chemist and artist; the only wonder was that with so many theories about language he should have had so much lucidity left for practice. He used it both as an antiquarian and a lover of life, and was a capital instance of the possible harmony between imagination and knowledge — a living proof that the letter does not necessarily kill.

His work represents this reconciled opposition, referable as it is half to the critic and half to the poet. If either half suffers just a little, it is perhaps, in places, his poetry, a part of which is I know not what to say but too literary, more the result of an interest in the general form than of the stirred emotion. One feels at moments that he

speaks in verse mainly because he is penetrated with what verse has achieved. But these moments are occasional, and when the stirred emotion does give a hand to the interest in the general form, the product is always of the highest order. His poems written during the war all glow with a splendid fusion — one can think of nothing at once more personal and, in the highest sense of the word, more professional. To me, at any rate, there is something fascinating in the way in which, in the Harvard Commemoration Ode, for instance, the air of the study mingles with the current of passion. The reader who is eternally bribed by form may ask himself whether Mr. Lowell's prose or his poetry has the better chance of a long life — the hesitation being justified by the rare degree in which the prose has the great qualities of style; but in the presence of some of the splendid stanzas inspired by the war time (and among them I include, of course, the second series of The Biglow Papers) one feels that, whatever shall become of the essays, the transmission from generation to generation of such things as these may safely be left to the national conscience. They translate with equal exaltation and veracity the highest national mood, and it is in them that all younger Americans, those now and lately reaching manhood, may best feel the great historic throb, the throb unknown to plodding peace. No poet, surely, has ever placed the concrete idea of his country in a more romantic light than Mr. Lowell; none, certainly, speaking as an American to Americans, has found on its behalf accents more eloquently tender, more beguiling to the imagination: —

"Dear land whom triflers now make bold to scorn,
(Thee from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn.)"

"Oh Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare!"

Great poetry is made only by a great meaning, and the national bias, I know, never made anything better that was not good in itself; but each time I read over the Harvard Commemoration Ode, the more full and strong, the more august and pathetic, does it appear. This is only a proof that if Patriotism preserves it she will show excellent taste — which she has been known in some cases not to do.

If I were not afraid of falling into the tone of literary criticism, I should speak of several of the impressions — that is, of the charmed absorption — accompanying an attentive reperusal of the four or five volumes of Mr. Lowell's poetry. The word I have already used comes back to me — it is all so masculine, so fine without being thin, so peculiarly solid in its felicity. It is intensely literary and yet intensely warm — warm with the contact of friendly and domestic things, loved local sights and sounds, the color and odor of New England, and (here, particularly, warm without fever) with the sanest, lucidest intellectual life. There is something of seasonable nature in every verse — the freshness of the spirit sociable with earth and sky and stream. In the best things there is the incalculable magic note — all the more effective from the general ground tone of reason. What could be more strangely sweet than the little poem of Phœbe, in Heartsease and Rue — a reminiscence of the saddest of small bird-notes caught in the dimmest of wakeful dawns? What could be more largely vivid, more in the grand style of friendship and portraiture, than the masterly composition on the death of Agassiz, in which the very tenderness of regret flushes faintly with humor, and ingenuity broadens at every turn into eloquence? Such a poem as this — im-

mensely fortunate in reflecting an extraordinary personality — takes its place with the few great elegies in our language, gives a hand to Lycidas and to Thyrsis.

I may not go into detail, or I should speak of twenty other things, especially of the mellow, witty wisdom of The Cathedral, and of the infinite, intricate delicacy of Endymion — more tremulous, more penetrating, than any other of the author's poetic productions, I think, and exceptionally fine in surface. As for The Biglow Papers, they seem to me, in regard to Mr. Lowell, not so much produced as productive — productive of a clear, delightful image of the temper and nature of the man. One says of them, not that they are *by* him, but that they are his very self — full of his opinions and perceptions, his humor and his wit, his character, his experience, his talk, and his intense consciousness of race. They testify to many things, but most of all to the thing I have last named; and it may seem to those whose observation of the author was most complete during the concluding years of his life that they could testify to nothing more characteristic. If he was inveterately, in England and on the Continent, the American abroad (though jealous indeed of the liberty to be at home even there), so the lucubrations of Parson Wilbur and his contributors are an unsurpassably deliberate exhibition of the primitive home-quality. I may seem to be going far when I say that they constitute to my sense the author's most literary production; they illustrate, at any rate, his inexhaustible interest in the question of style and his extraordinary acuteness in dealing with it. They are a wonderful study of style — by which I mean of organized expression — and nothing could be more significant than the fact that he should have put his finest faculty for linguistics at the service of the Yankee character.

He knew more, I think, about the rustic American speech than all others together who have known anything of it, so much more closely, justly, and sympathetically had he noted it. He honored it with the strongest scientific interest, and indeed he may well have been on terms of reciprocity with a dialect that had enabled him to produce a masterpiece. The only drawback I can imagine to a just complacency in this transaction would have been the sense that the people are few, after all, who can measure the minute perfection of the success — a success not only of swift insight, but of patient observation. Mr. Lowell was as capable of patience in illustrating New England idiosyncrasies as he was capable of impatience. He never forgot, at any rate, that he stood for all such things — stood for them particularly during the years he spent in England; and his attitude was made up of many curious and complicated and admirable elements. He was so proud — not for himself, but for his country — that he felt the need of a kind of official version of everything that in other quarters might be judged anomalous there. Theoretically he cared little for the judgment of other quarters, and he was always amused — the good-natured British Lion in person could not have been more so — at "well-meaning" compliment or commendation; it required, it must be admitted, more tact than is usually current to incur the visitation of neither the sharper nor the sunnier form of his irony. But in fact the national consciousness was too acute in him for slumber at his post, and he paid, in a certain restlessness, the penalty of his imagination, of the fatal sense of perspective and the terrible faculty of comparison. It would have been intolerable to him, moreover, to be an empirical American, and he had organized his loyalty with a thoroughness of which his admirable wit was an efficient messenger. He never anticipated attack, though

it would be a meagre account of his attitude to say it was defensive; but he took appreciation for granted, and eased the way for it with reasons that were cleverer in nothing than in appearing casual. These reasons were innumerable, but they were all the reasons of a lover. It was not simply that he loved his country — he was literally in love with it.

If there be two kinds of patriotism, the latent and the patent, his kind was essentially the latter. Some people for whom the world is various and universal, and who dread nothing so much as seeing it cornered, regard this particular sentiment as a purely practical one, a prescription of duty in a given case, like a knack with the coiled hose when the house is on fire, or the plunge of the swimmer when a man is overboard. They grudge it a place in the foreground of the spirit — they consider that it shuts out the view. Others find it constantly comfortable and perpetually fresh — find, as it were, the case always given; for them the immediate view *is* the view and the very atmosphere of the mind, so that it is not a question only of performance, but of contemplation as well. Mr. Lowell's horizon was too wide to be curtained out, and his intellectual curiosity such as to have effectually prevented his shutting himself up in his birth chamber; but if the local idea never kept his intelligence at home, he solved the difficulty by at least never going forth without it. When he quitted the hearth it was with the household god in his hand, and as he delighted in Europe it was to Europe that he took it. Never had a household god such a magnificent outing, nor was made free of so many strange rites and climes; never, in short, had any patriotism such a liberal airing. If, however, Mr. Lowell was loath to admit that the American order could have an infirmity, I think it was because it would have cost him so much to acknowledge that it could have communicated one to an object that he cherished as he cherished the English tongue. *That* was the innermost atmosphere of his mind, and he never could have afforded, on this general question, any policy but a policy of annexation. He was capable of convictions in the light of which it was clear that the language he wrote so admirably had encountered in the United States not corruption, but conservation. Any conviction of his on this subject was a contribution to science, and he was zealous to show that the speech of New England was most largely that of an older and more vernacular England than the England that to-day finds it queer. He was capable of writing perfect American to bring out this archaic element. He kept in general the two tongues apart, save in so far as his English style betrayed a connection by a certain American tact in the art of leaving out. He was perhaps sometimes slightly paradoxical in the contention that the language had incurred no peril in its western adventures; this is the sense in which I meant just now that he occasionally crossed the line. The difficulty was not that his vision of pure English could not fail in America sometimes to be clouded — the peril was for his vision of pure American. His standard was the highest, and the wish was often, no doubt, father to the thought. The Biglow Papers are delightful, but nothing could be less like The Biglow Papers than the style of the American newspaper. He lent his wit to his theories, but one or two of them lived on him like unthrifty sons.

None the less it was impossible to be witness of his general action during his residence in England without feeling that, not only by the particular things he did, but by the general thing he was, he contributed to a large ideal of peace. We certainly owe to him (and by "we" I mean both countries — he made that

plural elastic) a mitigation of danger. There is always danger between country and country, and danger in small and shameful forms as well as big and inspiring ones; but the danger is less and the dream of peace more rosy when they have been beguiled into a common admiration. A common aversion even will do — the essential thing is the disposition to share. The poet, the writer, the speaker, ministers to this community; he is Orpheus with his lute — the lute that pacifies the great stupid beasts of international prejudice; so that if a quarrel takes place over the piping form of the loved of Apollo it is as if he were rent again by the Mænads. It was a charm to the observant mind to see how Mr. Lowell kept the Mænads in their place — a work admirably continued by his successor in office, who had, indeed, under his roof, an inestimable assistant in the process. Mr. Phelps was not, as I may say, single-handed; which was his predecessor's case even for some time prior to an irreparable bereavement. The prying Furies, at any rate, during these years, were effectually snubbed, and will, it is to be hoped, never again hold their snaky heads very high. The spell that worked upon them was simply the voice of civilization, and Mr. Lowell's advantage was that he happened to find himself in a supremely good place for producing it. He produced it both consciously and unconsciously, both officially and privately, from principle and from instinct, in the hundred spots, on the thousand occasions, which it is one of the happiest idiosyncrasies of English life to supply; and since I have spoken so distinctly of his patriotism, I must add that after all he exercised the virtue most in this particular way. His new friends liked him because he was at once so fresh and so ripe, and this was predominantly what he understood by being a good American. It was by being one in this sense that he broke the heart of the Furies.

The combination made a quality which pervaded his whole intellectual character; for the quality of his diplomatic action, of his public speeches, of his talk, of his influence, was simply the genius that we had always appreciated in his critical writings. The hours and places with which he had to deal were not equally inspiring; there was, inevitably, colorless company, there were dull dinners, influences prosaic and functions mechanical; but he was, substantially, always the messenger of the Muses, and of that particular combination of them which had permitted him to include a tenth in their number — the infallible sister to whom humor is dear. I mean that the man and the author, in him, were singularly convertible; it was what made the author so vivid. It was also what made that voice of civilization to whose harmony I have alluded practically the same thing as the voice of literature. Mr. Lowell's style was an indefeasible part of him, as his correspondence, if it be ever published, will copiously show; it was in all relations his natural channel of communication. This is why, at the opening of this paper, I ventured to speak of his happy exercise of a great opportunity as at bottom the revanche of letters. This, at any rate, the literary observer was free to see in it; such an observer made a cross against the day, as an anniversary for form, and an anniversary the more memorable that form, when put to tests that might have been called severe, was so far from being found wanting in substance, met the occasion in fact so completely. I do not pretend that during Mr. Lowell's residence in England the public which he found constituted there spent most of its time in reading his essays; I only mean that the faculty it relished in him most was the faculty most preserved for us in his volumes of criticism.

It is not an accident that I do not linger over the contents of these vol-

umes — this has not been a part of my undertaking. They will not go out of fashion, they will keep their place and hold their own; for they are full of broad-based judgment, and of those stamped sentences of which we are as naturally retentive as of gold and silver coin. Reading them over lately in large portions, I was struck not only with the "good things" that abound in them, but with the soundness and fullness of their inspiration. It is intensely the air of letters, but it is like that of some temperate and restorative clime. I judge them perhaps with extravagant fondness, for I am attached to the class to which they belong; I like such an atmosphere, I like the living fragrance of the book-room. In turning over Mr. Lowell's critical pages, I seem to hear the door close softly behind me, and to see in the shaded lamplight one of the sweetest chances that life gives us of being happy. I see an apartment brown and book-lined, which is the place in the world most convertible into fairy-land. The turning of the leaves and the crackling of the fire are the only things that break its stillness — the stillness in which mild miracles are wrought. These are the miracles of evocation, of resurrection, of transmission, of insight, of history, of poetry. It may be a little room, but it is a great world; it may be a deep solitude, but it is a mighty company. In this critical chamber of Mr. Lowell's there is a charm, to my sense, in knowing what is outside of the closed door — it intensifies both the isolation and the experience. The big new western order is outside, and yet within all seems as immemorial as Persia. It is like a little lighted cabin, full of the ingenuities of home, in the gray of a great ocean. Such ingenuities of home are what represent, in Mr. Lowell's case, the conservatism of the author. His home was the receding past — it was there that his taste was at ease. From what quarter his disciples in the United States will draw their sustenance it is too soon to say; the question will be better answered when we have the disciples more clearly in our eye. We seem already, however, to distinguish the quarter from which they will *not* draw it. Few of them, as yet, appear to have in their hand, or rather in their head, any such treasure of knowledge.

It was when his lifetime was longest that the fruit of culture was finest in him and that his wit was most profuse. In the admirable address on Democracy that he pronounced at Birmingham in 1884, in the beautiful speech on the Harvard anniversary of 1886, everything is so supremely well said that we seem to be reading some consecrated masterpiece; they represent, in the highest perfection, the maturity of a masterly talent. There are places where he seems in a sort of mystical communication with the richest sources of English prose. "But this imputed and vicarious longevity, though it may be obscurely operative in our lives and fortunes, is no valid offset for the shortness of our days, nor widens by a hair's breadth the horizon of our memories." He sounds like a younger brother of Bacon and of Milton, either of whom, for instance, could not have uttered a statelier word on the subject of the relinquishment of the required study of Greek than that "oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand." On the other hand, in the address delivered in 1884 before the English Wordsworth Society, he sounds like no one but his inveterately felicitous self. In certain cases, Wordsworth, like Elias the prophet, "'stands up as fire and his word burns like a lamp.' But too often, when left to his own resources and to the conscientious performance of the duty laid upon him to be a great poet *quand même*, he seems diligently intent on producing fire by the primitive method of rubbing the dry sticks of his blank verse one against the other,

while we stand in shivering expectation of the flame that never comes." It would be difficult to express better the curious evening chill of the author of The Excursion, which is so like the conscious mistake of camping out in autumn.

It was an extreme satisfaction to the very many persons in England who valued Mr. Lowell's society that the termination of his official mission there proved not the termination of the episode. He came back for his friends — he would have done anything for his friends. He also, I surmise, came back somewhat for himself, inasmuch as he entertained an affection for London which he had no reason for concealing. For several successive years he reappeared there with the brightening months, and I am not sure that this irresponsible and less rigorously sociable period did not give him his justest impressions. It surrendered him, at any rate, more completely to his friends and to several close and particularly valued ties. He felt that he had earned the right to a few frank predilections. English life is a big pictured story-book, and he could dip into the volume where he liked. It was altogether delightful to turn some of the pages with him, and especially to pause — for the marginal commentary in finer type, some of it the model of the illuminating footnote — over the massive chapter of London.

It is very possible not to feel the charm of London at all; the foreigner indeed who does so is a very rare bird. It marks the comparative community of the two big branches of the English race that of all aliens Americans are most susceptible to this many-voiced appeal. They are capable of loving the capital of their race almost with passion, which for the most part is the way it is loved when it is not hated. The sentiment was strong in Mr. Lowell; a part of the spirit of his maturity (or shall I say of his youth?) was lodged here, and at the end he came back every year to feel the touch of it. He gave himself English summers, and if some people should say that the gift was scarcely liberal, others, who met him on this ground, will reply that such seasons drew from him, in the circle of friendship, a radiance not inherent in their complexion. This association became a feature of the London May and June — it held its own even in the rank confusion of July. It pervaded the quarter he repeatedly inhabited, where a commonplace little house, in the neighborhood of the Paddington station, will long wear in its narrow front, to the inner sense of many passers, a mystical gold-lettered tablet. Here he came and went, during several months, for such and such a succession of years; here one could find him at home in the late afternoon, in his lengthened chair, with his cherished pipe and his table piled high with books. Here he practiced little jesting hospitalities, for he was irrepressibly and amusingly hospitable. Whatever he was in his latest time, it was, even in muffled miseries of gout, with a mastery of laughter and forgetfulness. Nothing amused him more than for people to dine with him, and few things, certainly, amused *them* as much. His youth came back to him not once for all, but twenty times for every occasion. He was certainly the most boyish of learned doctors.

This was always particularly striking during the several weeks of August and September that he had formed the habit of spending at Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. It was here, I think, that he was most naturally at his ease, most humorously evaded the hard bargain of Time. The place is admirable — an old red-roofed fishing-town, in one of the indentations of a high, brave coast, with the ruins of a great abbey just above it, an expanse of purple moor behind, and a convenient extension in the way of an informal little modern watering-place.

The mingled breath of the sea and the heather makes a medium that it is a joy to inhale, and all the land is picturesque and noble, a happy hunting-ground for the good walker and the lover of grand lines and fine detail. Mr. Lowell was wonderful in both of these characters, and it was in the active exercise of them that I saw him last. He was, in such conditions, a delightful host and a prime initiator. Two of these happy summer days, on the occasion of his last visit to Whitby, are marked possessions of my memory: one of them a ramble on the warm wide moors, after a rough lunch at a little stony upland inn, in company charming and intimate, the thought of which, to-day, is a reference to a double loss; the other an excursion, made partly by a longish piece of railway, in his society alone, to Rievaulx Abbey, most fragmentary but most graceful of ruins. The day at Rievaulx was as exquisite as I could have wished it if I had known that it denoted a limit, and in the happy absence of any such revelation altogether given up to adventure and success. I remember the great curving green terrace in Lord Feversham's park — prodigious and surely unique; it hangs over the abbey like a theatrical curtain — and the temples of concord, or whatever they are, at either end of it, and the lovable view, and the dear little dowdy inn parlor at Helmsley, where there is, moreover, a massive fragment of profaner ruin, a bit of battered old castle, in the grassy *préau* of which (it was a perfect English picture) a company of well-grown young Yorkshire folk of both sexes were making lawn-tennis balls fly in and out of the past. I recall with vividness the very waits and changes of the return and our pleased acceptance of everything. We parted on the morrow, but I met Mr. Lowell a little later in Devonshire — O clustered charms of Ottery! — and spent three days in his company. I traveled back to London with him, and saw him for the last time at Paddington. He was to sail immediately for America. I went to take leave of him, but I missed him, and a day or two later he was gone.

I note these particulars, as may easily be imagined, wholly for their reference to himself — for the emphasized occasion they give to remembrance and regret. Yet even remembrance and regret, in such a case, have a certain free relief, for our final thought of James Russell Lowell is that what he consistently lived for remains of him. There is nothing ineffectual in his name and fame — they stand for delightful things. He is one of the happy figures of literature. He had his trammels and his sorrows, but he drank deep of the full, sweet cup, and he will long count as an erect fighting figure on the side of optimism and beauty. He was strong without narrowness; he was wise without bitterness and bright without folly. That appears for the most part the clearest ideal of those who handle the English form, and he was altogether in the straight tradition. This tradition will surely not forfeit its great part in the world so long as we continue occasionally to know it by what is so solid in performance and so stainless in character.

Henry James.

BIRDS AND "BIRDS."

"All best good things that befall men come
from us birds, as is plain to all reason;
For first we proclaim and make known to them
spring and the winter and autumn in
season,
Bid sow when the crane starts clanging for
Afric in shrill-voiced emigrant number,
And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder
again for the season and slumber.
. . . . . .
Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you —
Dodona — nay, Phœbus Apollo;
For as first ye come all to get auguries of birds,
even such is in all things your carriage,
Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning
your living, or any one's marriage.
And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird,
that belong to concerning prediction:
Winged Fame is a bird, as you reckon; you
sneeze, and the sign 's as a bird for conviction!
. . . Then must it not follow
That we are to you all as the manifest godhead
that speaks in prophetic Apollo?"

ARISTOPHANES, Grand Chorus of Birds.
(Translated by Swinburne.)

I.

WITH the desire to record certain fond and unscientific observations with regard to our winged friends and neighbors came the fanciful persuasion that this design would be furthered could the writer obtain, for scriptorial purposes, an eagle's quill. Then, as if to satirize an ambition so overweening, there was placed in my path one of the longer feathers from a humming-bird's wing. The omen was accepted, and although the offered pen (*penna*) was impracticable to my hand, it was preserved, to remind me that the Chorus of Birds must be left to Aristophanes, and to Ruskin all defining of the spiritual mystery contained within that exquisite embodiment of beauty, the bird. No less to the *savant* must be left the consideration of its specific description and curious data of a biological character. But in passing, somewhat unwillingly I recall that occasionally in the glance of a bird's eye, so open yet so subtle, and occasionally in the markings upon its coat of imbricated plumes, an emphasis has been given to the suggestion of a remote common ancestor for my lovely subject and for the reptilian cousin that never exchanged its scales for plumes, or the ooze of the ancient strand for the realms of air. But if a varied adaptability and varied locomotive powers were taken as indications of superior organism, I know not, then, why the bird should not stand at the head of all created orders, — the one family to whom, in its range, is given right of way by earth, water, air; and ability also to walk or run, to wade, swim, or dive, and the consummate gift of flight. Until man shall learn to fly should he boast preëminence?

Exclusion from the privilege of speaking with learned intelligence and authority regarding the names conferred upon the birds by the student must also be accepted. Ignorance or aptitude, it is all the same to the birds, happily I remember. They have no concern in any

QUESTION OF NOMENCLATURE.

Said one, "For crumbs that friendly sparrow
came."
"You mean the hair-bird, there?" "No,"
said a third,
"*Spizella Socialis* is his name."
(Poor Chippy ate his crumbs, and naught demurred.)

Technical disputations of this sort are most absurd; yet, on the other hand, it could be wished that an acquaintance with birds by sight and a recognition of their individual notes, with some knowledge of their popular names, were more general among those who have the opportunity for such pleasant intimacy. There are but some half dozen birds in the average farmer's range of practical

observation, — the robin, sparrow, meadow lark, blackbird, crow, and quail.

It is, of course, the poet's special prerogative to claim comradeship and kinship with the singing ones whose lyrics are flung about the air "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," and die with no commemorative record of the written character; for what is so futile as the attempt to render a bird's song by the use of musical notes, or to venture its interpretation, even, in any collocation of human words? However, I do not go so far in the matter of reprehension as does a lady of my acquaintance, who thinks it a "positive wickedness" in the small boy when he attempts a whistled mimicry of her favorites. It is to overlay a violet with sugar or to gild refined gold, when one sets out to *poetize* the melody or movement of a bird's song. But may I say that I have a half sympathy with those youthful friends of the Muse who are found guilty of solecisms in their sweeping impressment of ornithological subjects from afar? True, we cannot have skylarks afloat on the sea of air that sweeps our Western prairies, nor can we have nightingales singing where the whip-poor-will is head chorister; yet does it seem to me that the poet and the idealist have a prescriptive right to all the birds there are (and to those that are *not*, as the doves of Dodona, the birds that flew from Memnon's funeral pyre, the phœnix and the dodo, and the little bird that sings one's soul away in Arabia Deserta). The true lover and diviner of birds will keep an eye on those which share his own habitat, and an ear cognizant of their songs; yet, as he is true poet, will he own a quenchless sense of pleasure in those unheard songs that are sweeter, in the land of Keats and Shelley. A bird of passage itself, his soul follows the lure of voices and flight beyond his own horizon. Still, a special betrayal awaits that idealist who in the midst of nature takes up with the pleasing assumption that all things there relate themselves to him and to his capacity for enjoying them. Some time must he overhear that the flowers bloom for themselves, and not, primarily, for him; and as to the birds, it may chance there will be conveyed to him some bit of current and humiliating public sentiment like the following: —

"They say," said the wren to the thrush, —
"I know, for I build at their eaves, —
They say every song that we sing on the wing,
or hid in the leaves,
Is sung for their pleasure!
And you know 't is for Love and ourselves
that we sing!"

"Did they say," said the thrush to the wren, —
"I 'm out of their circle, I own, —
Did they say that the songs they sing were
not for themselves alone,
But to give *us* pleasure?"
"Why, no," said the wren, "they said no such
thing!"

II.

Were it required to give on the moment a symbol for the universal principle of wholesome hunger, natural *avidity*, I would but cross my two forefingers as indicating the young bird's ever open mouth. Indeed, I should not be surprised to learn that some ancient picture-writing had anticipated this hieroglyphic suggestion. That the suggestion is justifiable any one will bear witness who has attempted to bring up "by hand" a kidnapped or a foundling bird. The quantum of food consumed daily by an under-fledgeling (if I may so call the infant bird not yet at all able to shift for itself) is something startling; and the matter of "providing," even for a giant adoptive parent, is by no means a light task, if the constant appeal of the open and accusing mouth is to be duly regarded. How long before the baby bird gets the coöperative use of the bifid beak! A human child could not be more awkward in learning to feed itself; but then, the poor bird-child has, as it were, a knife and fork for its mouth. In my experience, the care of a young

bird is accompanied with a grotesque sense of tenderness, as of nurse Glumdalclitch for little Gulliver, in the foster-parent's feeling towards this downy nestling, — this mere feathered egg so long retaining the contour of the walls of its brittle prison. There is nothing to parallel the supreme and pathetic confidence of the young bird in the hand which feeds it, and which might crush it on the instant if that hand would. Such pleasing "Auguries of Innocence" have in this way been shown me as nearly to cause forgetfulness of the annexed menace: —

> "A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage."

I shall not shirk the confession that in several instances I have been accessory to the taking of young birds from the parent nest, but the nemesis that followed up the act was in each case distinct and unsparing. I shall not soon forget the accusation levied at me when, stooping with lighted lamp, I beheld, resting halfway down the stairs, one of these detained innocents. It had somehow managed to escape durance, but, benighted on its way to freedom, it had halted, and, with head under wing, and apparently having trustingly committed itself to Providence, it awaited the light, to continue its righteous quest. I had, moreover, a poignant fancy that, before going to sleep, it had put up a prayer (in the bird's way) soliciting forgiveness for its enemy. Again, helping a friend to secure a young thrush, it was my lot to experience what a bird's curse is like, — a note not to be forgotten, rapid, guttural, instinct with hate, denunciatory, from the very soul of the mother-thrush it came. My companion declared that its equivalent sound and meaning in human vocables could be approximated only by the line, —

> "Gr-r-r! there, go, my heart's abhorrence!"

While speaking of nests and traits of bird nature, one questions why the feathered founders of a home so readily desert it, not only in case of actual disturbance, but sometimes on mere suspicion of a too interested surveillance. This resentful abandonment of domestic hopes does not, somehow, comport with the devotion and toil which characterize the bird-parents' rearing of their young; nor, to my knowledge, does any other creature behave in a like fashion.

THE DESERTED NEST.

Now all the young leaves stirred in soft unrest
As Morning hastened to the thrush's nest.
Her best loved thrush's nest in sylvan nook
She bent her lovely head to overlook;
She started back, then sorely grieved she stood,
For time it was, full time, the wide-mouthed brood
Their wondrous prison should have broken through.
Instead, she saw four eggs impearled with dew:
Alas, alas! the tears that Night had wept, —
Big-hearted, helpless Night, as past she crept,
And felt with groping fingers, kind but chill,
The treasure that almost had caught the thrill
Of airy life, but, brooding love withdrawn,
Now rests with all sweet chary hopes foregone.

I have spoken of subtlety in the glance of a bird's eye as betokening a remote kinship in primeval time with the saurian kind. But my heart misgives me when I think of the alleged (and perhaps actual) charming of the bird by ophidian witchcraft, and also when I reflect upon the defenselessness of the bird, how devoid it is of predatory arts; neither lying in wait for its victim, after the manner of feline nature, nor delighting in the prolonged pangs of the feebler creature it may have caught. Even the acknowledged birds of prey are not chargeable with this relish for playful cruelty. Such craft, for instance, as any of our familiar song-birds may display is directed merely towards the protection of itself or its offspring: it feigns dead that you may not regard it as "worth your while;" it trails an unhurt

wing, with pitiful cries, to lead you away from its nest. These devices do not impress us as real cunning, but rather as the artless arts of the infantine and inexperienced. In view of the multiplied dangers that beset the bird from the nest, its lover could almost complain that, by some oversight, Providence had left it as unpossessed of strategy as of strength against its foes.

It may well be that the instinct of the fowler is not to be rooted from the human breast. I do not exactly know why we should wish to catch birds and tame them, but true it is of the most of those interested at all in the subject — and quite literally true — that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." I do not know why we should wish to tame them any more than we should wish to tame the west wind, or the sunset, or Fancy herself! Beautiful, fugitive, elusive things, birds in a cage are no more the creatures they were than a wood-flower is of the woods when in a vase on the mantelpiece. Essentially, the wings are the bird; and captive song cannot make up to the imagination what is lost when the bird's free flight is foregone. Yet there is a distinct though rather unaccountable pleasure in holding in one's hand this slight creature of paradox (so timorous yet so fearless, so helpless yet so defying), — this soft, wild, mysterious ranger that no word could stay nor cord bind but the moment before. Whoever cherishes a cage-bird has by him what serves as a perpetual symbol of the human spirit, environed, ignorant-contented or ignorant-protesting; usually, in the bird's case at least, ignorant-contented, if the bird was in its infancy deprived of liberty.

Poor Robin of the ruddy breast,
(Unwitting captive from the nest,)
Cage-bound, for freedom never pines.
But when a leisure hour inclines,
I ope his door; he ventures out,
And half in wonder, half in doubt,
A perilous journey takes around
The wide, wide world these four walls bound!
A sudden fright, — he flutters back,
And if the door is closed, alack!
"I can't get in!" the rover cries,
And round his prison home he pries.

Poor Robin Rover! I divine
Whose lot so closely matches thine:
A cage-bird from my birth am I,
Whom Nature's subtle wires defy;
Yet of the cage am I full fond.
Perchance the seeming vast, beyond,
Is otherwise than I assume, —
No world, but some four-cornered room!
And great, perchance, were my dismay,
If Heaven should let me out some day!
I 'd flutter back, — and better so;
Of freedom what may cage-birds know?

But the same bird that in the foregoing points the moral of a fable, upon his actual introduction to the out-door world appeared well aware of having come into his heritage; and I shall not forget the glance of the round, innocent, inspective eye, for the first time turned upon the vast orb of the sky, — two disks of unconscious speculation thus opposed to each other. While I was speaking about "Auguries of Innocence" I should have mentioned a token of this sort which not long ago came under my observation. From a last year's robin's nest which the storms had thrown to the ground was trailing a tatter of newspaper. The rain had effaced the type thereon to illegibility, with the exception of a paragraph noting an appointment for a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, in a neighboring city. Had the former nest-holder been interested in that meeting? Had he attended it, in a public-spirited way, and in behalf of the whole bird community entered his protest against some crying evil of the hour?

III.

It is but to think of the widely differentiated individuals of the feathered tribe, to give a delightful diversity to any landscape held in the mind's eye. The grass-lands have their own broods, the forests theirs; nay, more, the denizens of the pine grove are often other

than those to whom the deciduous trees give shelter. The shore and the great waters are haunted by the osprey, while the inland streams know well the little sand-lark and its tremulous cry. Also, in character and in voice the birds are distinguished in a manner to give a kaleidoscopic pleasure to the imagination through the eye and the ear. The silence we ascribe to the eagle, the volubility which speaks for itself in the chickadee, the boisterous fusillade of the high-holder's notes, the clever sweetness of the song sparrow's, the drumming of the partridge from the deep woods, the musical susurrus of the humming-bird's wings as it hovers at the door of the trumpet-flower, — these few contrarieties serve to illustrate the riches of the inexhaustible antitheses which the birds themselves and their songs present. Seasonal divisions, also, the mind readily makes: the bluejay to the stormy stream of the March winds, the warbler in the blossoming orchard, the meadow lark to the summer meadows (how like an anthemming echo running through some sacred sylvan interior is his call!). And in the autumn, what note so characteristic as the interrupted quavering, plaintive syllable of inquiry incessantly repeated by the flocking thistle-birds! Though now no thorn blossoms, yet might one reply: —

> "Ye 'll break my heart, ye little birds
> That wander through yon flowering thorn;
> Ye mind me of departed days, —
> Departed, never to return!"

Those slightly utilitarian lovers of nature who are given to arranging floral timepieces might advisably take the hint which is afforded in the succession of bird-songs between dawn and evening dusk, and thereby portion out the hours of the day. For instance, the time between daybreak and morning-red is claimed by the wood pewee's aerial note moving in undulatory sound through the dark treetops (never perchance from the earth). This note is silent before any save lightest sleepers, much visited by morning dreams, blend with their dreams, from time to time, slight realities from the outer world. Tree-nesting birds, having a natural observatory and superior point of view, might therefore be expected to send out the first notes of an aubade soon taken up by the full chorus, — robins, song sparrows, and others. The wonted four-o'clock morning concert has usually subsided by the time the sun peeps over the horizon. What the birds may be about during the silent interval that succeeds has always been an interesting question for me; but this musical rest between the early prelude and the full song service of the day seems to be a matter of general consent and intelligent understanding. With hot summer noons is connected the shrill, rapid, monotonous, and insect-like note of the little chipping sparrow. In the late afternoon the brown thrush mounts to his favorite high branch, and there for a half hour or more continues his delicious performance, oblivious of all worldly cares. In the evening, if you walk through the dusking fields or by the deeper-shadowed wood borders, an enchanted bird flits on before you, lighting now on the fence rail, now on some conspicuous stone, and thence throwing out a lure of brief, sweet melody touched by twilight and the dew. This is the vesper swallow. Nocturnal voices we do not lack, though the nightingale is denied us. Yet the one most notable voice of the night can scarcely be said to be a popular favorite, for when the whip-poor-will in new countries strays out of the near woods, and in its darkling ignorance and blundering unsuspicion lights in the porch of the settler's house, the inmates hear in its song, so full of the vague conjecture and sombre rumination of the night, only the announcement of an impending death. A voice not commonly noticed among voices of the dark hours is that of the killdeer. On moonlight nights, from chosen meadow

haunts goes a quick, glancing alarum note which belongs to this bird. Other birds occasionally sing after dark, perhaps dreamingly, often with striking regularity, as in the case of a certain song sparrow whose record I kept for several nights in succession. Faithfully at 9.20 P. M. the little bellman of his own precinct rang out a clear "All's well!"

Such is the impression that the first spring days make upon the mind that the sunshine "sounds and sweet airs" follow one far into the dusk and stillness of the night. I no sooner settle my head upon the pillow than I begin to hear bluebird antiphonies, soft whistling calls sent back and forth through the smooth air as I have heard them all day. Notable among these bird-songs of the day that penetrate into the night is that of

THE ORIOLE.

Through orchards tinted with the rose
In middle May the oriole goes,
His flute-notes trying ever
In a sweet but vain endeavor
To find the full, the perfect close.

So that dim voice of many cries,
That rules the wind-harp, seems to rise
Unto some height Elysian,
Yet, in the chord's division,
Nearing the goal, defeated dies.

Not only is the time of day kept by the winged community, but also barometrical conditions are indicated by their movements, activity or passivity. Will it rain? Will the winter be a cold one? are questions which it is supposed are within the province of the bird to answer. Not alone in the days of Aristophanes might the bird boast of being Apollo's oracle to portent-seeking mortals; for there are yet believers in the flying omen. Of my own acquaintance is a good old dame for whom the casual instraying bird, as well as her every dream, enters by the horn gate. For myself, I cannot deny that once when a swallow (in pursuit of an insect, doubtless) darted in at my window, made a rapid circuit of the room, and out again, I experienced a sense of being designated by fate in some peculiar and occult way. It seemed that the day thus marked with live hieroglyphic should have been fraught with unusual significance in its occurrences. I still think there may have been augury and import in the behavior of the house-wren who had all summer, with his family, lived in the little "addition" under the eaves built for his benefit, and who but yesterday came to take a hurried good-by of other householders. A quick, silent token at the window, a flip of his absurd perpendicular tail, a meaningful glance from his bright mischievous eye, and he was a-wing, South-bound, a minute eddy in the unceasing migratory current that sets in from our autumnal shore to summer seats of the blessed, named for the halcyon. Again, a touch of glamour was laid upon the hour and the scene, when, looking out of the window, I observed that a row of young trees, whose leaves had been shed some days before, appeared to be re-clothed with leafage, and leafage of a peculiar sharp-cut, purplish description. The next instant, however, as though a sudden autumn gust had swept the trees, this pseudo-leafage rose and fluttered into the still air, —

"And gathering swallows twitter in the skies!"

My leaves were only an extensive flock of these birds, probably in consultation as to the journey soon to be made towards the wooing South. When the air is finally almost emptied of song and flight, the imagination has its own pleasure in picturing the bird of passage arrived, and in the midst of the new-old environments of its *other* home. Yet where its young have been reared must its fuller allegiance always be, and the seductions of the South shall not stifle the equally strong instinct of return, when some months are gone.

The first large flakes of the winter are falling. Looking through their descending cloud, which is as a sort of loose "solid contents," giving to the unmeasured air the three dimensions, I also seem to see the hyperborean flocks which Herodotus had heard of as constantly stirring in the heavens of the far north. Collecting, they brood with soft cold tenderness the empty robin's nest, or from the recesses of pine branches present the "great snowy owl," or even lodged among marginal *débris* and whipped-up foam glide down the swollen streams as white swans, dissolving with inaudible death-song, as befits their kind. And among these snowbirds of the fancy flies the occasional snowbird of actuality, with the chickadee and the woodpecker, for all of whom I pray there may be no other enemy than winter and rough weather!

Withdrawing from the snowy prospect to the fireside, reminiscence mingles with the present, and the long-past summer confers mysteriously with the powers of the dead of the year, and still a bird shall interpret for me.

CHIMNEY-SWIFTS.

In winter, up the chimney go
Bright covies from the fire below,
As curling flame and glancing spark
Are hurried through the passage dark.
The draft that bears them to the skies
Lends whirring wings and shrilly cries.
They seek the frosty starlit air;
They fledge, and go I know not where!

In summer, in the ancient flue
A restless brood their ways pursue;
Small glowing sparks of vital fire,
They glance about in bird's attire.
With shrilly cry and whirring wing,
The sound of winter winds they bring.
So in and out the swallows fare,
Then fledge, and go I know not where!

THE RING OF CANACE.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER, SPENSER, MILTON.)

Ere the Princess Canace
Slept beneath the cypress-tree,
To the bird she loved the best
The sweet lady made bequest
Of her ring,
Saying, "If with men it stay,
It will bring ye grief some day,
When they overhear your words;
Therefore do I to the birds
Leave my ring."

And the falcon mournfully
Heard the lady Canace,
And the falcon nothing spake,
But her dusky flight did take
With the ring;
And her brood the falcon taught
How with fate the gift was fraught.
Many an age has slipped away;
In the falcon's line this day
Goes the ring!

Hidden in some lonely nest,
Safe from pillage it may rest,
Or, by fledgy plumes o'erspread,
Strung upon a magic thread,
Flies the ring!
Others hunt with falcon — ho!
I to hunt the falcon go!
All the wings in the wide air,
All the songs, could I ensnare
With that ring!

Edith M. Thomas.

JOHN STUART MILL AND THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

In the summer of 1834, the party of political reformers in England "who thought themselves, and were called by their friends, the philosophic Radicals" came to the conclusion that the importance of their convictions made it necessary for them to have, as an organ of their own, the exclusive command of a quarterly periodical. The most notable men of this party were James and John

Stuart Mill, George Grote, Arthur Roebuck, Charles Buller, and Sir William Molesworth. Personal circumstances, which are fully detailed in John Stuart Mill's Autobiography, had justified these gentlemen in withdrawing their support from the Westminster Review, which had been founded in 1823 by Jeremy Bentham for the diffusion of his own advanced theories and doctrines. Sir William Molesworth, the member for East Cornwall, was a young man of twenty-five, full of ardor for political, ecclesiastical, and colonial reform. He very generously resolved to supply the funds required to start the London Review, four numbers of which were accordingly published, and sufficiently exhibited the distinctive characteristics of the party. The experience of a year, however, taught the proprietors both of the London and of the Westminster Review that the direct rivalry of two periodicals, neither of which had ever paid its own expenses, was, financially, far from desirable, and Sir William Molesworth again came forward and bought the Westminster Review from its proprietor, General Perronet Thompson, for £1000. The four numbers of the London Review were added to those of the Westminster, and the periodical was henceforth called the London and Westminster Review.

John Stuart Mill, largely aided by his father, was the real, while General Thompson was the ostensible editor, as the acknowledged holding of such a position was incompatible with an India House appointment. On the death of James Mill, in June, 1836, John Stuart Mill associated with himself as editor a young Scotchman named John Robertson, whose articles on Bacon and Shakespeare, in the London Review, had attracted a good deal of favorable notice. After the issue of the first number under the new editorship, Sir William Molesworth abandoned the proprietorship to Mill, having become tired of a loss of about £100 a number. John Robertson continued as editor until 1840, when Mill gave the Review to Mr. Hickson, on the stipulation that the old name, Westminster Review, should be resumed. During this period, 1836–40, many letters were received by John Robertson from John Stuart Mill, which, read by the light of subsequent events and elucidated by Mill's Autobiography, are singularly interesting reading to the present generation, and are here printed for the first time.

The first letter of note was sent to Boulogne, France, where John Robertson had gone for a brief holiday: —

July 12, I[NDIA] H[OUSE], 1837.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — . . . I have had a letter from Tocqueville which shows that we can scarcely have his book before our April number, and one from Nisard, alluding to a previous letter, which I never received, coming into our plans, and having no doubt of his being in time for this number. I send you a letter to him.

I do not think I can write anything worth having about Whewell this time. Blackie's I do not think will do, for an article on Menzel is an article on Goethe, of whom Menzel is the great literary enemy. Moore, if favorable, is not worth doing; if unfavorable, Peacock should do it, and it should not be in the same number as Southey. . . .

If I had known you meant to write to Harriet Martineau, I should have wished for a consultation first, as the manner of doing it is of considerable interest to me personally. She and I are not upon terms, and I know her too well to make it likely that we ever shall be. I am therefore desirous, 1st, that she should not be identified with the Review more than its interest requires; 2d, that all communications with her should take place through another medium than mine; 3d, that nevertheless she should not think, as she is exactly the person

to think, that her connection with the Review is in spite of me, — that I would prevent it if I could, but am unable.

If I knew exactly how you have written to her, I should know how to comport myself with a view to making the other impression. There is a letter for you from her at Hooper's: have you left any instructions with Hooper about forwarding letters? I have read her book, and like it less than I expected. I like all the feeling of it, but not the thought; but I should think an article by her on Miss Sedgwick's writings, such as you suggest, would be interesting and useful to us.

Besides the letter to Nisard I send you one to Guilbert; if he is not in town he is at Saint-Germain, and you should go to him there. Those will be the most useful letters to you. Both Guilbert and Nisard speak English well; Guilbert excellently, and Nisard is married to an Englishwoman. I do not know anybody else who is likely to be in town except the D'Eichshals: Adolphe is too busy to be of any use to you, and Gustave you can always, if you like, call upon and use my name; he is the ex-St. Simonian author of a book on Greece (and the East generally) which he wants reviewed, but which will scarcely do for *us*. . . . I advanced £25 to Bisset on my own account, not for the Review. I do not wish to have anything more to do with the Review in that capacity. . . .

I saw Dickens yesterday; he reminds me of Carlyle's picture of Camille Desmoulins, and his "face of dingy blackguardism irradiated with genius." Such a phenomenon does not often appear in a lady's drawing-room.

Yours ever, J. S. Mill.

On July 28 Mill again writes to Robertson, who had by that time left Paris, and after mentioning how vexed Guilbert was to have missed him goes on: —

Guilbert's offer, however, promises fair, but I have never found that a Frenchman's promise to do anything punctually could be depended upon. They promise everything and do nothing. They are not men of business. Guilbert is better, being half an Englishman. Do you, however, decide.

The sheets of Mignet will be a catch. Those of Hugo not, because he is exhausted and effete. Châles is a humbug, whom I showed up in a letter intended for the National, but published in the Monthly Repository, and the bare idea of his reviewing George Sand is enough to make one split. I would not give a farthing for the opinion of Galebert, or anybody connected with his review, about writers, for they are mere milksops themselves; and Hugo's opinions, like most French literary men's opinions of one another, are affairs of coterie and puffery. *I* thought your Statistical Society article was for the January. I of course defer to you about all questions of timing. But I differ from you about geology not being called for. I think the zoölogical speculations connected with geology are quite in season just now, and Nichol, I am sure, would do it with originality and well, judging from his articles for us, both of which were written when ill or in a hurry. You may think him not a popular writer, but you will think quite differently when you read his Architecture of the Heavens.

The falling off to be guarded against in substantial merit and originality does not arise from our having lost any of our writers, but in our *not using them*. I do not understand the false position you speak of, nor do I know what friends of ours we have attacked. Written, as you see, in a great hurry, and just as one chatters in walking *quick* from the India House to Hooper's.

Ever truly, J. S. Mill.

This third letter was also sent to France: —

India House, Saturday,
August 6, 1837.

Dear Robertson, — I entirely approve your intention of remaining at Boulogne as long as possible, and I hope you will remain as long as what requires to be done here can be done by me, of which you are the most proper judge.

None of the three articles you expect are at Hooper's, nor any other article except one on Poland by a Pole, which I have not looked at. There are a few books, chiefly Spencer's Circassia (from Colburn) and a translation of the King of Bavaria's Poems. Hooper says he was mistaken about 1025 copies having been sold; it was only 925. That is only 25 since you went away. . . . Nichol says his article will be here next week. You do not know Nichol. He is one of the three or four persons living for whom I would answer that whatever they think and say they can do they *can*. He says: "I expect that the article will direct scientific attention to some few moot points in a mode not quite so limited as that of existing discussion regarding them. At all events, I shall show general readers at what geology has arrived." I will write to him immediately about connecting it with the geological transactions.

As for me, I am so immersed in Logic and am getting on so triumphantly with it that I loathe the idea of leaving off to write articles. I do not think you are right about the elections. The Tories, where they have gained, have gained impartially from the Whigs and Radicals, and so where they have lost. The only exceptions are Middlesex and the City; in both of which many Tories chose to split with Whigs for the express purpose of turning out Hume and Grote. Whenever the Tories choose to do this, of course the Radical candidates will, in the present state of parties, be in great danger. The Radicals *seem* to have lost most only because they have lost some of their most leading men, but those will come in again for some other place very soon; and a great number of the new members are very decided Radicals, though generally not intemperate ones. Neither are the Tories who are turned out the *extreme* Tories. They almost all belong to the hack official jobbing adventurer Tories, who are seldom ultras, as Twiss, Bonham, Ross, and such like. On the whole, this election will so increase the already great difficulties of the Whigs that they must either propose the ballot and dissolve on it, or contrive to divide the Tory party, and make a compromise with one section of it. They stand much nearer to both goals than they ever did before, and have, I think, got clean up to the parting of the two roads. Either would be a decided improvement on the present aspect of affairs. For the present politics are wonderfully dull; and for the first time these ten years I have no wish to be in Parliament. If the offer you speak of is made me, which I shall not think at all probable until it is done, I shall not accept it unless I find by inquiry here that I can hold it with my situation in this house. For an object of importance I should not mind sacrificing my own pleasures and comforts, and obliging all connected with me to alter their style of living and go (as the vulgar phrase is) down in the world; but I certainly would not do it in order to exchange the speculative pursuits which I like, and in which I can do great things, for the position of a Radical member of this coming Parliament. Ever yours faithfully,

J. S. Mill.

I can do nothing about Hanover without you. Châles *is* the man I mean. He writes in the Journal des Débats and is a humbug; his reputation is, however, high.

It was now Mill's turn to take a holiday, it would appear, as the date of the next letter of importance shows: —

LEAMINGTON [probably *September*, 1837], Friday morning.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — I agree with you in thinking the Sedgwick quite unobjectionable, though there is less in it than I expected. . . . I think your Theodore Hook a much better article, though I have canceled one or two portions of sentences positively. . . . There are one or two ideas which I think questionable, but with those I have not meddled, nor do I propose to do so. In reading the article this time, it has struck me that there is a fault in some of your best sentences which there used to be very often in mine, and perhaps is still: that of crowding too much into them, and, in doing that, falling into a Latinism of construction which, in our non-inflected language, leaves it doubtful what substantives some of your adjectives are intended for. In this article there is also, I think (but not so often as I should have expected in an article written as you said this was, *invita Minerva*), the fault of using three or four words which do not exactly fit instead of one which does. In the few instances where this fault appeared to me to amount to a serious one I have tried to correct it, and I hope you will find not at the sacrifice of any portion of your meaning. In other respects I like the article. The subject is, I think, viewed in the right light, and disposed of by making a few points, and those the important ones, and treating them in a decided manner.

The Italian article came to me in, I suppose, a proof from which corrections had already been made, but as I have made many more it will require to be carefully gone over. . . . I doubt very much the expediency of the deviation from the old plan of keeping the same heading throughout a whole article. I think, in our last number, the headings puzzled and displeased people; and though the modification you now propose is not so objectionable, I think it is still rather so; . . . but if you wish decidedly to try the experiment, I do not object, provided you will follow the old plan as to my own particular articles. . . . I hope exceedingly you will be able to finish your other article as it was begun, and for this number. If you cannot, it must lie over to the next, for the subject is not pressing, and it is much better to have it later in time than inferior in quality; in which case it will not do us the good we expect from it. . . . Of course you have *carte blanche* about fill-up matter as long as I see it at some stage or other. I would not be particular about going to the extent of sixteen sheets, when we have a good number and plenty of bills so as to make it look thick. . . .

I have written to Napier. Most likely his terms are per *article*, and may not be higher than ours when the article is long, which I hope this will be. You will see that I have attended to your suggestions about the political article, and have altered besides some passages which were rather declamatory. Pray attend carefully to the revise. I tremble for it. As we shall so soon meet, I leave off.

Ever yours, J. S. MILL.

To this period seem to belong some undated letters: —

Saturday.

DEAR ROBERTSON, — To my great satisfaction Carlyle consents to do at least the Scott, and wishes to begin on Monday morning.

I should not like to baffle him in that, but in order to do it he wants Volume I. of the Scott; so, pray, if you can buy, beg, or borrow it before that time, do. He has also a great wish to have the two books of and about Colonel Crockett, and I think has a "month's mind" to write about them. So, pray, send those too, and if the Review does not find its account therein I will pay for them. Yours in haste,

J. S. MILL.

Dear R., — I shall not be in town this evening, but will meet you at Hooper's to-morrow. I wish you would verify two queries of mine in the second sheet of Montaigne. You will see them in a corrected proof which I have returned to Reynell's, and from which, when that is done, it may be printed off. S. has overlooked some bad mistakes.

I send the Arctic with my corrections. They relate solely to small matters, but I do not think you are aware how often your sentences are not only unscholarlike, but absolutely unintelligible, from inattention to ambiguities of small words and of collocation. This article is a splendid instance of it.

Simpson has made all his corrections in such a manner that the printers are sure not to attend to them, but I have left this to you to remedy when you have determined how far to adopt them.

J. S. Mill.

If we are *much* above our fourteen sheets, I think H. M. ought to wait till October. It will do as well then, if not better, and I am very anxious to save expense of that kind.

It will be expedient here to give part of a letter from Harriet Martineau, as it led to a short but sharp controversy between Mill and Robertson, of which Mill's letters only are preserved : —

Swiss Cottage, Cheshunt, Herts,
August 26, 1837.

Dear Sir, — Here is my say about the Queen. It will appear to you very obvious, I fear, and perhaps too sermonlike ; but indeed I think this strain of meditation much wanted to be uttered.

I have put my address in full above, that you may find fault through the post if you wish to alter. I have avoided the subject of the Rights of Women (except in the way of passing allusion) as not being absolutely necessary. If you dislike the reference to Sydney Smith's reference to Singleton, I have not the least objection to its being expunged. It was something that Mr. Roebuck said that put it into my head to write this article. . . .

Mill's three letters on this article now follow : —

Ross, 28 *September*, 1837.

Dear Robertson, — I have read Harriet Martineau's article with the greatest desire to do it justice, and the result is more unfavorable to it than ever before. I always thought the notion it presupposes of the Queen's position an incorrect one, and I now think that even if that notion were correct she does not speak to the Queen in the right tone or give her the right advice. It seems to me that if we occupy ourselves with the Queen at all, we ought to make her believe that people feel interested about her just at present from mere curiosity, and not because they really believe she can do much ; and that unless she has the qualities of an Elizabeth she will be nothing, but that she should aspire to have these qualities, and that if she has she may be as great a ruler as Elizabeth.

Instead of that, H. M. says to her that Elizabeth in these days could do comparatively little for us, and that she must not aim at being like her ; and why ? Because she has many wills besides her own to consult — as if Elizabeth had not ! — and a giant democracy to struggle with ; yes, *to struggle with !* (is that what we should teach her ?) as if Elizabeth had not Catholicism and Puritanism, and Philip and Catherine di Medici and Mary ! I think this paper altogether contrary to the character which we are trying to give to the Review, namely, a character of dignity, and besides of *practicalness*. It is most completely unpractical ; it is what a woman's view of practical affairs is supposed to be, and what the view of a person ignorant of life always is. She al-

ways treats the Queen like a young person. Now the Queen cannot be young, except in ignorance of the world, and kings and queens are that even at sixty. She always treats the Queen as *artless*. She cannot be artless, as a person full of anxieties, or who will be so, about doing her duty to her subjects. I am convinced she is just a lively, spirited young lady, thinking only of enjoying herself, and who never is nor ever will be conscious of any difficulties or responsibilities, — no more than Marie Antoinette, who was a much cleverer woman and had much more *will* and *character* than she is ever likely to have. She is conscious, I dare say, of good intentions, as every other young lady is; she is not conscious of wishing any harm to any one, unless they have offended her, nor of intending to break any one article of the Decalogue. That is the nature of the well-meanings of a person like her, and if we wish to give her any higher feelings or notions about her duties, we cannot go a worse way to work than H. M. does. If she reads us, she will not recognize any one of her own feelings in what the article says, and therefore will not mind us at all; besides, the article is a ready-made apology to her for being and for doing nothing.

This is a very small part indeed of what this last reading of the article has made me think to its disadvantage. It seems to me childish, and if we take away the prettiness and masculine structure of some of the sentences it is what people may forgive and like well enough in a woman, but not in a parcel of men. There is continual *trying hard* for philosophy in the article, and not an opinion or observation that you may not drive a coach and six through. I could not have believed how much this was the case till I examined it minutely, for I was imposed upon at first by the writing, which is in the style of a better kind of thought, and yet just the writing one would expect from Miss Mitford, or any other woman who has written tragedies, and learnt to put good woman's feelings into men's words, and to make small things look like great ones. It is not like a person who knows what she is writing about, or who knows life in the world or the feelings produced by particular circumstances, and it will give us an air of *attempting* and not *attaining*, the sort of ignorance of courts which most excites the ridicule of those who know them, especially when exhibited in sententious, goody, small moralizing.

Altogether I cannot reconcile myself to its insertion in any shape, nor can I think of any note to prefix to it which would not in my view have a still worse effect, if possible, than inserting it just as it is, though even Dilke, you see, thinks we ought to separate ourselves from it to a certain extent; and Dilke's opinion in favor of inserting it may be influenced by a wish to do her a good turn which might serve *his* turn in many ways, and this without any impeachment of his sincerity. I would not tell H. M. all I think of the article, but I would tell her what is true, — that I think it all very well from a woman to a woman, but not such as should be addressed by a body of men who aim at having authority *to* a woman and the public *of* that woman. We want *now* to give a *character* to the Review, as Carrel gave one to the National; and I am sure, if you attempt to scheme out to yourself the sort of article which with that view it would suit *us* to write to and of the Queen, you would arrive at an idea of one which this would not at all answer to. I dare not violate my instinct of suitableness, which we must the more strive to keep up the more we are exposed to swerve from it by our attempts to make the Review acceptable to the public. If you are not convinced by my reasons, consider it as a caprice which I cannot help. I hope you do not consider my putting a negative upon

any article on such grounds as inconsistent with our conventions. . . . I will write to you from Chepstow to tell you where next to write to me. I want to hear how you are getting on, and whether your foot is recovered.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

I will try to send you my article from Chepstow further improved.

Brecon, Thursday,
October 6, 1837.

Dear Robertson, — I sent off my article from Chepstow yesterday. . . . I got your letter the same morning. I detest that vile Queen thing more than ever for being the cause of the first real difference we have ever had about the Review. But I cannot see the force of what you say about our being committed. I am not committed, nor are you in any way which you cannot get rid of by throwing all upon me. You cannot be serious in what you say about Dilke. . . . We never thought of taking his opinion but in conjunction with others. As for H. M., you have only to say to her that it is necessary for the Review to *ménager* me, and that I have seen the article and decidedly object to it. You may say, if it will assist you, that you tried to overcome my objection, and thought you had succeeded, but were mistaken. This will relieve you entirely, at the price only of admitting yourself to be under the restraint of considerations of expediency from which no editor is or can be free. As for me, I am willing, as in this case I am bound, to take entirely upon myself the resentment of a very spiteful person rather than admit the article. The truth is, I feel that I never can have stronger objections to any article, nor justified to myself by stronger reasons, and that to let them be overruled would be to give up all power whatever over the Review; for a power which does not amount even to the power of excluding in an extreme case is no power at all. You completely misunderstood my meaning in what passed between us that evening: I never considered anything as settled, and I expressly said, two or three times, that I would take time to consider. I did think, towards the end of the evening, that you were assuming rather too confidently that the compromise we proposed would be adopted, and I blame myself exceedingly that I led you into mistake by a foolish repugnance to put myself on the defensive and weigh words when I was discussing confidentially with you. Until I had made up my mind to say *no* decidedly, it was unpleasant to be constantly pulling up and drawing in. We should never have been in this embarrassment if I had not been so extremely averse to bring a matter about which you had so strong an opinion to a direct "collision," as they say in Parliament; one house throwing out a bill which the other has passed. I caught eagerly every straw which offered in the shape of a compromise, and the one you suggested of sending the article forth as H. M.'s, and not as our own, seemed to me the last chance of our settling the matter "without a division." But on reading the thing again I felt my objections to it so much strengthened, and my idea of its counterbalancing good qualities so much lowered, that nothing could reconcile me to its being inserted with any note which did not express *dissent* from it, with the reasons; and you must see how ridiculous that would make us. Putting it in an obscure place only adds a fresh ridicule to the rest; no place but a conspicuous one suits the subject, the first place or the last. I did not think that anything relating to the Review would have given me the worry and annoyance this has, from first to last. It was in an evil hour we asked her to write. But it was *she* who proposed the subject. *I* only said it promised the best of several which she proposed. If it is but left out of this number, we will leave the question open for next number if you

like. If we cannot settle it so, I must come to town, which will be a great bore to me.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

Farnborough, Sunday,
October 31, 1837.

. . . As to the H. M. matter, I have no objection to discussing it in any way you think best, though if your feelings did not appear to be so much involved in it I should say the way you propose was making very much of a small matter. At all events, I can say little about it until I know how and why you consider your honor implicated or your self-respect endangered. To me these seem words greatly disproportioned to the occasion, which appears to me a very simple one. Did I, or did I not, give you sufficient reason to think that I had waived my objection to the insertion of the article? I say I did not; you, I suppose, say I did: if so, we have only for the future to take care to understand one another better, and to settle everything finally and clearly between us two before we implicate ourselves with contributors, — a caution which it would have been well if I had observed with Bisset as well as you with H. M. Unless indeed you understood our conventions to be such that while they lasted I could not exercise any veto. But if you understood that, then certainly we quite misunderstood each other. I not only did not, but could not so long as I was carrying on the Review for another person (who looked to me, and not to you, as responsible for its maintaining a certain character and a certain general spirit), give up all control over the contents. But it is of no use saying any more about it till I hear from you.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

These letters, if they do nothing else, afford abundant proof of Mill's gentleness, calmness, and tact, and show how strong was his personal attachment to the fiery young editor, who was risking a valuable friendship as well as personal advantage for the sake of a woman about whom he could have known little, and whose character Mill judged more correctly than himself. We do not know to what extent Harriet Martineau was aware of the strong objections urged by Mill to her article, or the zeal with which Robertson pressed its insertion; but we can be quite sure that Mill's criticism would have wounded her to the quick by its reiteration of her weakness in argument, her "goody" tone, her vain assumption of philosophy, and by the contrasting of her imitation of a masculine style with her feminine feebleness of reasoning. For Miss Martineau prided herself on seeing things as men did, and on being admitted by them to a certain equality on account of her mental superiority to her sex.

Here is an undated critique by Mill of another article: —

Dear Robertson, — I cannot bestow upon B.'s article any milder name than despicable, and nothing could reconcile me to inserting it in any shape but the absolute impossibility of finding any substitute for it in time. I have drawn my pen through some of the stupidest and most conceited things, and sent the rest to press; and God grant that nobody may read it, or that whoever does will instantaneously forget every word of it.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

From another undated letter it appears that other writers failed to come up to Mill's standard of review article writing: —

13 Pall Mall, East, Friday.

Dear Robertson, — Though I cannot find fault with you for not coming to town this week, it has happened unluckily, as I was waiting impatiently to talk with you about Horne's article and Mrs. Hall's.

The former I send. You will hardly believe that the fellow has not even *mentioned* any *one* of the plays he pretends to review. It is a mere dissertation (though for him tolerably well done) on his dreadful *ennuyeux* subject of the "precarious state of the drama," which nobody on earth cares for except playwriters by profession, and which he and a few others have made so dreadfully vulgar by their raving about it that the very sight of the words is disgusting to everybody of common good taste. Will you decide as to this article as you like, and write to Horne about it? He has already been at the printer's, it seems.

As for Mrs. Hall's, I have not yet dared to touch it. It is beyond all measure bad, and impossible to be made better. It has no one good point but a few of the stories towards the end, and those are told cleverly and with sprightliness, no doubt, but in the tone of a London shopkeeper's daughter.

If I have my way we shall reject it totally, but if you could possibly suggest to me any means of making it endurable I should be happy to try them.

One thing I am determined on: nothing shall go to Paris under my sanction and responsibility showing such ignorance and such cockney notions of France and French matters as this does.

J. S. M.

Leigh Hunt's article is with the printers, and with some leaving out it does very well.

A letter from Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall explains the "badness" of the article alluded to by Mill: —

My dear Sir, — Do what you like with it. I will work it up greatly in the proof. It is not my best, but when I tell you that I have been up with poor Carter two nights your kind heart will forgive me if it is not quite as good as you expected. 'It wants unity, oneness, and a purpose; a little of your philosophy will give it a *backbone*. Adieu, dear sir. I really don't know what business a woman has with literature, for when her home fears are roused or her domestic affections disturbed it 's little she cares for her pen's doings. A literary woman ought never to marry if she would be great; but my husband has the sin to answer for; he made me so, — *not great*, but literary. I won't be the least bit in the world angry at any changes you may make. Most sincerely yours,

A. M. Hall.

In a letter dated Axminster, October 2, 1838, Mill writes: —

I have been thinking very little about the Review, but a good deal about my Logic, of which I have, since I left town, completely planned the concluding portion and written a large piece of it, which I hope I shall add to during my stay at Weymouth.

I have also read the third (newly published) volume of Comte's book, which is almost, if not quite, equal to the two former.

This is much pleasanter work than planning the next number of the Review, for which I have not a single idea beyond what we had when we last talked on the subject.

Our not coming out in October is of no consequence at all, for people will hardly say, after our last brilliant number and our second edition, that the Review is dropped.

I have seen scarcely any newspapers, and none which contain reports of the Palace Yard meeting. Those particulars about the arming are very ominous of important results at no long distance, but I cannot see in the menacing attitude of the working classes anything to prevent a Tory ministry; and the middle classes are still very far indeed from the time when they will cry *Concede;* they will be much more likely to cry *Resist!*

Your idea about Mazzini's article seems to me good. If Carlyle cannot take to either of the subjects we had in view for him, we must be thankful for anything he can take to.

I am sorry James Martineau has given up the Catholic subject.

What answer have you given to Lucas? As for the American Slavery article, I think it a good subject for making the number interesting and salable, and more likely to be well treated by H. M. than any subject on which she has yet written for us; but it must be a condition that she shall not be sentimental, which she has more tendency to than any other writer we have.

You do not think of it for this number, I believe. I cannot judge of the other two subjects you mention, and, as I said before, I have not a single idea of my own, and am too glad at not having to think on the subject for a fortnight yet to come.

I am sorry you have been unwell. I have not been quite well myself, but am getting better. It was only a cold.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

P. S. I think we are bound to give some answer to the Globe man, driveler or not. I have no doubt he *is* a driveler, or in the hands of drivelers on that subject.

In the April number of 1839 there appeared an article by Robertson which, under the title of Criticism on Women, was a defense of women generally, and of literary women more particularly, from what he calls "Crokerism," meaning thereby the personal attacks on the reputation of certain women, and the satirical depreciatory sneers on others, by a party known at the time by that nickname, of which J. W. Croker was one. The young Queen, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Martineau are shown in this article to have been among those attacked and taunted by anonymous writers, and Robertson does battle in their defense with his pen as chivalrously as ever did knight for fair ladies in the olden times of romance.

The article, however, brought down on Robertson an angry letter from Mill: —

Dear Robertson, — I have been very much annoyed by seeing announced in the advertisement of the Review the article which, in a letter that must have reached you in time, I so very particularly requested you to omit; and my annoyance has not been diminished by the manner in which the announcement is made, which is fitter for the Satirist or the Age than for any periodical which lays claim either to a literary character or a gentlemanly one.

I certainly never contemplated making any work in which I was engaged a vehicle for either attacking or defending the reputation of women, and in whatever way it has been done, it must make the Review consummately ridiculous. However, it is of no use writing more about what is past mending.

The same article was the cause of the following: —

Saturday.

Dear Robertson, — I am going to have to fight a duel on your account. I have had a half-hostile, half-expostulating letter from Hayward on the subject of that passage in the Martineau article, in reply to which I have owned the proprietorship, disowned authorship and editorship, admitted having seen the article before it was printed off, and said that I did not consider the terms "blackguardizing" and "lying" as applied to any one individually, but to a *class*, to which it was made matter of complaint against certain superior men that they allowed themselves to be assimilated. I of course did not tell him either who wrote the article or who edited it, and I told him that I had ordered any letter he might send to be

forwarded to me; . . . so hold yourself prepared in case he should write a letter to you.

N. B. I told him that the writer had no malice against him, and I believed had never seen him.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

We must now go back to 1837, when the important subject of the Canada coercion and rebellion was agitating the minds of statesmen and engrossing the attention of the public. J. S. Mill published in the Review a vindication of the Canadians, and the Radical Working Men of England sent forth, through William Lovett, a spirited address of sympathy and encouragement, viewing the rebellion as a struggle for popular freedom against the oppression of aristocratic and bureaucratic government. When some of the rebels were sent to England for trial, the sympathies of all advanced and liberal minds were on their side. Lord Durham had shown himself disposed to be advised by the Radicals, and in his appointment by the government to ascertain and remove the grievances of the Canadians Mill saw an occasion for the triumph of Radical opinions. Towards this end he and his friends were working by letters, by conversations, and by the influence of the Review. But the men he could rely upon were few; not but what a certain number of waverers were pretty sure to join this set, did they see it to be to their advantage. The first letter on this subject is undated, as also is the second: —

13 Pall Mall, East, Monday.

Dear Robertson, — The inclosed is from Bulwer, and is exactly what we would expect from him. In the mean time Rintoul has shown me a letter from Wakefield, enthusiastic about Lord Durham, and full of the predictions respecting him which we most wish to see realized, though in general terms.

There is no concealing from ourselves that there is almost an equal chance of Lord D. acting either way, and that his doing the one or the other will wholly depend upon whether Wakefield, we ourselves, and probably Buller and his own resentment, or Bulwer, Fonblanque, Edward Ellice, the herd of professing Liberals, and the indecision and cowardice indigenous to English noblemen, have the greatest influence in his councils.

Give us access to him *early* and I will be d—d if we do not make a hard fight for it.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

I. H., Tuesday.

Dear Robertson, — It seems to me that in any future communication we have with Bulwer the points which it is our interest to make him feel, with the least possible appearance of intending to do so, are these: *first*, that we have the power, from our next number inclusive, either to begin preparing the Radicals to support, and even to call for, their ministry, or to begin impressing them with the uselessness of their looking to any ministry for a long time to come, — that we shall certainly take one line or the other, and it will depend upon the opinion we form of them which; and *secondly*, that our support of them will depend not only upon their embracing the policy which we think suitable to rally the body of moderate Radicals round them, who are to be *our* party whoever is minister, but also upon our confidence in their *personnel*. That Ellice and Stanley (and we need not add himself, but he will see that *we* see through him, which always vastly increases such a man's respect for one) will make it their object to render the ministry a ministry of *intrigans*. That we need only call it that and treat it as that to damage it exceedingly, and that we *will* treat it as that if it *is* that. That we have no earthly objection to act *with* intrigans, but that we do

not choose to act *under* intrigans; that therefore, if their ministry is *made up* of loose fish, and does not contain a due proportion of men who have a high character for private integrity and political earnestness, we will, even if we support their measures, attack and ridicule their persons; and then beware, Messrs. Bulwer, Ellice, and even Lord Durham himself. The ways and times proper for insinuating such of these things as are to be insinuated, and for stating such of them as are to be stated, will present themselves to you as occasion arises.

I have written to Fonblanque as I wrote to Black, informing him of the facts, telling him I think him excessively unfair towards us, and that no provocation shall induce me to attack him, and appealing to his love of truth not to mix us up with Roebuck, etc.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

At the end of December, 1838, Mill left England for Paris, *en route* for Marseilles, not being able, without risk to his health, to wait to witness what would have been of the greatest interest to him, — the return of Lord Durham and Charles Buller from Canada, and the reception given to the former, a reception which doubtless owed its tone to Mill's previous articles.

From Paris Mill wrote under date

28*th December*, 1838.

Dear Robertson, — The steamboat by which I shall go from Marseilles does not leave till the *tenth;* therefore you may direct to me there as late as the 2d, or you may risk even the 3d, if there be any reason for it.

Use Browning's means of conveyance as much as you can, but if he sends Sordello we must not let him suppose that we can promise a review of it in the February number.

I cannot, on looking forward to my movements, and the time it will take before I feel settled enough to write, feel it at all likely, if even *possible*, that I can do more than the organization in time to send you for publication in February. When we asked him for Sordello, it was in hopes of finishing it before I set out.

If it must be reviewed in the February number, somebody else must do it; and perhaps that is best, at any rate, for I *cannot* honestly give much praise either to Strafford or Paracelsus. Yet I do not know whom we could get to do it.

Is the account I have seen copied from the English papers of Lord D.'s Canada plans authentic? They seem good mostly, but the notion of a separate colonial office for North America seems rather foolish in itself (as if, instead of curing the defects of the whole system, we were to try to get one set of colonies *excepted* from it) and quite unpractical to propose, because impossible to carry out, or even to make acceptable to anybody.

The idea of adding British America to the Queen's title is laughably pedantic and absurd, and the notion of giving the colonies representatives in the H. of C. cannot be entertained by anybody who has one grain of statesmanship in his head.

I do hope the report will contain no such nonsense, and if you think there is the slightest chance of it pray tell me, that I may write strongly to Buller against it.

I have inquired yesterday morning and this morning for letters, but found none. I doubt not I shall find some from you (if not from other people) at Marseilles.

Yours ever truly, J. S. Mill.

Write fully to me on the reception Lord D.'s plans meet with, if these *be* his plans, and the sort of attacks made on them.

Write long letters and often, — you will have so much to write about. Your

letters will be a great pleasure to me, as I expect from them the particulars of a game well played in which I have a deep stake. J. S. Mill.

That the policy of Lord Durham was the cause of serious disappointment to Mill is very evident from the following letter: —

Rome, 6*th April*, 1839.

I have, as you see, taken plenty of time to consider about the manner in which what you told me about Lord Durham in your last letter affects the position of the Review and the question of continuing or not to carry it on.

The result is to strengthen very greatly the inclination I had before to get it off my hands. I shall form no sudden resolution, and above all shall wait till I see Lord Durham myself before I make up my mind finally. But if his purposes are such as he appears to have declared to you, I do not feel myself particularly called upon to tender him any other aid than that of my good wishes. He may be quite right, and there may be no better course to be taken than the one he means to take, but it cannot lead to the organization of a radical party, or the placing the radicals at the head of the movement, — it leaves them as they are already, a mere appendage of the Whigs; and if there is to be no radical party there need be no Westminster Review, for there is no position for it to take, distinguishing it from the Edinburgh.

For my own part, I feel that if the time is come when a radical review should support the Whigs, the time is come when I should withdraw from politics. I can employ myself much better than in conducting a ministerial review, and should think my time and money ill spent in doing only what the Examiner and the Chronicle and all that class of publications can do and are doing much more effectually. In short, it is one thing to support Lord Durham in *forming* a party; another to follow him when he is only joining one, and that one which I have so long been crying out against.

If he shows any desire to cultivate my acquaintance I shall respond to it, shall give him my opinion freely whenever he asks it, and any help in a private way which he may think that he needs and that I can give; but as for the Review, even if he would bear the whole expense and leave me the entire control, I doubt *now* whether I should accept it. On the other hand, any chance of the Review's paying its expenses without being considered as his organ, or that of persons who are acting in concert with him, is still farther off than before.

I am sorry that my political article should have been inserted in any shape in a posture of affairs so unsuitable to it, and as I am sure it must have been very much altered to be put in at all, I do hope you have not put my signature to it.

I do not feel clear about publishing even another number. I have not put pen to paper except to write letters since I left Pisa, and I do not intend to do so: when I reach England I shall for some time be extremely busy; and to work hard for a thing one has almost determined to give up seems waste of labor. I shall be glad if you can avoid entering into any *positive* engagements about articles for the July number till I return and can look about me.

I have begun to improve in health (I think so, at least) since the weather grew hot, — it is now complete summer here, — and I expect much more benefit from the three months to come than I have derived from the three that are past. When will you write again?

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

The following letter from Buller to Robertson explains to some extent what was going on behind the scenes: —

London, *May* 21, 1839.

My dear Robertson, — I have written John Mill a very full letter and sent it to Munich.

There is nothing, I fear, in the consequences of the late strange events on which you should congratulate either individuals or the public. This golden opportunity will be let slip by like so many others, and the Liberal party be only more discredited and divided thereby.

I know something of what is going on behind the scenes: and it is *nothing*. There will be no change, or at least no useful change, in *persons*. My only hope is that Lord John will bring in his plan of reform — repeal of rate-paying clauses — extension of county franchise to £10 householders and of the class of freemen. Our policy is to insist on nothing further. Let him once do this: the quarrel between the two sections of the aristocracy will then be irreconcilable and the coalition impossible, and the Whigs embarked in a boat which they must get better men to steer.

This is my most favorable idea of things; but I must own that I much doubt whether any good will come. And to tell the plain truth, I feel both on public and far more on personal grounds great regrets that the Tories have been interrupted in making their government.

I don't believe in their being able to carry on the government a year. We should have formed again in Opposition, and I should have been in the next cabinet.

What are your plans for dividing the Tories? Pray let me know them.

Yours very truly,

Charles Buller, Jr.

Mill's last letter from abroad is dated

Munich, 31*st May*, 1839.

Dear Robertson, — On arriving here I found your letter of the 13th of May from Edinburgh.

Another letter had followed me from Rome to Venice, though it must have reached Rome in time to have been given to me there.

I hope by this time you see your way through your troubles and annoyances, and are in better spirits and health.

About the state of politics and about the Review it is of no use writing much when we shall see each other so soon. I have seen no English papers since the turn-out and turn-in of the ministry, and what I know of it is chiefly from letters, the latest and most explicit of which is from Buller. But I expect no change whatever in the politics of the ministry as long as Melbourne is at their head; and when a change does come it will be so gradual and imperceptible that the Review will not profit much by it. I must get rid of the Review not only on account of the expense, but the time and exertion. I think myself, and still more everybody else, including the doctors and the India House people, will think, that I must not undertake so much work; especially when I first come back and have a long arrear of business at the I. H. It will be quite impossible for me to write *anything* for the Review, and the next number must certainly appear without anything of mine in it. I can better spare even money than time and labor for that number.

And I see no prospect of Lord Durham or anybody else taking it off my hands, as matters stand at present. I ought not to drop it without trying to preserve an organ for radicalism by offering it to any radical who would carry it on, on radical lines. Do you think Dilke would now be willing to take it, and would you sound him on the subject? I have not yet seen the last number, for though the reading-room at Florence takes it, everything is so long in coming that they are always far behind. I shall probably see it at Brussels. Will you thank Buller for his letter, and say I would answer it if I were not likely to see him so soon? — but I

am so little able to judge of the present state of the public mind in England that I cannot judge whether he or the ten radicals who voted against the ministry were in the right. I think it likely that I should have done as he did, because the ministerial measure was probably right in itself, however absurdly defended; but if Grote and Molesworth thought the measure bad, I think they were right in voting against it. Buller's remarks on the general state of politics seem to me sensible and right; whether his practical views are right or not will depend very much on the conduct of the ministry, which I feel persuaded will entirely disappoint both him and you. The radicals will not insist on any conditions, and if they did the ministry would reject them.

I shall leave this place in a day or two for Mannheim and the Rhine, from whence I shall go to Brussels, where I hope to find a letter from you. I shall be in London at latest on the 30th of June. I am coming back not at all cured, but cured of caring much about cure. I have no doubt I shall in time get accustomed to dyspepsia, as Lafontaine hoped he should to the regions below.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

The correspondence following this period leads us to suppose that Mill had endeavored to gain some position for Robertson on the Review, when it passed from his hands. There then seems to have been an idea of coöperation between Henry Cole as proprietor and Robertson as editor; but after due consideration Cole came to the conclusion, not without pain, that such an arrangement would not and could not be successful, and after much deliberation Mill concurred in that conclusion.

Mill writes: —

I am exceedingly grieved by the consciousness that I must appear to you (what I never have been nor could be intentionally) unkind to you. The thought of this matter has been, ever since it was first mentioned by you in a letter last July, but especially of late, no small addition to the burthens of various sorts that have lain upon me.

I feel, however, that I have meant rightly to you and to every other interest concerned, and that I have acted to the best of my judgment; and though I feel painfully the impossibility of my convincing you that I am right, I am sure you will respect me more for acting upon my own conviction than for giving way, from feelings of friendship and confidence, without being convinced.

Cole repeatedly expressed his wish not to stand in the way of any arrangement more beneficial to you and independent of him; but we seemed to have already exhausted the possibilities of such, and as it was impossible to keep Hickson any longer without an answer, I have told Cole that I considered the Review as made over to them, although the formal transfer has not yet taken place.

I am sure you have that in you which a disappointment in so poor a hope as this cannot unnerve or permanently discourage.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

The "hope" entertained by Robertson was one, however distant, of getting into Parliament; and he would have used the Review, had he continued his editorship, to support the Whigs, — that is, the radical section among them, — which Mill had felt himself unable to do conscientiously. Lord Normanby had had one interview, if not more, with Robertson with reference to this subject.

The last letter we shall quote is undated, but fully explains itself: —

Kensington, Monday.

Dear Robertson, — Some points in your letter positively require from me a few words to set right a few matters in

which you have quite misunderstood me, and in which it would be very unpleasant to me that you should continue to do so.

First. I did not allude to that number of the Review for any purpose of disparagement. Why should I? It has fully less of the defects to which I alluded than I thought it would have. I referred to it *bona fide*, as I professed to do, namely, as evidence you could appeal to in contradiction to my opinion if I was wrong.

Second. When I spoke of unconciliativeness to contributors, I never meant that you were in the wrong in your disputes with them, but that you gave them unnecessary offense by matters of mere manner, and did not spare their vanity, which I am sure I have often said to you before; and also that I think you, in that particular, extremely unpractical, since no one can use others as instruments unless he makes them like his service.

Third. When I spoke of subserviency, I carefully explained that I was not speaking of your intentions or feelings, but of *their* expectations.

Fourth. I never said that *you* would get a character like Fonblanque's, but that the *Review* would. I have distinctly said to you several times that *you* personally would not suffer in any way, and I said it most distinctly in the very same sentence by saying I should be glad to aid you in a ministerial course by any other means than the Review.

Fifth. Finally, I *do* feel that I can and ought to support the ministry, but not connect myself with them (unless I had a voice in their councils); that is, I can neither take their money nor make over power which is in my hands and put it into theirs, though any power in my own hands I would, while I see as much cause as I now do, use in their support.

Having endeavored to put myself right in these points, I will now say that your readiness to give up a project, in my objections to which you do not at all concur, is a thing which, you may rely upon it, I shall not forget.

I think your letter to Lord N[ormanby] in perfectly good taste, as well as right feeling towards him.

Ever yours, J. S. Mill.

Thus ended John Stuart Mill's four years' proprietorship of the Review, — a period spoken of by Dr. Thomas Chalmers as "the palmy days of the London and Westminster Review." Opinions may differ as to the importance of the Review as a factor in the great events of those days; but that Mill was thoroughly sincere and earnest in his support of the cause the English Radicals of fifty years ago had at heart there cannot be the slightest doubt. Outside his labor and anxieties the publication of the Review caused him a very serious financial loss, as will be seen from a letter now before us dated 1856, in which Mr. Robertson says: "The loss on the Review during the proprietorship of Sir William Molesworth had been about £100 a number. As I was a paid editor, and every contributor (with the only exception, I believe, of John Sterling) was paid a pound a page, the loss on my first number exceeded £100. We printed 2000 copies, of which 1500 were generally taken off by the first sales, and the rest in the course of time. Mill's article in vindication of the Canadians at the time of the rebellion had a singularly unfavorable effect on the sale of the Review. Of that number we sold only 1303. The loss on the last number I edited amounted to £33. It should be observed that Mr. Hooper, the publisher, in addition to his publishing dues, was allowed to farm the advertisements for his own profit."

It seems only just to give here the testimony of Dr. Channing to John Robertson's merits as editor of the London and Westminster Review: —

"Mr. Robertson gave a noble character to the Westminster. What gratified me particularly in that work was its enlarged, candid, liberal tone of thought. It was just to conservatism, just to the past, — rare merits amongst us Liberals. Perhaps we have been as bigoted as our opponents; nor is it to be wondered at. The terrible abuses of the past, contrasted with the bright hues which the imagination throws over the future, naturally enough put us out of patience....

"I ought to be more just, and some articles in the Westminster have helped me in this particular. I do not mean that this is its only merit, but in this way it has done much for the Liberal cause; for nothing serves a cause more than to give a large wisdom to its advocates." [1]

C. Marion D. [Robertson] Towers.

DOWN BY THE SHORE IN DECEMBER.

THEY come and go; their shadows pass
Beyond the bound where blue and brine
Kiss, and the orient clouds amass
White piles above the horizon's line.

Some of yon vessels will return,
And some shall never touch their port!
Full many hearts that in them burn
Will find life's voyage all too short.

Inconstant Ocean! who canst look
So calm, with murder in thy frown,
For whom those meadows I forsook,
And all the allurements of the town,

I did not feel till here I dwelt
How terrible the mighty main,
Nor think how bright Orion's belt
Gleams nightly on thy drowned and slain.

O give me back my Wayland meads,
Where Sudbury's loitering eddies glide,
And one long line of lilies leads
My skiff to Concord's harmless tide!

There let me with protecting woods
Shield my reposing age, afar
From the wild fury of the floods
To watch in peace that evening star.

Thomas William Parsons.

[1] Memoir of William Ellery Channing, vol. ii. p. 401. From a letter to Miss Harriet Martineau.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH.

A FEW months ago, as I was leaving Baltimore for a summer sojourn on the coast of Maine, two old soldiers of the war between the States took their seats immediately behind me in the car, and began a lively conversation about the various battles in which they had faced each other more than a quarter of a century ago, when a trip to New England would have been no holiday jaunt for one of their fellow-travelers. The veterans went into the minute detail that always puts me to shame, when I think how poor an account I should give if pressed to describe the military movements that I have happened to witness; and I may as well acknowledge at the outset that I have as little aptitude for the soldier's trade as I have for the romancer's. Single incidents I remember as if they were of yesterday. Single pictures have burned themselves into my brain. But I have no vocation to tell how fields were lost and won; and my experience of military life was too brief and fitful to be of any value to the historian of the war. For my own life that experience has been of the utmost significance, and despite the heavy price I have had to pay for my outings, despite the daily reminder of five long months of intense suffering, I have no regrets. An able-bodied young man, with a long vacation at his disposal, could not have done otherwise, and the right to teach Southern youth for nine months was earned by sharing the fortunes of their fathers and brothers at the front for three. Self-respect is everything; and it is something to have belonged in deed and in truth to an heroic generation, to have shared in a measure its perils and privations. But that heroic generation is apt to be a bore to a generation whose heroism is of a different type, and I doubt whether the young people in our car took much interest in the very audible conversation of the two veterans. Twenty-five years hence, when the survivors will be curiosities, as were Revolutionary pensioners in my childhood, there may be a renewal of interest. As it is, few of the present generation pore over The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, and a grizzled old Confederate has been heard to declare that he intended to bequeath his copy of that valuable work to some one outside of the family, so provoked was he at the supineness of his children. And yet, for the truth's sake, all these battles must be fought over and over again, until the account is cleared, and until justice is done to the valor and skill of both sides.

The two old soldiers were talking amicably enough, as all old soldiers do, but they "yarned," as all old soldiers do, and though they talked from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to New York, their conversation was lost on me, for my thoughts went back into my own past, and two pictures came up to me from the time of the war.

In the midsummer of 1863 I was serving as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry. Gettysburg was in the past, and there was not much fighting to be done, but the cavalry was not wholly idle. Raids had to be intercepted, and the enemy was not to be allowed to vaunt himself too much; so that I gained some experience of the hardships of that arm of the service, and found out by practical participation what is meant by a cavalry charge. To a looker-on nothing can be finer. To the one who charges, or is supposed to charge, — for the horse seemed to me mainly responsible, — the details are somewhat cumbrous. Now in one of these charges some of us captured a number of the opposing force, among them a young lieutenant. Why this particular capture

should have impressed me so I cannot tell, but memory is a tricky thing. A large red fox scared up from his lair by the fight at Castleman's Ferry stood for a moment looking at me; and I shall never forget the stare of that red fox. At one of our fights near Kernstown a spent bullet struck a horse on the side of his nose, which happened to be white, and left a perfect imprint of itself; and the jerk of the horse's head and the outline of the bullet are present to me still. The explosion of a particular caisson, the shriek of a special shell, will ring in one's ears for life. A captured lieutenant was no novelty, and yet this captured lieutenant caught my eye and held it. A handsomer young fellow, a more noble-looking, I never beheld among Federals or Confederates, as he stood there, bareheaded, among his captors, erect and silent. His eyes were full of fire, his lips showed a slight quiver of scorn, and his hair seemed to tighten its curls in defiance. Doubtless I had seen as fine specimens of young manhood before, but if so, I had seen without looking, and this man was evidently what we called a gentleman.

Southern men were proud of being gentlemen, although they have been told in every conceivable tone that it was a foolish pride, — foolish in itself, foolish in that it did not have the heraldic backing that was claimed for it; the utmost concession being that a number of "deboshed" younger sons of decayed gentry had been shipped to Virginia in the early settlement of that colony. But the very pride played its part in making us what we were proud of being, and whether descendants of the aforesaid "deboshed," of simple English yeomen, of plain Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, a doughty stock, of Huguenots of various ranks of life, we all held to the same standard, and showed, as was thought, undue exclusiveness on this subject. But this prisoner was the embodiment of the best type of Northern youth, with a spirit as high, as resolute, as could be found in the ranks of Southern gentlemen; and though in theory all enlightened Southerners recognized the high qualities of some of our opponents, this one noble figure in "flesh and blood" was better calculated to inspire respect for "those people," as we had learned to call our adversaries, than many pages of "gray theory."

A little more than a year afterwards, in Early's Valley campaign, — a rude school of warfare, — I was serving as a volunteer aide on General Gordon's staff. The day before the disaster of Fisher's Hill I was ordered, together with another staff officer, to accompany the general on a ride to the front. The general had a well-known weakness for inspecting the outposts, — a weakness that made a position in his suite somewhat precarious. The officer with whom I was riding had not been with us long, and when he joined the staff had just recovered from wounds and imprisonment. A man of winning appearance, sweet temper, and attractive manners, he soon made friends of the military family, and I never learned to love a man so much in so brief an acquaintance, though hearts knit quickly in the stress of war. He was highly educated, and foreign residence and travel had widened his vision without affecting the simple faith and thorough consecration of the Christian. Here let me say that the bearing of the Confederates is not to be understood without taking into account the deep religious feeling of the army and its great leaders. It is an historical element, like any other, and is not to be passed over in summing up the forces of the conflict. "A soldier without religion," says a Prussian officer, who knew our army as well as the German, "is an instrument without value;" and it is not unlikely that the knowledge of the part that faith played in sustaining the Southern people may have lent emphasis to the expression of his conviction.

We rode together towards the front, and as we rode our talk fell on Goethe and on Faust, and of all passages the soldiers' song came up to my lips, — the song of soldiers of fortune, not the chant of men whose business it was to defend their country. Two lines, however, were significant: —

> "Kühn ist das Mühen,
> Herrlich der Lohn."

We reached the front. An occasional "zip" gave warning that the sharpshooters were not asleep, and the quick eye of the general saw that our line needed rectification and how. Brief orders were given to the officer in command. My comrade was left to aid in carrying them out. The rest of us withdrew. Scarcely had we ridden a hundred yards towards camp when a shout was heard, and, turning round, we saw one of the men running after us. "The captain had been killed." The peace of heaven was on his face, as I gazed on the noble features that afternoon. The bullet had passed through his official papers and found his heart. He had received his discharge, and the glorious reward had been won.

This is the other picture that the talk of the two old soldiers called up, — dead Confederate against living Federal; and these two pictures stand out before me again, as I am trying to make others understand and to understand myself what it was to be a Southern man twenty-five years ago; what it was to accept with the whole heart the creed of the Old South. The image of the living Federal bids me refrain from harsh words in the presence of those who were my captors. The dead Confederate bids me uncover the sacred memories that the dust of life's Appian Way hides from the tenderest and truest of those whose business it is to live and work. For my dead comrade of the Valley campaign is one of many; some of them my friends, some of them my pupils as well. The 18th of July, 1861, laid low one of my Princeton College room-mates; on the 21st, the day of the great battle, the other fell, — both bearers of historic names, both upholding the cause of their State with as unclouded a conscience as any saint in the martyrology ever wore; and from that day to the end, great battle and outpost skirmish brought me, week by week, a personal loss in men of the same type.

The surrender of the Spartans on the island of Sphacteria was a surprise to friend and foe alike; and the severe historian of the Peloponnesian war pauses to record the answer of a Spartan to the jeering question of one of the allies of the Athenians, — a question which implied that the only brave Spartans were those who had been slain. The answer was tipped with Spartan wit; the only thing Spartan, as some one has said, in the whole un-Spartan affair. "The arrow," said he, "would be of great price if it distinguished the brave men from the cowards." But it did seem to us, in our passionate grief, that the remorseless bullet, the remorseless shell, had picked out the bravest and the purest. It is an old cry, —

> "Ja, der Krieg verschlingt die Besten."

Still, when Schiller says in the poem just quoted,

> "Denn Patroklus liegt begraben
> Und Thersites kommt zurück,"

his illustration is only half right. The Greek Thersites did not return to claim a pension.

Of course, what was to all true Confederates beyond a question "a holy cause," "the holiest of causes," this fight in defense of "the sacred soil" of our native land, was to the other side "a wicked rebellion" and "damnable treason," and both parties to the quarrel were not sparing of epithets which, at this distance of time, may seem to our children unnecessarily undignified; and no doubt some of these *epitheta*

ornantia continue to flourish in remote regions, just as pictorial representations of Yankees and rebels in all their respective fiendishness are still cherished here and there. At the Centennial Exposition of 1876, by way of conciliating the sections, the place of honor in the Art Annex, or by whatever un-English name they called it, was given to Rothermel's painting of the battle of Gettysburg, in which the face of every dying Union soldier is lighted up with a celestial smile, while guilt and despair are stamped on the wan countenances of the moribund rebels. At least such is my recollection of the painting; and I hope that I may be pardoned for the malicious pleasure I felt when I was informed of the high price that the State of Pennsylvania had paid for that work of art. The dominant feeling was amusement, not indignation. But as I looked at it I recalled another picture of a battle scene, painted by a friend of mine, a French artist, who had watched our life with an artist's eye. One of the figures in the foreground was a dead Confederate boy, lying in the angle of a worm fence. His uniform was worn and ragged, mud-stained as well as blood-stained; the cap which had fallen from his head was a tatter, and the torn shoes were ready to drop from his stiffening feet; but in a buttonhole of his tunic was stuck the inevitable toothbrush, which continued even to the end of the war to be the distinguishing mark of gentle nurture, — the souvenir that the Confederate so often received from fair sympathizers in border towns. I am not a realist, but I would not exchange that homely toothbrush in the Confederate's buttonhole for the most angelic smile that Rothermel's brush could have conjured up.

Now I make no doubt that most of the readers of The Atlantic have got beyond the Rothermel stage, and yet I am not certain that all of them appreciate the entire clearness of conscience with which we of the South went into the war. A new patriotism is one of the results of the great conflict, and the power of local patriotism is no longer felt to the same degree. In one of his recent deliverances Mr. Carnegie, a canny Scot who has constituted himself the representative of American patriotism, not without profit, says, "The citizen of the republic to-day is prouder of being an American than he is of being a native of any State in the country." What it is to be a native of any State in the country, especially an old State with an ancient and honorable history, is something that Mr. Carnegie cannot possibly understand. But the "to-day" is superfluous. The Union was a word of power in 1861 as it is in 1891. Before the secession of Virginia a Virginian Breckinridge asked: "If exiled in a foreign land, would the heart turn back to Virginia, or South Carolina, or New York, or to any one State as the cherished home of its pride? No. We would remember only that we were Americans." Surely this seems quite as patriotic as Mr. Carnegie's utterance; and yet, to the native Virginian just quoted, so much stronger was the State than the central government that, a few weeks after this bold speech, he went into the war, and finally perished in the war. "A Union man," says his biographer, "fighting for the rights of his old mother Virginia." And there were many men of his mind, noted generals, valiant soldiers. The University Memorial, which records the names and lives of the alumni of the University of Virginia who fell in the Confederate war, two hundred in number, — this volume, full "of memories and of sighs" to every Southern man of my age, lies open before me as I write, and some of the noblest men who figure in its pages were Union men; and the Memorial of the Virginia Military Institute tells the same story with the same eloquence. The State was imperiled, and parties disappeared; and of the

combatants in the field, some of the bravest and the most conspicuous belonged to those whose love of the old Union was warm and strong, to whom the severance of the tie that bound the States together was a personal grief. But even those who prophesied the worst, who predicted a long and bloody struggle and a doubtful result, had no question about the duty of the citizen; shared the common burden and submitted to the individual sacrifice as readily as the veriest fire-eater, — nay, as they claimed, more readily. The most intimate friend I ever had, who fell after heroic services, was known by all our circle to be utterly at variance with the prevalent Southern view of the quarrel, and died upholding a right which was not a right to him except so far as the mandate of his State made it a right; and while he would have preferred to see "the old flag" floating over a united people, he restored the new banner to its place time after time when it had been cut down by shot and shell.

Those who were bred in the opposite political faith, who read their right of withdrawal in the Constitution, had less heart-searching to begin with than the Union men of the South; but when the State called there were no parties, and the only trace of the old difference was a certain rivalry which should do the better fighting. This ready response to the call of the State showed very clearly that, despite varying theories of government, the people of the Southern States were practically of one mind as to the seat of the paramount obligation. Adherence to the Union was a matter of sentiment, a matter of interest. The arguments urged on the South against secession were addressed to the memories of the glorious struggle for independence, to the anticipation of the glorious future that awaited the united country, to the difficulties and the burdens of a separate life. Especial stress was laid on the last argument; and the expense of a separate government, of a standing army, was set forth in appalling figures. A Northern student of the war once said to me, "If the Southern people had been of a statistical turn, there would have been no secession, there would have been no war." But there were men enough of a statistical turn in the South to warn the people against the enormous expense of independence, just as there are men enough of a statistical turn in Italy to remind the Italians of the enormous cost of national unity. "Counting the cost" is in things temporal the only wise course, as in the building of a tower; but there are times in the life of an individual, of a people, when the things that are eternal force themselves into the calculation, and the abacus is nowhere. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself" is a sentiment that does not enter into the domain of statistics. The great Athenian statesman who saw the necessity of the Peloponnesian war was not above statistics, as he showed when he passed in review the resources of the Athenian empire, the tribute from the allies, the treasure laid up in the House of the Virgin. But when he addressed the people in justification of the war, he based his argument, not on a calculation of material resources, but on a simple principle of right. Submission to any encroachment, the least as well as the greatest, on the rights of a State means slavery. To us submission meant slavery, as it did to Pericles and the Athenians; as it did to the great historian of Greece, who had learned this lesson from the Peloponnesian war, and who took sides with the Southern States, to the great dismay of his fellow-radicals, who could not see, as George Grote saw, the real point at issue in the controversy. Submission is slavery, and the bitterest taunt in the vocabulary of those who advocated secession was "submissionist." But where does submission begin? Who is to mark the point of

encroachment? That is a matter which must be decided by the sovereign; and on the theory that the States are sovereign, each State must be the judge. The extreme Southern States considered their rights menaced by the issue of the presidential election. Virginia and the Border States were more deliberate; and Virginia's "pausing" was the theme of much mockery in the State and out of it, from friend and from foe alike. Her love of peace, her love of the Union, were set down now to cowardice, now to cunning. The Mother of States and Queller of Tyrants was caricatured as Mrs. Facing-both-ways; and the great commonwealth that even Mr. Lodge's statistics cannot displace from her leadership in the history of the country was charged with trading on her neutrality. Her solemn protest was unheeded. The "serried phalanx of her gallant sons" that should "prevent the passage of the United States forces" was an expression that amused Northern critics of style as a bit of antiquated Southern rodomontade. But the call for troops showed that the rodomontade meant something. Virginia had made her decision; and if the United States forces did not find a serried phalanx barring their way, — a serried phalanx is somewhat out of date, — they found something that answered the purpose as well.

The war began, the war went on. Passion was roused to fever heat. Both sides "saw red," that physiological condition which to a Frenchman excuses everything. The proverbial good humor of the American people did not, it is true, desert the country, and the Southern men who were in the field, as they were much happier than those who stayed at home, if I may judge by my own experience, were often merry enough by the camp fire, and exchanged rough jests with the enemy's pickets. But the invaded people were very much in earnest, however lightly some of their adversaries treated the matter, and as the pressure of the war grew tighter the more sombre did life become. A friend of mine, describing the crowd that besieged the Gare de Lyon in Paris, when the circle of fire was drawing round the city, and foreigners were hastening to escape, told me that the press was so great that he could touch in every direction those who had been crushed to death as they stood, and had not had room to fall. Not wholly unlike this was the pressure brought to bear on the Confederacy. It was only necessary to put out your hand and you touched a corpse; and that not an alien corpse, but the corpse of a brother or a friend. Every Southern man becomes grave when he thinks of that terrible stretch of time, partly, it is true, because life was nobler, but chiefly because of the memories of sorrow and suffering. A professional Southern humorist once undertook to write in dialect a Comic History of the War, but his heart failed him, as his public would have failed him, and the serial lived only for a number or two.

The war began, the war went on. War is a rough game. It is an omelet that cannot be made without breaking eggs, not only eggs *in esse*, but also eggs *in posse*. So far as I have read about war, ours was no worse than other wars. While it lasted, the conduct of the combatants on either side was represented in the blackest colors by the other. Even the ordinary and legitimate doing to death was considered criminal if the deed was done by a ruthless rebel or a ruffianly invader. Non-combatants were especially eloquent. In describing the end of a brother who had been killed while trying to get a shot at a Yankee, a Southern girl raved about the "murdered patriot" and the "dastardly wretch" who had anticipated him. But I do not criticise, for I remember an English account of the battle of New Orleans, in which General Pakenham was represented as having been picked

off by a "sneaking Yankee rifle." Those who were engaged in the actual conflict took more reasonable views, and the annals of the war are full of stories of battlefield and hospital in which a common humanity asserted itself. But brotherhood there was none. No alienation could have been more complete. Into the fissure made by the disruption poured all the bad blood that had been breeding from colonial times, from Revolutionary times, from constitutional struggles, from congressional debates, from "bleeding Kansas" and the engine-house at Harper's Ferry; and a great gulf was fixed, as it seemed forever, between North and South. The hostility was a very satisfactory one — for military purposes.

The war began, the war went on, — this politicians' conspiracy, this slaveholders' rebellion, as it was variously called by those who sought its source, now in the disappointed ambition of the Southern leaders, now in the desperate determination of a slaveholding oligarchy to perpetuate their power, and to secure forever their proprietorship in their "human chattels." On this theory the mass of the Southern people were but puppets in the hands of political wirepullers, or blind followers of hectoring "patricians." To those who know the Southern people nothing can be more absurd; to those who know their personal independence, to those who know the deep interest which they have always taken in politics, the keen intelligence with which they have always followed the questions of the day. The court-house green was the political university of the Southern masses, and the hustings the professorial chair, from which the great political and economical questions of the day were presented, to say the least, as fully and intelligently as in the newspapers to which so much enlightenment is attributed. There was no such system of rotten boroughs, no such domination of a landed aristocracy, throughout the South as has been imagined, and venality, which is the disgrace of current politics, was practically unknown. The men who represented the Southern people in Washington came from the people, and not from a ring. Northern writers who have ascribed the firm control in Congress of the national government which the South held so long to the superior character, ability, and experience of its representatives do not seem to be aware that the choice of such representatives and their prolonged tenure show that in politics, at least, the education of the Southerner had not been neglected. The rank and file then were not swayed simply by blind passion or duped by the representations of political gamesters. Nor did the lump need the leavening of the large percentage of men of the upper classes who served as privates, some of them from the beginning to the end of the war. The rank and file were, to begin with, in full accord with the great principles of the war, and were sustained by the abiding conviction of the justice of the cause. Of course there were in the Southern army, as in every army, many who went with the multitude in the first enthusiastic rush, or who were brought into the ranks by the needful process of conscription; but it is not a little remarkable that few of the poorest and the most ignorant could be induced to forswear the cause and to purchase release from the sufferings of imprisonment by the simple process of taking the oath. Those who have seen the light of battle on the faces of these humble sons of the South, or witnessed their steadfastness in camp, on the march, in the hospital, have not been ashamed of the brotherhood.

There is such a thing as fighting for a principle, an idea; but principle and idea must be incarnate, and the principle of States' rights was incarnate in the historical life of the Southern people. Of the thirteen original States, Virginia,

North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were openly and officially upon the side of the South. Maryland as a State was bound hand and foot. We counted her as ours, for the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay united as well as divided. Each of these States had a history, had an individuality. Every one was something more than a certain aggregate of square miles wherein dwelt an uncertain number of uncertain inhabitants, something more than a Territory transformed into a State by the magic of political legerdemain; a creature of the central government, and duly loyal to its creator.

In claiming this individuality, nothing more is claimed for Virginia and for South Carolina than would be conceded to Massachusetts and Connecticut; and we believed then that Massachusetts and Connecticut would not have behaved otherwise than we did, if the parts had been reversed. The brandished sword would have shown what manner of *placida quies* would have ensued, if demands had been made on Massachusetts at all commensurate with the Federal demands on Virginia. These older Southern States were proud of their history, and they showed their pride by girding at their neighbors. South Carolina had her fling at Georgia, her fling at North Carolina; and the wish that the little State had been scuttled at an early day was a plagiarism from classical literature that might have emanated from the South as well as from the North. Virginia assumed a superiority that was resented by her Southern sisters as well as by her Northern partners. The Old North State derided the pretensions of the commonwealths that flanked her on either side, and Georgia was not slow to give South Carolina as good as she sent. All this seemed to be harmless banter, but the rivalry was old enough and strong enough to encourage the hopes of the Union leaders that the Confederacy would split along state lines. The cohesive power of the Revolutionary war was not sufficiently strong to make the States sink their contributions to the common cause in the common glory. Washington was the one national hero, and yet the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston was named, not after the illustrious George, but after his kinsman, William. The story of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill did not thrill the South Carolinian of an earlier day, and those great achievements were actually criticised. Who were Putnam and Stark that South Carolinians should worship them, when they had a Marion and a Sumter of their own? Vermont went wild, the other day, over Bennington as she did not over the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown. Take away this local patriotism and you take out all the color that is left in American life. That the local patriotism may not only consist with a wider patriotism, but may serve as a most important element in wider patriotism, is true. Witness the strong local life in the old provinces of France. No student of history, no painter of manners, can neglect it. In Gerfaut, a novel written before the Franco-Prussian war, Charles de Bernard represents an Alsatian shepherd as saying, "I am not French; I am Alsatian," — "*trait de patriotisme de clocher assez commun dans la belle province du Rhin*," adds the author, little dreaming of the national significance of that "patriotisme de clocher." The Breton's love of his home is familiar to every one who has read his Renan, and Blanche Willis Howard, in Guenn, makes her priest exclaim, "Monsieur, I would fight with France against any other nation, but I would fight with Brittany against France. I love France. I am a Frenchman. But first of all I am a Breton." The Provençal speaks of France as if she were a foreign country, and fights for her as if she were his alone. What is true of France is true in a measure of England. Devonshire

men are notoriously Devonshire men first and last. If this is true of what have become integral parts of kingdom or republic by centuries of incorporation, what is to be said of the States that had never renounced their sovereignty, that had only suspended it in part?

The example of state pride set by the older States was not lost on the younger Southern States, and the Alabamian and the Mississippian lived in the same faith as did the stock from which they sprang; and the community of views, of interest, of social order, soon made a larger unit and prepared the way for a true nationality, and with the nationality a great conflict. The heterogeneousness of the elements that made up the Confederacy did not prove the great source of weakness that was expected. The Border States looked on the world with different eyes from the Gulf States. The Virginia farmer and the Creole planter of Louisiana were of different strains; and yet there was a solidarity that has never failed to surprise the few Northerners who penetrated the South for study and pleasure. There was an extraordinary ramification of family and social ties throughout the Southern States, and a few minutes' conversation sufficed to place any member of the social organism from Virginia to Texas. Great schools, like the University of Virginia, within the Southern border did much to foster the community of feeling, and while there were not a few Southerners at Harvard and Yale, and while Princeton was almost a Southern college, an education in the North did not seem to nationalize the Southerner. On the contrary, as in the universities of the Middle Ages, groups were formed in accordance with nativity; and sectional lines, though effaced at certain points, were strengthened at others. There may have been a certain broadening of view; there was no weakening of the home ties. West Point made fewer converts to this side and to that than did the Northern wives of Southern husbands, the Southern wives of Northern husbands.

All this is doubtless controvertible, and what has been written may serve only to amuse or to disgust those who are better versed in the facts of our history and keener analysts of its laws. All that I vouch for is the feeling; the only point that I have tried to make is the simple fact that, right or wrong, we were fully persuaded in our own minds, and that there was no lurking suspicion of any moral weakness in our cause. Nothing could be holier than the cause, nothing more imperative than the duty of upholding it. There were those in the South who, when they saw the issue of the war, gave up their faith in God, but not their faith in the cause.

It is perfectly possible to be fully persuaded in one's own mind without the passionate desire to make converts that animates the born preacher, and any one may be excused from preaching when he recognizes the existence of a mental or moral color-blindness with which it is not worth while to argue. There is no umpire to decide which of the disputants is color-blind, and the discussion is apt to degenerate into a wearisome reiteration of points which neither party will concede. Now this matter of allegiance is just such a question. Open the October number of The Atlantic and read the sketch of General Thomas, whom many military men on the Southern side consider to have been the ablest of all the Federal generals. He was, as every one knows, a Virginian, and it seemed to us that his being a Virginian was remembered against him in the Federal councils. "His severance," says the writer in The Atlantic, "from family and State was a keen trial, but 'his duty was clear from the beginning.' To his vision there was but one country, — the United States of America. He had few or no friends at the North. Its political policy had not seemed to him to be wise. But he could serve under

no flag except that which he had pledged his honor to uphold." Passing over the quiet assumption that the North was the United States of America, which sufficiently characterizes the view of the writer, let us turn to the contrast which would at once have suggested itself even if it had not been brought forward by the eulogist of Thomas. A greater than Thomas decided the question at the same time, and decided it the other way. To Lee's vision there was but one course open to a Virginian, and the pledge that he had given when Virginia was one of the United States of America had ceased to bind him when Virginia withdrew from the compact. His duty was clear from the hour when to remain in the army would have been to draw his sword against a people to whom he was "indissolubly bound."

These contrasted cases are indeed convenient tests for color-blindness. There may "arise a generation in Virginia," or even a generation of Virginians, "who will learn and confess" that "Thomas loved Virginia as well as" the sons "she has preferred to honor, and served her better." But no representative Virginian shares that prophetic vision; the color-blindness, on whichever side it is, has not yielded to treatment during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the close of the war, and may as well be accepted for an indefinite period. When social relations were resumed between the North and the South, — they followed slowly the resumption of business relations, — what we should call the color-blindness of the other side often manifested itself in a delicate reticence on the part of our Northern friends; and as the war had by no means constituted their lives as it had constituted ours for four long years, the success in avoiding the disagreeable topic would have been considerable, if it had not been for awkward allusions on the part of the Southerners, who, having been shut out for all that time from the study of literature and art and other elegant and uncompromising subjects, could hardly keep from speaking of this and that incident of the war. Whereupon a discreet, or rather an embarrassed silence, as if a pardoned convict had playfully referred to the arson or burglary, not to say worse, that had been the cause of his seclusion.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Lowell was lecturing in Baltimore, and during the month of his stay I learned to know the charm of his manner and the delight of his conversation. If I had been even more prejudiced than I was, I could not have withstood that easy grace, that winning cordiality. Every one knew where he had stood during the war, and how he had wielded the flail of his "lashing hail" against the South and the Southern cause and "Southern sympathizers." But that warfare was over for him, and out of kindly regard for my feelings he made no allusion to the great quarrel, with two exceptions. Once, just before he left Baltimore, he was talking as no other man could talk about the Yankee dialect, and turning to me he said with a half smile and a deep twinkle in his eye, "I should like to have you read what I have written about the Yankee dialect, but I am afraid you might not like the context." A few days afterwards I received from him the well-known preface to the Second Series of The Biglow Papers, cut out from the volume. It was a graceful concession to Southern weakness, and after all I may have been mistaken in thinking that I could read the Second Series as literature, just as I should read the Anti-Jacobin or the Twopenny Post Bag. In fact, on looking into the Second Series again, I must confess that I cannot even now discover the same merits that I could not help acknowledging in the First Series, which I read for the first time in 1850, when I was a student in Berlin. By that time I had recovered from my boyish enthusiasm over the Mexican war, and as my party had

been successful I could afford to enjoy the wit and humor of the book, from the inimitable Notices of an Independent Press to the last utterance of Birdofredum Sawin; and I have always remembered enough of the contents to make a psychological study of the Second Series a matter of interest, if it were not for other things.

On the second occasion we were passing together under the shadow of the Washington Monument, and the name of Lee came by some chance into the current of talk. Here Mr. Lowell could not refrain from expressing his view of Lee's course in turning against the government to which he had sworn allegiance. Doubtless he felt it to be his duty to emphasize his conviction as to a vital clause of his creed, but it instantly became evident that this was a theme that could not be profitably pursued, and we walked in silence the rest of the way, — the author of the line

"Virginia gave us this imperial man,"

and the follower of that other imperial man Virginia gave the world: both honest, each believing the other hopelessly wrong, but absolutely sincere.

Scant allusion has been made in this paper to the subject of slavery, which bulks so large in almost every study of the war. A similar scantiness of allusion to slavery is noticeable in the Memorial volume, to which I have already referred; a volume which was prepared, not to produce an impression on the Northern mind, but to indulge a natural desire to honor the fallen soldiers of the Confederacy; a book written by friends for friends. The rights of the State and the defense of the country are mentioned at every turn; "the peculiar institution" is merely touched on here and there, except in one passage in which a Virginian speaker maintains that as a matter of dollars and cents it would be better for Virginia to give up her slaves than to set up a separate government, with all the cost of a standing army which the conservation of slavery would make necessary. This silence, which might be misunderstood, is plain enough to a Southern man. Slavery was simply a test case, and except as a test case it is too complicated a question to be dealt with at the close of a paper which is already too long. Except as a test case it is impossible to speak of the Southern view of the institution, for we were not all of the same mind.

There were theorists who maintained that a society based on the rock of slavery was the best possible in a world where there must be a lowest order; and the doctrine of the "mudsill" as propounded by a leading thinker of this school evoked mud volcanoes all over the North. Scriptural arguments in defense of slavery formed a large part of the literature of the subject, and the hands of Southern clergymen were upheld by their conservative brothers beyond the border.

Some who had read the signs of the times otherwise knew that slavery was doomed by the voice of the world, and that no theory of society could withstand the advance of the new spirit; and if the secrets of all hearts could have been revealed, our enemies would have been astounded to see how many thousands and tens of thousands in the Southern States felt the crushing burden and the awful responsibility of the institution which we were supposed to be defending with the melodramatic fury of pirate kings. We were born to this social order, we had to do our duty in it according to our lights, and this duty was made indefinitely more difficult by the interference of those who, as we thought, could not understand the conditions of the problem, and who did not have to bear the expense of the experiments they proposed.

There were the practical men who saw in the negro slave an efficient laborer in a certain line of work, and there

were the practical men who doubted the economic value of our system as compared with that of the free States, and whom the other practical men laughed to scorn.

There was the small and eminently respectable body of benevolent men who promoted the scheme of African colonization, of which great things were expected in my boyhood. The manifest destiny of slavery in America was the regeneration of Africa.

The people at large had no theory, and the practice varied as much in the relation of master and servant as it varied in other family relations. Too much tragedy and too much idyl have been imported into the home life of the Southern people; but this is not the place to reduce poetry to prose.

On one point, however, all parties in the South were agreed, and the vast majority of the people of the North — before the war. The abolitionist proper was considered not so much the friend of the negro as the enemy of society. As the war went on, and the abolitionist saw the "glory of the Lord" revealed in a way he had never hoped for, he saw at the same time, or rather ought to have seen, that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty; else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled, and the horrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land. For the negro race does not deserve undivided praise for its conduct during the war. Let some small part of the credit be given to the masters, not all to the finer qualities of their "brothers in black." The school in which the training was given is closed, and who wishes to open it? Its methods were old-fashioned and were sadly behind the times, but the old schoolmasters turned out scholars who, in certain branches of moral philosophy, were not inferior to the graduates of the new university.

I have tried in this paper to reproduce the past and its perspective, to show how the men of my time and of my environment looked at the problems that confronted us. It has been a painful and I fear a futile task. So far as I have reproduced the perspective for myself it has been a revival of sorrows such as this generation cannot understand; it has recalled the hours when it gave one a passion for death, a shame of life, to read our bulletins. And how could I hope to reproduce that perspective for others, for men who belong to another generation and another region, when so many men who lived the same life and fought on the same side have themselves lost the point of view not only of the beginning of the war, but also of the end of the war, not only of the inexpressible exaltation, but of the unutterable degradation? They have forgotten what a strange world the survivors of the conflict had to face. If the State had been ours still, the foundations of the earth would not have been out of course; but the State was a military district, and the Confederacy had ceased to exist. The generous policy which would have restored the State and made a new union possible, which would have disentwined much of the passionate clinging to the past, was crossed by the death of the only man who could have carried it through, if even he could have carried it through; and years of trouble had to pass before the current of national life ran freely through the Southern States. It was before this circuit was complete that the principal of one of the chief schools of Virginia set up a tablet to the memory of the "old boys" who had perished in the war, — it was a list the length of which few Northern colleges could equal, — and I was asked to furnish a motto. Those who know classic literature at all know that for patriotism and friendship mottoes are not far to seek, but during the war I felt as I had never felt before

the meaning of many a classic sentence. The motto came from Ovid, whom many call a frivolous poet; but the frivolous Roman was after all a Roman, and he was young when he wrote the line, — too young not to feel the generous swell of true feeling. It was written of the dead Trojans: —

"Qui bene pro patria cum patriaque iacent."

The sentiment found an echo at the time, deserved an echo at the time. Now it is a sentiment without an echo, and last year a valued personal friend of mine, in an eloquent oration, a noble tribute to the memory of our great captain, a discourse full of the glory of the past, the wisdom of the present, the hope of the future, rebuked the sentiment as idle in its despair. As well rebuke a cry of anguish, a cry of desolation out of the past. For those whose names are recorded on that tablet the line is but too true. For those of us who survive it has ceased to have the import that it once had, for we have learned to work resolutely for the furtherance of all that is good in the wider life that has been opened to us by the issue of the war, without complaining, without repining. That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civil liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of state lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend, — song yet unsung, legend not yet crystallized.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

THE MISSING INTERPRETER.

Old Dave Plummet lived on the inner cove of Mackerel Harbor, close to the water. Twenty years before he had bought the little tract of land, just big enough for a house and a small garden. He had paid a hundred dollars for it. That was the time when you could fill a dory twice over in the day with cod from the mouth of the harbor; it was the good old time when trawls and nets and seines were not invented to impoverish the Atlantic and the fishermen; it was the golden time when a crew did not have to be intoxicated into shipping to the Grand Banks, and when most skippers banished liquor and even cards from their vessels.

But now the days were new. The village had grown into a town, and the town into a city, and the city had closed in around Dave's home. This made him no richer, for exorbitant taxes devoured the feeble satisfaction he felt in the increase of the value of his real estate.

Sell his home? Ask younger men than he to barter away what might be called their birthright; for these fishermen's huts, half in, half out of the water, become more like boats than houses to their aging owners. Dave Plummet was seventy-five years old. He was born in Mackerel Harbor, and clung to the cove he lived on and to the house he lived in as he did to Sukey, his wife, and to the other members of his household. You see, there were four in the family: Sukey,

who was ten years younger than her husband; Caddy, the cat, who was seventy-two years younger; and the dory, which was fifty-five years younger. Of these three, Dave spent most of his time with the dory.

It was an October evening, and already the sun was setting behind the copper-paint factory on the opposite side of the cove. Dave had just finished his supper of corned pollock, and, with lighted pipe, leaned back against the open door, watching his dory disappearing in misty shadows. It was a large dory, eighteen feet long; almost as many feet long as it was years old. It was painted a dull green on the outside, and its bottom had a coat of tar and kerosene. It was covered fore and aft along the rail. It had a mast, a mainsail, a jib, a centre-board, and several large pigs of iron as ballast. It was a genuine fisherman's dory, such as are used to go codfishing off the rocks.

"Why don't you get a sailing-boat?" For the last ten years neighbors and summer boarders had propounded this question. It was considered a poser. Sukey herself, after an unusually lucky season, had begged Dave to buy a sloop Down East. But the old man would always say, after a long pause: —

"Ain't I got what I want? She 's a ship, she is. There ain't nothin' safer in the harbor; an' then, one man can manage her; 'sides, if ther' ain't no air, I kin row her out an' in myself."

Then, if you saw his dory beating into Mackerel Harbor from Killick Ledge three miles out, from Drunken Ledge four miles out, or from Saturday Nights six miles out; if you watched her, with five hundredweight of fish in, set against a stiff nor'easter, snugly reefed and not shipping a drop of water over her lee rail, you would conclude that Dave was right to brag of his dory and to stick to it. But that was ten or fifteen years before, when such skill was due more to the man than to the boat, when his hand was steady and his eyes were clear. Then he was considered the best dory-fisherman off the coast. Nobody knew the marks of the feeding-grounds better than he. Nobody could predict more unerringly the day when the dogfish would strike, or divine more quickly the rock bottom which the "dogs" passed by. For twenty years Dave Plummet had been "high line;" but now he was seventy-five years old, as old for his kind as the dory was for its kind. His arms were beginning to find it hard work to gaff the largest pollock and cod, and to haul them in; and his eyes were often unable to distinguish the lighthouse in the hollow and the rock opposite the barn, and other marks along the shore.

Give up his dory? It meant to stagnate like rain water in the crevasses of the granite coast; it meant to be consumed by the desperation of longing for a life's habit. At his age, it meant to die. What would old Dave do, if he had not his four-o'clock breakfast; if he could not get under way from the cove in company with his mates; if he could not gossip morning after morning at the trap about the prospects of the weather or of the fishing, or dispute the speed credited to the latest "flying-fisherman," or tell how times were changed, while he waited for tinkers, or squid, or blueback, or herring for his day's bait? It had never occurred to him that he could give it up. His wildest nightmare after a supper of griddle-cakes had never compassed such a thing.

But as he grew more unsteady about the hands and dimmer about the eyes, his old wife saw him off every morning with apprehension, and watched for him at noon with increasing anxiety. She did not mind it so much that for the last two summers he had not caught enough to pay for food and coal; but oh, if he should never come back at all!

Cap'n Joe, his next-door neighbor, had often begged Dave to give up dory-fishing, but Sukey had never asked him

to do so. For, although he was a kind man, he was an obstinate husband, and detested female worry.

Now to-day the first real shock had come to her. Cap'n Joe had just come in and told her all about it. Dave had barely escaped being run down by a big schooner. He was sailing home with only fifty weight of fish in. He had not seen the great banker until it was right upon him. The steersman of the banker supposed that the dory would tack out of his way, and so kept straight on.

"It were a narrer squeeze," remarked Cap'n Joe. "If the skipper had n't yanked the hellum hard down, it 'u'd been all up with uncle Dave. I felt hot an' cold up an' down my column, until it sweat out my head. Ye 'd better keep him ter home arter this. Dave is gett'n' a leetle old fur fishin' off the rocks. He kin go shares in my boat if he wants ter."

When Dave got home that afternoon, a little later than ordinary, he did not say much, nor Sukey either. The one felt the humiliation of his first nautical carelessness, and was already morbid over it. The other was gathering courage for the demand that the wife felt it right at last to make.

"I hope Dave 'll be reasonable," she kept saying to herself. "We ain't hed a fallin' out fur since I don't remember when. I do hope he 'll be reasonable."

At last — it seemed a great while longer than usual — the early supper was over, and Sukey kept glancing furtively at her husband as he sat in the red sunlight, tipped back against the outside of the house.

He had a hard, suspicious look about the eyes that evening, as if he felt he deserved what was coming, and were ready to fight it. His neck, ravined with intersecting wrinkles, shone bronze in the setting light. His matted beard, long since tanned out of its original color, and now faded into a sickly yellowish-gray, hid the hand that rested under the chin. For the first time the old man felt a sullen resentment against his seventy-five years. The prospect of being limited in any way unmanned him. He had been as free — why, as free as a fish all his life. No unnetted cod had more liberty. He struggled as if he were seined. *She* could not understand: she was a woman.

"Dave! I want to speak to ye." Sukey was trembling as she advanced toward him. She was a gaunt woman, gray and tall.

He turned his head uneasily toward the dory beyond the wall, and without an answer got up and walked to his hauling-line. This was made fast upon the handles of two broken oars which stuck out of the ground at that edge of the garden that stopped at the sea wall.

His wife followed him out. They both walked slowly: he, because of the thoughts that pounded within his brain; she, because of the inflammatory rheumatism which had laid her up the winter before.

"Dave!" she repeated. "Let the dory stand this ev'n'n', fur I want to talk with ye." She laid her bony hand, that had cooked for him, mended for him, washed for him, worked out for him, and been true to him for forty-seven years, upon his shirt-sleeve.

Dave had never been rough to his wife. He loved her after his own fashion — next to the dory; but this evening he shook her off rudely.

"But, Dave!"

"What d' ye want?" came back in gruff sea tones.

He was about to unhitch the hauling-line and draw in his dory hand over hand, when he felt something pulling at his left knee. It was accompanied by a familiar sensation. Caddy, the third member of the family, the great black cat, who always followed her master's motions of evenings, had now raised herself, with a superb arch, upon her hind-paws, and, with what she thought was

an irresistible caress, clawed the rough cloth playfully. Caddy never presumed to remonstrate with Dave in the morning, when he took his dory ; but to have the family apart after supper was too serious a matter to go unquestioned. The black cat knew as well as Sukey did what it meant to have Dave untie his hauling-line. The man bent to stroke the cat, who dared to be bolder than his wife. As he did so, a pleasant expression came slowly across his face. Perhaps the cat recalled to him his tenderest memory, his most poignant grief.

Three years before, the dread of Dave Plummet's unimaginative life came to pass. His only son, who had a good position in the counting-room of a fish-firm, became a drunkard. The natural sequence followed: the young man lost his character and his situation ; and the familiar curse, whose misery Dave had watched among his neighbors all his life, struck home now to his own heart.

In those days, momentous in the history of two obscure families, Dave became a grandfather. His son reeled home one night to find a live baby and a dead wife, and a few days after shipped somewhere, in a drunk, and had not been heard of since.

Of course Sukey took the child, and of course she and the old fisherman began to love it. When the baby was six months old, that they might purify it from paternal taint, the grandparents called in the clergyman of the fishermen's Bethel and had the child solemnly christened. They gave it the name of Caddy. But love, its mother's name, persistent care, and piety could not withstand the vicious inheritance. Caddy died, and in a poor corner of the storm-swept cemetery, upon the bleak hill, there is a little mound beside a larger one. Two dead wreaths still cling upon it. A granite slab bears this economical inscription : —

OUR CADDY.

ANCHORED ABOVE.

Call it coincidence or call it Providence, as you please, but the night the baby was buried a stray cat came to the house. She was a handsome, affectionate cat, and immediately appropriated a warm spot behind the kitchen stove, and another in Sukey's heart. How the old people came to pass on the name of the child to the cat no one could tell, they themselves least of all ; but they did. It was one of those freaks of the rare imagination which visits simple homes like theirs, and which is more persistent because of its unfamiliarity. The neighbors were scandalized. Cap'n Joe and his wife, Mary Sarah, took the ground that it was heretical ; there were not wanting original minds in the cove who called it heathenish. But Caddy the cat was called, and Caddy she remained. The neighbors in time grew used to Caddy, and forgot their theological criticism ; and Caddy walked to and fro, unmaligned and unmolested.

Now, as the old man stroked the cat, he thought, " Caddy don't call me old, nor pester me about the dory, nor tell me to stop fishin', as them women do," and his heart softened toward Caddy, the cat, and hardened toward Sukey, his wife.

Sukey, seeing his features lighten, mistook her opportunity, and laying her hand again, very gently, upon his arm, she said : " Come inter the house, Dave, an' sit down an' smoke by the fire. We hain't hed a talk fur an age."

" Let me 'lone ! I 'm goin' to bail out my dory," he growled ; but he redoubled his attentions to the cat.

" 'T ain't rained, Dave," pleaded his wife eagerly. She felt afraid of this morose mood ; but it had come to the pass that she must speak now, or die of anxiety. " Don't go to the dory again, Dave. Ye ain't fit. Ye ain't as strong as ye used to be." She paused, trembling at her new-found audacity. She wondered how she had dared to say as much as she did. If he had been

any other kind of a man, it would have been easy; but to ask *him*, who, in the coast phrase, "never knew his own strength," who had never seen his own will obstructed, and who did not understand that he had become an old man, — to ask Dave to tear himself from the habits of twenty years, and tell him why, was the most serious and heroic act in her marital experience of nearly half a century. Why, she had put this moment off for five summers, and only a sick woman knows the physical exhaustion that such an interview exacts.

She waited a few moments for an answer, but none came.

Her husband stared stolidly at the dory as it rapidly became obliterated in the black-tinted cove. But she had breached the wall, and there was no retreat.

"Dave, I want you to promise me to give up the dory an' fishin', an' stay to home. A wife orter have some rights after a-livin' with one man forty-seven year. Yer gettin' old, Dave, an' ye ain't what ye was when we fust kept company, me an' you."

Sukey stopped and panted. It had grown so dark that, under the apple-tree where they stood, she could not see his face, but she could hear him mutter.

"'T ain't much to ask," she continued gently.

He stood stolidly and permitted her touch of entreaty.

"They said ye hed a narrer escape to-day. Yer a little slow of seein', — thet 's what 's the matter."

"Who toll ye?" he asked, with surly suspicion.

She did not answer.

"Who toll ye, I say? Tell me his name! He hain't no friend o' mine." He took the hand upon his arm and squeezed it roughly.

"Ye hurt me, Dave. Ye would n't hurt yer wife, would ye?"

"No," he growled, flinging her hand away, "'case yer a woman. I would n't hurt no woman. I ain't done so yet. But ye must shet up on the fishin' talk, fur I won't take nobody's lip about my fishin'."

"But I *must*, Dave. I 'm your wife. Hain't I got a right?" Her voice took on a tone of dignity. "Don't I cook for ye, an' get up every mornin' afore daylight, rain or shine, to get ye yer breakfast, when I 'd 'nough rather sleep, an' need it, for I 'm gett'n' old, too?"

"I 'll make me own coffee arter this," he mumbled.

"'T ain't that, Dave. Ye know 't ain't that. Ye ain't fit to go dory-fishin'. Yer old wife wants ye to stay ashore the rest of yer life with her. 'T ain't much to ask at our time of life, Dave."

The pathetic entreaty made in her low, broken, frightened voice ought to have been enough to disarm any man. But this hoary fisherman, who was as firmly set in his daily life as the black fault of trap is in its granite matrix, listened to her with increasing anger. Why should she presume to keep an able-bodied man from his work? What else could he do but fish? At fifteen he had served his apprenticeship on a Grand-Banker; and from that time he had fished every day, except when he landed a trip, or Sundays, or Fourth of July, or when a storm kept him at home. When he became blind or disabled he would quit, but not before. Such thoughts worked within him and mastered him. Was not his unimpeached manhood wronged by his wife, and should he not be exasperated by it?

"Ain't I bin a-goin' fur sixty year, an' ain't I bin dory-fishin' fur twenty-five year, an' ain't bin lost yet? What 'u'd I do if I did n't go? By gorry! neither you nor nobody else kin stop me. D' ye hear thet? Now shet up. I tell ye, so help me God. I 'll go till I die!" He spoke passionately, raising his hand with a final oath; then he sharply turned and went into the kitchen, and slammed the door after him.

Slowly, sick at heart, but not wholly exhausted of courage, Sukey followed him. She found him in his old seat beside the stove, surlily filling his pipe, with the cat purring happily in his lap. He did not look up when she entered, but his brow grew darker at the sound of her approach. She noticed this, and then for the first time she began to lose her temper. She was a Methodist, and devout. Her voice had gradually acquired a sing-song tone, such as is common with uncultured exhorters. It was in such a voice of rising and falling quavers, of deep notes and falsetto intervals, that she had been pleading with him until now.

Beyond the frown, Dave took no notice of her as she entered. The baffled woman, feeling that she must gain her point, yet not knowing how to begin again, busied herself in tidying up the kitchen. Although her feet ached so that it seemed to her it would be a relief to have them cut off, she did not sit down. She thought that such a sign of weakness would be interpreted as a concession. As she put away her dishes she thought of her hard life, of her lonely home, of that eroding anxiety from which a fisherman's wife is never free. Any night she might look in vain for the dingy sail. Any morning's "Good-by, Dave," might be the last word. She never parted with him, if she could help it, with an untender word. "'T ain't much to do," she often said to herself, "to hev a pleasant rek'lectshun of our last meet'n', if he don't come back." It occurred to her, as she bent over her pretended work at cleaning the sink, that it was about time to have relief after nearly half a century of watching the boats and the weather. Now, too, when the Lord had smitten him with a solemn warning.

She began to feel that she could stand the silence no longer. With a voice made uniform by deep feeling, and the braveness of a woman sure of the rights of her case, she approached her husband and stood before his chair.

"Eddy George has got eighty thousand jest come in from the Banks this mornin'. Tom 's got the fever, an' they wants a new hand on the wharf fur weighin'. Eddy asked me if ye 'd come to-morrer at six. I told him I thought ye would, seein' it 's twenty-five cents an hour, an' easy work." Her voice grew firmer as she finished and waited for his answer.

He cast up at her a quick look that expressed more fully than words the contempt which the catcher of live fish feels for the handler of dead ones. The one leads an untrammeled life of danger, of excitement, of change, and of hope; the other, the slimy existence of a snail upon an unsavory wharf. The one is poetry, the other prose. The one always expects to support his family for months by a single lucky stroke; the other does it by persistent days' labor, with no luck in the balance.

"I ain't hed to work on the wharves yet, an' I ain't goin' to start in now. Eddy George kin go to —"

The old man brought his fist down on his knee as he spoke; the round of the chair under his foot gave way with a crash, and his two feet came down with a startling stamp. The cat, frightened at being thrown to the floor, scurried under the stove. There are some natures so controlled that it is impossible for another to provoke them to an explosion; but let some sudden maladroitness of their own occur, in an unguarded moment, allowing their rage open spite against themselves, it bursts all barriers like a great inundation. This unforeseen accident to his favorite chair first inflamed Dave's wrath against himself, and then against his wife. He trembled in every muscle, yet she did not retreat. She too had the temper and the courage of her hot-blooded ancestry. Now that it had inevitably come to the battle, she felt that right and love were

on her side, and her poor old limbs and her quavering voice took strength from the moral consciousness.

"Ye did it!" he snarled, standing up. "Ye 'd better go, an' let me alone. Don't ye speak. Hain't I fed ye for forty-seven year, an' ye shall" —

"Ye hain't. Ye hain't made 'nough fur the last two year, Dave, to feed the cat. Thet 's the straight truth, — thet is. They say ye can't see the marks, an' of course ye can't catch no fish when yer off the grounds; only a cunner, or a rock cod or two, or a sculpin. Hain't I taken in mendin' fur the last three year, since baby died, ter pay the bills? Hain't I gone out washin' on the sly, an' hain't told ye before, an' ye never know'd it? Hain't I set hungry here that ye might hev enough when ye came home tuckered out? Don't ye say no more to me about feedin', Dave! I can't allow it." Aggravated into this confession of the want which she had proudly concealed from him, she now cast it at him as if it were a stone.

Her husband fell back a step, as if he had been struck in a vital spot. His face assumed a frightful expression. The fact that he believed the assertion to be true only enraged him the more. What worse insult can a man receive from his wife than the taunt that he is incapable of supporting the family?

"It 's a — lie," he stammered. "Take it back, or, by gorry, I 'll make ye!"

"Thet 's it," replied the undaunted woman, towering to his own height. "Starve me, an' then beat me. Ye ain't no man of mine."

He had taken her harshly by the arm. Was he about to strike his wife for the first time? He did not know what he would do. His eyes grew bloodshot and dim. A vague longing for revenge overpowered him. His hands began to tremble violently.

"That 's a — lie. Git out! I 'll never speak to ye again, so help me God!" For the second time that evening he flung her arm away from him, but this time feebly.

Sukey did not notice any change in him. She almost wished that he had struck her. When morning came, the blow would have gained her point; but at what a cost!

"Look ye here, Dave," she said in a caustic tone. "Ye have told me twice thet I lie. Ye know I spoke the truth. Ye orter be ashamed of yerself. An' if ye don't want ter speak to me agin, I kin stand it; an' I won't speak to ye neither until ye give up the dory, an' stay to home where ye belong."

Panting with indignation, astounded at her own bitterness and temerity, she waited for a reply. Instinctively she put up her hand to ward off the blow that was certain to fall. But neither word nor violence came. With a low groan Dave sank back into his chair. Caddy, the cat, jumped up on his lap contentedly. He closed his eyes, and the color faded from his face.

Sukey started to say "Dave!" but stopped. Her anger had fallen as the wind before the rain. She looked at him a trifle apprehensively, but he quieted her fears by stroking the cat. She waited about for a few minutes nervously, not knowing what to do; then she left the room and went to bed, and wept convulsively, with tearless eyes, far into the dismal night.

Now it is a fact which the narrator is compelled to record that the threat of these two old people, made in hot blood, was kept in cool. For nearly three years, with a deliberation and a steadfastness worthy of better things, they kept the word which they had pledged in anger. He did not speak to her, nor she to him. One would have thought that they were old enough to know better. But pride does not age. It never does know better: that is the trouble. They both belonged to that primal New England stock which is rapidly dying out, and which you can

no more tear from its notions than you can tear the earshell from its grip upon the submerged rocks. When they had "passed their word," and began to carry it out, they stood to it as the boulder stands to its base upon the granite cliff.

The next morning Dave lit the kitchen fire and made his own coffee before daybreak, filled his stone jug with spring water, took half a loaf of bread, and disappeared with his dory before his wife was up. The feeling that he had been wronged did not leave him for a moment. It did not occur to Sukey, on the other hand, to entertain a thought of compromise, unless it should come, as the law phrase puts it, from "the party of the second part."

When Dave returned to his home, just before sunset, long after supper time, Sukey received him mechanically. She set before him cold corned beef, cold pie, and hot tea, of which he partook in cold silence. So determined were they not to speak at this first interview that the effort not to talk was already the most natural thing in the world. It was not resentment, but crystallized tenacity, which at the end of the week turned the fixed idea into a settled fact, and habitual silence between this husband and his wife set in with ominous calm. To break this mute contract seemed to each an impossible dishonor, — worse than to steal herring from another man's nets, or to stock a grog-shop for entrapping fishermen and shipping a returned crew.

But the iron mask of dumbness must not conceal all the features of the heart. Besides, neighbors had to be considered. If it were known in Mackerel Cove that Dave Plummet and his wife "did not speak," the sinners would be besieged by a mob of friends and relatives, and thousand-feathered rumor would work a quarrel into a scandal. Thus it came about that the woman, who had the hard time of it, sitting at home, sewing laboriously, saving penuriously, generally alone, — the woman fell into the way of talking to the cat.

"Go, Caddy, an' see if yer master is comin' home," she would say, when the noon sun came. And Caddy would go to the kitchen door that commanded the inner cove and the fish wharves diagonally opposite, and arch her back, rubbing it against the side of the steps, purring vigorously.

"What shall I give him fur dinner, Caddy?"

"Run an' tell yer master to hurry up, or the vittles 'll get cold, Caddy."

Then Dave, who was only a little more bull-necked than the rest of his class, would nod cheerfully in return and answer, "Tell yer missus, Caddy, that as soon as I hang up my oilskins I 'll be there."

"Go, Caddy, an' tell yer master ther' ain't no wood left."

"Whach ye want, Caddy, this time?" The old man would lean over and stroke the lamp-black cat. "Yer a nice critter, you be. Want wood, do ye? Ye shall hev it. Run to yer missus an' tell her I 'll split 'nough of this here driftwood to last till day arter to-morrer."

And the cat, apparently understanding her new mission in life, would dutifully, and yet with a certain coquettish grace never absent from her kind, trot back, and arch herself, and stretch her claws, and beg the reward of a piece of fish.

At four o'clock in the morning you might hear a voice, hoarse like the October wind upon the red shore, call from below, "Caddy! Git up, Caddy! It 's nigh daylight."

And the answer would come in the sing-song quaver, in a voice pseudomorph after his own: "Caddy! Run an' tell yer master I 'll be down in a jiffy. Tell him to light the fire an' put the water on to bile."

Thus did love compromise with what they considered necessity. But neither spoke to the other. The cat was the sole interpreter.

So the time passed for three summers. Years fly as men slip past the grim keeper of the seventieth toll-gate; but they are counted with groans, and not with smiles. Old Dave no longer fished for cod upon the rocks. Indeed, sometimes he tried to make up his mind to give up dory-fishing altogether; but his pride would not yield to his weakness. Then the dory began to show undeniable signs of dissolution: this touched him deeper than his own disability. When, in the spring, with the friendly aid of Cap'n Joe, he hauled the dory above high-water mark, and nailed and calked the garboard streak again, counted the other vital repairs that ought to be made in her, made some of them and tried to forget the rest, and then put on a "light lick" of coal tar and kerosene upon her bottom, he felt as if he should never do this again.

"Ye 'd better look out, Dave, an' not jump around thet dory of yourn too lively," said Cap'n Joe warningly. "Ye could put yer toe through anywheres, — yer dory is so wormy as thet."

From that time Dave always wore rubber boots in his dory, and whenever he moved he did it as gingerly as if he were sailing on tissue paper.

Dave had gradually diminished the radius of his fishing operations. When he could no longer find the marks for Killick Ledge, or Saturday Nights, or Spot o' Rocks, he contented himself by casting anchor a hundred yards outside the black buoy at the mouth of the harbor. But now he could not see more than a hundred yards off, and he had several times missed the red Life-Saving Station, the easiest mark of all. This summer he took to coasting along the shore, following the western side of the harbor until about two miles out. There he fished for cunners. He was not strong enough to haul lobster-pots. But cunners brought a cent apiece. Sometimes he made "as high" as two dollars a day, selling them for the city market. But what a descent, from cod to cunners! He felt himself now on a level with the Irishmen who scoured the waters for the same game in their ungainly black sloops, which the fishermen contemptuously called "kemoilyers." However, Dave never deigned to catch cunners with a scoop-net. True, he might have trebled his receipts that way. But should he, the mighty fisherman of old, entrap a cunner but by a hook? He would live and die a legitimate fisherman. Seines and trawls and nets were an abomination to him.

A marked change began to come over him as he reached the third summer of his resolution. Dave, in his seventy-eighth year, made a discovery. He began — who could say how? — to compute the value of home. He did n't start off mornings much before six, — as late as that, — and even then he seemed to tear himself away; he was sure to return by noon. That constituted his day's work. It was not that he loved his dory less, but his cottage more. Then he began to plant the garden, and to raise a few sunflowers and cauliflowers and potatoes. He took an old dory that had made its last voyage ten years before, filled it with earth, sowed it with garden seed, and covered it with a condemned herring net, to keep his neighbor's chickens out. This he presented to Caddy, with the suggestion that she give it to her mistress.

"Thank ye, Caddy," said Sukey. "It 's a pretty garding. I 'm much obliged to ye, tell yer master, Caddy."

Sukey was almost happy in these days. She brought her knitting, or her apples to pare, or peas to shell, and sat under the shade of the apple-tree and worked and watched her husband in a contented dream.

Caddy, the cat, worked too. That member of the household was never allowed to be out of sight. Never since the days of the Pharaohs did a cat have kinder or more exacting owners.

If she disappeared for half an hour, the machinery of the household became utterly out of gear. Then Dave ran as fast as he could in one direction, and Sukey hobbled as well as she could in another, and Caddy invariably turned up from somewhere else, with an amused glitter in her eyes, and sat demurely washing her face with alternate paws, guarding the empty premises until the anxious couple hurried back, almost beside themselves and out of breath. They dared not punish her for such innocent escapades, for fear she would run away forever. The old woman would scold her mildly: "Oh, Caddy, ye sinner ye! An' I 've bin runnin' round the square huntin' creation for ye."

"Ye sha'n't hev that herrin' I fetched home fur ye," Dave would say sternly. "Now ask yer mistress if I had n't better take the clothes-line down. It nigh tuk my head off. I forgit it every time I move."

And Sukey would answer cheerfully: "Naughty Caddy! Naughty cat! Ye skinned out! Ye 'll have no supper fur that. Jest go an' tell yer master he kin take it down when he 's a mind ter, an' ask him ter step aroun' to the store an' git a pound of butter. We 're all out. I declare, it 's time to set fur supper."

In those latter days, supper was the most important meal of this household. They were too bitterly poor to have meat more than once a week; but when they did have it it was fried for supper. Breakfast was only a hurried cup of coffee with condensed milk and a piece of bread. Dinner was a variable meal, and became princely when Dave caught a chance haddock, or somebody on the wharves gave him a slice of halibut: then they had a chowder or a luscious fry; otherwise, potatoes and flakes of dried cod formed the staple diet. But Sukey tried to have a variety for tea. This evening they had liver, partly for Caddy's sake, but chiefly as a surprise for Dave.

"Ye kin tell him ter wash up, an' keep out of the kitchen till I call ye, Caddy."

"Here, Caddy! She wants ter come it on us. Give her her own way, puss. We know what she 's got, don't we, Caddy? Ain't we smellin' on it?" He went obediently to the pump, followed by the great black cat, who eyed him philosophically. Dave washed his furrowed face slowly, thinking with an old man's tenderness about his wife, whom he was just beginning to understand after fifty years of companionship, and with whom he was not on speaking terms.

Then came the summons which he began to love, in the voice that he had learned to depend upon: "Caddy! Call master to supper!"

"God bless me home," thought the gruff old fellow, as he sat down to his smoking meal. Somehow his rheumy eyes had to be wiped. His love had found its way to the surface too late. How he longed to tell her this! But he could n't. He did n't know how. He was n't in the habit of saying sweet things to his wife. Besides, he never would speak to her again — unless she spoke first. He began to talk to the cat about the liver.

"Caddy run away to-day, an' can't hev any," returned Sukey, pushing the persistent creature over to her husband.

"Tell yer missus I stocked eighty-two cents to-day, an' sixty-three yesterday. They say mack'rel is as scerce ez rebels. The bluefish druv 'em all off the coast. There ain't no cunners, Caddy, to speak on, neither." The veteran wiped his mouth on his shirt-sleeve with a happy air, and proudly pulled out a leathern pouch, and as proudly counted out his two days' gains upon the table, minus ten cents for a package of navy plug. He was as happy as a boy, when he made a dollar.

"That 's handsome on him, Caddy," answered Sukey, bending over the cat. "Tell him he hev done better 'n I expected. Fish is so intoler'ble scerce."

"It seems ter me, puss," began Dave, hunting with his eyes under the table for the cat, in order that the delusion might be the more honest (they never looked each other in the face while they were in the act of addressing Caddy, — they looked at the cat; but when the sentence was well finished, then the eyes of each sought the other; they were above practicing deception upon their black companion), — "it seems ter me thet this is a toler'ble happy home. Ain't you happy, Caddy? Ask yer missus if she ain't."

Sukey flushed tenderly. "Tell him, Caddy, we 're gett'n' on too old to be mean-sperited. It orter to be easy fur old married folks like us to be straight-spoken an' good one to t' other. Ain't thet so, Caddy?"

They both bent to stroke their daily interpreter; as they did so their hands touched and clasped. Such emotion was rare with these old hearts which had existed so many years together, and were just beginning to live for each other. Through their bitterness and their three years of silence they had found their honeymoon, and did not know it.

They were much moved, and for a few moments neither had strength to address the cat. At last, the man, a little ashamed of his feelings, started for the door.

"Run out, Caddy," he called, "an' see if it 'll be a southerly to-morrer. If the wind 'll blow light southerly, I 'll go out at four in the mornin', an' then lay her up fur a couple of days, perhaps fur more. Her bottom needs a good dryin'." He added the last explanation to satisfy his own conscience; for this was the greatest concession which he had made since that dreadful evening. The clasp of his wife's work-hardened hands had wrung a noble resolution from him. He would give up his dory. This was a decision nothing less than tremendous to the blear-eyed, tremulous fisherman. In stormy weather a man expected to stay at home. But to give up the dory, and the freedom that goes with it, in midsummer and with fair skies, — this was a cruel experiment. Yet he had got so far as this — for her sake; but he felt that it would be a mortal wrench. Less changes than that have killed men grown white in their daily routine.

The aged wife followed him to the door, and watched him going to see if his dory-line were thoroughly made fast for the night.

"It 's too good ter believe, Caddy," she said softly. "I 've bin wait'n' so long. Run an' ask him, Caddy, if he really means ter stay ter home."

The next day, at noon, when he had brought his dory to its moorings, he was met by Sukey, who trembled in every limb. She looked at him like a dumb animal that has received a deadly hurt. Dave almost forgot himself. In his excitement he started to ask her what was the matter; then he remembered. He hauled his dory out on the line as fast as he could, and hurried up to the garden and looked about for his interpreter.

"Caddy!" he cried in a hoarse, quavering voice. Then he looked at his wife, and by the hopeless expression of her face knew that Caddy was not there. He did not call again. He felt that it was useless. He walked slowly toward the house.

Here was a catastrophe. Neither knew what to do, nor how to communicate with the other. They regarded each other dumbly. It never occurred to either to speak directly out. They did not understand that they could. The habit of silence had become a second nature. The old woman was the first to break the uncomfortable pause.

"Caddy!" she called in a trembling voice. "Ain't I hunted fur ye since six in the mornin' every blessed minute, everywheres? Come, Caddy, come home. Po-or Caddy! Oh me! Whatever is goin' to become of us without Caddy?"

But the cat did not present herself, and the problem of the situation deepened.

Dave hunted far into the night. His neighbors offered various views of the case. Cap'n Joe, not having an original mind, thought that the cat must have been killed by a dog. His wife, Mary Sarah, suggested kidnapping by an Italian salt-bark that went out at high tide at ten o'clock. Theories there were plenty, but cat there was none.

That night, for the first time, the two old people sat alone in the kitchen, and their oath was between them. Neither dared to look at the other. They sighed and sat apart, glanced wistfully every now and then at the open door, and sighed again. Even Dave's pipe afforded him no consolation that dismal night. In a fit of desperation Sukey went feebly over to Mary Sarah to borrow her cat for the night. "There are rats," she explained. But the cat, who remembered too well Caddy's jealous claws, would not be caught.

A catless and silent evening followed. Only the clock talked. She — one calls clocks by the feminine appellative in Mackerel Cove — she expostulated.

The next morning, adrift in this new sea of loneliness, the aged couple awoke at daylight, renewed the search for their interpreter until long past the breakfast hour, then ate, then called and searched again. By noon the conviction that Caddy would never come back, was probably dead, began to force itself upon them. It seemed as if they could not bear the bereavement. It was worse than if they had lost a relative. They felt that they had lost themselves. They were hardly able to sit down to their choking meal. They ate convulsively, furtively watching each other. Both had grown very old during the night. In spite of the self-imposed barrier between them, each felt nearer than usual to the other. It was as if they had been suddenly deserted by all the world.

As they sat silently moving their lips and looking at each other with longing eyes, the woman formed a great resolution.

"Ain't he give up the dory?" she argued to herself between the gulps of coffee. "Then ain't it my duty to speak to him, even if I said I would n't? 'T ain't like breakin' yer word. 'T won't hurt the Lord none."

She became hot, then pale, at the mere thought of speaking to her own husband. The blood welled at her heart and almost suffocated her. Would he stare at her in dumb scorn, or would he answer? Before she knew what she was doing, the woman, frightened, choking, lifted up her voice and spoke.

What did she say? What should she say? Did she cry out to him, falling on his neck, pleading forgiveness or extending it, pleading for tenderness or offering it? Into what dramatic crisis did this domestic tragedy burst? In what passionate language did she cover the story of their folly and regret and suffering? She said: "Dave, dear, ye hain't got 'nough sugar in yer cup. Let me give ye some more." That was all.

It was not much to say after years of silence, but, such as it was, it was half enough to kill her. She burst into a great sob. She got up and made as if she would move toward him, then stopped.

"Don't be mad, Dave. I had ter speak, we 're so lonely, an' I could n't help it. Say something, Dave. Oh me! Oh me! Ain't ye my husband? Speak to me, Dave!"

With this, for she could bear no more, she fell at his feet.

The old man looked down upon his wife with an expression of bewilderment, as if a cloud-burst had overwhelmed him. He did not understand at first. He wanted to speak, to comfort her, but he could not. His voice, obedient to long custom, still refused to come — for *her*. He lifted her and put her on a chair. He

was greatly moved as he looked at her. Mechanically he stroked her head. A hoarse, animal sound came from his throat, but no word. He walked about the room helplessly, not knowing what to do. And now a great struggle boiled within the old fisherman's soul. His masculine pride was at bay. Would it surrender to the woman or not?

Through the door his eye caught sight of the hauling-line of his dory. This familiar object seemed to steady his intellect. He tottered out to it, and stood for a long time regarding his boat. But Sukey stayed within the house and washed the dishes. When she had put away the tumblers she began to pray.

Perhaps it was half an hour before he looked back through the open kitchen door. His dim eyes saw the bent shadow pass to and fro within. He started, and halted, and started again. The struggle that he had thought decided began once more as he approached the house. In his life he had never given in, and now that he was old should he begin? The storm-chiseled lines upon his face grew hard. But it was his home, and it was his wife.

He stopped in the doorway, looked back at the dory and upon his life, and then looked in. She sat crouching before the stove, the tears dripping from her meagre cheeks. She did not look up. She was afraid to.

Dave walked slowly in. What was this new feeling that rose straight from his heart to his throat and throttled him? He waited until that spasm was over, not daring to move, hardly to breathe. Was it death? If so, he must hurry, before it smote again.

"Sukey," he said, steadying himself by the back of her chair, and speaking as quietly as if it were of no consequence whether he spoke or not, "I 'm goin' to sell her fur what I kin get, an' stay ashore with you arter this." He pointed to the bank off which the dory lay. "I won't go fishin' no more. I guess I kin pick up a dollar or so about the wharves."

"Oh, *Dave!*" cried the woman, on a high, hysteric key; but she recovered herself immediately. "I don't ask ye to do that, Dave. Ye 'd better not sell her yet; ye might want her to go ter the harbor with."

In this simple way they both made atonement. They did not beg each other's pardon, but, as so frequently happens after a quarrel, each took the other's point of view.

For three days they lived together. Dave did not even leave the garden. They had never lived in this way before. Now it seemed a necessity. They gave up looking for or awaiting the cat. They were surprised to find that they did not miss her as they had expected to. They forgot that they no longer needed an interpreter. During life's rare honeymoons great losses are small affairs. It is then that friends are not a necessary luxury.

For three days Dave puttered about the house. The weather was divine. The first day he grumbled over an old song; the second day he whistled at it; and the third day Sukey found him, in the morning, sitting under the apple-tree regarding the dory restlessly. He tried hard not to show his uneasiness, fearing that it might make her unhappy; but her quick eyes noticed how he threw eager looks at that other home of more than twenty years. How could it be otherwise? It was his office, his business, his life, that he abandoned with a sudden wrench to please his wife, and the strain was more than the old man could bear. But he was not cross. He could never say a harsh word to his wife again.

This enforced retirement, together with the great excitement of the loss of his cat and the finding of his wife, enfeebled him rapidly. As he drew life from the water, so he perished away from it.

That night his wife performed the

last heroic act of her life. It does not seem a great act to us. It was supreme for her. So might a Frenchman, single-handed, storm Gibraltar.

"I think ye had better go out again to-morrer, Dave," said Sukey slowly. "Ye 'll be keerful, an' I won't mind it. Ye might make a dollar cunnerin', an' the money would come handy."

"No, Sukey. I give ye my word, an' I never gone back on it yet — 'cept once," he added, shaking his head and taking his after-supper pipe out of his mouth. Yet his hand twitched, and his moving eyes swept the little cove with a great longing.

"I give ye back yer word, Dave. Go out to-morrer, to please me, an' if ye want to make that the last day I won't say no more."

"But ye 'll be alone. Kin ye stand it?"

He had never said this to her before. He had never thought of the solitude of her who worked in the house without distraction and without company. In his late honeymoon he began to comprehend new things.

But Sukey said pleasantly: "No, Dave, that 's nothin'. You 'll be happier. It 'll be a fine day to-morrer. I 've cleanin' to do, an' yer best out of it."

"If ye only had Caddy," he remonstrated feebly.

He knew, as soon as she mentioned the matter, that he should go. It was an old heart he carried in his breast, but it leaped with the freshness of youth at the sight and the touch of his precious dory and his beloved sea.

"Air ye sure ye want me to go?" he asked slowly, as he undid his haulingline from the oar-stumps the next morning.

There was not a cloud, not a breath. Every vessel, the church spires, the distant hills, were dreamy in the soft haze, like one of Turner's early landscapes. Man looked out of place among his own works. It seemed a sin to make a motion upon that limpid morning. Fishermen are not often touched by the beautiful. Fair weather and good fares of fish are all they care for. This rare, poetic quality of the atmosphere, the ecstasy of artists, is usually greeted with grunts of dissatisfaction by the nautical inhabitants. No doryman cares to row six miles to his fishing-grounds. Idle sails afford good pay to painters, and small joy to their owners. But this morning the aged couple looked upon their little cove as it lay idealized before them in the soft sunrise.

"'T ain't an ugly home, nohow," said Sukey, resting in a new way upon her husband's arm.

"Thet 's so," he answered, untying a double hitch. "Air ye sure ye want me to go? I 'm yourn now, deary."

His fiftieth wedding-day was coming soon, and he was getting along famously in the art of love-making.

"No, Dave; go. But come back when yer mine to, an' take care. Law! Mary Sarah or Cap'n Joe 'll see."

It was only a kiss her husband gave her, but if he had given her the Star of the South she would not have been more surprised and overcome. With a wave of her aged hand, such as she used to give him fifty years before, when she was young and plump, she watched him row with feeble strokes slowly around the bend of the cove. Then, with a face happier than it had been before since Sukey was a bride, the old woman went back to her home, and sang a courting-song that bubbled into her memory.

It was late in the afternoon. The six o'clock whistles from the rival copper-paint factories were not yet due, but the tide that had halted languidly now turned and flowed irresistibly in. The sun burned hot. Toward its setting not a cloud was to be seen, but in the high east wonderful white tufts of feathers

shot curved streamers. One cloud there was in particular which looked like a gigantic medusa, with its tentacles waving far behind. Another had the appearance of a comet with a twin tail. Still a third was a scimiter that Death himself might have carried. Such skies are not to be seen except in Mackerel Cove. The southwest breeze that had arisen fitfully with the sun, and had been steady at noon, now prepared itself to perish with the setting of the day. It was a light air and high, and touched only the great salt mirror here and there in spots and streaks. Although this summer zephyr blew up the harbor toward the town, and carried with it the incoming tide and bits of wood and here and there a water-soaked log upon its surface, still the few belated fishing-boats and a small yacht plied their oars lest they be late for supper. One great fishing-schooner, just in from the Grand Banks, hoping to make the market before it closed, had out six dories ahead, towing anxiously.

In the middle of the light and of the harbor, headed toward the wharves, a large-sized dory could be seen, with sails set, drifting home with the wind and tide. The occupant was evidently not in a hurry to land his day's catch, for he neither steered into the streak of wind that ruffled the water at his left, nor did he row. He gave the impression of being busy counting fish, for he was bent over into the pen in the middle of the dory where the fish are kept, and nothing but his back could be seen.

Not far behind another dory approached vigorously. Its occupant had long since dropped his sail in the coming calm, and trusted to his robust arms. Swiftly it overtook its drifting mate, and passed it a few yards away.

"Hullo!" cried Cap'n Joe, as he rested on his oars for a moment. "Hullo, Dave! How'd ye find 'em to-day?" He waited for an answer. "How many yer got, Dave?" he asked again.

The figure in the boat still bent to its count, and did not deign a reply. This discourtesy did not disconcert his friend and neighbor. With a shrug he pulled on.

"I allus thought," he said to himself, with an anxious face, "that Dave is ez deef ez he is blind. He ort not to go in thet dory no more. Neither of 'em ain't fit. Thet's my opinyun." He rowed a few strokes, and looked back again. "Dave's really failin'," he muttered. "I guess me and Mary Sarah had better run in arter supper." Then he kept on, for he had three hundredweight of cod and haddock for the market, and was late that day.

Still drifting with the expiring wind and with the swelling tide, the dory, true to its course, floated into Mackerel Cove. The whistles had shrieked, and the observant sun was about to turn his face away and dip behind a notch in the hills. The wharves were nearly deserted. A few men were washing the great square boxes in which fish had been weighed the whole day. The dories were all home to supper but this one.

"Yer late, Dave."

"Any luck to-day?"

"How many?"

"He 's countin' on 'em."

"Dave 's git'n' old an' queer an' deef!"

Such exclamations passed over the enameled water, but brought no answer. Dave did not even look up.

And now the calm came, and the dory, drifting with the tide alone, slowly, surely, found its way into the inner cove to its familiar moorings. She went like a creature that knew its way home. By this time the sun had set, and the always mysterious twilight fell upon all the world.

Dave's old wife came down the garden to meet him. She walked with a brisk step. Her face was bright and playful. A little moving object, dark against the growing dusk, followed her. It was the truant cat. She had a disreputable air,

but she purred loudly, and rubbed her lean body against Sukey's calico skirts.

The dory bumped against its own rock gently.

"Dave, Caddy 's come back. D' ye see Caddy? Ye 've hed a nice long day. I hope ye 've enjoyed yerself. How many yer got? Hain't ye got through countin' on 'em? Supper 's hot an' waitin'. Caddy, *go bring yer dear master!*"

She hurried down a step or two, and put out her trembling hand to catch the painter, as she sometimes did. In the dusk she stooped and looked. Then the shore and the sea rang to the cry she uttered.

Herbert D. Ward.

THE GREATEST NEED OF COLLEGE GIRLS.

The colleges for women in America have not as a rule been developed from lower forms of boarding-schools; they have been copies of the colleges for men. The demand for the higher education of women has been in part the result of dissatisfaction with the existing finishing-schools, so called; in part the result of an attempt to diminish the inequalities of condition between men and women. The chances for men in the intellectual sphere were seen to be vastly superior to those for women, and in a country where public education of the lower grades was free and equal for girls and boys, it was inevitable that a state of affairs could not be permanent which saw the academy doors close behind both boys and girls, and the college doors open only to boys.

In the experiments which have been made to satisfy this demand for the higher education of women, there have been and still are three general forms: the college in which the two sexes meet on equal terms, the annex in which the appliances of an existing college are used for a coördinate institution, and the college exclusively for women. In studying the essential conditions of collegiate life for women it is best to take this last form, since it permits the freest development, and offers the most open field for observation and experiment.

The college for women, then, in America has naturally been modeled as closely as possible upon the lines of existing colleges for men. It is the ambition of Vassar, of Smith, of Wellesley, to give as thorough an education to young women as the colleges whose curricula they substantially adopt give to young men. They would efface all intellectual distinctions of sex. In one particular only is there an obvious discrimination. The part which athletics plays in college life for men has no answering equivalent in college life for women. No one who has watched the gymnasium and the field in the one case would contend that there is a corresponding condition in the other. It is true that in well-equipped colleges for women the gymnasium is found, and that the higher forms of outdoor athletics are practiced; but it by no means follows that the difference is one only of degree, that in the development of these colleges there will be an approximation to the physical culture which exists in the colleges which they copy. The boldest advocate of an intellectual parity which should discover no distinction between the sexes in the class room would shrink from demanding or expecting a physical parity in the gymnasium or on the field.

Now in the education of the man athletics represents, not physical development integrally, but physical development as related to intellectual, moral, and

religious development. That is to say, physical culture is a means to an end, not an end in itself; and the perversion of this doctrine, apparent as it is in the case of individual men, does not impair the fundamental truth. It is the constant study of college authorities to regulate athletics just as they regulate courses of study with reference to the symmetrical and sane development of manhood, and the practical problem is in the repressing, not the encouragement, of athletic zeal.

How is it in colleges for women? The situation is almost reversed. The constant study of the authorities is, not to regulate, but to enforce physical culture; not to encourage, but to repress intellectual excitability. This broad distinction marks a radical difference between the sexes, and any consideration of the true development of colleges for women must take it into account. However closely these colleges may copy their models in matters of scholarship and discipline, they are bound to recognize the divergence of nature in this particular of physical culture. They cannot blindly follow the lead of colleges for men, and think they have gained their end when they have set up a gymnasium, made exercise compulsory, and provided for boating, tennis, and grace hoops.

The muscular training of men is a primal physical need. In the order of time, of scale, and of logic, it is first. The success with which it is accomplished determines in a very considerable degree the success to be attained in mental and moral development. This may be asserted of the college as a whole, though there are marked examples of intellectual success secured in the face of immense physical disabilities.

It does not require acute perception to find the greatest physical need among women in our schools and colleges. A collective need is most often an exaggeration of the average individual shortcoming. No one who has been an inmate of a large college for women will deny the general state of rush and hurry which prevails there. "No time" is the cry from morning until night. Worry and hurry mark the average condition of the schoolgirl. If she is not hurried or worried herself, through the happy possession of a phlegmatic temperament, she cannot entirely resist the pressure about her. The spirit of the place is too strong for an individual to be in it and not of it. The strain is evident in the faces of students and teachers. It is evident in the number who annually break down from overstudy. More pitiably evident is it in those who have not wholly broken down, but are near enough the verge of disaster to have forgotten what a normal state of mind and body is. We can only think, in the presence of such an one, what a magnificent specimen of womanhood that might have been, with a constitution that holds its own through such daily strain, and does not give in completely. This greatest physical need among studious women is so evident that those who will can see it. Those who will not see it are living in so abnormal a state themselves that they do not recognize the want because of their own necessity. Men and women can breathe bad air and not know it, but one coming directly from out-of-doors will be sickened at once.

To see the strain at its height, it must be watched during examinations. The average schoolgirl — or schoolwoman — would not feel that she had taken her examination properly unless she had taken it in a condition of worry, hurry, fright, and general excitement. Mark the contrast in this respect between colleges for men and those for women. Students in the former are not without their share of nervous strain, especially in examinations, but the strain is noticeably far less than among the women. The explanation of the difference is commonly found to lie in the physical exercise

taken in football, rowing, and other out-of-door sports, which give men new life for study and restore the balance of the nervous system. But if girls should try this corrective to the same extent, they would devote such intense nervous energy to play, they would have so little real abandon, that the result would be in most cases a nervous strain and excitement, from which they must in turn recover before going on with study. The balance is to be restored by some other means.

Let us look a little deeper into the temperamental reason for this strain. A woman's self-consciousness is her greatest enemy. Custom is partly to blame for this, because it is so generally felt that man is to admire, and woman to be admired. Thus a woman is born into and inherits a "to-be-admired" state of mind, and her freedom is delayed in proportion. Few realize the absolute nervous strain in self-consciousness; and if to self-consciousness we add a sensitive conscience, we have come near to a full explanation. Mr. Howells perhaps exaggerates when he tells us that a New England woman is not strong intellectually, but she has a conscience like the side of a house. He might be truthful and give her a larger allowance of brains, but he could not rightly reduce the dimensions of the conscience. Men have not so great a strain in self-consciousness, and the tyranny of a morbid conscience is less real to them. In the atmosphere of men's colleges, either among the faculty or the students, there is not a tenth part of the unnecessary excitement that we find in women's colleges. The faces of the students tell their own story. Nervous strain is far less evident.

Another contrast will help toward an understanding of the terms of the problem. English women are showing a marked superiority over American women in the college career. They are taking prizes and attaining marked intellectual distinction, not because their scholastic advantages are greater nor because of superior intellectual gifts, but because of better physique, more normal nervous systems, and consequently greater power of endurance.

These contrasts emphasize the proposition which I maintain, namely, that the first, the greatest physical need for women is a training to rest: not rest in the sense of doing nothing, not repose in the sense of inanity or inactivity, but a restful activity of mind and body, which means a vigorous, wholesome nervous system that will enable a woman to abandon herself to her study, her work, and her play with a freedom and ease which are too fast becoming, not a lost art, but lost nature. We have jumped at the conclusion that the style of training which is admirably suited to men must be equally adapted to women. However that may be in the future, there is a prior necessity with women. After their greatest physical need is supplied, they may — will, probably — reach the place where their power will be increased through vigorous exercise.

It is evident that the gymnasiums and various exercises established in schools and colleges for women have done little or nothing toward supplying this greatest need. The girls are always defeating the end of the exercise: first, by entering into every motion of the exercise itself with too much nervous strain; second, by following in their manner of study, in their general attitude of mind and habit of body, ways that must effectually tell against the physical power which might be developed by the exercise. Truly the first necessity now is to teach a girl to approach her work, physical or mental, in a normal, healthy way, — to accomplish what she has to do naturally, using only the force required to gain her point; not worrying all the time she studies for fear the lesson will not be learned; not feeling rushed from morning to night for fear her work will not be done; not

going about with a burden of unnecessary anxiety, a morbid fear of her teachers, and a general attitude toward life which means strain, and constant strain. A glance forward intensifies the gravity of the case. Such habits once developed in a girl who is fitting herself to teach are strongly felt by her pupils when she takes the position of teacher. The nervous strain is reflected back and forth from teacher to pupil, and is thus forcing itself upon the notice of others, and proving day by day more clearly what is the greatest physical need.

Those who have observed this tendency are wont to say, "Give the girls plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air, see that they sleep and eat well, and this greatest need will be supplied without thought." If the unhealthy condition we have noted were just making its appearance, the remedy would be sufficient. As it is, such a remedy suffices in a few cases, in most cases partially, but in some not at all. The habit has stood now through too many generations to be overcome without a distinct recognition of the loss of power, and a strong realization of the need of regaining this power. Indeed, so great a hold on the community has this want of quiet and easy activity in study and in play that it is not rare to find young girls who believe the abnormal to be the natural life, and the other unnatural. As one girl told me once in perfect good faith, "I keep well on excitement, but it tires me *terribly* to carry a pitcher of water upstairs." This I know is an extreme instance, and yet not so uncommon as I wish it were. To swing such a girl, or one approaching so abnormal a state, suddenly back into the normal would be most disastrous; she would not recognize the world or herself, and would really suffer intensely. She must be carried step by step. To restore her is like curing a drunkard.

Let us suppose a school started in the United States having in its scheme a distinct intention of eliminating all hurry and worry, and training girls to a normal state of active repose. Suppose that to be the main idea of the school. To get rid of the "no time" fever, the teachers would need to accept the fundamental principle that it is not the acquisition of knowledge, but the training of power to think, which is the justification of school or college. A girl can at most gain in her school life but an iota of the knowledge which is possible to her, but she can attain the power of acquiring knowledge; and if this end is kept in view on the part both of teachers and pupils, more regard will be paid to the order of studies and the method in each than to the quantity of facts gathered in any one study. With a subordination of the desire to amass knowledge, every course of study followed will help other courses taken at the same time, and others to come, and make it comparatively easy for the student to acquire more after the school years are over. A mind truly trained attracts and absorbs unconsciously, it digests and it produces, and the way is never stopped with useless facts. As the unity of intellectual work is recognized, the greatest physical need will be more readily met; for by an insistence upon that which is of first importance intellectually the cry of "no time" will subside. When a girl feels rushed she begins to lose mental power in proportion, however well she may seem to work at any one time.

This is the first change which our model school would effect, and its next most important reform would be so to arrange the daily work that there would be a marked rhythm in the alternation of studies. A body and mind, to be wholesome, must be trained to action and reaction, not action and inaction. There is often the most perfect rest in freeing one set of faculties entirely and working another. Indeed, action and reaction is the order of being, for in sleep,

the most entire rest, the body is busy receiving supplies for new activity when it shall awake There must be vigorous exercises, plenty of food carefully chosen, long sleeping-times; a friendly attitude and perfect confidence between students and teachers must be cultivated, but without emotionalizing. Now, supposing so wholesome a state of things to be organized, the end is not yet. The hurry and worry will creep in and will be strongly felt, because of the girls' mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers, not to mention the inheritance which often comes from the paternal ancestry. There still remains for our school a distinct power to cultivate, a power to be gained through repose; not a forced, a studied, or a flabby repose, but a natural repose which is self-forgetful, and often delightfully active. "Freedom" is a better word than "repose." Freedom includes repose; and for freedom, physical and mental, women should have special training now. If special training to that end is needed in our imaginary school, established with that purpose in view and with the spirit of true freedom animating its entire faculty, it certainly is sadly needed in the schools and colleges where power through repose is often as fatally lacking in teachers as in the girls under their charge.

The work must begin with physical training, including a training of the voice. If the course be followed carefully, it will soon affect the mental work, and special exercises to help the activity of mind will follow. But let us lay the foundation first, stand the girls on their feet, and demonstrate that a perfect physical balance means a better working head. As the physical work progresses, every lesson may contain the application of true freedom to study and recitation. Thus the mental and physical will each help the other, and the whole woman will feel that she is dropping chains. A freedom from the limitations of self will lead to a freedom from self-consciousness, which is possible only to a wholesome nervous system. A woman so trained will be beyond the apparent necessity of controlling herself, for she will have learned how to let nature control her.

I cannot content myself with a general assertion of the need of this training. I must attempt an outline, at least, of what it might be. Let us follow an imaginary class in physical training, the more truly to gain an idea of the practical working of our principle. All through the class work deep breathing should be practiced, not only for its quieting and restful effect, but for the new vigor that comes with it, and the steady, even development which deep breathing so greatly assists. The deep breathing also prevents an extreme relaxation, which is as harmful as extreme tension, and prevents too quick a reactionary effect when a tense body is at once relaxed. In beginning with the deep breaths, it will be found that few members of a large class can take a deep breath at all, and not one has an idea of what it is to breathe quietly. The soothing effect of a long quiet breath is never realized until one has been trained to inhale and exhale with the least possible effort. Even before this power has been gained, regular breathing will quiet a mild case of hysteria, as it will do away with stage fright. Members of the class must, to some degree, be trained separately for the deep breaths, in order that it may be clear to each what a deep quiet breath is; what it is to feel as if the breath took her, and not as if she took the breath. It is also requisite to avoid the curious strain which one often experiences under the impression that by holding herself as if in a vise while she inhales she is taking a quiet breath.

Quiet should be the first aim, in this class for physical culture, — a natural quiet, not a forced quiet. This can be gained collectively to a delightful degree, for one mind acts upon another, and, in

a large class, the weaker brains feel the influence of the stronger. Each member of the class having a general idea of a deep breath, the quiet should be gained through the breathing exercises, which cannot be given here. Suffice it to say, the teacher should have always in mind, from the first, natural quiet as an end, and lead to that through long regular breaths — rhythmic breaths, from twenty-five to fifty — and other forms of exercise. The result of this training is strongly apparent in a single person, and still more when a class works together. The action upon the brain of deep breathing is well known. It is not only deep breathing, but deep breathing with the least possible effort, that does the good work. The class should take slow, regular exercises for the relaxation of the muscles and further quieting of the nerves, interspersed always with deep breathing. After the special deep-breathing and the relaxing exercises, the voice training should begin and continue as a part of the regular work. A want of natural equilibrium tells more in the sound of the voice and manner of speaking than in any other one physical action; and a woman should be trained to the true freedom of her voice with the rest of her body.

The exercises for suppleness of the joints and muscles would come next; these should include the direction of force, and often be very rapid, but must increase in rapidity only as they can be taken with perfect ease. The exercises must be taken with only the part of the body meant to be used, allowing no superficial "sympathy" in any other part. Then should follow motions for finer balance and for spring; and the class work might end with the quiet breathing and voice training. This course should be taken gradually, so that a clear idea of what they are aiming at will dawn upon the girls without too much hard thinking. Although the teacher must never once lose her central aim, it is better for the girls to follow the exercises more or less automatically. If they fail to come out of such a class not only with new vigor, but with a clearer idea each day of how to let nature's laws work through them in study and in play, such failure will show a want of the true spirit in the teacher who leads them; or it may be that the air of the room has not been fit for breathing. Two elements are necessary in the teacher of such a class: that she should have the daily habit of obeying the laws she teaches; and that she should pretend in no way to stand as a perfect example of the laws, but should impress her pupils with the idea that they are all students together, and subject to the same laws. With this and a loving patience, a woman cannot fail to rouse other women to their best, unless her environment is entirely against her.

I have tried simply to follow the regular physical work in a class which trains a woman to vigor and restful activity through a process which trains her first to supply her greatest need, the power of rest. With this should come a training to meet sudden emergencies with a clear head; to drop the excitement of such emergencies when once the trouble is removed, and even before it has wholly disappeared; to have the power of ignoring nagging worries. Indeed, a great end is accomplished when a girl has acquired the ability to distinguish herself from her nervous system so far as to recognize when a worry is an effect of indigestion or some other physical derangement, and treat it as such; when she can bear it as a pain, if it must be, and will not increase it by admitting that it has any real foundation, and will drop it as soon as it can be dropped. Much useless suffering will be saved women who learn in school how to meet the various annoyances and cares that are sure to come in some form later. Many a woman is the slave of her nervous system because she does not know

it; and a nervously magnified conscience will whip a woman into all sorts of absurd work which simply drains her beyond recovery, because she has not been taught how she may distinguish herself from a set of tired or disordered nerves. To all this may be added the help which will come from women to other women through realizing when they are not to be taken seriously, however it may be necessary to appear serious.

The popular mind seldom makes allowance for difference in temperament. Some time ago I watched two girls in a tennis match, one of whom was under the process of training to a better freedom; her movements were quick, graceful, and supple, but her excitable nervous system, inherited from intellectually active parents, still mastered her. Her expression was intense. Nearly all in the audience were her friends and admirers, eager to have her win. She was not only vividly alive to every personal wish for her, but acutely conscious of herself as the centre of attraction. The other player, the daughter of a countryman, was apparently stolid, with splendid muscular power. Her expression hardly changed. She did not know the audience nor realize their presence, apparently, although she must have been perfectly aware of their partiality for her opponent. She played directly, and her whole mind was upon every stroke of her racket. Of course she won the game. A bystander said to me, with a superior smile and not a little scorn, "You see this 'relaxing' does not always win." My answer was, "It certainly does. Your country girl was the more 'relaxed.'" The girl who lost had a most sensitive nervous organization, with a power far beyond the other, but one that must take longer to find its balance. The winner had her equilibrium on a much lower plane. Take Diana herself and put her in this country, surrounded with all its influences, and after five years she would lose the first tennis match against just such a phlegmatic temperament. With equal scorn our critic might say, "You see, my friends, a goddess does not always win."

What then can we expect of our highly bred women who have generations of nervous strain back of them? Diana would win the second match, for she would at once see her mistake, and have her constitution to back her in correcting it. The compensation to the goddess would be great in an acute realization of what it is to allow a fine, wholesome nervous system to work according to its own laws. We need to train our girls first to the wholesomeness which must come through the power to rest, and then to the normal use of the real power as it grows upon them. They have much more to work against than Diana after her five years, and their appreciation would be keener in proportion.

In connection with the whole subject there is a fundamental principle to be carefully noted. To make the best of this training which is meant to help toward a natural way of doing whatever may be before us, the life itself must be regular and normal. It is a great mistake for a woman to train herself to do her work more easily in order to crowd more work or play into her life than she ought to carry. No woman has the natural spirit of repose who, finding she can attend to particulars with increasing facility, crowds her life in general. Much more can be accomplished, of course, by learning how to rest and how not to waste force; but that gives all the stronger reason for recognizing one's limitations and being guided by them. In the one way, the limitations decrease; in the other, they increase to a startling extent. People wonder that a training for rest should result in fatigue, without noting the fact that the training itself has been presumed upon. So must the whole spirit of our schools be changed if they are to educate women to absolutely

wholesome bodies and the best possible use of their minds. A young man rising from a severe fit of illness was told by his physician that it was useless for him to try to get through college; he had not the strength for the continued work. He obtained the physician's consent to study two hours a day. By realizing the best use of those two hours, he passed through college, and graduated among the first of his class. But he rested entirely the remaining hours of the day. If, finding that he had gained such power of concentration, he had tried to use it every hour in the day without reaction, the result would have been disastrous.

This country seems now like a precocious child. Because it shows wonderful powers and intense activity, it is pushed to display itself more and more; and unless the child is quieted, and made to enjoy natural, childlike ways, there is danger that the man will fall far short of the brilliancy promised by the child. Surely the mothers of the country need the quiet most, and need it first.

In brief, in the men and women who are healthy workers and players there is a complete reaction from every action; they drop on the ground and give up to gravity when "time is called;" the others walk up and down, and worry over their past plays and wonder over those to come. These last can be led through physical training and moral suasion until they are in the same wholesome current. They can be, if they will be; if the training commences early enough, they must be. The greatest strength of a college will come when this active repose or restful activity can be so taken as a matter of course that it need never be thought of at all. Under these conditions men and women would be sensitive to the slightest disobedience of such natural laws and correct it at once, as they are now sensitive to more flagrant disobedience of other laws. Then would come a freedom of mind and body such as we see now only in the most healthy little children.

A woman's education should prepare her to hold to the best of her ability whatever position life may offer. A training to help her to a wholesome use of a normal nervous system must be the foundation upon which she stands if she would perform in the best way the work which lies before her. No womanly woman wants to be a very good man, but a very true woman, and as such she not only holds her own place firmly, but helps man to hold his. A man's life in the world is in this age full of temptation to nervous strain and worry. If he takes the overwrought state home only to find a similar state in his wife, increased by just so much as the natural intensity of the feminine nervous system exceeds that of the masculine, he does not go home to rest, but to more nervous strain; and the wearing effect upon one of the excited and tired nervous system of another who is nearly related is more fatiguing in a few hours than would be as many days of severe work.

In contrast to this place the ideal of repose that may be found in a woman, and the influence it may have upon a man, not only because of the restful atmosphere to which he returns, but the certainty throughout the day that there is the quiet strength at home, and that he will surely find it.

Because the nerves of the average woman are far more excitable than those of the average man, we could not only reach the man by means of the woman, but by training the mothers reach more surely the next generation, so that later this natural economy of our nervous force may come, in school and out, as a matter of course. And where could we better begin the training than in our schools and colleges for women?

Annie Payson Call.

WHY SOCIALISM APPEALS TO ARTISTS.

THE question implied in the title of this paper is not unfrequently asked from the point of those who, assuming that art is a more or less portable and exchangeable commodity, a luxury for the few rather than a joy for the many, hold that artistic development is founded upon individual accumulations of riches, and depends mainly upon private patronage. Now, however apparently true such assumptions may be with respect to certain forms of pictorial production in modern times, if we take the larger view of art, regarding it as the expression not only of the mind, taste, or pride of individuals, but as the monument of the life and ideals of peoples and the symbol of great epochs in history, we shall have very largely to qualify this view.

It would appear that the art instinct, the desire to represent or express something, manifests itself quite spontaneously, and its evidences are seen as soon as the primitive physical wants of man are satisfied. There could have been no capitalists among the cave men, and yet very spirited designers of animal life existed among them. Probably the hunter who drew the bow or flung the lance could also draw the form of the mammoth or the reindeer he was stalking. The impulse to record in pictorial shape forms familiar to the eye, the life and movement of the natural world, and the love of decorative beauty which led primitive man to ornament his weapons and utensils seem inseparable from any manifestation of human life, though their development is necessarily modified by anything which influences life itself and its conditions, climatic, physical, political, social, spiritual.

Those who follow art, like other men, might be roughly divided into optimists and pessimists, according to their temperament, conditions, and the influence of their particular personal experience of life; but in so far as an artist is an artist, by the very nature of his calling, whether architect, painter, sculptor, or other, he is necessarily brought constantly face to face with the direct social results and external aspects of the existing system of society, and he must, for good or for evil, be influenced by them; he must in his work, consciously or unconsciously, give expression to the mind as well as the body of his time. The building, the decoration, the picture, the statue, so far as they are vital works at all, are not only the expression of the idiosyncrasies of their designer, but are also the outward and visible signs of the spiritual and material forces paramount in a people's life. They are the index to a nation's history; nay, they often remain the only authentic pieces of history we possess. The artist, then, be he the sensitive recorder of every change and phase of the human as well as the natural day, or be he the creative idealist in whose eyes common things are transfigured and become sublime, who sees in the rising sun, like William Blake, an innumerable heavenly host, must be, one would think, the first to feel, the first to be moved by, any signs of storm or coming change on the face of the social sky or earth.

In spite of the fashionable impressionism, I venture to hold that even a painter must paint what he knows and feels as well as what he sees; and unless we are prepared to limit the term Art to painting, and Painting to the art of recording the accidental aspects and phases of nature, without selection or creative purpose, — unless we limit the painter's mind, for instance, to the condition of the sensitized plate in the photographic camera, we must allow his ideals and aspirations to influence his

work, just as his color-sense must influence it. We recognize an artist by his power of design, characteristic touch, or sense of form, tone, and color; what are these but, as it were, his handwriting, his illuminated text, which conveys, as with an electrical flash, the passion of his mood and his inner vision to other minds and eyes?

If, then, it be granted that an artist may have thoughts and feelings as well as external impressions, let us ask how these are likely to be influenced by the social environment at the present day.

The gradual economic change which, owing to various causes, has been taking place during the last three centuries, leading to production for profit in place of production for use, now dominates all kinds of production, even that called artistic; and whatever advantages such a system may have from the commercial point of view, and as bearing on quantity, it cannot be said to be favorable to quality, or, in operation with an unequal competition, to be other than wasteful and debasing.

Our century has seen the development of an enormous mechanical invention, and, by its industrial application, has established a system of machine labor which has taken the place of the older system of division of labor. Production for profit and the enormously increased rapidity of production have led to the centralization of markets, — to the great world-market; and this same centralization drives the worker in art, like the wage-worker, by the whip of competition, to seek his livelihood in the great commercial centres, where the struggle for existence grows ever fiercer and more tragic; as

> "The many fail, the one succeeds."

The capital drains the resources of the country in brains as well as hands. Interesting and characteristic local developments disappear, and amid the increasing interdependence of countries art has a tendency to become more and more cosmopolitan. This state of things may be pronounced a blessing or a curse according to one's mental standpoint. I do not say it has not its advantages, but I do not feel it would be a happy day for art if it should ever be narrowed to picture-making, and ruled, like millinery, by the quick changes of Paris fashion, however piquant.

Every young student to whom the need of getting a livelihood comes home soon feels under the necessity of doing work consciously with intent to sell, — that is, of doing less than his best, — uninspired, commercial work done to order, to supply demands of trade; those very demands being often artificial, like the art they call into being. If he has cherished dreams of great and sincere works, he must put them away from him unless he can face starvation. Perhaps, in the end, he goes into some commercial mill of production, or sells his soul to the dealer, the modern high priest of Pallas Athene. Then he finds that the practice of serving Mammon has so hardened into habit as to make him forget the dreams and aspirations of his youth, and the so-called successful artist sinks into the cheerful and prosperous type of cynic, of which our modern society appears to produce such abundant specimens.

The choice presented to the modern artist is really pretty much narrowed to that of being either the flatterer and servant of the rich or a trade hack. Between this Scylla and Charybdis it is difficult indeed to steer a true course, — to be at once true to himself and keep his head above water. How many are broken on the rocks or drawn into the whirlpool!

Suppose, then, that our artist, feeling the pressure of social conditions in this way, stops to think how it has come about, — stops for a moment to compare the present state of art with the art of the past, with the art of ancient Greece or of Italy in the Middle Ages, to say

nothing of the contrast he may look for in the outward aspects of life. Let him picture the life of ancient Athens in the fifth century B. C., or of Florence or Venice in the fifteenth A. D., and compare it with that of New York or London in the last years of the nineteenth. Well, although I believe there are painters who love London smoke, and adore the chimney-pot hat and tubular clothing of the modern citizen, our artist, if he be one of the almost extinct race who think external beauty of much consequence, and is candid, must reflect that what we call modern convenience and comfort, forsooth, have been obtained at a heavy price.

They are, after all, but comparative convenience and comfort, and on reflection one perceives that most modern inventions are intended to mitigate evils, or to meet difficulties unknown and unfelt in more simple and primitive states of society. The blind gods of Cash and Comfort are enthroned on high and worshiped with ostentation, while there exist, as it were on the very steps of their temples, masses of human beings who know not either, or at the most scarcely touch the hem of their garments. "This has been so since the world began," says the comfortable citizen, with no desire to pry into origins. Restless inquirers, however, are not so easily satisfied: they insist on searching records; they look back and find the germs of modern socialism at the beginnings of history, in the primitive communism of the village communities. They see the primitive and common rights of man usurped by conquest or acts of parliament; and private property established by force of arms, however afterwards secured by legal parchments; and the heavy, useful productive labors, which keep the world alive, gradually thrust on the shoulders of a class, the wealth producers, who have but this one commodity of labor-power they can call their own, and this only to be exercised at the will of another. Chattel slavery is no more, but wage slavery has taken its place. The free Englishman (I have not been long enough in the United States to be sure about the American, but some say he furnishes a counterpart) has not where to lay his head. If he loiters on the highway, he is liable to arrest as a vagrant. If he strays off it to enjoy his native fields and woods, he may be prosecuted for trespass. Yet he may be a man desiring merely to be allowed to work for his living and to take his leisure. He is supposed to be politically free, but even if he had a vote, and could possess his forty-thousandth part (as Carlyle puts it) of a parliamentary representative, of what use is political freedom if there be no economical freedom; of what use are opinions when a man is not certain of his daily bread? Our artist need not dig very deep below the surface to perceive these things; he need not read Mill, or Ricardo, or Carl Marx to discern the signs of the times: hopelessness and apathy are painted on the faces of our laborers. The joy, the dignity, and the poetry of labor are being crushed out by long hours, in factory or field, and the overmastering machine, and the beauty of our country and city becomes more and more a rare accident. Everywhere is to be seen the picture of our modern Atlas, with straining arms, in the sweat of his body, sustaining the careless world. I do not say it is without significance or pathos, or even graphic elements, but it is a saddening spectacle.

In the fierce race and breakneck speed of competition all are driven. The old popular festivals die out; there is no time or room for them. We must bow down and worship the golden image which our kings of profit and interest have set up; scrape, save, invest, speculate, gamble, to raise a pile for self or family, and build a palace on the ruin of the lives and hopes of others. We are taught to despise the useful productive labor

by which we are maintained; obliterate all traces of our occupation, if possible, whatever it may be; struggle for a place on the social ladder; push and shoulder our neighbors aside; strive to reach what is called "a position of independence," — that is to say, a position which depends for its security on the labor of others. Strange that at one end of the scale it is a crime to have "no visible means of subsistence," while at the other end it is respectable and respected! These be your gods, O Israel!

It is obvious that, such being the motive power, the machinery of life must be complex, its outward aspects restless and inharmonious, the atmosphere it engenders not a healthy one for humanity, and therefore not a happy one for the artist.

Art has flourished in small communities, in epochs of a certain unity of sentiment and of rich and varied external aspects. A sympathetic atmosphere of some kind is essential to its existence. The greatest works have been always public buildings and monuments, just where modern art is, as a rule, weakest. Between the critic and the dealer, between the devil and the deep sea, where is there standing-room for an original artist? It is sufficiently extraordinary that he ever obtains recognition and sympathy, but therein lies our hope.

Sweep away the cobwebs of custom, open the windows of the mind and let in the fresh air of knowledge and free thought, and humanity responds again to ideas of beauty and truth. The larger heart rings true to the vibration of larger ideas. How many even of the very men who are absorbed in the mill-horse round of modern business existence, and who are helping to perpetuate it, are yet the first to rejoice to shake off the harness for a moment, to escape for a time to Bohemia, — to the wilderness, if they can find one! Indeed, it seems as if modern life were endurable only in proportion to the number and the accessibility of the means of escape from it.

Why then strain every nerve to maintain this costly and wasteful fabric? Why be alarmed at any suggestion of the possibility or desirability of the reorganization of a system of society which confessedly succeeds so ill in securing human happiness? It is all very well to say we individually make or mar our own happiness, but no one is independent of conditions and the action of laws beyond his control. It is all very well to say to the modern artist it is his business to extract beauty from ugliness, and sublimity from commonplace and unlovely materials; he may even succeed in doing so. But it is only in a state of siege that people look for a substitute for bread; it is only in the arctic regions that men have been reduced to eating their boots. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? If so much can be made of unfavorable conditions, if so much public spirit, good fellowship, human kindness, poetic feeling, and artistic invention and sensibility exist under an economic and social system the whole drift of which is logically against such developments, it is merely reasonable to assume that there would be much more room for the best side of human nature in a state not founded on self-interest, or where good works are not dependent on the state of the stock market.

In looking at any new ideal or movement in the direction of social reorganization, we are too apt to read into it results which are peculiarly characteristic of our own time and its conditions. It is difficult, no doubt, to divest the mind of prejudice; it is difficult fully to realize what a vast difference conditions and motives make in human development. Alter the conditions, and you alter motives. The differences in human development, moral and physical, at different periods of the world's history, under various climatic and social influ-

ences, are at least as striking as any resemblances, or the persistence of what is called human nature. Human nature, like human virtues and vices, however, appears to be one thing in one age, and another in another. When starvation is always impending thrift may be a virtue; but the habit of calculating, of weighing the value of everything to the uttermost farthing, and of resting all things on the standard of money value must have a narrowing and cramping effect upon the mind, and render it incapable of the appreciation of art, of large and generous conduct and humane views.

One of the commonest objections raised to socialism is generally put in the following form: "What incentive will there be to work under socialism, and what will you do with the idle?" Have we then succeeded in making all labor so dull, unattractive, or positively irksome that it is impossible to conceive of men and women doing useful work except under the whip of commercial competition or the fear of starvation? It should be remembered that in any reasonable state of human society the text would hold good, "If any will not work, neither let him eat;" that would be the only compulsion. But the organization of the labor of a community for the sole good of that community alone would mean a very different kind of organization of labor from that which goes by the name at the present day, when the motive and mainspring of action are not the good of the community, but the amount of profit possible to be secured by the individual. Then, too, what motive, what temptation, would remain for the greedy and the grasping, when the wealth resulting from the labors of the community, its knowledge, its art, its leisure and pleasure, would be common to all?

As to the question of the disposal of the idle, — well, we are encumbered with idle classes, at present, at both ends of the social scale, compulsory idleness in both cases. The poor man out of employment is not allowed to work. The rich man, living on surplus values extracted from generations of labor by his fathers, or by the mere mechanical working of monopoly and the rolling in of the waves of unearned increment, has no work to do. Could it be nearly so disastrous for the community if, under the new order, every emancipated member of a socialist commune worked only two hours out of the twenty-four, and claimed the rest for enjoyment and sleep? There would at least be a large margin left for the natural restlessness and energy of man to disport themselves upon.

Would the establishment of such a communal system be so terrible, after all? What a vast load of false sentiment and vulgar ostentation it would sweep away! An artist could even face the temporary disappearance of art itself to gain such benefit; just as we endure the fall of the leaf, knowing that spring must return, in the natural order of things, with the glowing sun and the flowers.

When Thackeray wrote The Newcomes, the artist was regarded as a kind of Bohemian, picturesque in dress, free in manners and opinions, and frowned upon by the respectables. Perhaps even with the improved prosperous later nineteenth-century exterior of merchant or banker he may still keep a more or less Bohemian lining, which makes him more accessible to revolutionary ideas than some of his fellow-citizens. It is to be hoped so. It would be an evil day for the progress of society if every man were so bound, hand and foot, by the conditions of his life, his dependence on others, as to be unable to speak his mind.

As to the form of socialism, there are of course many schools of thought; the underlying principle at work may fairly be said to be established. In the course of our natural economic evolution, we are already crossing the threshold of the

new epoch. Coming events cast their shadows before. Every government has to give prominent place to social legislation. Public spirit begins to animate the accumulators of riches, public wealth is being restored to the public in the form of free libraries, museums of art and history, and the claims of the whole community to a share of intellectual life are granted in free education. Can we logically stop here? "Man shall not live by bread alone." No, but he must begin with bread. The fire must have fuel; the engine will not go without steam or electricity. The welfare, the strength of a state, of a community, rests upon the welfare, the strength, the happiness, of every individual of that state or community. Bound in the solidarity of brotherhood and community of interest, in the ideal state the land and the means of production could be the monopoly of none, because the property of all. There could be no fine-drawn distinction of class, no abasement of useful labor, no shirking and shifting of all the hard work upon the shoulders of one order, but each would be ready to do his or her part in the service of humanity; knowing no higher dignity than distinction in such service, whether of brain or hand; untouched by the sordid taint of gold, the greed and the desire for it removed, since it would buy nothing that could not be enjoyed without it in the highest sense by every citizen.

With such corner-stones as these what a social structure might be raised! Upon such a basis, the sense of art and beauty, the wit and invention of man, freed from long hours of exhausting toil and the wear and tear and worry of modern existence, would in happy emulation strive to enrich and ennoble life in every way. While the necessity of useful work would keep habits simple, and yet make true refinement possible, the greatest art and splendor could be devoted to public buildings and monuments, in which, again, all the arts should be reunited and reinspired, and, penetrated with the spirit of that new religion, that larger faith, the dawn of which we already faintly perceive, realize themselves in new and beautiful forms for the joy of emancipated humanity.

Does this seem an idle dream? Nay, it is our plain destiny; we have but to put forth our thoughts and our hands to reach it; we have but to ask what is the progressive factor in humanity. Is it not always the social instinct? Is it not the social instinct which determines all our relations? Morality, law, religion, all are gradually modified by it in the course of its development through the ages. Did primitive man differ more from his early progenitors in the dim obscurity of the past than modern man differs from him in habit of life, in moral and religious conceptions, in power over nature? Can the world stand still? Having put our hand to the plough, can we look back, except indeed it be to learn the lessons that history teaches?

Times of activity in art, as William Morris has well said, have been times of hope. There is the alternation of night and day in the history of human progress. Each new dayspring lifts the voices of new singers; the reddening lips of the dawn fire the eyes of painters. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings! In the freshness of the morning, in the wonder and delight and anticipation of the new intellectual day, Art is born again; she rises like a new Aphrodite from the dark sea of time, trembling in the rose and gray of the morning, her blue wistful eyes full of visions, her slender hands full of flowers, and straightway there appears a new heaven and a new earth in the sight of men filled with the desire and joy of life, as the husk of the past, the faded chrysalis, shrivels away, and the new-born spirit of the age rises upon the splendor of its painted wings.

Walter Crane.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Our present political situation is anomalous. Issues do not now make parties, but parties seek for issues. The two great political organizations in this country are survivals of the past, and for some years have not represented the division of our people on the questions of the day. Instead of treating a party as an association of men who think alike on public questions, and who act together in order to secure certain definite results in legislation or administration, men have come to regard the party as the end, and not the means. The primary object of political action is the triumph of the party, and to insure this every voter must be ready to sacrifice his convictions as well as his time and his money. Hence we find in each party men who entertain diametrically opposite views on the tariff, the currency, the reform of the civil service, and every other question of present political importance, but who are alike loyal to the party, whichever side of these questions its leaders see fit to espouse in a particular campaign.

The reason for this condition of public feeling is not far to seek. The natural and permanent political division which must always exist between the progressive and the conservative elements of society was disturbed in this country by the slavery question, which for nearly a quarter of a century dominated our politics. The Republican party, drawn almost equally from Whigs and Democrats, was formed for a single definite purpose, the restriction of slavery. Its success in 1860 was followed by the civil war, in which it represented the patriotism and high purpose of the country. It prosecuted the war, it restored the Union, it abolished slavery; and when reconstruction was complete, and the results of the war had been secured by the adoption of the constitutional amendments, the reason for its existence ceased. The common purpose of its members was accomplished.

For a while it was needed to maintain its work, but soon the questions which had been displaced by the war again presented themselves, and upon these, inevitably, men differed as before. These differences would naturally have led to the disintegration of the Republican party, and to a reformation of parties on their original lines, but the memory of the civil war was still too fresh. The hopes and fears of that terrible struggle, the passions excited by the contest, the high moral purpose which had inspired it, the veneration which was felt for Lincoln, Sumner, Seward, Andrew, and their associates, combined to make men connect with the name of the Republican party the strongest and highest feelings which they had ever known. They were reluctant to admit that this splendid organization of all that was best in the state had done its work. A party so powerful for good in the past must be powerful for good in the future, and must on no account be suffered to die. So men reasoned, and sought new fields for Republican intelligence and energy. They unconsciously transferred their allegiance from the end to the means, from their object to the instrument by which that object had been accomplished. This feeling kept the party together.

The close of the war found the Democratic party as thoroughly prostrated as the Republican party was powerful. It stood as the supporter of slavery and the opponent of the national cause during the war. Its strength in the North was found among the classes who had resisted the draft in New York and Boston; in the South, among those who

lately had been in rebellion. It was bankrupt in character and without a cause.

Our political situation between 1868 and 1888 was not unlike the situation in England between 1750 and 1760, when the Whig party "possessed a complete monopoly of political power," of which Lecky says: "At hardly any other period of English history did parliamentary government wear a less attractive aspect, and it is not difficult to discover the causes of the disease. Party government, in the true sense of the word, had for many years been extinct: Toryism had sunk into Jacobitism; Jacobitism had faded into insignificance; and the great divisions of politicians had almost wholly ceased to represent a division of principles or even of tendencies. Two or three times in English history something analogous to this has occurred, and it always brings with it grave political dangers. Such a state of affairs is peculiarly unfavorable to real earnestness in public life. Faction replaces party, personal pretensions acquire an inordinate weight, and there is much reason to fear lest the tone of political honor should be lowered and lest the public spirit of the nation should decline." [1]

Such political conditions in our own case proved especially favorable to widespread corruption and to the schemes of political adventurers. While the old leaders of the Republican party were gradually retiring, and its earnest members were feeling the inevitable reaction after the long strain of the struggle against slavery, there was nothing to prevent unscrupulous politicians from obtaining control of the machinery, and using the prestige and the organization of the Republican party to advance their personal fortunes. Any tendency among the voters to resist such leaders was met by impassioned declamation about the glorious past of the grand old party, by pointing out the vicious character of its rival, and by gloomy pictures of the disaster which would certainly follow Democratic success. Had there been a strong opposition which the public trusted, the decay of the Republican party might have been arrested at the outset by its prompt defeat. Such an opposition, however, was wanting, and the progress downward was unchecked.

A very short review of our history since 1865 will sustain these propositions, and make it clear that since the war the parties have not divided on great questions. From 1865 to 1868 the principal contest was between a Republican President and a Republican Congress in regard to the policy of reconstruction. This conflict culminated in the impeachment of President Johnson, and ended with the inauguration of President Grant. The only real difference between the Republican and the Democratic party in the campaign of 1868 was that the former commended, and the latter denounced, the reconstruction policy of Congress, but this issue disappeared when the campaign closed.

The election of General Grant placed the Republican party in undisputed possession of the government. No party in our history was ever more powerful; no President was ever more popular. Starting with the avowed purpose of ignoring the politicians, General Grant soon fell under the influence of the worst men in the party. During his first administration Mr. Sumner denounced his nepotism, while General Butler and men of his character dominated the party councils. Three years of Grant led to a conference of dissatisfied Republicans at Cincinnati, which almost founded a new party, but accomplished only the nomination of Horace Greeley by the Demo-

[1] Lecky's England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 505. The curious in historical parallels will be interested by this author's account of the causes which led to this condition of public feeling.

crats upon a platform which was almost identical with that of the Republicans. The contest of 1872 should have been a battle against corruption in office, but the union between Horace Greeley and the Democratic party was so unnatural that the people almost unanimously refused to treat it as serious.

There followed four years of corruption without example in our history. The Credit Mobilier affair, the Whiskey Ring, the Sanborn contracts, the scandals in the Interior Department, Robeson's career in the Navy Department, the safe burglary conspiracy, the impeachment of Belknap, affecting men holding the highest positions in the country, led to a popular uprising, which in 1874 gave the Democratic party, for the first time since 1861, a majority in the House of Representatives. The election which produced this result turned on no clear issue. The people simply recorded a vigorous protest against dishonesty.

It was of this period that Senator Hoar spoke, in May, 1876, when, urging the impeachment of a cabinet minister, he said: "My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office, but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips that, when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption."

During this period the passions excited by the war had been subsiding. As the centennial anniversaries approached, the recollections of earlier contests in which the whole country had been united softened the memories of recent division, and in 1875 the breach was healing rapidly. Then it was that Mr. Blaine acted upon the idea embodied in the remark, "There is another presidency in the bloody shirt;" and, by stirring up Mr. Hill, of Georgia, in the House of Representatives, succeeded in reawakening sectional hatred. The real issue before the country then was not between Republicans and Democrats, but between honesty and dishonesty. This issue, upon which the Republican leaders could not face the country, was pushed aside, and a false issue was raised by the tactics of Mr. Blaine.

In the campaign of 1876 the Republicans appealed to sectional feeling and the memories of the war, while the Democrats pointed to the scandals of Republican rule. It was a contest between two organizations for power, but no question of principle was involved. The electoral commission gave the presidency to Mr. Hayes, whose administration raised the whole tone of public life, though under him was secretly growing the infamous Star Route conspiracy. His four years of able and honest administration arrested the disintegration of the party, and it went into the campaign of 1880 substantially united.

A comparison of the Republican and Democratic platforms of that year discloses, however, no real question between the parties. The Democrats demanded a tariff for revenue only, while the Republicans contented themselves with saying that the revenue must be largely derived from duties on imports, "which should so discriminate as to favor American labor." The tariff, however, was not a burning issue in this campaign. The Republicans prevailed mainly by pointing to the record of the two parties during the war, and by urging the country to "let well alone." The Democratic party, with a bad record and no cause, still failed to command the public confidence.

President Garfield's administration was

marked by the unseemly contests over patronage which led Mr. Conkling to resign his seat in the Senate, and by various scandals which it is unnecessary to recall. But these gave an impulse to the cause of civil service reform, and upon this issue more than any other the Democrats carried the congressional elections of 1882, immediately after which the civil service reform law was passed by a House of Representatives which, six months before, had jeered at the reform.

The next two years were filled with the intrigues which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Blaine and the memorable campaign of 1884. The situation then was admirably stated in the address published by the Independent Conference at New York, which began: —

"The paramount issue of the presidential election of this year is moral rather than political. It concerns the national honor and character and honesty of administration rather than the general policies of government, upon which the platforms of the two parties do not essentially differ. No position taken by one platform is seriously traversed by the other. Both evidently contemplate a general agreement of public opinion upon subjects which have been long in controversy, and indicate an unwillingness to declare upon other and cardinal questions views which, in the present condition of public opinion, might seriously disturb the parties within themselves. Parties indeed now cohere mainly by habit and tradition; and since the great issues which have divided them have been largely settled, the most vital political activity has been the endeavor of good citizens in both parties to adjust them to living issues, and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform."

Upon the moral issue President Cleveland was elected. Under his leadership the Democratic party definitely espoused the cause of tariff reform, and upon this issue was fought the campaign of 1888. The Republican party took the opposite side, apparently, not from any settled conviction on the part of its leaders, far less on the part of its members, that the existing tariff should be increased, but rather because it was necessary for the party to oppose the Democrats, and it hoped, by appealing to the manufacturers and playing upon the fears of the working classes, to win another presidency. Success placed the Republicans in a position where they were compelled to adopt a course against which the party was committed by its record and the counsels of its great leaders in the past. They were forced to increase the burden of taxation imposed during the war. Their action has brought the country at last face to face with a real question, upon which the battle must continue until taxation is reduced. The issue is here, and it divides the country.

But still the division is not complete. There are many Republicans who do not at all believe in the policy to which their party is committed, but who are still so busy in doing the work accomplished twenty years ago that they have no time to consider the questions of to-day.[1] There are many Democrats who favor protection. The old traditions of the parties are still so strong that men vote for a name against their convictions. Not only are there many in each party who, upon the real issue between them, belong to the other, but the conscienceless political warfare of twenty years has separated a large class of voters from both parties. The scandals of General Grant's administration led many Republicans to vote for Mr. Tilden. The

[1] The most amusing evidence of the fact that the Republican party, at least, represents no common purpose of its members is the attempt made some months ago in Massachusetts by a Republican organization to ascertain upon what issues, in the opinion of the voters, the coming state campaign should be fought.

prominence of General Butler caused a "bolt" in Massachusetts. The cynical indifference of the Republican party to its promise of civil service reform led to the revolt of 1882, which sent Theodore Lyman, among others, to Congress, and changed entirely the political complexion of the House of Representatives. When finally the corrupt forces of the party triumphed in the nomination of Mr. Blaine, the conscience of the country was startled, and a large and important part of the Republican party voted against its candidate. One by one the men whose names are associated with the best days of that party have, with a few exceptions, been driven from its ranks, and the result is apparent. When Mr. Blaine first sought the presidency in 1876, he was beaten so badly that he had little influence with the next administration. In 1880 he was beaten, indeed, but came out of the conflict at the right hand of President Garfield. Four years later he won the nomination against a fierce opposition, but his nomination divided the party. Now he seems to be the party's idol, the typical Republican of to-day. Look where we will, the same tendency is evident throughout the Republican party. In New York Mr. White yields to Mr. Fassett. In Ohio Mr. Sherman struggles for reëlection against Governor Foraker. In Pennsylvania Mr. Quay and his associates are supreme. Mr. Clarkson leads the national organization, while, as he complains, the great newspapers and magazines of the country, which formerly supported the Republican party, are now contending against it. The education and intelligence of the country are naturally repelled by the Republicanism of to-day.

On the other hand, the Democrats have, until recently, offered little which could attract the men whom the Republicans have alienated. Tammany and its methods do not suggest reform, and among those who are named as possible Democratic candidates for the presidency there is only one who could command their support. Governor Hill inspires no more confidence than Mr. Blaine, nor is Mr. Gorman clearly better than Mr. Quay.

The result is that there is a large body of citizens who believe earnestly in civil service reform, tariff reform, honest money, fair elections, and economical administration, who find no political party which really seeks to accomplish these political objects. These are the real practical demands of the day, and the record of both parties shows that neither can be trusted to labor for them all. These men are equally opposed to the corrupt methods of both parties, and to men who are prominent in both. They adopt an eclectic course, voting at each election for those who, under the circumstances, misrepresent them the least. To a great extent, by voting on opposite sides, they neutralize each other's action. They are numerous and intelligent, and they should be influential. While they stand apart from existing political organizations they exert no direct influence upon either. Candidates are selected, policies adopted, methods approved, without consulting them, and thus their attitude deprives them of their legitimate weight in determining the political course of the country.

Is there no way out of this situation? Cannot citizens who think alike forget names which have lost their meaning, and unite in the endeavor to adjust the parties "to living issues, and to make them effective agencies of political progress and reform"?

No man counts for less politically than he whose party allegiance is assured, who votes for his party's candidate under all circumstances, who cannot be disgusted or persuaded into revolt. Why should any party leader abandon evil methods for fear of alienating, or adopt sound principles and nominate good men for the sake of attracting, such voters?

They belong to the "boss," and he may well ask, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" Does not the recent election in Pennsylvania show that it is lawful? How can this fetich worship of party be broken up?

The difficulties of the problem are great. Political parties are not lightly created nor easily destroyed. The life of the Democratic party, in spite of its almost absolute annihilation during the civil war, is a proof of this wonderful vitality. Parties are born when the time is ripe. A handful of reformers cannot will a new party into existence, though when public opinion is ready they can raise the standard and fire the beacon. A political party in a country like ours is a complicated organization, and depends for its success on the active efforts of many men. The legitimate expenses of a campaign are great, and men who are busy in their respective employments shrink from the sacrifice of time and money which is necessary to create a national organization and to conduct a national campaign, until there comes one of those moments in a country's history when some great cause stirs men deeply, and they forget to be lazy and prudent.

While in the factional quarrels which divide both parties in many States there is evidence that existing organizations will not long continue as at present constituted, while the men who now hold prominent office, with few exceptions, are not such as can long control the destinies of a great nation, there is no reason to think that the country is ripe for a new party. The demand for free silver seems to have spent its force, and, like the movements for the payment of the bonds in "greenbacks" and for the inflation of the currency by fresh issues of paper money, proves to be only a temporary craze. Such ebullitions of imaginative finance have been periodical during our history, but from their inherent folly they are mere passing delusions. They frighten the timid leaders in both parties, but no more afford a foundation for a new organization than would an attack on the law of gravitation.

Nor can a new party be formed now on the issue of civil service reform. Its friends are strong enough to compel the respect of both parties, who on public occasions are never tired of denouncing the failures of their opponents to act upon its principles, and of expressing their own unqualified support of the reform; but it is difficult to create a new party for the purpose of doing what two existing parties strongly pretend to favor, especially when, as in this case, the cause does not inspire any burning enthusiasm in large sections of the country, but at best commands only passive support.

The dominating issue is tariff reform, and in its support are enlisted a large majority of the active men who alone can be relied on to join any new movement. The Democratic party is fully committed to this cause, and the prospect of success is brilliant. In the battle now going on these reformers find abundant opportunity for their zeal, and they cannot easily be persuaded to abandon a powerful party, which seems on the eve of victory, for the purpose of forming a new and comparatively weak organization, and thus dividing the force which, united, is not too strong to overcome the party of privilege. If the Democratic party should select as its candidate a leader whose character and strength are well known, who is sound on financial questions, and who has shown himself willing to extend the principles of civil service reform and to lead his party forward on this question, it would be folly to attempt the formation of a new party. The active support of such a candidate is practically the best service a voter can render to the causes of tariff reform, civil service reform, and honest money. But if such a

candidate is not named; if each of the two great parties nominates a man who does not command confidence, but is merely a political gambler, playing for power, are we bound then to trust the great interests of this country, its character and its honor, to a man who has neither character nor honor of his own? The answer to this inquiry should not be doubtful.

The practical question is not whether a new party shall be formed, but whether men who desire only to have their country well governed cannot, by united action, do something to secure the nomination of good men by both parties, — something to make them both "effective agencies of political progress and reform" rather than armies engaged in a battle to determine which shall have the right to despoil their common country.

We are too apt to think that everything depends on the presidential election. It is a dangerous delusion. We have more to hope and fear from Congress than from the President. Be he as good as we would have him, he cannot legislate, and even in matters which lie exclusively within his jurisdiction the constant pressure of office-broking Congressmen or the loyal support of able and disinterested representatives may mar or make his administration. We cannot afford to choose a good President and not give him a good Congress. Each congressional district is a field for independent action, and in many a few active men will control an election. Why is it not practicable to form a national organization of those who, without regard to party, will pledge themselves to act together in support of tariff reform, civil service reform, electoral reform, and honest money, and against corrupt men and corrupt methods in politics wherever found? Why should not such an organization formulate the demands of good citizens, and thus help to educate public opinion and loosen party ties? Why should there not be a branch in each district and in every town, to form a nucleus around which citizens who favor reform can rally? The politicians would soon see in such a body a power to be dreaded and conciliated, and it would be strong enough, in many cases, to dictate good nominations or defeat bad ones. Such an organization would be prepared for any emergency; and if the time should ever come when neither political party offered a cause and candidates worthy of support, a new party would be ready.

No one can do more than indicate what is possible. We all recognize a steady decadence in our politics. The men in public life to-day are, with few exceptions, intellectually and morally inferior to the great statesmen of the war and the years which preceded it. Political preferment is less and less tempting to good men. The conditions of public life are more and more repellent. The tendency is dangerous, and it is our duty to arrest it. Is there not in all this reason for action; should we not at least recognize the situation, and seek to find a remedy? It would seem that the first step would be a conference of those who think alike, in order that, through a comparison of views, some course of action might be devised. Delays are dangerous.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

Two books on Italy which belong to two epochs bear on their title-pages the date 1891: the first[1] a treasured fragment from the pen of the great resuscitator of the past, a journal of Michelet written in 1830; the second[2] the fruit of a recent journey to the land of the vine and the olive, made by the psychologist and analyzer of the present day, M. Paul Bourget. Let us turn first to the Italy of 1830, and note the point of view of the older writer, who was young at that date. It is easy, in reading these vivid sentences of Michelet's which have the piercing virile force that belongs to his style, and in feeling the unity of the impression conveyed, the summing up of Rome in a personality, to forget that his Rome is not really a book, but a few notes of his itinerary and impressions during a journey which seems to have been a brief one, though we have no dates by which to measure it, and was undertaken for his health when nearly given over by the physicians. Some outline sketches of Roman emperors, intended by him for use in teaching, and a rambling but interesting preface by Madame Michelet help to make up the volume. It gives us one thing well worth having: Michelet's first eager glance at Italy, his first impressions face to face with the actual Rome, the scene of his reading and his dreams. What an animated, animating glance it is! Michelet's vision of the past is never merely meditative; it is energetic, as if scanning a vast active future. To make that past alive again for the quickening of the imagination and the life of to-day is a task that absorbs and satisfies him. He gives few generalizations on the contrasts or affinities between that life and this, having thrown his heart into the past with an ardor which leaves little room for that self-contemplation which is apt to be, perhaps is inevitably, the starting-point for our analysis of the life immediately about us. The modern Italian was interesting to Michelet as the present occupant of the estate of the ancient Roman, and he notes his characteristics in a quick classification, comparing him with his predecessor, almost equally present to his mind. He is *affamé d'érudition*, turns from ruins and pictures to burrow in libraries and translate seeing at once into knowledge, and then gazes again, meeting at every turn in Rome its ancient populations. The monuments of the Forum look to him "as if they would fain rise by an effort of their own from the depths of the soil."

The Rome in which Michelet beheld "a suggestion of the fortified Paris of the time of Philip Augustus," the Rome with cows at graze in its Forum, has passed away like the ancient city, and seems to us, as we read, to lie already beneath a layer of soil. The monuments have been freed since then, and are all in view, as are also the improvements of modern progress. The black wooden cross which then stood in the arena of the Coliseum, and which Michelet salutes as the symbol of its greatest memories, is gone. But the glories of the Easter Sunday display in Rome, which drove Michelet to seek the shelter of the smallest and most obscure church to be found, have not all passed away, and his reflection, summing up his impressions of religious Rome, that "he who has lost his faith cannot hope to find it here," is not less true since the days of infallibility than it was before. The Roman churches are not those to which the imagination clings; their polished mar-

[1] *Rome.* Par J. MICHELET. Paris: Librairie Marpon et Flammarion. 1891.

[2] *Sensations d'Italie.* Par PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

bles do not rouse the religious feeling; the concentration in Rome of the pomp of the Church has banished from it the sweetness of religion.

M. Bourget's Sensations d'Italie may almost be taken as the record of a quest for a faith; in fact, demands to be read as a spiritual confession of some sort, though it comes to hand as a piece of light literature, informal, polished, and artistic. M. Bourget has not sought his faith in Rome. Among the byways of Tuscany and Umbria, with their crumbling frescoes in neglected monasteries and their precious pictures enshrined in the quiet of lonely churches, and along the coasts where relics and suggestions of Greece are to be found, he has made his way in a tour which report describes as a wedding journey, but which his volume, the only document with which a reviewer has to deal, sets down as a pilgrimage of a solemn order. M. Bourget is a *civilisé;* he is a product of the most refined civilization of this latter day, and when he speaks of this civilization as "barbarous" compared with that of the ancient Greeks, it is with the tone of one so thoroughly initiated into an art as to be able to judge intimately, if not condescendingly, of a performance superior to his own. The Roman faculty for government seems to have descended in a measure to the English of modern times, while a smaller portion of the mantle of Greek civilization has fallen upon French soil; if it be not the authentic garment, there are at least no rival relics to dispute its claim. This claim is not invalidated by the highest single examples of culture among other nations. The individuals of highest culture in modern times have not always been the outcome of such refinement of an entire society; Goethe was not, nor Turgeneff, and both gained in fineness by nearness to simpler conditions. In Goethe, the modern type of culture in its largest and most personal sense, all the faculties were in proportion and tending towards one end; it was active, not arrested development. In the civilisé, whether an individual or a world, a large number of faculties develop in exquisite perfection, but remain unrelated, or even tend to prey upon one another, as microbes devour microbes. The melancholy of a generation "*venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux*" has not spared M. Bourget, but there are other elements in his sadness, which is more austere, altruistic, and invigorating than the usual plaint of French literature. No reader can take up Sensations d'Italie and wander through its Italian autumn landscape, so true in atmosphere and full of subtle touches of color, nor linger upon its faithful reproduction of the spirit of old pictures, nor enjoy its intellectual comment upon things or its evidences of reading and information, now and then a little ostentatiously displayed, without being aware at every moment of an interpenetrative moral feeling so intense and personal as to tinge the whole book. It is something as distinctive and haunting as the melancholy of Obermann or René; as representative, too, of an epoch and exponent of other minds than that of its author. It will hardly prove as infectious, for M. Bourget is not a great creative artist; and though he appeals to an intimate public, he is more likely to find it waiting for him than to stamp the impress of his special *Weltschmerz* upon his own or succeeding generations, as the great sentimental and introspective travelers of a bygone day have done.

The ancient Greek was not troubled by the social problem, that being solved for him, as M. Bourget remarks in this book, by slavery. Neither did it affect Alfred de Musset in his despair over the miseries of an overripe age and of individual destiny. But the human intellect of the present day has undertaken the double problem of adjusting the subtle conditions and faculties of refine-

ment, and at the same time making room, in the name of justice, which is so important an attribute of culture, for the immense element of the uncultured and ignorant. With all these ingredients in the cup of human mystery comes in the element of compassion in skepticism and inquiry as well as in effort. No writer has expressed this compassion simply as a feeling with more sincerity and almost involuntary poignancy than M. Bourget. The title of Pierre Loti's graceful, tender book, Le Livre de la Pitié, would have had a deeper meaning on the cover of Sensations d'Italie. The desire to know how men live which has led M. Bourget to seek "sensations" — that is, contact with life through feeling — amid every variety of existence is doubled perforce by the question how they ought to live, and the perception of the gulf between by a sense of what is so simply named by Othello "the pity of it."

It is through sensation that M. Bourget seeks to escape from "the burning and desiccating whirlwind of modern cities," and it is to gain fresh artistic impulse, through sensation, by perceiving and feeling how men have lived the life and wrought the works of faith, that he seeks to renew faith. His skepticism is not that of the scientist, a dogmatic one; it is not the *que sais-je?* of Montaigne; and it is far from the logical technicalities of the theological doubter. It is rather the skepticism which hesitates to give big names to things, and which is conscious of psychological subtleties unfavorable to the wholeness of belief. He is too wise to look for a key to problems, but he turns to regions in which there is to be found the most direct expression in art and in life of the spirit of faith and worship. He goes from picture to picture of the old Tuscan and Umbrian painters, charmed with the truth and devout feeling of one and another Madonna, and gaining, as so many less susceptible tourists have done, a certain strong composite impression from the reiteration of the same story testified to by so many reverent interpreters. Michelet, too, speaks of the domination of the Christian legend in Italian painting, and of the surprise of finding it "expressed with so much uniformity among a people whose pantomime is so vivid and whose genius is so varied." M. Bourget, with a deeper delight in this simple penetrating monotony, with a shade more morbidness and sympathy, writes: —

"They are so numerous, these pupils of the mystical Duccio and the learned Simone Martini! Communion of ideal and of manner was as dear to the artists of that day as the acquisition of originality at all hazards is dear to us. They accepted, those men; they had no hope save to continue simply a tradition, to be each a branch of the same great tree, — nay, not even a branch, but a flower among flowers, a minute of a great day, the resting-place of a great doctrine. That is why the reunion of a number of their works gives a sensation of such force, and why such strength still resides in each one of their isolated works. Something in them half impossible permits us to obtain a glimpse through the fragment which we are contemplating of the vast effort which alone has rendered its achievement possible. Sometimes, even as here [he is in the museum at Siena], the fragment is so delicious that for a second it seems to mark the supreme point on which all the rest is suspended; and during that second all the fame of the whole school shines at once upon the name of the poor modest workman, who, by force of subjected merit, showed a genius in his work like the greatest of the great."

We recall no writer whose description brings up to us more graciously the charm of these Italian masters, Perugino, Luca Signorelli, and a host of minor great artists, than M. Bourget. Their Christianity is even more to him than

their art. To seek the spirit and essence of each manifestation, to come as near as possible to the most Christian elements of Christianity, to the real paganism of the Greek, is the mission of the traveler of culture, and M. Bourget has performed that mission. But through his delight in Greek memories, as through his Middle Age and Renaissance sympathies, there comes the same note of regret. This expression with almost lyrical insistence through many modulations of a dominant idea gives to the book a certain completeness and distinction, making it not a mere record of travel, but a work of art. It will be found a sad book not alone by those minds to whom all uncertainties are sad, but even by those most in sympathy with its spirit, and alive to that mingling of stimulus and charm which gives M. Bourget's work so strong a hold upon the intellectual affections of his generation. He is not a morbid writer, nor, with all his introspection, is he an egotistic one. If his sensationalism were taken to pieces and set up as a mechanical theory, it might be open to the charge of morbidness. Feeling alone is too heavy a weight for the mind; it needs to be lifted and liberated by intellect. But there is no lack of intellect in M. Bourget's writing.

We have sometimes wondered in reading his novels, as we have in perusing those of Mr. Henry James, whether an intellect is not now and then a little in the way of a writer of fiction. At all events, it has never been quite evident to us that M. Bourget's large share of mental endowments includes the special faculty of novel-writing. He is always interesting in his analysis as a novelist, though perhaps less so than as a critic. He has done some very delicate work, and has written some pages that cling to the memory and to the feeling. He may yet produce a great novel, but if so it will be by force of sincerity and comprehension of life rather than by a native talent for reproducing and depicting it. One defect as a novelist — the tendency to rely too much on effective incident, and to secure unity by having all the interest centre on one point — he shares with a large number of his compatriots and fellow-workers, who in their predilection for the accidental happenings and extraordinary phases of life miss that large presentation of its workings which belongs to Tolstoï and Turgeneff, to Verga and Valdes. The last has depicted in Scum as depraved a society as that in which the French seek their models, but how true and dispassionate and superior is his handling of it! The French are masters of literary art, and they are often tempted by this supremacy to sacrifice to an artistic unity, which is apt to be an artificial one, the real unity of development, sequence, and accident in human life. So far M. Bourget is only marching in the ranks of French fiction on a road which it is not likely soon to abandon. Individually he has far less ease, less control of his resources, in a word less art, than M. de Maupassant. We do not see the personages in M. Bourget's novels, or if we do it is at a moment when the action has stopped; whereas M. de Maupassant has an incomparable faculty of making us see, hear, and understand his people at once, of bringing before us at the same moment, and as by a single process, their action, aspect, and motive. We feel that he knows through and through the life he depicts, knows it by instinct, independently of analysis, and can reproduce it unerringly, or could if he were less hampered by the aforementioned preference for effects. M. Bourget too often stands apart from his characters in giving his admirable analysis of their motives, and the result is a want of coherence and even a certain coldness, due not to lack of feeling, but rather to lack of touch. But our criticisms, if they be valid at all, apply only to the setting of his novels; and we are no more pre-

vented by such defects from delighting in his psychology, than we are prevented by the fact that Mr. James's characters all speak with the home accent from finding a perennial pleasure in their conversation.

The Nouveaux Pastels,[1] no longer very new at this date, are put forth as portraits, and are evidently done from sittings, though in some cases worked up with accessories into the form of a short story. We mentioned in our notice of M. Buet's book on Barbey d'Aurevilly, in the November Atlantic, having encountered in its pages the original of one of the Pastels, Monsieur Legrimaudet. In that sketch the portraiture is so frank and close that it almost justifies M. Bourget's expressed satisfaction in the entire hideousness of his model, though by insisting so strongly upon his points as a subject and significance as a type M. Bourget rather anticipates any discovery on the part of his reader, and takes the comment out of his mouth. In Un Humble, a ten minutes' sketch, done in an omnibus, of the poor visiting teacher, we recognize the study for the character of the professor in Mensonges. Un Saint is really a double portrait, although only one of the sitters is mentioned in the title. It is a "sensation" of Italy and of Paris, in which the contrast between two minds which are virtually two worlds is analyzed by sympathy rather than by reason. M. Bourget here allows the reader to penetrate naturally and easily into the simple mental life of an Italian monk, ignorant of everything outside the convent walls, childlike almost to childishness in his ideas of the world, but suffused with his faith and living it in every hour; and into the far more subtle brain of a young Parisian, in possession of all the facts of existence and alive to all its meanings, unless it be the real meaning. He has an intelligence of wonderful suppleness and activity, susceptible of the finest civilization, quick to seize and to comprehend, retentive too, but rendered incapable of assimilation by the blighting effects of precocious cynicism and negation. "This intelligence seemed to belong to him, like a jewel, or rather like a machine. It was exterior to him. It was not he. He possessed it, but it did not possess him. It served him neither for believing nor for loving." And the author exclaims, in a phrase which seems to have wandered into the volume from the Sensations d'Italie, where it lingers unexpressed, "Was I not still more wretched, I who shall have passed my life in comprehending equally the guilty attraction of negation and the splendor of profound faith without attaching myself either to the one or the other of those two poles of the human soul?"

In Un Saint and in Maurice Olivier M. Bourget has made his analysis part of the very texture of his story. Maurice Olivier is a very charming little love story, almost fragile in its delicacy, a society idyl, with plenty of *chiffons* and a note of real feeling. But we prefer Un Saint, and the books where we get M. Bourget's comment and analysis most direct from life.

"Every one," says the hero of Jean Paul's Titan, "is born *with* his north or his south; whether *in* an outer besides, that is of little consequence." M. Bourget, with all his feeling for Italy, is a northerner born; with his knowledge of foreign literature and susceptibility to foreign influence, he is most completely French. Pierre Loti has introduced an Oriental element into French letters. The East and Brittany, with the sea between them, are the harvest fields of his pen; China and Japan have furnished him with material for his wonderful descriptions, with the cadences of his prose. But his inward south is Italy: he has a certain Italian quality of mind; with his power of description and his caressing tenderness, softened

[1] *Nouveaux Pastels.* Par PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. 1891.

almost to the sentimental, he has more affinity with Amicis than with any other writer. It can hardly be a case of literary influence, for Amicis has probably been far more influenced by French than Pierre Loti by Italian writers. It would perhaps be more correct to use the word "analogy" than "affinity," and to speak of Pierre Loti as a French writer with an Italian quality. His writing has a certain warmth and fluidity outside the bounds of a French style. His prodigious descriptive power is a sort of plastic talent in writing; it is word-painting and something more, — a manipulation of words to the very form and dye of the things they represent, rather than that harmonious use of them in relation to one another, that purity of expression which constitutes a style.

Amicis writes lovingly of the discipline and comradeship of a soldier's life; Pierre Loti, of the hardships of the sailor's, the loneliness of the sea. Both are wanderers, describers, sensationists in M. Bourget's sense. Amicis has kept his feeling more clear of self-consciousness, a little deeper and truer perhaps. But the comparison between them will not go far. The merit of Pierre Loti's novels is of a different sort from that of the stories of La Vita Militare. Pierre Loti is a novelist more decidedly than Amicis, exquisite as are such stories as Carmela; he has the gift of narrative, the natural capacity for fiction which M. Bourget lacks. His novels do not cut very deep into life, nor do they exhibit a profound psychology, but they have vividness, pathos, and completeness. Pêcheur d'Islande is an organic whole, as complete as a statue, with its strange wild water scenery indissolubly wedded to its human story.

Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort [1] has all the charm that Pierre Loti's pen can give. Nobody could have told better the Vies des Deux Chattes, where the Angora and the Chinese heroine are fully modeled in the foreground in all their pliant attitudes, with their cat personalities wittily divined from each pose or action, while the two quiet elderly ladies in black are painted lightly into the background, half in shadow; stiff, gracious figures, full of distinction, and the real personalities of the sketch. There is here no forced tone in the feeling, whereas we are sometimes conscious, while enjoying Pierre Loti, that he is too literary, too mannered; that he is bending his perception to the exigencies of composition. We cannot help a slight suspicion of this sort in reading even the touching sketch Tante Claire nous quitte, with its simple, quiet tones, its record of an experience which so many of us have been through, and in which we have perhaps had the same sense of a literary quality in our own feeling that we have in reading Pierre Loti's narrative.

Of the other stories in the volume, Le Chagrin d'un Vieux Forçat has a sentiment which is a little too easily picked up; but the concluding sketch, La Chanson des Vieux Époux, is a delightful fantasy, a sort of prose ballad, with its pathos located in Japan or the moon, and its homeliness as decorative as the figures on a teapot.

[1] *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort.* Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

"A DULL business this seems to many," Professor Wendell frankly says of his subject,[1] "yet after ten years' study I do not find it dull at all. I find it, rather, constantly more stimulating; and this because I grow more and more aware how in its essence this matter of composition is as far from a dull and lifeless business as earthly matters can be; how he who scribbles a dozen words, just as truly as he who writes an epic, performs — all unknowing — one of those feats that tell us why men have believed that God made man in his image. For he who scrawls ribaldry, just as truly as he who writes for all time, does that most wonderful of things, — gives a material body to some reality which till that moment was immaterial, executes, all unconscious of the power for which divine is none too grand a word, a lasting act of creative imagination."

A writer who approaches his task in such a spirit as this, and who has the skill, as Professor Wendell eminently has, to make outer expression correspond to inner feeling, will invest every part of his work with living and luminous interest. Carlyle used to rhapsodize about the importance of realizing the wonder that surrounds our daily life; and he himself, if he was going to portray an object, inveterately sought a point of view from which he could contemplate it in a kind of surprise. The most commonplace thing, the dullest dumdrudge of a life, became interesting as soon as he looked upon it from a station among the infinities. In its more practical and matter-of-fact aim the book before us proves the same truth; it evinces that an abiding sense of how much a subject means, in its higher and deeper reaches, may be like wings to both reader and writer, buoying them onward profitably through what would otherwise be a waste of barren detail. Nor is our author's sense of his subject's significance a mere expedient to make the presentation of it interesting. It is too genuine and deep-seated for that. It rests upon a truth that every teacher of composition misses it not to bear in mind, — the truth, namely, that rhetoric is not an unrelated subject, not a mere grind for student discipline; rather, from its beginning it is concerned with the making of real and earnestly meant literature, and a crude schoolboy thesis gives its writer a place, albeit humble, among the world's makers, its Shakespeares and Bacons. From the prosaic details of English composition no highest literary creation can be exempt. An art that in its supreme achievements must still work patiently among the rudiments has no meaningless preliminaries.

The aim of the book before us corresponds to its original delivery in the form of lectures: it is not a textbook for schools, but a treatise for the general reader. Such a treatise was needed; and the general reader is fortunate in having his need so ably supplied. For he has here a practical philosophy of composition, by no means lacking in thoroughness and depth, yet so adapted in style and plan to all that the layman finds himself thinking naturally in the dialect of the literary art, as M. Jourdain found himself talking prose, without being aware of the fact. The unity and mutual relatedness of its parts, and the skill with which the author has demonstrated how the whole art centres in a few cardinal principles, are admirable. The subject-matter of the

[1] *English Composition.* Eight Lectures given at the Lowell Institute. By BARRETT WENDELL, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

book gives the impression of having been "cast," as the Germans express it, "at one *Guss;*" so closely does principle cling to principle that when you take up one all the rest come with it. Thus the reader is put in possession of a system that he can hold in mind and carry about as a *vade mecum*. It is no small service to the reading public thus to have articulated a philosophy.

Yet we find in it no startling novelties of nomenclature or system. Terms that have long been standard, some of them from the time of Campbell and Blair, meet us here without apology. We hear once more about usage reputable, national, and present; about barbarisms and solecisms and improprieties; about clearness and elegance and force. There is no reproach in this; rather the greater service in saving such old terms as are of perennially vital significance, — a service keenly appreciated by those who see how much rubbish of terminology has been quietly ignored. We are not sure but Professor Wendell works more felicitously in the old lines than when, as sometimes occurs, he ventures out for himself. The term "principle of mass," for instance, so far as it is suggestive, seems hardly to suggest its own definition; and the exposition of its requirement that "parts be so placed as readily to catch the eye" haunts one with the feeling that the most profoundly characterizing word for it is yet to find. Surely, it is not to the eye alone, or to the eye principally, that composition appeals. The spoken word lies below the written, as in the history of literature so in the nature of things; ought not the spoken word to define the principle of arrangement?

To write a course of lectures for the Lowell Institute must have imposed upon the writer at some time a period of strenuous, rapid work; and the pressure of such brief preparation could not but leave, as it has left here and there, its effect on the style of Professor Wendell's book. We had marked some passages for criticism on this score; but on further reflection it seemed to endanger the true perspective of a review like this seriously to bring up such faults of haste as reveal themselves. For they are but *spongia solis;* though we *do* wish the writer had been more accurate and self-consistent in his definition of style. To stick to the main point, however, the book as a whole is by no means a hasty book. The author did not need to insist as he does that it is the fruit of ten years' studious experience. It reveals a unity of conception, a grasp of elements, main and subordinate, a ripeness of conclusion, a cleanness of definition and illustration, that could have been only the result of long unhasting meditation. Its style, which must deal in precept, is also a continuous example in point. Let this be proved, not by assertion, but by a representative passage. Here is the masterly way in which the author clears up the much discussed question of *shall* and *will:* —

"On the other hand, the English usage which generally seems most arbitrary seems to me really reducible to a matter of the simplest common-sense. I refer to the use of *shall* and *will*. *Shall* is the normal form of the future: its literal meaning is absolutely prophetic; I *shall* come, for example, settles the question of my coming. *Will*, on the other hand, implies distinct volition. I *will* come means, clearly enough, that I should like to come very much. In the first person, in predicting our own conduct, we use the auxiliaries with their literal meaning. In the second person and the third, we find the case apparently changed: we say, not you *shall* come, but you *will* come; not it *shall* rain, but it *will* rain. Why? Simply and solely, I believe, because as a matter of good sense, or at least of good manners, we cannot rationally or decently assume such control of persons or things other than ourselves as to risk a distinct prophecy

about them. To say *you shall come* would be to assume complete control of your conduct; to say *it shall rain*, to assume complete control of the weather. As a matter of courtesy, then, we use *will* when we utter predictions about persons other than ourselves, — implying their consent to the line of conduct we assert them about to follow; and pure idiom, personifying such impersonal things as the weather, makes *will* the word by which, in such questions as that about rain, we rid ourselves of the assumption of impossible authority or responsibility. In a word, I have found this rule invariable: *Shall* is the normal form of the future tense. Unless good sense or good manners forbid, it should be used; but when good sense or good manners forbid us to assume control of the subject of the verb, we should use *will*."

Throughout these lectures Professor Wendell works in the consciousness that the business of a teacher of composition, like that of the dictionary-maker, is not so much to legislate as to record; not to make rules of usage, but to find them. This, we are inclined to think, is one of the marks of the progressive scientific method as applied to literary creation. Critics are finding it precarious to lay down arbitrary laws that *must* be obeyed, or to pronounce oracularly on what ought to be. To see Wordsworth surviving Jeffrey's dictum, "This will never do," and taking his calm stand among the first half dozen poets of England; to see Carlyle reverenced as a vitalizing power in literature despite his mad rebellion against the proprieties, — facts like these have taught them that in literary matters, eminently, prophecy is much safer after the event. A critical Sir Oracle runs great risk of being a literary Wiggins, whose prediction may turn out true or may turn out ridiculous. There is a more excellent way. It is to keep judgment open and flexible by the fact which Professor Wendell acknowledges at the outset, that questions of rhetoric are not questions of absolute right or wrong, but of better or worse. Almost everything is good for something. "No principle of composition," he says further on, "is anywhere absolute." In a word, calling rhetoric an art, as we do, let us interpret it as such, concerned as are all arts with problems of cause and effect, of means and ends, of tools and workmanship. A manner of writing or of speaking justifies itself in so far as it effects its purpose. If a man chooses to stand on his head in order to attract attention, he will probably be so far forth successful; but if he wants his success to include also dignity or the regard of the selectest people, obviously he must revise his action. Standing on his head to secure the more comprehensive result is not true art. So in rhetoric the question is always open whether the writer's purpose might not have been attained by worthier or more economical means, or whether such-and-such expression may not really make against rather than for his object. Herein lies the true domain of the rhetorical art. It does not legislate; it simply says: See what this manner of writing will do; see how to proceed in order to produce this effect. Here are your working-tools; here is how to use them. A reassuring truth this to the teacher who sees all his industrious pencil-markings on student essays producing so little effect. How are those vexatious errors to stay corrected; and alas! when will the list of possible slips and corrections be complete? The answer is hopeless if we go on dealing merely with the drudgery of grammatical detail, important as this is in its place. Rather, illuminate the drudgery by showing its setting as the component of a worthy art. The real question is a question of producing finely calculated effects; of clearly seeing a goal, and then reaching it by the best way. It is as definite as cabinet-making; it is as comprehensive as literature itself.

Something of the legislative, however, a treatise on composition has still to do; more exactly it has to define what the years have legislated; that is, what common consent has made or is making good usage. Nowhere has Professor Wendell rendered more useful or satisfying service than in tracing through the various stages of literary procedure the conflict between arbitrary usage, on the one hand, and the principles of composition, on the other; and his fine determination, from point to point, of the gradually enlarging sphere of usage opens a tempting field for the historian of style to explore. So ingeniously does this part of the treatment weave itself in and out of the larger plan that we can excuse its becoming by and by a little too self-conscious. We see in the beginning how arbitrary usage is supreme, — in spelling, notably, and scarcely less so in the choice of words; here there is not much question of the free following of principle, but merely of what can be done inside of rather narrow and rigid limits. As we go on to sentence-structure usage is still potent, but with hold considerably relaxed; and the principles of unity, of mass, and of coherence share with it as laws of procedure. In paragraphs only a trace of the tyranny of usage remains; while in the planning of whole compositions principle has become supreme, or, as the author expresses it, coincides with usage. Here, then, is the light that Professor Wendell throws on the evolution of style. "Modern style," he says, "the style we read and write to-day, I believe to be the result of a constant though generally unconscious struggle between good use and the principles of composition." Good usage has thus to take its share with theory, as subject-matter of the rhetorical art.

To trace the aspect of these three principles of composition, as they reappear in modified form in successive procedures; to begin to mention the numerous thought-provoking terms in which important processes or qualities of style are focused, as when ordered sentence-structure is defined as the result of revision, paragraph-structure of prevision, and as when the secret of clearness is found in denotation, of force in connotation, of elegance in adaptation, — all this would too far transcend the space at our command. It is largely such felicities as these which leave upon the mind a sense of the crystalline, clear-cut analysis that must have presided over the composition of these lectures.

The last chapter of the book, the one on Elegance, seems to us the least satisfactory, as it is perhaps the most difficult. Not but that the secret of this quality is rightly defined as adaptation; not that the treatment fails, though it does not squarely reach its goal, at least to point out the direction of it. But, for one thing, the term *elegance*, though well defended theoretically by reference to its derivation, comes weighted so inevitably with untoward connotation — to use the author's term — as to be throughout the discussion a sad handicap to firmness of conception. Then, further, the author seems to lose, in some degree, the definite grip that he had on the other qualities, and to furnish less for the average man to grasp and realize. We are somehow transported to another stratum of ideas, out of the practical realm of composition into the hazy region of æsthetic criticism. It may be hard to make the treatment of such a subject otherwise; we cannot regard it as impossible. That universal principle of adaptation which gives style its beauty must surely have its application in matter-of-fact procedure.

The illustrative examples of the book would have profited especially by revision. Easy, striking, clear, just adapted as they are to oral delivery and a popular audience, some of them, unfortunately, show to less advantage in the change from lecture-form to printed treatise. Instances like the "macca-

roni" of Yankee Doodle, the author's exposition of which rests on erroneous citation; like the remarks on Hamlet's "miching mallecho," in which the lecturer too naïvely poses as "no witch at a riddle;" and the sometimes overlabored talking down to a supposably unrhetorical audience, are tempting bait to the critics of small things, who in seizing on them may so roil the current of the discussion as to keep some readers from profiting by the larger merits of the volume, of which these examples are not fairly representative.

Let us not, however, transgress Professor Wendell's wholesome principle of mass by letting censure of a book on the whole so delightful be the last thing to catch the eye. Our interest and profit demand rather that we record the net result. By the vigor and clearness of his utterances, by his masterly vitalizing of old principles that easily become worn, by his luminous exposition of a simple, perspicuous, eminently utilizable philosophy of expression, he has earned the gratitude of students and teachers, of lay and learned, alike.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fine Arts and Holiday Books. Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ, by Lew. Wallace. Illustrated from Drawings by William Martin Johnson, with Photogravures. Garfield Edition, in two volumes. (Harpers.) The scheme of illustration adopted for this popular book is admirable. The pages have full marginal notes drawn from archæology and the characteristics of Oriental life; they are not necessarily illustrations of the adjoining text, but are a free decorative setting of the page. They show both the value and the limitation of process work. Wherever architecture, for example, is under treatment, the reproduction of pen-and-ink drawing is what one wishes; where coins are to be reproduced the result is entirely unsatisfactory. In many instances the total effect of the pages is marred by the scrimping of the margin. The photogravures which deal with landscape, figures, and structures are dignified and rich. The book is lavishly treated, and its popularity doubtless justifies the abundance in a commercial point of view; the fullness of decorative detail in the text itself also invites it. — Three recent numbers of L'Art (Macmillan), which is published twice a month, indicate the range and the opulence of this substantial and effective magazine. Each has a large etching, the artist sometimes being also the etcher; each has chalk studies, of great value to the student; there are notes on salon or sales accompanied by reproductions, Watteau being shown thus in a number of examples; there are copies of tapestry in an old French château; and in general there is a fine blending of historical and contemporaneous art. — Mr. Howells's Venetian Life (Houghton) has been reissued, with a new preface, in two delightful volumes. The text was always luminous with the fine color of Venice, and now near a score of illustrations have been added, reproductions of water-color designs, so delicate and transparent in effect that one's anxiety over such an experiment is soon set at rest. The sunset hues and the browns are perhaps most pleasing, but there is a frank bravery about the blue which disarms the spectator of his first objection that the blue is too insistent to the eye. Altogether the book is a successful piece of work in the face of many perils. — Art and Criticism, Monographs and Studies, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) Mr. Child collects in a dignified volume a number of papers which he has heretofore printed, most of them helped out by admirable engravings. The attractiveness of the book is in its appeal to the higher, more poetic appreciation of imaginative art. A writer who treats of Sandro Botticelli, of Rodin, of Whistler, Daunat, Sargent, Thayer, Abbey, among Americans, of Barye, of A Pre-Raphaelite Mansion, of Millet,

of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, shows by his choice of subjects that his attention is directed toward the permanent, and not the transitory, in art. Nor will the reader be disappointed when he reads the intelligent praise of the best men, the discrimination with which such a subject as Munkacsy is handled, and the good sense and educated judgment which characterize Mr. Child's criticism and description. The book, with its excellent reproductions of notable modern work not easily to be known, as in the case of Rossetti, is a distinct addition to the literature of art. — The Women of the French Salons, by Amelia Gere Mason. (The Century Co.) The very choice illustrations, chiefly portraits, which enrich this volume make it find a place among Fine Arts and Holiday Books, but it would be a mistake to reckon it as a mere gift-book. It is a sympathetic, careful survey of a subject which never can be exhausted, and is one of peculiar interest to Americans who, blindly or intelligently, are feeling after a condition of society which shall make woman the inspiration, and not the toy. These studies of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, offer an admirable basis for the study of a profound problem. — A refined edition of Mr. Whittier's Snow-Bound (Houghton) gives the text in a graceful page, and sets it off with designs by E. H. Garrett reproduced in delicate photogravure. The idyl is one which has become as much of a household favorite as was ever The Cotter's Saturday Night, and is well worth all the pains of the graphic artist. We ought not to complain when we have these carefully studied pictures, yet we like to think that some day an artist whose youth has known just such an experience as the poet's, on some lonely New England farm, will translate the verses into his own speech of line and tint, so that the marriage shall be a perfect one. — The Warwickshire Avon, Notes, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrations by Alfred Parsons. (Harpers.) A pretty book, rich and attractive as regards the vignettes and larger pictures which crowd it and preserve many features of fat Warwickshire; somewhat meagre, but happily unpretentious, as regards the letterpress. Mr. Parsons is an artist. Mr. Quiller-Couch has a happy knack at sketching incidents, but there were no incidents on their uneventful canoe-voyage, and he falls easily into a sauntering prose, helping himself to passages from antiquaries, and modestly sure, we think, that the reader will not ask much of him. — Westminster Abbey, by W. J. Loftie. With many (we are glad to say the title-page does not call them "numerous") Illustrations by Herbert Railton. (Seeley & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Loftie does not have Dean Stanley's power of revivifying a great church and the men who have enriched it with their memories, but he writes with good attention to his task of elucidating the history of the abbey, and of describing its architectural features. There is an easy-going tone about his style which removes it from the charge of being formal without too great loss of dignity, though the book has much the air of having served the purpose of magazine articles. The illustrations are very effective woodcuts, in which strong masses and the large impressions of light and shade have not been sacrificed to delicacy and prettiness. — Mrs. Oliphant's The Makers of Florence, which had already made a fair fame as a good presentation of Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, in their relation to the great city, has been issued in an extra illustrated edition (Macmillan), with a portrait of Savonarola engraved by Jeens, fifty illustrations engraved on wood from drawings by Professor Delamotte, and twenty reproductions of pictures by Florentine artists, and now preserved in churches and galleries of Florence. The chapter on The Cathedral Builders especially commends itself for the humane, sympathetic treatment of a great subject, by which the reader loses nothing of his reverence for the great works of art and faith, and gains something by being brought into closer connection with the great men, known and unknown, to whom they were due. The text of this book merits the enrichment it has received. — The little series of Literary Gems (Putnams), issued last year, books of less than a hundred pages, bound in limp imitation morocco and furnished with frontispieces, is reinforced this season by five new numbers: Pre-Raphaelitism, by John Ruskin; Legend of Sleepy Hollow, by Washington Irving; Speeches on America, by John Bright; Lyrics from Robert Browning; The Edu-

cation of Children, by Montaigne. — Sharp Eyes, a Rambler's Calendar of fifty-two Weeks among Insects, Birds, and Flowers, by William Hamilton Gibson. Illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) After the reader has lingered over the effective cover of this cloth-bound book, he will linger even longer over the title-page with its dainty bit of color, and before he has read a word of the book will have been fascinated by the delicacy and grace of the printed page with its abundant decoration, wherein insect, bird, flower, and reptile disport themselves. Indeed, the refinement of the book, as it meets the eye, is, if we say so, almost too uniform. One might sigh for an occasional sharp accent, some bold piece of black printing, even, which should serve to break the monotony of the half-tone delicate work. The highly calendered paper on which the book is printed — a necessity, we suppose — heightens this effect of superfine finish. Mr. Gibson's notes and comments are delightful in their expression of a joyous, genuine love of nature and a playful attitude in his work. — Life of Gustave Doré, with one hundred and thirty-eight Illustrations from Original Drawings by Doré, by the late Blanchard Jerrold. (W. H. Allen & Co., London.) The large number of examples of Doré's work contained in this book seems to take it out of the category of biographies and place it in this division ; but after one has looked at the pictures he is ready to refer the book to the class of biography. The reproductions are for the most part disagreeable in style, and the selections are mainly from the repulsive side of Doré's art. Now and then the vigor of this artist is so impressive that one is swept from his base of sound judgment, but to return to Doré is to find constantly the baser metal of art. Mr. Jerrold's Life, which is not a new one, we think, is too undiscriminating to be of much service to the reader. He is Doré's eulogist rather than his biographer ; yet in his enthusiasm and loyalty he renders a service, for he never hesitates to let Doré show himself as he is. — Messrs. L. Prang & Co., Boston, devote themselves with untiring energy and ingenuity to the task of satisfying the crazed buyer of Christmas gifts. Be his or her mind, or the mind of the expectant receiver, religious, jocular, sentimental, matter of fact, dull, or lively, there is something on their list which makes the punishment fit the crime, as Gilbert says and Sullivan sings. The Prize Piggies, lithographed porklings turning up their lithographed snouts in lithographed straw, may be given to some disciple of realism who confronts nature only when nature goes on all fours. Bonnets and Hats, portrayed from Youth to Age, is a bright little poem with clever designs, the agreeable quality of the whole surprising one who finds the book presented in the elaborately cheap guise of bonnet shape. The Old Farm Gate, which likewise affects the form of a real gate with real hinges, contains some verses and pictures, both highly glossed. Wedding Bells has a simple white cover with gilt lettering ; it is intended as a souvenir, the date of wedding, names of high contracting parties, officials, and witnesses, and newspaper cuttings being provided for on blank pages opposite combined verses and flowers. The newspaper cuttings have the delicate reminder of trumpet flowers. A similar book is arranged for a Family Record. The Story of Mistress Polly who did not like to shell peas, told by Lizbeth B. Comins, is a straight-away little tale in verse, which strikes in upon all this highly glazed sentiment with refreshing simplicity. The popular rhyme No Sect in Heaven is furnished with conventional pictures of representatives of various sects. Places that our Lord Loved has its text provided from Canon Farrar's book, and its pictures, which in sepia are more endurable than when in the terrible colors elsewhere used, by F. Schuyler Mathews. Bits of Old Concord, Mass., illustrated by Louis K. Harlow, is, we are obliged to say, the only one of the lot which one might choose to keep instead of giving away. It has somewhat idealized portraitures of historic spots in Concord, and brief text accompanying each picture. There are, besides, Christmas cards and calendars and fancy little books. Occasionally one comes upon something less garish and more modest than the rest, but for the most part Christmas appears to salute the eye as the Chinese salute the ear on their New Year's Day with firecrackers. — All Around the Year is a Calendar for 1892, by J. Pauline Sunter (Lee & Shepard); it has a pretty set of cards with childish figures and bright little mottoes, the designs printed in agreeable cool tones.

Books for the Young. Marjorie and her Papa, How they wrote a Story and made Pictures for it, by Robert Howe Fletcher. Illustrated by R. B. Birch from Designs by the Author. (The Century Co.) A piece of pleasantry which has the uncommon negative excellence of not attempting too much. It is a genuine bit of playfulness between a father and his child, full of sweet naturalness and the kind of condescension which is delightful because it is the grave adaptation of six feet to three feet. The book ought to be a nursery favorite, since the reader will get his or her own pleasure while the listener gets a like pleasure of its own sort. — A Queer Family, by Effie W. Merriman. (Lee & Shepard.) This writer has liveliness and a kind feeling for vagrant children ; so kind that, after imagining such in dire straits, she uses her ingenuity to settle them comfortably and find the requisite relations to provide for them. But we sincerely wish that she was either a closer observer of street boys and had a better ear for their lingo, or that, in her idealizing of them, she would not idealize their language in terms of the street. Her picture of the life she invites us to consider is a chromo. — A Box of Monkeys, and Other Farce-Comedies, by Grace Livingston Furniss. (Harpers.) Four extravaganzas with a sort of high jinks fun in them, which might be played to an audience once, if the audience were not very particular, and the stage were far enough off to soften some of the loudness, and to reduce the brightness of the aniline dyes of which the coloring seems to consist. — The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe, Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, with Visits to Heligoland and the Land of the Midnight Sun, by Thomas W. Knox. (Harpers.) This is the twelfth, as we count, in the series of journeys made by these unwearying youths, whom travel keeps perpetually young, and whose conversation remains at a stage of instructive fullness unparalleled in juvenile experience. We marvel at the amount of knowledge which these youngsters can receive and disgorge, but it must be remembered that, wherever they go, they have, besides their guidebooks, the special copy of the London Quarterly Review which treats of the subject in hand, or some book devoted to their interests. We would not be Mrs. Bassett or Dr. Bronson and travel about with these two youths for a good deal. All the same, if one dismisses the notion that the people in the book are real, one may help himself to a vast amount of assorted knowledge and illustrative pictures; and that, no doubt, is just what boys and girls who read this book do. — Lady Jane, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison. (The Century Co.) A bright story of New Orleans life, which might have been written a little differently if it had not been preceded by Little Lord Fauntleroy, but would in any case have been attractive to young girls. Mrs. Jamison is very kind to her good characters, and though she has so much inventiveness that her story is a novel *in petto*, she has a strong sympathy with youthful life, and much picturesqueness of imagination ; thus she will find readers who will enjoy her work. — Among the Camps, or Young People's Stories of the War, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) Four stories told of children of the Confederacy. Home life and camp life are contrasted, and *mutatis mutandis* the tales might have been written north of the line. That is to say, so far as youthful life is concerned, the principles involved are those of loyalty to home, and the incidents those of troubled times. It must be confessed that the South has the advantage of the North in war stories, since the background of childish life is one of action and change. The young boy does not have to be a drummer boy or to do uncommon deeds ; he has only to stay at home, and he will have adventure enough. — The Abandoned Claim, by Flora Haines Loughead. (Houghton.) There is an ever fresh pleasure in reading the old story of how two young people, left to struggle with the world, conquer a position and livelihood. It is all unnatural, we say ; youth should be shown in the shelter of home; but we cannot help watching with interest the fight against odds and the victory which always follows in story-books. Here the interest is quickened by the surroundings, which are those of the Pacific coast. There is a mystery mingled with the tale, and an element of clouded human life which removes from the book an exclusively juvenile character. Mrs. Loughead writes with earnestness, and with a strong interest in the fate and fortunes of her young people. — The

Burning of Rome, or A Story of the Days of Nero, by Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) Early Christianity and decadent Roman civilization give Mr. Church plenty of opportunity for contrasts. His work is fluent, and may be archæologically correct, but the result strikes us as a story made to order rather than one of spontaneous freshness. — Little Marjorie's Love-Story, by Marguerite Bouvet. Illustrated by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (McClurg.) "One day — Marjorie never quite knew how it came about — they found themselves in a pretty village of France." This little sentence, early in the story, is characteristic of the book. The author, wishing to tell of the devotion of a sister to a brother, who grew up with a great gift which made him selfish, until he put his sister outside of his life, and preferring to treat the subject romantically rather than realistically, takes refuge in a vague period at a vague spot in France, apparently for the purpose of obtaining a cathedral and a monseigneur. The details of the story cannot be inquired into, but we wish, when young writers write pathetic stories about children, they would at least get a firm grasp of the world in which we all live. — Lyra Heroica, a Book of Verse for Boys, selected and arranged by William Ernest Henley. (Scribners.) It is not always clear by what principle Mr. Henley makes his selection. Action, movement, devotion to high ideals, — these are present to him, no doubt ; but even under these influences one wonders why he should select Blake's The Tiger, which he rechristens The Beauty of Terror, and Mrs. Hemans's Casabianca with its false ring. His notes are not always accurate. The Mayflower did not sail from Southampton in 1626 any more than the breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rockbound coast in the poem thus annotated. Nevertheless, there is abundance of spirited poetry in the volume. We suspect Mr. Henley's chief concern was to give as few hackneyed pieces as he could, and yet to make a representative book. — Prince Dusty, a Story of the Oil Regions, by Kirk Munroe. (Putnams.) Mr. Munroe, with his love of adventure and his knowledge of actual experience, surely does not need to make his stories of youthful life so distorted from nature as this. In fact, literature of this class seems to us distinctly objectionable, since it bases heroism upon the perversion of ordinary experience, and leads boys to demand a different field for the exercise of noble conduct than that on which they find themselves. — Jock o' Dreams, by Julie M. Lippmann. (Roberts.) A book of eight stories, each a pretty play of fancy embroidered on a simple truth of conduct. There is a purity of tone throughout which gives the little book a value of its own, and separates it from many of its class which have more distinct literary skill. — The Last of the Giant Killers, or The Exploits of Sir Jack of Danby Dale, by Rev. J. C. Atkinson. (Macmillan.) Mr. Atkinson has woven a number of local Moorland Parish tales and bits of folk lore into the old stories of Jack the Giant Killer and Little Red Riding Hood. There is a frankness about his manner which is attractive, but the book would be more easily understood by the child to whom it was read than by the one who, at the age when such stories interest, should try to read it without any other aid than the printed page. — Children's Stories in English Literature from Shakespeare to Tennyson, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) Mrs. Wright has undertaken somewhat too much of a task, we think, in this book. She has attempted in a familiar manner to give some notion of the personality of the greatest writers, their relation to the times in which they lived, and the work which they produced. The result is a sort of skimble-skamble which we fear would conduce more to a smattering of knowledge than to a real awakening of interest. No doubt the author would be the last to regard the book as anything more than an introduction to good literature, and it certainly is better than a dry compendium of dates and facts ; but we suspect it would be less likely to send a child to the authors characterized than to make a superficial reader more superficial. — The Boy Settlers, a Story of Early Times in Kansas, by Noah Brooks. Illustrated by W. A. Rogers. (Scribners.) A capital, hearty book, in which the author, who knows boys, gives an excellent historical background to a series of adventures upon the frontier. — Redskin and Cow-Boy, a Tale of the Western Plains ; The Dash for Khartoum, a Tale of the Nile Expedition. By G. A. Henty. (Scribners.) These two new books by a popular English story-teller illustrate the writer's method. He

takes a good solid story of the familiar sort, — mixed children, for instance, or a scapegrace and his better brother, — which permits a character to be found naturally in wild surroundings, and then develops his story through the action belonging to the violent conditions. He has not been among the cow-boys, and it is not clear that he ever went to the Nile ; but other people have done one or the other, and from their reports he is able to lay his colors on bravely and broadly. There is plenty of action and a good deal of honest sentiment, so that boys who like go in their literature will find it in Mr. Henty's books, and in the course of their pursuit of his writings will see their heroes turn up in any country or age where something is going on.— The Pilots of Pomona, a Story of the Orkney Islands, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A brisk seafaring tale.

Fiction. Life's Handicap, being Stories of mine own People, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) A little fewer than thirty short stories, with scenes laid for the most part in India. It is odd how the abrupt, brief manner of these tales seems to bring them into a sort of likeness to tales told to children. There is even a quaintness in the tone which now and then reminds one of Andersen. — A Romance of the Moors, by Mona Caird, is one of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt), but does not rise to the general excellence of that series. It is a weak piece of work, in which an aspiring young man, a country girl, and a cultivated woman are the chief factors. The scene is laid in Yorkshire, and the romance effect is sought for mainly in somewhat highly wrought sentiment by the author respecting her characters. — On Newfound River, by Thomas Nelson Page. (Scribners.) A somewhat less successful book than Mr. Page's Two Little Confederates, or his collection of stories. The plot is so threadbare that it seems to convey a conventional air to the Virginian scenes and people otherwise so fresh under Mr. Page's pencil. As soon as the reader hears of the scapegrace Bruce he is ready to identify him with Browne ; the hat found floating in the river is by all the evidence of fiction a sure sign that the owner of the hat did not die. The meeting of the two children in the ingenuous style of children who are to be separated by a feud in the families, and afterward to come together in marriage ; the departure of the young man for a term of years to school and college ; the softening of the heart of the cruel father by the vision of the young girl ; the appearance of death in the young man when he has saved the life or honor of the girl ; the long-lost brother clasped in the arms of the one who stayed at home, — are not all these things written in the chronicles of such fiction as Mr. Page has no need to copy ? — Captain Blake, by Captain Charles King. (Lippincott.) There have been so few novels dealing with garrison life in our country that a poorer one than any by Captain King would be received with some favor ; but this story is so flushed with all that is dear to the heart of the confirmed novel-reader that it will not be weighed in any balance, but accepted as a first-rate story. Whether it will be accepted, in these days of stern inquiry into the facts in the case, as a true picture of life in garrisons is another matter. The garrison and all its occupants exist for the sake of the story. — Monk and Knight, an Historical Study in Fiction, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. In two volumes. (McClurg.) Mr. Gunsaulus's description of his work is a good one. He has taken the period of the Protestant Revolution, and has considered the several elements of religious, intellectual, and social activity which went to make up the movement. These elements he has made operative in the persons of several figures, historical and imagined, and thus has supplied himself with characters in his dramatic epitome. The reader soon becomes aware that Mr. Gunsaulus has familiarized himself with his theme, and has brought to the execution a fertile imagination as well as historical analysis. If the imagination is rather sympathetic than creative, if the result appeals to the thoughtful student rather than to the seeker after excitement, this is only to say that the author cares first for his subject, and second for his characters. The book is not such a masterpiece of literary art as The Cloister and the Hearth, but it is better worth the reader's trouble than such a book, for instance, as Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family, for its scope is wider and its insight more penetrating. — Tales of Two Countries, from the Norwegian of Alexander Kielland by William Archer, with an Introduction by H. H.

Boyesen. (Harpers.) Mr. Boyesen furnishes interesting particulars of Kielland's life, and makes some acute comments on his art. The stories themselves, often no more than studies in story-telling, have that peculiar Norse flavor which, if not universal, is generally characteristic of northern work, — a flavor which is like a faint perfume, now present, now absent. These writers just raise the lid of life a trifle and let us look into the pot where the boiling is going on. We have seen enough to set us thinking. — The Story of the Glittering Plain, which has been also called the Land of Living Men, or the Acre of the Undying, written by William Morris. (Roberts.) And now, forsooth, this mad and merry book is even printed in the types as it were of the men who first as speech-friends set down in black and white the parlous words of them that have overweary tales to tell. Here be people riding through garth-gates, also, and dwelling on hapless isles, and crying out, — tho' it be not the same folk, — "Where is the land? Where is the land?" Moreover, they top stony bents and lay gear within shut-beds and the spear on the wall pins; yea, and the reader who patiently follows the bobbery begins to think it a pretty story, but wonders if William Morris, who prints it at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Hall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finishes it on the 4th day of April (narrow escape, that!) of the year 1891, did not at six o'clock in the evening of that day stretch himself vigorously after thus cramping himself into a fourteenth-century attitude through near two hundred pages. Why such infinite pains to get out of one's skin? And ought not the reader, if he sits down to the reading sincerely, himself get into a jerkin, or whatever the proper garment is, and take on a wall-paper frame of mind, before he attempts to enjoy this piece of beautiful but painful literature? — Colonel Carter of Cartersville, by F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble and the Author. (Houghton.) The combined effect of characterization in text and characterization in drawings is singularly unitary, and is intensified by what may be called the gesture of the book. That is to say, the author seems so to have vivified his figures in his own mind that when he sets them down in his pages he succeeds in transferring their tones, their motions, their presence, and the reader listens and looks as he reads. The grotesquerie of the book heightens the general effect, but the author uses it so consistently that it serves as a kind of medium through which the Colonel is seen steadily refracted, with the result that there is no loss of respect for him.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Age of Scott's Heroines.

If one drives through the streets of a great city at the unpleasantly matinal hour required by the departure of an early train, one may come upon a scene which lights up as with a ray of sunshine the deserted thoroughfare. It is the spectacle of a long procession, two and two, of well-dressed and attractive girls, with a teacher at the head and another at the foot, — by way, it is to be presumed, of typifying the fang and the rattle of the snake; that is to say, the powers which serve to give alarm and to offer defense in case an aggressor disturbs the march of the sinuous and undulating column.

As I have looked out upon this sight, there has come into my mind that other procession of fair female faces and forms, each one of whom, in her turn, captivated the heart of susceptible youth, and was, for a brief hour, the undisputed queen of the realm of fancy. The sight has set me to thinking over the ages of the women of fiction whom once I worshiped, and still fondly remember.

"What," I have asked mentally, "is the age of Scott's heroines?" The group before the actual vision was of maidens ranging between twelve and twenty, or, more accurately, between fourteen and eighteen. But could one, in the wildest stretch of his imagination, pick out of this tripping, fluttering flock of "sweet girl *under*graduates,"

with forbidden caramels in their pockets, and with brains like the sieves of the Danaides, letting out as freely as they took in at each dip into the well of Helicon, any counterparts of the peerless damsels of the Waverley gallery?

Many things they know of which the others never dreamt, but in character and capacity how vastly more immature are even the best and brightest! For instance, that pert little baggage who has just tossed her head and twitched her shoulders at the rebuke of the watchful duenna; that spiteful minx who is flashing her diamond ring in the eyes of her poorer companion; that lazy, gluttonous dunce who casts a longing glance into the confectioner's window, and who will presently blunder shamefully in her French lesson; that coquette with the downcast eyes, who has, hid in her glove, a scrap of a note, which she will slip into the corner letter-box; or that smooth-browed *ingénue*, whose skillful fibbing is the terror and admiration of the class, — which of these would we select as the rival of those who won the homage and inspired the deeds of Captain Waverley, of Henry Morton, of Quentin Durward, or of Roland Græme? Let us turn to the books themselves and see what is the real age of the ladies with whom we have to do. In most cases, Sir Walter has told the fact with the frankness of a parish register or a family Bible.

To begin with Miss Rose Bradwardine: she is set down as sixteen. Flora MacIvor cannot well be more than eighteen, as she is represented as the friend of Rose; and with Flora's earlier development in the court life of France, a greater difference in age would have put her out of all the conditions of intimacy. Scott dwells upon the patronizing ways of Flora toward Rose, which would be noteworthy only where the discrepancy in years was not great. Had Flora been twenty one or two, it would have "gone without saying."

In Guy Mannering we have good and sufficient data. Henry Bertram is twenty-one at the close of the novel. He fulfills the astrologer's prediction in the perils he escapes at the capture of Dirk Hatteraick. Colonel Mannering is unmarried at Henry's birth, and Julia is sixteen when she meets Bertram in India. She cannot be more than eighteen when she appears on the scene. Lucy Bertram is of course just sixteen, as she was born when her brother was carried off at the age of five.

Isabella Wardour, in The Antiquary, is not chronicled, and there is nothing to guide our surmises except the spirited character of her conversation. She talks as if she were twenty, but with Scott that is no criterion.

Lucy Ashton, the Bride of Lammermoor, is seventeen.

Isabella Vere, in The Black Dwarf, is not characterized, and as she is the mere "walking lady" of the play, that is of no consequence.

In Old Mortality we have as a starting date 1679. Edith Bellenden has been forming a slowly developed attachment to Henry Morton. She must be between eighteen and twenty at the opening of the story. This makes her nearly thirty when, in 1688–89, after Killiecrankie, Morton returns to Scotland, and quite that when they are married. Scott was probably oblivious of this lapse of time; for since Morton was supposed to have been lost at sea at least nine years before, there is no reason why she should not have become Lady Evandale long before the time at which she actually accepted her old lover.

Rob Roy gives Die Vernon as eighteen.

Ivanhoe is silent as to the ages of Rebecca of York and Rowena. But here we must digress a little to notice a singular anachronism as to the age of Cedric. In the castle of Torquilstone Cedric gives Athelstane a spirited account of the reception by Harold of the envoy of Tosti, before the battle of Stamford Bridge. This, he says, he had from his father, who was present. To say nothing of the anachronism of the existence of the castle at that date, if Cedric's father was twenty (and he could hardly have been less) in the year of the conquest (1066), and if Cedric was sixty (and he could hardly be older) in the year of King Richard (1194), it would make, at the very lowest calculation, Cedric's father eighty-nine years at the birth of Cedric; and if we add eleven years in order that Cedric should be old enough to hear and remember the story he repeats so vividly, his father must have died over an hundred years old. There are plenty of such anachronisms in Ivanhoe; in fact, the whole is an anachronism so far as it depicts the hostility of Norman and Saxon as surviving

nearly an hundred years its historical passing away.

In The Heart of Mid-Lothian we get distinct dates. Effie Deans is eighteen, and Jeanie ten years older.

In The Monastery, Mary Avenel is represented as about six years of age at the battle of Pinkie Cleugh. That makes her sixteen at Elizabeth's accession (1558). The action of the story takes place after this date, as Piercie Shafton flees from the anger of Elizabeth, which he certainly would not have done in the reign of Mary.

Now when we turn to The Abbot, we find Catherine Seyton, twin sister of Henry; and that young gentleman could hardly be the brawler and fighter that he was at less than sixteen, nor could he be very much older, if able successfully to masquerade in his sister's attire. But what are we to do with Roland Græme, who is not born till after Sir Piercie appears at the monastery and the tower of Glendearg? He assists the escape of Mary of Scotland from Lochleven, and escorts her to her refuge in England, which took place in 1568. Master Roland must have been, therefore, at the mature age of eight, a conception which passes even the most reckless of modern dime romances.

In The Pirate, Minna Troil is given as eighteen, Brenda as seventeen.

In Kenilworth, Amy Robsart is a sheer creation of fancy. The scene opens in the eighteenth year of Queen Elizabeth (1576), when Leicester was already married to the wife who died at Cumnor, not secretly, but at the court of Edward VI.

Alice Bridgenorth, in Peveril of the Peak, was born in 1658. Therefore at the Popish Plot, in 1679, she must be twenty-one.

Anne of Geierstein, when made her uncle's ward, was ten. Seven years later the story opens.

Margaret Ramsay, in The Fortunes of Nigel, is, we are told, twenty, but she is feather-brained enough to have been fifteen.

In The Betrothed, Eveline Berenger is stated to be sixteen.

Edith Plantagenet owns to no date in The Talisman.

Lilias Redgauntlet is born after her father's execution, which came after Culloden, and that would make her birth about 1746 or 1747. She could not have been over fourteen when she figured at the coronation of George III., in 1760. Charles Edward, the young chevalier, was born in 1720, and is described as about forty when he appears as Father Buonaventure. This would bring the intended plot not later than 1763, and would make Lilias about seventeen.

Quentin Durward gives the age of Jacqueline when she first appears in the inn of Plessis les Tours as fifteen.

In Woodstock, Alice Lee was virtually engaged to Markham Everard before the breaking out of the civil war, — say as far back as 1640. If she was fifteen then, which is the earliest date for a serious attachment, she must have been twenty five or six at the date of the battle of Worcester (1651).

Again, in St. Ronan's Well, Clara Mowbray could not have been less than sixteen at the time of her secret marriage; therefore, nine years later, when the story opens, she would be at least twenty-five.

Catharine Glover, in The Fair Maid of Perth, is undated.

The Countess Brenhilda, in Count Robert of Paris, is twenty-six.

Annot Lyle, in The Legend of Montrose, is hardly more than a lay figure. Her age is given as eighteen, but it is said she looked four years younger.

Out of thirty heroines, sixteen are distinctly described as under twenty. Of the other fourteen, six are undated. This leaves us eight, three of whom are set down as over twenty; two start at one side of the line and are carried over to the other; two are by implication rather than by the intention of the author taken out of their "teens;" and one, Amy Robsart, is a heroine "of an uncertain age," since she is historically a middle-aged matron, and fictitiously a youthful bride. Of the six undated, the presumption is altogether in favor of the earlier age.

A member once entertained the Club with the statement that nearly all Scott's heroines are motherless. They are girls who have grown up in the companionship of uncles or fathers, older men, and with an early responsibility of thought and action. They have had to plan their own wardrobes and decide upon their own conduct toward their lovers. Some of them have been behind the scenes of stirring political events; nearly all have been thrown into

situations where they had to think for themselves, to act with decision, and in general to fulfill the whole duty of heroines.

But apart from this there is unquestionably in the present day a later coming forward of either sex than in the times whereof Scott wrote, as well as those in which he lived. More is required in the way of preparation for responsible duties. More, too, is given in the way of keeping the youth youthful. There is engrossing study which chains young men and girls to the schoolroom and college class. It is a study which looks to immediate results in examinations, in degrees, in competitive prizes, rather than to lasting acquisitions. Then, too, there are for the young recreations, literary, social, and physical, which fill up their time and thoughts and keep them from aspiring to a share in the occupations and interests of their elders. Our schoolgirl march along the street exemplifies this. It is simply for exercise. It goes nowhere, except to cover the daily round and return to the schoolroom. Its object lessons are the goods in the shop windows; its diversions, the stolen glimpses of the club-loungers.

The heroines of Scott are, some of them, only lay figures, but at least, so far as they have character, they are women, and they justify the deeds which are done to win them.

Another Word about Realism. — Realism in literature can never be on exactly the same footing with realism in pictorial art. The painter must strive to paint merely what the tree suggests to him, because, not being a tree himself, he cannot impart his own conception to his work, lest that conception detract from the truth to nature of the pictured tree. The intangible quality which the really great artist puts into his painted landscape, the indication of something besides material substance, is due to his perception that God is beside or behind or immanent in the trees and the water and the sky. In literature it is different; a writer portrays a man, and though he may have in mind some particular person whose main characteristics he follows, he may dare not only to hint of the Divine Essence which dwells within the human creature, but to add some peculiarity of his own individuality, since he also is a man, and his soul is not alien to his subject.

The New Pastoral Poetry. — A few years ago strange experiments are said to have been made in Finland. A small field was planted with wheat. Over half of it a "system" of parallel wires with hanging points, about a yard apart each way, was stretched. These wires were charged with electricity from machines in a shed near by. The other half of the field was left to its own devices. The crop in the electrical half, so to speak, nearly doubled the product of unassisted nature. Peas and carrots under similar treatment elsewhere grew with no less astonishing rapidity. A Frenchman, in advance of all other experimenters, took two flower-pots, three kernels of Indian corn in each, and electricity in one, and showed thereby that in the same length of time the corn in his electrical flower-pot outgrew its old-fashioned rival more than two to one.

All this must appeal to the disheartened farmer; but the matter has other aspects. It is sad to think of our city people, accustomed as they are to living under a network of wires, spending hard-earned vacations beneath country skies similarly lined and cross-lined. Most dismal of all, however, is the consideration of the Pastoral Poet. What is to become of him? When daisies grow to the size of sunflowers, must not his lyrics spread to epic proportions? And what a change in the very terms of his art must come to pass! With every plant growing like a Jonah's gourd, the "modest violet" will of necessity lose all sense of shame. The pansy will be a "Johnny-jump-up" indeed, with ambition literally vaulting, and leaping powers worthy of an athletic frog. The daffodil's dance will become a *bolero*. The "laughing fields" will give forth guffaws. The "primrose by the river's brim" will be "to him" not so much "a simple primrose" as a vast disk of petaled butter — and nothing less.

And into what prose must many of his stanzas, richest in poetic promise, be turned! Imagine him singing: —

> I love to lie in flowery meads,
> Clover and buttercups my bed,
> Watching the while great Phœbus' steeds,
> And counting volts and ohms o'erhead.

Or something in this vein: —

> On all the slopes of Arcady
> Where thrives a blither swain,

With jocund fleece-robed company
Stout with electric grain?

Comfort the lone North Star may give
To simpler shepherd souls;
But positive and negative
Blest be my dual poles!

It would not take many specimens of such verse, easily conceived, to prove completely that the Pastoral Poet's occupation as we know it would be gone. Indeed, unless he himself should flee his "customed hill," he might wake up some fine morning to find his own size Brobdingnagian, and stone-breaking on the country roads the only employment open to him. Far be the day!

A Double Somersault.

— The advocates of Volapük have generally contented themselves with arguments drawn from the commercial advantages of this latest born or invented speech; but an example of the use of the tongue in the anatomizing of a poem has lately come in my way, which seems to imply that by a process of transmutation one can discover what are the essential properties of poetry. The first of the poems printed by Dr. Holmes in The Professor at the Breakfast-Table is his well-known Under the Violets. It happens that some one in New South Wales amused, or else perplexed, himself by rendering the poem into Volapük, with the outward form of verse, but without metre or rhyme. Dr. Holmes made the leap; the New South Welshman performed the somersault. Then came a Nova Scotian, who had never seen Dr. Holmes's poem, but had seen the Volapükian translation, and proceeded to carry the process one step further — shall we say backward? — by rendering the version into English verse. Here was the final double somersault. I will not ask the members of the Club to follow me through the continuous acrobatic feat, but content myself with giving the first and last stanzas in each version, as follows: —

I.

THE ORIGINAL POEM.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light; —
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

. . . . . .

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

II.

VOLAPÜK.

DIS VIOLS.

Nams binoms kalodik, logod vietik,
Pebs ofik no kömoms e goloms fovo:
Logs ofik pakikoms ta lif e lit;
Plifolöd kloti äs nif su nif,
E pladolöd ofi kiöp viols floloms.

. . . . . .

If ek pemotöl de bludot gudlikum
Osakom, "Vilgin kiof läsof?"
Sagolöd atosi: "Te bled müedik,
Kel esteifom flolön in nif, seistom
Pedeilafölkiöp viols floloms."

III.

ENGLISH ONCE MORE.

The hands are cold, the face is white,
The throbbing pulses fail to flow;
The eyes are closed 'gainst life and light;
Enfold the robe like snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

. . . . . .

If any, born of kindlier race,
Shall ask, "What virgin lies below?"
Say this: "Only a tender leaf
Which strove to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

In Re Emily Dickinson.

— The English critic who said of Miss Emily Dickinson that she might have become a fifth-rate poet "if she had only mastered the rudiments of grammar and gone into metrical training for about fifteen years," — the rather candid English critic who said this somewhat overstated his case. He had, however, a fairly good case. If Miss Dickinson had undergone the austere curriculum indicated, she would, I am sure, have become an admirable lyric poet of the second magnitude. In the first volume of her poetical chaos is a little poem which needs only slight revision in the initial stanza in order to make it worthy of ranking with some of the odd swallow flights in Heine's lyrical *intermezzo*. I have ventured to desecrate this stanza by tossing a rhyme into it, as the other stanzas happened to rhyme, and here print the lyric, hoping the reader will not accuse me of overvaluing it: —

"I taste a liquor never brewed
In vats upon the Rhine;
No tankard ever held a draught
Of alcohol like mine.

"Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

"When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the Foxglove's door,

When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

"Till seraphs swing their snowy caps
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!"

Certainly those inns of molten blue, and that disreputable honey-gatherer who got himself turned out-of-doors at the sign of the Foxglove, are very taking matters. I know of more important things that interest me less. There are three or four bits in this kind in Miss Dickinson's book; but for the most part the ideas totter and toddle, not having learned to walk. In spite of this, several of the quatrains are curiously touching, they have such a pathetic air of yearning to be poems.

It is plain that Miss Dickinson possessed an extremely unconventional and grotesque fancy. She was deeply tinged by the mysticism of Blake, and strongly influenced by the mannerism of Emerson. The very way she tied her bonnet-strings, preparatory to one of her nunlike walks in her claustral garden, must have been Emersonian. She had much fancy of a queer sort, but only, as it appears to me, intermittent flashes of imagination. I fail to detect in her work any of that profound thought which her editor professes to discover in it. The phenomenal insight, I am inclined to believe, exists only in his partiality; for whenever a woman poet is in question Mr. Higginson always puts on his rose-colored spectacles. This is being chivalrous; but the invariable result is not clear vision. That Miss Dickinson's whimsical memoranda have a certain something which, for want of a more precise name, we term *quality* is not to be denied except by the unconvertible heathen who are not worth conversion. But the incoherence and formlessness of her — I don't know how to designate them — versicles are fatal. Sydney Smith, or some other humorist, mentions a person whose bump of veneration was so inadequately developed as to permit him to damn the equator if he wanted to. This certainly established a precedent for independence; but an eccentric, dreamy, half-educated recluse in an out-of-the-way New England village (or anywhere else) cannot with impunity set at defiance the laws of gravitation and grammar. In his charming preface to Miss Dickinson's collection, Mr. Higginson insidiously remarks: "After all, when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence." But an ungrammatical thought does not, as a general thing, takes one's breath away, except in a sense the reverse of flattering. Touching this matter of mere technique Mr. Ruskin has a word to say (it appears that he said it "in his earlier and better days"), and Mr. Higginson quotes it: "No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought." This is a proposition to which one would cordially subscribe, if it were not so intemperately stated. A suggestive commentary on Mr. Ruskin's impressive dictum is furnished by the fact that Mr. Ruskin has lately published a volume of the most tedious verse that has been printed in this century. The substance of it is weighty enough, but the workmanship lacks just that touch which distinguishes the artist from the bungler, — the touch which Mr. Ruskin seems not to have much regarded either in his later or "in his earlier and better days."

If Miss Dickinson's *disjecta membra* are poems, then Shakespeare's prolonged imposition should be exposed without further loss of time, and Lord Tennyson ought to be advised of the error of his ways before it is too late. But I do not hold the situation to be so desperate. Miss Dickinson's versicles have a queerness and a quaintness that have stirred a momentary curiosity in emotional bosoms. Oblivion lingers in the immediate neighborhood.

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THE PAGEANT AT ROME IN THE YEAR 17 B. C.

In the early days of Rome, the northwest section of the Campus Martius, bordering on the Tiber, was conspicuous for traces of volcanic activity. There was a pool, called Tarentum, or Terentum, fed by hot sulphur springs, the hygienic efficiency of which is certified by the cure of Volesus Sabinus and his family, described by Valerius Maximus. Heavy vapors hung over these hot springs, and occasionally tongues of flame were seen issuing from the cracks of the earth. It is no wonder that the superstition of the early inhabitants of the seven hills should have been aroused by these phenomena. The locality became known by the name of the Fiery Field (Campus Ignifer), and its relationship with the infernal realms was soon an established fact in folk lore. In progress of time the superstition was transformed into an article of religion. An altar to the infernal gods was erected on the border of the pool; and the locality was selected for the celebration of the *ludi sæculares*. The origin and the history of these celebrations have been amply illustrated by Gesner,[1] although his work is rather antiquated. Varro's account of the games, quoted by Censorinus, proves that, in republican times, they were held in honor of Dis and Proserpina, on an altar sunk twenty feet below the level of the ground, and lasted three nights, the victims being a black bull and a black cow. Tradition attributed this arrangement of time and ceremonial to Volesus himself, who, to show his gratitude for the miraculous recovery of his three children, offered sacrifices to Dis and Proserpina, spread *lectisternia* for the gods, and held festive games for three successive nights, one for each child restored to health. In republican times they were called *ludi Tarentini*, from the name of the awe-inspiring pool, and they were celebrated for the purpose of averting from the state the recurrence of some great calamity by which it had been afflicted. These calamities being contingencies which no man could foresee, it is evident that the celebration of the ludi Tarentini was in no way connected with certain cycles of time, such as the *sæculum*. Although there is considerable discrepancy among writers as to the dates and number of celebrations in republican times, the following figures seem to come as near the truth as possible: —

	A. U. C.
First Tarentine games	245
Second Tarentine games	305
Third Tarentine games	505
Fourth Tarentine games	608

Totally different are the calculations made by the College of the Quindecimviri Sacris Faciundis in the time of Augustus, according to which the games must have been held in the years 298, 408, 518, 628. The reason of these conflicting statements is evident. Not long after Augustus had assumed the supreme power, the Quindecimviri announced that it was the will of the

[1] De Annis Ludisque Sæcularibus Veterum Romanorum, 1717.

gods that ludi sæculares should be performed; and, misrepresenting and distorting dates and events, tried to prove that the festival had been held regularly at intervals of one hundred and ten years, which was the exact length of a sæculum. The games of which the Quindecimviri made this assertion were the Tarentini, instituted, as shown above, for quite a different purpose. The suggestion of the Quindecimviri came at the right moment in the new order of things, and was too pleasing to Augustus and to the people to be despised. Setting aside all disputes about chronology and tradition, the celebration was appointed for the summer of 737 A. U. C.; that is, 17 B. C.

What was the exact location of the sulphur springs of the Tarentum and of the altar of the infernal gods? I shall always consider the discovery of the altar of Dis and Proserpina as the most satisfactory I have made, especially because I made it, in a certain sense, when away from Rome on a long leave of absence. The discovery, of which I have given ample account in my book, L'Itinerario di Einsiedeln, page 108, took place in the winter of 1886–87, during my visit to America. At that time, the work of opening and draining the new Corso Vittorio Emmanuele had just reached a place which was considered *terra incognita* by the topographers, and marked by a blank spot in the archæological maps of the city. I mean the district between the Vallicella (la Chiesa Nuova, the Palazzo Cesarini, etc.) and the banks of the Tiber, by S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini. The reports of the superintendents, published monthly in the Bullettino Archeologico, spoke vaguely of the discovery of five or six parallel walls built of blocks of peperino; of marble steps in the centre of this singular monument; of doors with marble posts and architraves, serving as communication for the spaces between the six parallel walls; and finally, of a "column with the surface carved in leaf-work." On my return to Rome in the spring of 1887, every trace of the monument had disappeared under the embankment of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. I questioned workmen and foremen; I consulted the notebooks of contractors; I visited every day the excavations still going on, on each side of the Corso, for building the Villa, Cavalletti, and Bassi palaces; and lastly, I examined the "column with the surface carved in leaf-work," which had been removed to the courtyard of the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol. This fragment of marble, the only one saved from the excavations, gave me the clue to the mystery. It was not a column; it was the *pulvinus*, or volute, of a colossal marble altar, worthy of being compared in size and perfection of work with the altar of Peace discovered under the Palazzo Fiano, with the altar of the Antonines discovered under the Monte Citorio, and with other like structures of monumental size. There was no more hesitation in determining the nature of the discoveries made in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele; an altar had been found there, and this altar must have been the one sacred to Dis and Proserpina, as no other is mentioned in history as having a place in the northwest section of the Campus Martius.

The designs which illustrate my account of the find prove that the altar rose on a platform twelve feet square, approached on all sides by three or four marble steps; that platform and altar were inclosed by three lines of walls, at an interval of thirty-six feet from each other; and that on the east side of the square ran a *euripus*, or channel, eleven feet wide and four deep, lined with stone blocks, the incline of which (about 1:100) is towards the Tiber. This last find proves that when the rough altar of Volesus Sabinus was succeeded by the present noble construction the pool was drained, and its feeding-springs were led

into the euripus, so that the patients seeking a cure for their ailments could bathe in or drink the miracle-working waters with greater ease.

No attention whatever was paid to the discovery at the time it took place. Instead of reaching the antique level, the excavation for the main sewer of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele was stopped at the wrong place, within three feet of the pavement; and consequently, whatever fragments of the altar, of inscriptions, of works of art, were lying on the marble floor will lie there forever, as the building of palaces on each side of the Corso, and the construction of the Corso itself, with its costly sewers, sidewalks, etc., have made further research impossible, at least with our present means.

The discovery of the altar of Dis and Proserpina has been confirmed by another find. Zosimus locates it in the Campus Martius, near the field called Trigarium, in which wild horses were tamed and trained to run three abreast (*trigæ*). Where was the Trigarium then? Preller places it near the Palazzo della Cancellaria, Canina near the Pantheon, others near the Monte Citorio; all wrongly, as proved by the following discovery.

In August, 1887, the engineers of the Tiber brought to light a stone *cippus*, lying on the left bank of the river, near the church of S. Biagio della Pagnotta, within three hundred yards of the altar of Dis and Proserpina. The workmen, supposing it to be a worthless block of travertine, broke it into many pieces; and when an inscription of the highest importance was finally discovered on the surface of the block facing the ground, some fragments were already missing. The inscription, which can be easily supplied in the lost portions, relates how, in the year 47 A. D., a committee of five eminent men, of which Paullus Fabius Persicus, ex-consul, was the chairman, had been directed by the Emperor Claudius to verify and mark with *cippi* the boundary line between public and private property on the left bank of the Tiber; and how they had fulfilled their mission *cippis positis a Trigario ad pontem Agrippæ* (by raising terminal stones between the Trigarium and the bridge of Agrippa).[1] It is evident, therefore, that the locality indicated as a *terminus a quo* was very near the place in which the cippus was found, and in close proximity to the altar of the infernal gods and the hot springs, as stated by Zosimus.

This beautiful series of discoveries, in which each so well fits into the others, has been completed by a later one, the importance of which far exceeds our most ardent hopes.

On the 20th of September, 1890, the anniversary day of the annexation of Rome to the kingdom, the workmen employed in the construction of the main sewer, on the left bank of the Tiber, between the Ponte S. Angelo and the church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini, found a mediæval wall, built from materials of every kind and description, collected at random from the neighboring ruins. Among them there were irregular blocks of marble, bearing fragments of one or more inscriptions which described the celebration of the ludi sæculares in imperial times. By the end of the day seventeen pieces had been recovered, seven of which belonged to a record of the games celebrated under Augustus in the year 17 B. C., the others to those celebrated under Septimius Severus and Caracalla in the year 204 A. D. Later researches led to the discovery of ninety-six more fragments, making a total of one hundred and thirteen, of which eight are of the time of Augustus, the rest of the time of Severus.

The fragments of the year 17 B. C. fit together so as to make a block three me-

[1] Remains of this bridge have been discovered in the bed of the river 160 metres above the modern Ponte Sisto.

tres high, containing one hundred and sixty-eight lines of minute writing. The monument has the shape of a square pillar inclosed by a projecting frame, with base and capital of the Tuscan order; it measured, when entire, four metres in height and one and twelve hundredths in width. The form of the letters is excellent, as becomes the golden Augustan age.

The text has been admirably edited by Professor Mommsen, at the request of the Italian government.[1] The difficulty and extent of the task, and the time necessary for preparing the twelve plates, explain the reason why an inscription of such importance, discovered on September 20, 1890, was not made known to students until thirteen months later.

I believe that no epigraph, among the thirty thousand collected in Volume VI. of the Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, makes a more profound impression on the mind, or appeals more to the feelings, than this official report of a state ceremony which took place 1908 years ago, and was attended by the most illustrious men of the age. We possessed, no doubt, ample information about the event. The oracle of the Sibyl referred to by Phlegon and Zosimus, the hymn of Horace, the legends and designs of the medals struck for the occasion, the account of Augustus himself on the Ancyran monument, the descriptions of Suetonius, of Dion Cassius, of Censorinus, had made us acquainted with the leading particulars; but this official report, engraved by decree of the Senate, immediately after the close of the festivities, on a pillar raised upon the very spot where they took place, gives an altogether different impression: it enables us to take a personal share in the pageant, and permits us to follow with rapture Horace leading a chorus of fifty-four young men and girls of patrician birth, singing the *carmen sæculare*.

There is such a note of simplicity, common sense, order, and mutual respect in the official transactions between Augustus, the Senate, and the College of the Quindecimviri, which preceded, attended, and followed the celebration; in the resolutions passed by the several bodies; in the proclamations addressed to the people; in the material arrangement of the festivities, which a mass of one million or more spectators was expected to attend, that a lesson in civic dignity could be learned from this report by modern governments and corporations.

There is no doubt that the celebration of the games had been proposed and discussed at least two years before by those who wished to impart a solemn religious sanction to the new order of things established by Augustus. The well-known verses of the Æneid VI. 792, 793,

> "Augustus Cæsar, Divi genus, aurea condet
> Sæcula,"

contain a direct allusion to it, although Virgil died in 19 B. C. It is probable that a great deal of time was lost in trying to settle the difficulty about the secular cycle. Once admitted, in spite of historical evidence, that the ludi Tarentini had been instituted, not to avert unexpected calamities, but to solemnize the completion of a sæculum in the life of Rome, it became necessary to alter the duration of an "age," and make it to consist of one hundred and ten years. Whether in a spirit of flattery or credulity, the high priests, the Senate, the Emperor, the poet laureate, the people, all agreed upon the new chronology, and the ludi were ordered for the year 737 A. U. C.; that is, 17 B. C.

The official report begins, or rather began (the first lines are missing), with the request presented by the Quindecimviri to the Senate to take their pro-

[1] I Commentarii dei Ludi Secolari Augustei e Severiani scoperti in Roma sulla sponda del Tevere, con una Illustrazione di Teodoro Mommsen. Roma: Tipografia Salviucci. 1891.

posals into consideration; followed by a decree of the Senate, inviting Augustus to assume the direction of the celebration and arrange its details. The intervention of the Senate was a necessity; no money could be obtained for the purpose from the treasury without the sanction of that body. Hence, in the record of the games under Domitian, we read the formula *ex Senatus consulto*, the meaning of which is purely financial. In this case, the request was addressed to the house on the 17th of February by Marcus Agrippa, president of the Quindecimviri (*magister conlegii*), standing before the seat of the consuls.[1] What a scene to behold! We can picture to the mind the two consuls, Gaius Furnius and Junius Silanus, clad in their state robes, listening to the speech of the great statesman, who was supported by twenty colleagues, all ex-consuls, and chosen among the noblest, the richest, the most gallant patricians of the age. There were present: Q. Ælius Tubero, who was the first to draw up a maritime code, the principles of which still hold good; Lucius Arruntius, whose career is described on a pedestal discovered at Atina, which town he had drained and paved at his own expense:[2] C. Asinius Gallus, consul 746 A. U. C.; M. Valerius Messalla Messallinus, to whom Tibullus addressed a congratulatory poem on his election to the Quindecimvirate in 735. The Senate agrees that the preparations for the festival, the building of temporary stages, hippodromes, tribunes, scaffoldings, should be carried out by contractors (*redemptores*), and that the treasury officials should provide the necessary funds.

Lines 1–23 contain a letter addressed by Augustus to the Quindecimviri, detailing the programme of the performance, the number and quality of persons who had to take an official part in it, the dates of days and hours, the number and quality of the victims. The programme was very likely drawn up by C. Ateius Capito, the eminent jurist and founder of a school of jurisprudence, who was considered at the same time the leading authority on religious ceremonials.

Two clauses are especially noteworthy in the imperial manifesto: First, that during the *triduum* of June 1–3 the court-houses should be closed, and judges should not sit on their benches. "Diligenter memineritis litibus per eos dies non esse præstandam audientiam!" Second, the invitation addressed to the ladies in mourning requests them to give up for this occasion that sign of grief. The date of the manifesto is lost, but can be indirectly fixed at March 24.

Upon the receipt of this document the College of the Quindecimviri meets, and, acting on the instructions therein contained, decides that one or more copies shall be exhibited in public (*albo propositæ*), so that the regulations for the ceremonies may be made known not only to those members of the college who had been prevented from attending the meeting, but to the general public. The same day the college decides the particulars concerning two ceremonies, called respectively *distributio suffimentorum* and *acceptio frugum*. In the first, the Quindecimviri were wont to distribute among the Roman citizens torches, sulphur, and bitumen, by means of which they were to purify themselves. I believe that these materials were used chiefly in illuminating the city, and especially the neighborhood of the Tarentum, where scenic plays were performed at night on a temporary stage. The second relates to the distribution of wheat, barley, and beans, which were to be offered to the Fates or to the actors in the dramatic representations. These

[1] The report of the year 204 A. D. describes how the "*xv viri sacris faciundis ante suggestum amplissimorum consulum constiterunt.*"

[2] See Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, vol. x. 5055.

distributions were to be made to enormous masses of people; and although Roman crowds were, as a rule, models of behavior, it was necessary to make arrangements by which as little time as possible should be consumed. Four places of distribution are established, therefore, instead of one, and three mornings are appointed, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of May. May 29, 30, and 31 are named as days for the frugum acceptio. Each centre of distribution is placed under the supervision of four members of the college, a total of sixteen delegates. The places indicated in the programme are: (*a*) the platform in front of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol; (*b*) the area in front of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, near the gates of the Capitol; (*c*) the portico of the Danaids, in front of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine; (*d*) the temple of Diana on the Aventine. The third distributing station, which in the report of the year 17 B. C. is described as *in Palatio ante ædem Apollinis in porticu eius*, in the report of 204 A. D. is called *ad Romam Quadratam*. The importance of this term will be duly appreciated by students of Roman topography. It is an established fact that the Roma Quadrata had, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the city itself and with its primitive shape.[1]

The Roma Quadrata was an altar, made of roughly squared stones, erected on the site where the instruments used by the founders of the city in tracing the furrow (*sulcus primigenius*) had been buried. Considering the absolute ignorance of ancient writers on this subject, and the almost absurd definitions they give of the Roma Quadrata, we had come to the conclusion that the altar had been removed, or dismantled, or buried by Augustus when he built the temple of Apollo and the portico of the Danaids. The report of 204 A. D. shows that our opinion was wrong, and that the old altar, the most venerable monument of Roman history, had survived the vicissitudes of time, and the transformation of the Palatine from the cradle of the city into the palace of the Cæsars.

The next day, March 25, the Quindecimviri meet again, but the resolutions passed are not known, because lines 37–45, which contain the minutes of the meeting, are in such a fragmentary state as to convey no meaning. The place of meeting is indicated by the words *pro æde*, "before the temple," very likely of Apollo, in which the Sibylline books were kept. The connection between the Quindecimviri and these books is too well known to be dwelt upon here; but I mention it because of the light it throws on a discovery of great importance, which, although made two centuries ago, is not yet known to students.

The written oracles supposed to concern the Roman commonwealth were originally kept in a stone coffer, and deposited in one of the crypts of the Capitol. The privilege of consulting those oracular books on all occasions of state was given to two priests, called *duumviri sacrorum*. They could not open the stone coffer, however, without a decree of the Senate. In 388 A. U. C. eight priests were added to the first two, and later on the number was increased to fifteen; from whence they were called *decemviri* or *quindecimviri*. Julius Cæsar added a sixteenth, and Augustus was permitted by the Senate to enlarge the number without restriction. The title of Quindecimviri was retained even when the number amounted to forty and sixty. The number of those present at

[1] This much-debated question has been resumed lately by Professor Pigorini in a memoir, yet unpublished, read at the sitting of the German Institute December 17, 1890, and by Professor Otto Richter in his pamphlet Die Älteste Wohnstätte des Römischen Volkes, Berlin, 1891. I believe the last word has not yet been said.

the celebration of the year 17 was twenty-one.

The old Sibylline books were destroyed in the fire which wasted the Capitol in 671 A. U. C. During the dictatorship of Sulla deputies were sent to Asia Minor to collect whatever verses tradition attributed to the Sibylla Erythræa, which were almost a thousand in number. Augustus gathered from the same region, from the islands of the Ægean Sea, and from Africa more than two thousand volumes of Greek and Latin verses which passed under the names of the Sibyls. They were carefully examined one by one: those apocryphal were given up to the *prætor urbanus* and burnt in public; those considered genuine were deposited in two gilt cases in a recess of the temple of Apollo, immediately under the pedestal of the statue. The safe-keeping of the precious books was entrusted again to the Quindecimviri. The last account we find of them belongs to the year 363 A. D. In the night between the 18th and 19th of March the temple of Apollo was destroyed by fire. The only objects which the firemen, led by Apronianus, prefect of the city, could rescue from the wreck were the Sibylline books. Their final destruction is attributed to Honorius and Stilicho.

There is no doubt that the recess in which they had been safely kept for four centuries was rediscovered in the seventeenth century. Pietro Sante Bartoli describes it in his Recollections of Roman Discoveries in the following words: —

"In the garden of Duke Mattei on the Palatine [which contains the ruins of Apollo's temple], in the course of the excavations made under the pontificate of Alexander VII. [1655–67], several fluted columns of *giallo antico* were found [the columns of the portico of the Danaids, described by Propertius], some statues in fragments [the statues of the Danaids], and, above all, a recess, the walls of which were lined with silver plates. There were marks on these plates of still more precious ornaments, as if they had been studded with gems. The excavators, ignorant of the value of these remains, broke the silver plates in pieces, and sold the fragments to a man named Palombo, a servant of Cardinal Nini."

To come back, however, to the report of the ludi. May 23 the Senate meets in the Septa Julia, the portico just built by Agrippa between the Via Flaminia and his baths, the remains of which are still visible under the Palazzo Doria and the church of S. Maria in Via Lata. Two resolutions are passed by the house in connection with the games. To the first resolution Horace alludes in verses 17–20 of his hymn: —

> "Rite maturos aperire partus
> Lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
> Sive tu Lucina probas vocari
> Seu Genitalis." [1]

Among the penalties imposed on men and women who, in spite of the law against celibacy,[2] had remained single between the ages of twenty and fifty years, there was the prohibition of attending public festivities and state ceremonies. The Senate, considering the extraordinary case of the ludi sæculares, which none amongst the living had seen or would see again, takes away the prohibition.

The second resolution provides for the erection of two commemorative pillars, one of bronze, the other of marble, upon

[1] "O Goddess, whether you choose the title of Lucina or Genitalis, multiply our offspring, and *prosper the decrees of the Senate* in relation to the joining of women in wedlock, and the matrimonial law."

[2] In the year 736 Augustus revived the old Roman constitution which forbade citizens to live unmarried. In his *lex de maritandis ordinibus* rewards are offered to those willing to obey it, and punishment or fines imposed for celibacy. In 762 he made another law on the same subject. The first is known by the name *lex Julia*, the second as *Papia Poppæa*.

which the official report of the celebration should be engraved. Of these two pillars, the one cast in bronze is, most likely, lost forever; the marble pillar is the very one recovered on the bank of the Tiber September 20, 1890, the inscription on which we are trying to make clear.

In a final sitting held by the Quindecimviri May 25 the programme is specified in its last details. It is divided into six parts, as follows: —

First night, between May 31 and June 1, to be sacred to the Fates, Μοῖραι; first day to Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Second night to the Ilithyiæ, daughters of Hera; second day to Juno Regina. Third night to Mother Earth; third day to Apollo and Diana.

The celebration, in the strict sense of the word, began at the second hour of the night of May 31. Sacrifices were offered to the Fates, on altars erected between the Tarentum and the banks of the Tiber, where S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini now stands, and other ceremonies were performed on a wooden stage illuminated by lights and fires. This temporary theatre was unprovided with seats; the report calls it "a stage without a theatre" (*scœna, quoi theatrum adiectum non fuit, nullis positis sedilibus*).

In the next day's performances, and those of June 2 and 3, which took place on the Capitol and on the Palatine, by the temples of Jupiter and Juno, and of Apollo and Diana, the following order was observed in the official pageant: first came Augustus as Emperor and as Pontifex Maximus, the consuls, the Senate, the Quindecimviri and other colleges of priests; then followed the Vestal Virgins,[1] and a group of one hundred and ten matrons, as many as there were years in the sæculum, selected from among the most exemplary *matres familiarum* above twenty-five years of age. Twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls of patrician descent, with both parents living (*patrimi et matrimi*), were enrolled on June 3 to sing the hymn composed expressly by Horace: CARMEN COMPOSUIT Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS. So the report says in line 149. The first stanzas of the beautiful canticle were sung when the procession was on its way from Apollo's temple to the Capitol, the middle ones before Jupiter's temple, the last on the way back to the Palatine. This is, at least, the interpretation given by Mommsen to lines 147–149 of the report, which, taken literally, would signify that the whole hymn was sung twice, once on the Palatine, again on the Capitol. This seems hardly possible. In the first place, the canticle is addressed to "Phœbus silvarumque potens Diana," and it would have sounded out of place if sung entire before Jupiter's altar; in the second place, it is too long (seventy-six verses) to have admitted of a repetition the same day. The accompaniments were played by the orchestra and the trumpeters of the official choir (*tibicines et fidicines qui sacris publicis præsto sunt*[2]).

I wish these lines might fall under the eyes of my illustrious friend Alma Tadema, and give him an inspiration for one of his masterpieces. The scene of magnificence and beauty which the Roman citizens beheld on the morning of June 3, 17 B. C., can be felt and seen as in a dream, but baffles description. Imagine the group of fifty-four young patricians, clad in snow-white tunics, crowned with flowers, and waving branches of laurel, led by Horace down the Vicus

[1] In the report of 204 A. D., two Vestals, Numisia Maximilla and Terentia Flavola, are distinctly mentioned as standing near the Empress Julia Domna. Their statues and eulogies were discovered in 1883, in the Atrium Vestæ. The date inscribed on Numisia's pedestal is the year 201. She presided over the sisterhood at least fourteen years, and was succeeded by Terentia Flavola in 215.

[2] The *columbaria* of these *tibicines* and *fidicines* were discovered in 1873, under my supervision, near the church of S. Eusebio on the Esquiline.

Apollinis, the street which led from the Summa Sacra Via to the middle of the Palatine, and the Sacra Via, to sing the praises of the immortal gods,

"Quibus septem placuere colles!"

In these three days and nights Augustus gave evidence of a truly remarkable strength of mind and body, never missing a ceremony, and performing himself the sacrifice of the victims. Nine lambs and nine goats were slain the first night, in honor of the Fates; a bull the following morning, in honor of Jupiter. The second night he offered twenty-seven cakes to the Ilithyiæ. These cakes, as well as those offered to Apollo and Diana at the close of the triduum, were of three kinds. The first, called *libum*, was composed of flour and grated cheese; the recipe is given by Cato (De Re Rustica, 75). The second, called *popanus*, was an old Greek concoction, not unlike Cato's cake. The recipe of the third, called φθοῖς, is given by Athenæus, a mixture of grated cheese, honey, and aniseed sifted through a copper sieve and rolled together. On the morning of the second day a cow was sacrificed to Juno, and the next night a pregnant sow to Mother Earth. Agrippa shows less power of endurance than his friend and master, Augustus; he appears only in the daytime, helping the Emperor in addressing supplications to the gods and immolating the victims.

I cannot close this article in a better way than by quoting the text of these supplications, truly admirable in their simplicity: —

"O Fates [or Jupiter, Juno, etc.], as it is written in those books [meaning the Sibyllines], I have duly offered to you a sacrifice. . . . I entreat you to increase the power and majesty of the Roman people, both at home and abroad; to protect forever the Latin name; to give to the Roman people immunity from evils, victory, health. Be merciful and benevolent to the Roman people and their legions, to the College of the Quindecimviri, to myself, to my house and family."

Rodolfo Lanciani.

WITH THE NIGHT.

O DOUBTS, dull passions, and base fears,
That harassed and oppressed the day,
Ye poor remorses and vain tears,
That shook this house of clay:

All heaven to the western bars
Is glittering with the darker dawn;
Here with the earth, the night, the stars,
Ye have no place: begone!

Archibald Lampman.

DON ORSINO.

IV.

THE rage of speculation was at its height in Rome. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of persons were embarked in enterprises which soon afterwards ended in total ruin to themselves, and in very serious injury to many of the strongest financial bodies in the country. Yet it is a fact worth recording that the general principle upon which affairs were conducted was an honest one. The land was a fact, the buildings put up were facts, and there was actually a certain amount of capital, of genuine ready money, in use. The whole matter can be explained in a few words.

The population of Rome had increased considerably since the Italian occupation, and house-room was needed for the newcomers. Then the partial execution of the scheme for beautifying the city had destroyed great numbers of dwellings in the most thickly populated parts, and more house-room was needed to compensate the loss of habitations, while extensive lots of land were suddenly set free and offered for sale upon easy conditions in all parts of the town.

Those who availed themselves of these opportunities before the general rush began realized immense profits, especially when they had some capital of their own to begin with. But capital was not indispensable. A man could buy his lot on credit; the banks were ready to advance him money on notes of hand, in small amounts at high interest, wherewith to build his house or houses. When the building was finished, the bank took a first mortgage upon the property; the owner let the house, paid the interest on the mortgage out of the rent, and pocketed the difference as clear gain. In the majority of cases it was the bank itself which sold the lot of land to the speculator. It is clear, therefore, that the only money which actually changed hands was that advanced in small sums by the bank itself.

As speculation increased, the banks could not afford to lock up all the small notes of hand they received from various quarters. This paper became a circulating medium as far as Vienna, Paris, and even London. The crash came when Vienna, Paris, and London lost faith in the paper, owing, in the first instance, to one or two small failures, and returned it upon Rome. The banks, unable to obtain cash for it at any price, and being short of ready money, could then no longer discount the speculator's further notes of hand; so that the speculator found himself with half-built houses upon his hands, which he could neither let, nor finish, nor sell, and owing money upon bills which he had expected to meet by giving the bank a mortgage on the now valueless property. That is what took place in the majority of cases, and it is not necessary to go into further details, though of course chance played all the usual variations upon the theme of ruin.

What distinguishes the period of speculation in Rome from most other manifestations of the kind in Europe is the prominent part played in it by the old landholding families, a number of which ruined themselves in wild schemes which no sensible man of business would have touched. This was more or less the result of recent changes in the laws regulating the power of persons making a will.

Previous to 1870 the law of primogeniture was as much respected in Rome as in England, and was carried out with considerably greater strictness. The heir got everything; the other children got practically nothing but the smallest

pittance. The palace, the gallery of pictures and statues, the lands, the villages, and the castles descended in unbroken succession from eldest son to eldest son, indivisible in principle and undivided in fact.

The new law requires that one half of the total property shall be equally distributed by the testator amongst all his children. He may leave the other half to any one he pleases, and as a matter of practice he leaves it to his eldest son.

Another law, however, forbids the alienation of all collections of works of art, either wholly or in part, if they have existed as such for a certain length of time, and if the public has been admitted daily or on any fixed days to visit them. It is not in the power of the Borghese or the Colonna, for instance, to sell a picture or a statue out of their galleries, nor to raise money upon such an object by mortgage or otherwise.

Yet these works of art figure at a very high valuation in the total property of which the testator must divide one half amongst his children, though in point of fact they yield no income whatever. But it is of no use to divide them, since none of the heirs could be at liberty to take them away or realize their value in any manner.

The consequence is that the principal heir, after the division has taken place, finds himself the nominal master of certain enormously valuable possessions which in reality yield him nothing, or next to nothing. He also foresees that in the next generation the same state of things will exist in a far higher degree, and that the position of the head of the family will go from bad to worse, until a crisis of some kind takes place.

Such a case has recently occurred. A certain Roman prince is bankrupt. The sale of his gallery would certainly relieve the pressure, and would possibly free him from debt altogether. But neither he nor his creditors can lay a finger upon the pictures, nor raise a centime upon them. This man, therefore, is permanently reduced to penury, and his creditors are large losers, while he is still, *de jure* and *de facto*, the owner of property probably sufficient to cover all his obligations. Fortunately, he chances to be childless, a fact consoling, perhaps, to the philanthropist, but not especially so to the sufferer himself.

It is clear that the temptation to increase "distributable" property, if one may coin such an expression, is very great, and accounts for the way in which many Roman gentlemen have rushed headlong into speculation, though possessing none of the qualities necessary for success, and only one of the requisites, namely, a certain amount of ready money, or free and convertible property. A few have been fortunate, while the majority of those who have tried the experiment have been heavy losers. It cannot be said that any one of them all has shown natural talent for finance.

Let the reader forgive these dry explanations, if he can. The facts explained have a direct bearing upon the story I am telling, but shall not, as mere facts, be referred to again.

I have already said that Ugo Del Ferice had returned to Rome soon after the change, had established himself with his wife, Donna Tullia, and at the time I am speaking about was deeply engaged in the speculations of the day. He had once been tolerably popular in society, having been looked upon as a harmless creature, useful in his way and very obliging. But the circumstances which had attended his flight some years earlier had become known, and most of his old acquaintances turned him the cold shoulder. He had expected this, and was neither disappointed nor humiliated. He had made new friends and acquaintances during his exile, and it was to his interest to stand by them. Like many of those who had played petty and dishonorable parts in the revolutionary times, he had succeeded in

building up a reputation for patriotism on a very slight foundation, and had found persons willing to believe him a sufferer who had escaped martyrdom for the cause, and had deserved the crown of election by a constituency as a just reward of his devotion. The Romans cared very little what became of him. The old Blacks confounded Victor Emmanuel with Garibaldi, Carron with Persiano, and Silvio Pellico with Del Ferice in one sweeping condemnation, desiring nothing so much as never to hear the hated names mentioned in their houses. The Gray party, being also Roman, disapproved of Ugo on general principles, and particularly because he had been a spy; but the Whites, not being Romans at all, and entertaining an especial detestation for every distinctly Roman opinion, received him at his own estimation, as society receives most people who live in good houses, give good dinners, and observe the proprieties in the matter of visiting-cards. Those who knew anything definite of the man's antecedents were mostly persons who had little histories of their own, and they told no tales out of school. The great personages who had once employed him would have been magnanimous enough to acknowledge him in any case, but were agreeably disappointed when they discovered that he was not amongst the common herd of pension hunters, and claimed no substantial reward save their politeness and a line in the visiting-lists of their wives. And as he grew in wealth and importance they found that he could be useful still, as bank directors and members of parliament can be, in a thousand ways. So it came to pass that the Count and Countess Del Ferice became prominent persons in the Roman world.

Ugo was a man of undoubted talent. By his own individual efforts, though with small scruple as to the means he employed, he had raised himself from obscurity to a very enviable position. He had only once in his life been carried away by the weakness of a personal enmity, and he had been made to pay heavily for his caprice. If Donna Tullia had abandoned him when he was driven out of Rome by the influence of the Saracinesca, he might have disappeared altogether from the scene. But she was an odd compound of rashness and foresight, of belief and unbelief, and she had at that time felt herself bound by an oath she dared not break, besides being attached to him by a hatred of Giovanni Saracinesca almost as great as his own. She had followed him and had married him without hesitation; but she had kept the undivided possession of her fortune, while allowing him a liberal use of her income. In return, she claimed a certain liberty of action when she chose to avail herself of it. She would not be bound in the choice of her acquaintances, nor criticised in the measure of like or dislike she bestowed upon them. She was by no means wholly bad, and if she had a harmless fancy now and then, she required her husband to treat her as above suspicion. On the whole, the arrangement worked very well. Del Ferice, on his part, was unswervingly faithful to her in word and deed, for he exhibited in a high degree that unfaltering constancy which is bred of a permanent, indispensable, financial interest. Bad men are often clever, but if their cleverness is of a superior order they rarely do anything bad. It is true that when they yield to the pressure of necessity their wickedness surpasses that of other men in the same degree as their intelligence. Not only honesty, but all virtue collectively, is the best possible policy, provided that the politician can handle such a tremendous engine of evil as goodness is in the hands of a thoroughly bad man.

Those who desired pecuniary accommodation of the bank in which Del Ferice had an interest had no better friend than he. His power with the directors

seemed to be as boundless as his desire to assist the borrower. But he was helpless to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage, and had been moved almost to tears in the expression of his sympathy with the debtor and of his horror at the hard-heartedness shown by his partners. To prove his disinterested spirit, it need only be said that on many occasions he had actually come forward as a private individual and taken over the mortgage himself, distinctly stating that he could not hold it for more than a year, but expressing a hope that the debtor might in that time retrieve himself. If this really happened, he earned the man's eternal gratitude; if not, he foreclosed, indeed, but the loser never forgot that by Del Ferice's kindness he had been offered a last chance at a desperate moment. It could not be said to be Del Ferice's fault that the second case was the more frequent one, nor that the result to himself was profit in either event.

In his dealings with his constituency he showed a noble desire for the public welfare, for he was never known to refuse anything in reason to the electors who applied to him. It is true that in the case of certain applications he consumed so much time in preliminary inquiries and subsequent formalities that the applicants sometimes died, and sometimes emigrated to the Argentine Republic, before the matter could be settled; but they bore with them to South America — or to the grave — the belief that the Onorevole Del Ferice was on their side, and the instances of his prompt, decisive, and successful action were many. He represented a small town in the Neapolitan province, and the benefits and advantages he had obtained for it were numberless. The provincial highroad had been made to pass through it; all express trains stopped at its station, though the passengers who made use of the inestimable privilege did not average twenty in the month; it possessed a Piazza Vittorio Emmanuela, a Corso Garibaldi, a Via Cavour, a public garden of at least a quarter of an acre, planted with no less than twenty-five acacias, and adorned by a fountain representing a desperate-looking character in the act of firing a finely executed revolver at an imaginary oppressor. Pigs were not allowed within the limits of the town, and the uniforms of the municipal brass band were perfectly new. Could civilization do more? The bank of which Del Ferice was a director bought the octroi duties of the town at the periodical auction, and farmed them skillfully, together with those of many other towns in the same province.

So Del Ferice was a successful man; and it need scarcely be said that he was now not only independent of his wife's help, but very much richer than she had ever been. They lived in a highly decorated, detached modern house in the new part of the city. The gilded gate before the little plot of garden bore their intertwined initials, surmounted by a modest count's coronet. Donna Tullia would have preferred a coat of arms, or even a crest; but Ugo was sensitive to ridicule, and he was aware that a count's coronet in Rome means nothing at all, whereas a coat of arms means vastly more than in most cities.

Within, the dwelling was somewhat unpleasantly gorgeous. Donna Tullia had always loved red, both for itself and because it made her own complexion seem less florid by contrast, and accordingly red satin predominated in the drawing-rooms, red velvet in the dining-room, red damask in the hall, and red carpets on the stairs. Some fine specimens of gilding were also to be seen, and Del Ferice had been one of the first to use electric light. Everything was new, expensive, and polished to its extreme capacity for reflection. The servants wore vivid liveries, and on formal occasions the butler appeared in

shortclothes and black silk stockings. Donna Tullia's equipage was visible at a great distance, but Del Ferice's own coachman and groom wore dark green with black epaulets.

On the morning which Orsino and Madame d'Aragona had spent in Gouache's studio, the Countess Del Ferice entered her husband's study in order to consult him upon a rather delicate matter. He was alone, but busy, as usual. His attention was divided between an important bank operation and a petition for his help in obtaining a decoration for the mayor of the town he represented. The claim to this distinction seemed to rest chiefly upon the petitioner's marked evidence in regard to his own moral rectitude, yet Del Ferice was really exercising all his ingenuity to discover some suitable reason for asking the favor. He laid the papers down with a sigh as Donna Tullia came in.

"Good-morning, my angel," he said suavely, as he pointed to a chair at his side, the one usually occupied at this hour by seekers for financial support. "Have you rested well?" He never failed to ask the question.

"Not badly, not badly, thank Heaven!" answered Donna Tullia. "I have a dreadful cold, of course, and a headache; my head is really splitting."

"Rest is what you need, my dear."

"Oh, it is nothing. This Durakoff is a great man. If he had not made me go to Carlsbad — I really do not know. But I have something to say to you. I want your help, Ugo. Please listen to me."

Ugo's fat white face already expressed anxious attention. To accentuate the expression of his readiness to listen, he now put all his papers into a drawer and turned towards his wife.

"I must go to the Jubilee," said Donna Tullia, coming to the point.

"Of course you must go."

"And I must have my seat among the Roman ladies."

"Of course you must," repeated Del Ferice, with a little less alacrity.

"Ah! You see. It is not so easy. You know it is not. Yet I have as good a right to my seat as any one; better, perhaps."

"Hardly that," returned Ugo, with a smile. "When you married me, my angel, you relinquished your claims to a seat at the Vatican functions."

"I did nothing of the kind. I never said so, I am sure."

"Perhaps if you could make that clear to the major-domo" —

"Absurd, Ugo. You know it is. Besides, I will not beg. You must get me the seat. You can do anything with your influence."

"You could easily get into one of the diplomatic tribunes," observed Ugo.

"I will not go there. I mean to assert myself. I am a Roman lady and I will have my seat, and you must get it for me."

"I will do my best. But I do not quite see where to begin. It will need time and consideration and much tact."

"It seems to me very simple. Go to one of the clerical deputies and say that you want the ticket for your wife" —

"And then?"

"Give him to understand that you will vote for his next measure. Nothing could be simpler, I am sure."

Del Ferice smiled blandly at his wife's ideas of parliamentary diplomacy.

"There are no clerical deputies in the parliament of the nation. If there were the thing might be possible, and it would be very interesting to all the clericals to read an account of the transaction in the Osservatore Romano. In any case, I am not sure that it will be much to our advantage that the wife of the Onorevole Del Ferice should be seen seated in the midst of the Black ladies. It will produce an unfavorable impression."

"If you are going to talk of impressions" — Donna Tullia shrugged her massive shoulders.

"No, my dear. You mistake me. I am not going to talk of them, because, as I once told you, it is quite right that you should go to this affair. If you go, you must go in the proper way. No doubt there will be people who will have invitations, but will not use them. We can perhaps procure you the use of such a ticket."

"I do not care what name is on the paper, provided I can sit in the right place."

"Very well," answered Del Ferice. "I will do my best."

"I expect it of you, Ugo. It is not often that I ask anything of you, is it? It is the least you can do. The idea of getting a card that is not to be used is good; of course they will all get them, and some of them are sure to be ill."

Donna Tullia went away satisfied that what she wanted would be forthcoming at the right moment. What she had said was true. She rarely asked anything of her husband. But when she did, she gave him to understand that she would have it at any price. It was her way of asserting herself from time to time. On the present occasion she had no especial interest at stake, and any other woman might have been satisfied with a seat in the diplomatic tribune, which could probably have been obtained without great difficulty. But she had heard that the seats there were to be very high, and she really did not wish to be placed in too prominent a position. The light might be unfavorable, and she knew that she was subject to growing very red in places where it was hot. She had once been a handsome woman and a very vain one, but even her vanity could not survive the daily shock of the looking-glass torture. To sit for four or five hours in a high light, facing fifty thousand people, was more than she could bear with equanimity.

Del Ferice, being left to himself, returned to the question of the mayor's decoration, which was of vastly greater importance to him than his wife's position at the approaching function. If he failed to get the man what he wanted, the fellow would doubtless apply to some one of the opposite party, would receive the coveted honor, and would take the whole voting population of the town with him at the next general election, to the total discomfiture of Del Ferice. It was necessary to find some valid reason for proposing him for the distinction. Ugo could not decide what to do just then, but he ultimately hit upon a successful plan. He advised his correspondent to write a pamphlet upon the rapid improvement of agricultural interests in his district under the existing ministry, and he even went so far as to inclose with his letter some notes on the subject. These notes proved to be so voluminous and complete that when the mayor had copied them he could not find a pretext for adding a single word or correction. They were printed upon excellent paper, with ornamental margins, under the title Onward, Parthenope! Of course every one knows that Parthenope means Naples, the Neapolitans and the Neapolitan province, a siren of that name having come to final grief somewhere between the Chiatamone and Posilippo. The mayor got his decoration, and Del Ferice was reëlected; but no one has inquired into the truth of the statements made in the pamphlet upon agriculture.

It is clear that a man who was capable of taking so much trouble for so small a matter would not disappoint his wife when she had set her heart upon such a trifle as a ticket for the Jubilee. Within three days he had the promise of what he wanted. A certain lonely lady of high position lay very ill just then, and it need scarcely be explained that her confidential servant fell upon the invitation as soon as it arrived and sold it for a round sum to the first applicant, who happened to be Count Del Ferice's valet. So the matter was arranged, privately and without scandal.

All Rome was alive with expectation. The date fixed was the 1st of January, and as the day approached the curious foreigner mustered in his thousands and tens of thousands, and took the city by storm. The hotels were thronged. The billiard tables were hired as furnished rooms; people slept in the lifts, on the landings, in the porters' lodges. The thrifty Romans retreated to roofs and cellars, and let their small dwellings. People reaching the city on the last night slept in the cabs they had hired to take them to St. Peter's before dawn. Even the supplies of food ran low, and the hungry fed on what they could get, while the delicate of taste very often did not feed at all. There was of course the usual scare about a revolutionary demonstration, to which the natives paid very little attention, but which delighted the foreigners.

Not more than half of those who hoped to witness the ceremony saw anything of it, though the basilica will hold some eighty thousand people at a pinch, and the crowd on that occasion was far greater than at the opening of the Œcumenical Council in 1869.

Madame d'Aragona had also determined to be present, and she expressed her desire to Gouache. She had spoken the strict truth when she had said that she knew no one in Rome, and so far as general accuracy is concerned it was equally true that she had not fixed the length of her stay. She had not come with any settled purpose beyond a vague idea of having her portrait painted by the French artist, and unless she took the trouble to make acquaintances there was nothing attractive enough about the capital to keep her. She allowed herself to be driven about the town, on pretense of seeing churches and galleries, but in reality she saw very little of either. She was preoccupied with her own thoughts, and subject to fits of abstraction. Most things seemed to her intensely dull, and the unhappy guide who had been selected to accompany her on her excursions wasted his learning upon her on the first morning, and subsequently exhausted the magnificent catalogue of impossibilities, which he had fabricated for the especial benefit of the uncultivated foreigner, without eliciting so much as a look of interest or an expression of surprise. He was a young and fascinating guide, wearing a white satin tie, and on the third day he recited some verses of Specchetti, and was about to risk a declaration of worship in ornate prose, when he was suddenly rather badly scared by the lady's yellow eyes, and ran on nervously with a string of deceased popes and their dates.

"Get me a card for the Jubilee," she said abruptly.

"An entrance is very easily procured," answered the guide. "In fact, I have one in my pocket, as it happens. I bought it for twenty francs this morning, thinking that one of my foreigners would perhaps take it of me. I do not even gain a franc, — my word of honor."

Madame d'Aragona glanced at the slip of paper.

"Not that," she answered. "Do you imagine that I will stand? I want a seat in one of the tribunes."

The guide lost himself in apologies, but explained that he could not get what she desired.

"What are you for?" she inquired.

She was an indolent woman, but when by any chance she wanted anything Donna Tullia herself was not more restless. She drove at once to Gouache's studio. He was alone, and she told him what she needed.

"The Jubilee, madame? Is it possible that you have been forgotten?"

"Since they have never heard of me! I have not the slightest claim to a place."

"It is you who say that. But your place is already secured. Fear nothing. You will be with the Roman ladies."

"I do not understand."

"It is simple. I was thinking of it yesterday. Young Saracinesca comes in and begins to talk about you. There is Madame d'Aragona who has no seat, he says. One must arrange that. So it is arranged."

"By Don Orsino?"

"You would not accept? No. A young man, and you have met only once. But tell me what you think of him. Do you like him?"

"One does not like people so easily as that," replied Madame d'Aragona. "How have you arranged about the seat?"

"It is very simple. There are to be two days, you know. My wife has her cards for both, of course. She will go once only. If you will accept the one for the first day, she will be very happy."

"You are angelic, my dear friend! Then I go as your wife?" She laughed.

"Precisely. You will be Faustina Gouache instead of Madame d'Aragona."

"How delightful! By the bye, do not call me Madame d'Aragona. It is not my name. I might as well call you Monsieur de Paris, because you are a Parisian."

"I do not put Anastase Gouache de Paris on my cards," answered Gouache, with a laugh. "What may I call you? Donna Maria?"

"My name is Maria Consuelo d'Aranjuez."

"An ancient Spanish name," said Gouache.

"My husband was an Italian."

"Ah! Of Spanish descent, originally of Aragona. Of course."

"Exactly. Since I am here, shall I sit for you? You might almost finish to-day."

"Not so soon as that. It is Don Orsino's hour, but as he has not come, and since you are so kind, by all means."

"Ah! Is he unpunctual?"

"He is probably running after those abominable dogs, in pursuit of the feeble fox, — what they call the noble sport." Gouache's face expressed considerable disgust.

"Poor fellow!" said Maria Consuelo. "He has nothing else to do."

"He will get used to it. They all do. Besides, it really is the natural condition of man. Total idleness is his element. If Providence meant man to work, it should have given him two heads, one for his profession and one for himself. A man needs one entire and undivided intelligence for the study of his own individuality."

"What an idea!"

"Do not men of great genius notoriously forget themselves, — forget to eat and drink and dress themselves like Christians? That is because they have not two heads. Providence expects a man to do two things at once, — sing an air from an opera and invent the steam engine at the same moment. Nature rebels. Then Providence and Nature do not agree. What becomes of religion? It is all a mystery. Believe me, madame, art is easier than nature, and painting is simpler than theology."

Maria Consuelo listened to Gouache's extraordinary remarks with a smile.

"You are either paradoxical or irreligious, or both," she said.

"Irreligious? I, who carried a rifle at Mentana? No, madame, I am a good Catholic."

"What does that mean?"

"I believe in God, and I love my wife. I leave it to the Church to define my other articles of belief. I have only one head, as you see." Gouache smiled, but there was a note of sincerity in the odd statement which did not escape his hearer.

"You are not of the type which belongs to the end of the century," she said.

"That type was not invented when I was forming myself."

"Perhaps you belong rather to the coming age, the age of simplification."

"As distinguished from the age of mystification, religious, political, scientific, and artistic," suggested Gouache. "The people of that day will guess the Sphinx's riddle."

"Mine? You were comparing me to a sphinx the other day."

"Yours, perhaps, madame. Who knows? Are you the typical woman of the ending century?"

"Why not?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a sleepy look.

V.

There is something grand in any great assembly of animals belonging to the same race. The very idea of an immense number of living creatures conveys an impression not suggested by anything else. A compact herd of fifty or sixty thousand lions would be an appalling vision, beside which a like multitude of human beings would sink into insignificance. A drove of wild cattle is, I think, a finer sight than a regiment of cavalry in motion; for the cavalry is composite, half man and half horse, whereas the cattle have the advantage of unity. But we can never see so many animals of any species driven together into one limited space as to be equal to a vast throng of men and women, and we conclude, naturally enough, that a crowd consisting solely of our own kind is the most imposing one conceivable.

It was scarcely light, on the morning of New Year's Day, when the Princess Sant' Ilario found herself seated in one of the low tribunes on the north side of the high altar in St. Peter's. Her husband and her eldest son had accompanied her, and having placed her in a position from which they judged she could easily escape at the end of the ceremony, they remained standing in the narrow, winding passage between improvised barriers which led from the tribune to the door of the sacristy, and which had been so arranged as to prevent confusion. Here they waited, greeting their acquaintances when they could recognize them in the dim twilight of the church, and watching the ever-increasing crowd that surged slowly backward and forward outside the barrier. The old prince was entitled by an hereditary office to a place in the great procession of the day, and was not now with them.

Orsino felt as though the whole world were assembled about him within the huge cathedral, as though its heart were beating audibly and its muffled breathing rising and falling in his hearing. The unceasing sound that went up from the compact mass of living beings was soft in quality, but enormous in volume and sustained in tone, — a great whispering which might have been heard a mile away. One hears in mammoth musical festivals the extraordinary effect of four or five thousand voices singing very softly; it is not to be compared with the unceasing whisper of fifty thousand men.

The young fellow was conscious of a strange, irregular thrill of enthusiasm which ran through him from time to time and startled his imagination into life. It was only the instinct of a strong vitality unconsciously longing to be the central point of the vitalities around it. But he could not understand that. It seemed to him like a great opportunity brought within reach, but slipping by untaken, not to return again. He felt a strange, almost uncontrollable longing to spring upon one of the tribunes, to raise his voice, to speak to the great multitude, to fire all those men to break out and carry everything before them. He laughed audibly at himself. Sant' Ilario looked at his son with some curiosity.

"What amuses you?" he asked.

"A dream," answered Orsino, still smiling. "Who knows?" he exclaimed, after a pause. "What would happen if, at the right moment, the right man could stir such a crowd as this?"

"Strange things," replied Sant' Ilario

gravely. "A crowd is a terrible weapon."

"Then my dream was not so foolish, after all. One might make history today."

Sant' Ilario made a gesture expressive of indifference.

"What is history?" he asked. "A comedy in which the actors have no written parts, but improvise their speeches and actions as best they can. That is the reason why history is so dull and so full of mistakes."

"And of surprises," suggested Orsino.

"The surprises in history are always disagreeable, my boy," answered Sant' Ilario.

Orsino felt the coldness in the answer, and felt even more his father's readiness to damp any expression of enthusiasm. Of late he had encountered this chilling indifference at almost every turn, whenever he gave vent to his admiration for any sort of activity.

It was not that Giovanni Saracinesca had any intention of repressing his son's energetic instincts, and he assuredly had no idea of the effect his words often produced. He sometimes wondered at the sudden silence which came over the young man after such conversations, but he did not understand it, and on the whole paid little attention to it. He remembered that he himself had been different, and had been wont to argue hotly and not unfrequently to quarrel with his father about trifles. He himself had been headstrong, passionate, often intractable, in his early youth, and his father had been no better at sixty, and was little improved in that respect even at his present great age. But Orsino did not argue. He suggested, and if any one disagreed with him he became silent. He seemed to possess energy in action and a number of rather fantastic aspirations, but in conversation he was easily silenced, and in outward manner he would have appeared too yielding if he had not often seemed too cold.

Giovanni did not see that Orsino was most like his mother in character, while the contact with a new generation had given him something unfamiliar to the old; an affectation at first, but one which habit was amalgamating with the real nature beneath.

No doubt it was wise and right to discourage ideas which would tend in any way to revolution. Giovanni had seen revolutions, and had been the loser by them. It was not wise, and certainly was not necessary, to throw cold water on the young fellow's harmless aspirations. But Giovanni had lived for many years in his own way, rich, respected, and supremely happy, and he believed that his way was good enough for Orsino. He had, in his youth, tried most things for himself, and had found them failures so far as happiness was concerned. Orsino might make the series of experiments in his turn, if he pleased, but there was no adequate reason for such an expenditure of energy. The sooner the boy loved some girl who would make him a good wife, and the sooner he married her, the sooner he would find that calm, satisfactory existence which had not finally come to Giovanni until after thirty years of age. As for the question of fortune, it was true that there were four sons; but there was Giovanni's mother's fortune, there was Corona's fortune, and there was the great Saracinesca estate behind both. They were all so extremely rich that the deluge must be very distant.

Orsino understood none of these things. He realized only that his father had the faculty and apparently the intention of freezing any originality he chanced to show, and he inwardly resented the coldness, quietly, if foolishly, resolving to astonish those who misunderstood him by seizing the first opportunity of doing something out of the common way. For some time he stood in silence, watching the people who came by, and glancing from time to time at the dense crowd outside the barrier. Suddenly he was

aware that his father was watching intently a lady who advanced along the open way.

"There is Tullia Del Ferice!" exclaimed Sant' Ilario in surprise.

"I do not know her, except by sight," observed Orsino indifferently.

The countess was very imposing in her black veil and draperies. Her red face seemed to lose its color in the dim church, and she affected a slow and stately manner more becoming to her weight than was her natural restless vivacity. She had got what she desired, and she swept proudly along to take her old place among the ladies of Rome. No one knew whose card she had delivered up at the entrance to the sacristy, and she enjoyed the triumph of showing that the wife of the revolutionary, the banker, the member of parliament, had not lost caste after all.

She looked Giovanni full in the face with her disagreeable blue eyes, as she came up, apparently not meaning to recognize him. Then, just as she passed him, she deigned to make a very slight inclination of the head, just enough to compel Sant' Ilario to return the salutation. It was very well done. Orsino did not know all the details of the past events, but he knew that his father had once wounded Del Ferice in a duel, and he looked at Del Ferice's wife with some curiosity. He had seldom had an opportunity of being so near to her.

"It was certainly not about her that they fought," he reflected. "It must have been about some other woman, if there was a woman in the question at all."

A moment later he was aware that a pair of yellow eyes were fixed on him. Maria Consuelo was following Donna Tullia at a distance of a dozen yards. Orsino came forward, and his new acquaintance held out her hand. They had not met since they had first seen each other.

"It was so kind of you," she said.

"What, madame?"

"To suggest this to Gouache. I should have had no ticket. Where shall I sit?"

Orsino did not understand, for, though he had mentioned the subject, Gouache had not told him what he meant to do. But there was no time to be lost in conversation. Orsino led her to the nearest opening in the tribune and pointed to a seat.

"I called," he said quickly. "You did not receive" —

"Come again; I will be at home," she answered in a low voice, as she passed him. She sat down in a vacant place beside Donna Tullia, and Orsino noticed that his mother was just behind them both. Corona had been watching him unconsciously, as she often did, and was somewhat surprised to see him conducting a lady whom she did not know. A glance told her that the lady was a foreigner; as such, if she were present at all, she should have been in the diplomatic tribune. There was nothing to think of, and Corona tried to solve the small social problem that presented itself. Orsino strolled back to his father's side.

"Who is she?" inquired Sant' Ilario, with some curiosity.

"The lady who wanted the tiger's skin, — Aranjuez. I told you of her."

"The portrait you gave me was not flattering. She is handsome, if not beautiful."

"Did I say she was not?" asked Orsino, with a visible irritation most unlike him.

"I thought so. You said she had yellow eyes, red hair, and a squint." Sant' Ilario laughed.

"Perhaps I did. But the effect seems to be harmonious."

"Decidedly so. You might have introduced me."

To this Orsino said nothing, but relapsed into a moody silence. He would have liked nothing better than to bring about the acquaintance, but he had met

Maria Consuelo only once, though that interview had been a long one, and he remembered her rather short answer to his offer of service in the way of making acquaintances.

Maria Consuelo, on her part, was quite unconscious that she was sitting in front of the Princess Sant' Ilario; but she had seen the lady by her side bow to Orsino's companion in passing, and guessed, from a certain resemblance, that the dark, middle-aged man might be young Saracinesca's father. Donna Tullia had seen Corona well enough, but as they had not spoken for nearly twenty years she decided not to risk a nod where she could not command an acknowledgment of it. So she pretended to be unaware of her old enemy's presence.

Donna Tullia, however, had noticed, as she turned her head in sitting down, that Orsino was piloting a strange lady to the tribune, and when the latter sat down beside her she determined to make her acquaintance, no matter upon what pretext. The time was approaching at which the procession was to make its appearance, and Donna Tullia looked about for something upon which to open the conversation, glancing from time to time at her neighbor. It was easy to see that the place and the surroundings were equally unfamiliar to the new-comer, who gazed with evident interest at the twisted columns of the high altar, at the vast mosaics in the dome, at the red damask hangings of the nave, at the Swiss guards, the chamberlains in court dress, and at all the mediæval-looking, motley figures that moved about within the space kept open for the coming function.

"It is a wonderful sight," said Donna Tullia in French, very softly, and almost as though speaking to herself.

"Wonderful indeed," answered Maria Consuelo, "especially to a stranger."

"Madame is a stranger, then," observed Donna Tullia, with an agreeable smile.

She looked into her neighbor's face, and for the first time realized that she was a striking person.

"Quite," replied the latter briefly, and as though not wishing to press the conversation.

"I fancied so," said Donna Tullia, "though on seeing you in these seats, among us Romans" —

"I received a card through the kindness of a friend."

There was a short pause, during which Donna Tullia concluded that the friend must have been Orsino. But the next remark threw her off the scent.

"It was his wife's ticket, I believe," said Maria Consuelo. "She could not come. I am here on false pretenses." She smiled carelessly.

Donna Tullia lost herself in speculation, but failed to solve the problem.

"You have chosen a most favorable moment for your first visit to Rome," she remarked at last.

"Yes. I am always fortunate. I believe I have seen everything worth seeing ever since I was a little girl."

"She is somebody," thought Donna Tullia. "Probably the wife of a diplomatist, though. Those people see everything, and talk of nothing but what they have seen."

"This is historic," she said aloud. "You will have a chance of contemplating the Romans in their glory; Colonna and Orsini marching side by side, and old Saracinesca in all his magnificence. He is eighty-two years old."

"Saracinesca?" repeated Maria Consuelo, turning her tawny eyes upon her neighbor.

"Yes; the father of Sant' Ilario, — grandfather of that young fellow who showed you to your seat."

"Don Orsino? Yes, I know him slightly."

Corona, sitting immediately behind them, heard her son's name. As the two ladies turned towards each other in conversation, she heard distinctly what

they said. Donna Tullia was of course aware of this.

"Do you?" she asked. "His father is a most estimable man, — just a little too estimable, if you understand! As for the boy" —

Donna Tullia moved her broad shoulders expressively. It was a habit of which even the irreproachable Del Ferice could not cure her. Corona's face darkened.

"You can hardly call him a boy," observed Maria Consuelo, with a smile.

"Ah, well — I might have been his mother," Donna Tullia answered, with a contempt for the affectation of youth which she rarely showed. But Corona began to understand that the conversation was meant for her ears, and grew angry by degrees. Donna Tullia had indeed been near to marrying Giovanni, and in that sense, too, she might have been Orsino's mother.

"I fancied you spoke rather disparagingly," said Maria Consuelo, with a certain degree of interest.

"I? No, indeed. On the contrary, Don Orsino is a very fine fellow, but thrown away, positively thrown away, in his present surroundings. Of what use is all this English education — But you are a stranger, madame; you cannot understand our Roman point of view."

"If you could explain it to me, I might, perhaps," suggested the other.

"Ah, yes, if I could explain it! But I am far too ignorant myself, — no, 'ignorant' is not the word, — too prejudiced, perhaps, to make you see it quite as it is. It may be I am a little too liberal, and the Saracinesca are certainly far too conservative. They mistake education for progress. Poor Don Orsino, I am sorry for him."

Donna Tullia found no other escape from the difficulty into which she had thrown herself.

"I did not know that he was to be pitied," said Maria Consuelo.

"Oh, not he in particular, perhaps," answered the stout countess, growing more and more vague. "They are all to be pitied, you know. What is to become of young men brought up in that way? The club, the turf, the card-table, — to drink, to gamble, to bet, — it is not an existence!"

"Do you mean that Don Orsino leads that sort of life?" inquired Maria Consuelo indifferently.

Again Donna Tullia's heavy shoulders moved contemptuously.

"What else is there for him to do?"

"And his father? Did he not do likewise in his youth?"

"His father? Ah, he was different — before he married — full of life, activity, originality!"

"And since his marriage?"

"He has become estimable, most estimable." The smile with which Donna Tullia accompanied the statement was intended to be fine, but was only spiteful. Maria Consuelo, who saw everything with her sleepy glance, noticed the fact.

Corona was disgusted, and leaned back in her seat as far as possible, in order not to hear more. She could not help wondering who the strange lady might be to whom Donna Tullia was so freely expressing her opinions concerning the Saracinesca, and she determined to ask Orsino after the ceremony. But she wished to hear as little more as she could.

"When a married man becomes what you call estimable," said Donna Tullia's companion, "he either adores his wife or hates her."

"What a charming idea!" laughed the countess. It was tolerably evident that the remark was beyond her.

"She is stupid," thought Maria Consuelo. "I fancied so from the first. I will ask Don Orsino about her. He will say something amusing. It will be a subject of conversation, at all events, in place of that endless tiger I invented the other day. I wonder whether this

woman expects me to tell her who I am? That will amount to an acquaintance. She is certainly somebody, or she would not be here. On the other hand, she seems to dislike the only man I know besides Gouache. That may lead to complications. Let us talk of Gouache first, and be guided by circumstances."

"Do you know Monsieur Gouache?" she inquired abruptly.

"The painter? Yes; I have known him a long time. Is he perhaps painting your portrait?"

"Exactly. It is really for that purpose that I am in Rome. What a charming man!"

"Do you think so? Perhaps he is. He painted me some time ago. I was not very well satisfied. But he has talent." Donna Tullia had never forgiven the artist for not putting enough soul into the picture he had painted of her when she was a very young widow.

"He has a great reputation," said Maria Consuelo, "and I think he will succeed very well with me. Besides, I am grateful tq him. He and his painting have been a pleasant episode in my short stay here."

"Really, I should hardly have thought you could find it worth your while to come all the way to Rome to be painted by Gouache," observed Donna Tullia. "But of course, as I say, he has talent."

"This woman is rich," she said to herself. "The wives of diplomatists do not allow themselves such caprices, as a rule. I wonder who she is?"

"Great talent," assented Maria Consuelo; "and great charm, I think."

"Ah, well, of course, I dare say. We Romans cannot help thinking that for an artist he is a little too much occupied in being a gentleman, and for a gentleman he is quite too much an artist."

The remark was not original with Donna Tullia, but had been reported to her as Spicca's, and Spicca had really said something similar about somebody else.

"I had not got that impression," said Maria Consuelo quietly.

"She hates him, too," she thought. "She seems to hate everybody. That means either that she knows everybody, or is not received in society."

"But of course you know him better than I do," she added aloud, after a little pause.

At that moment a strain of music broke out above the great, soft, muffled whispering that filled the basilica. Some thirty chosen voices of the choir of St. Peter's had begun the hymn Tu es Petrus, as the procession began to defile from the south aisle to the nave, close by the great door, to traverse the whole distance thence to the high altar. The Pope's own choir, consisting solely of the singers of the Sistine Chapel, waited silently behind the lattice under the statue of St. Veronica.

The song rang out louder and louder, simple and grand. Those who have heard Italian singers at their best know that thirty young Roman throats can emit a volume of sound equal to that which a hundred men of any other nation could produce. The stillness around them increased, too, as the procession lengthened. The great dark crowd stood shoulder to shoulder, breathless with expectation, each man and woman feeling for a few short moments that thrill of mysterious anxiety and impatience which Orsino had felt. No one who was there can ever forget what followed. More than forty cardinals filed out in front from the chapel of the Pietà. Then the hereditary assistants of the Holy See, the heads of the Colonna and the Orsini houses, entered the nave, side by side for the first time, I believe, in history. Immediately after them, high above all the procession and the crowd, appeared the great chair of state, the huge white feathered fans moving slowly on each side, and upon the throne, the central figure of that vast display, sat the Pope, Leo XIII.

Then, without warning and without hesitation, a shout went up such as has never been heard before in that dim cathedral, nor will, perhaps, be heard again: —

"*Viva il Papa-Rè!*" Long life to the Pope-King!

At the same instant, as though at a preconcerted signal, — utterly impossible in such a throng, — in the twinkling of an eye, the dark crowd was as white as snow. In every hand a white handkerchief was raised, fluttering and waving above every head. And the shout, once taken up, drowned the strong voices of the singers as long-drawn thunder drowns the pattering of the raindrops and the sighing of the wind.

The wonderful face, that seemed to be carved out of transparent alabaster, smiled and slowly turned from side to side, as it passed by. The thin, fragile hand moved unceasingly, blessing the people.

Orsino Saracinesca saw and heard, and his young face turned pale, while his lips set themselves. By his side, a head shorter than he, stood his father, lost in thought as he gazed at the mighty spectacle of what had been, and of what might still have been but for one day of history's surprises.

Orsino said nothing, but he glanced at Sant' Ilario's face, as though to remind his father of what he had said half an hour earlier; and the elder man knew that there had been truth in the boy's words. There were soldiers in the church, and they were not Italian soldiers; some thousands of them in all, perhaps. They were armed, and there were, at the very least computation, thirty thousand strong grown men in the crowd. And the crowd was on fire. Had there been a hundred, nay a score, of desperate, devoted leaders, who knows what bloody work might have been done in the city before the sun went down? Who knows what new surprises History might have found for her play? The thought must have crossed many minds at that moment. But no one stirred; the religious ceremony remained a religious ceremony, and nothing more; holy peace reigned within the walls, and the hour of peril glided away undisturbed to take its place among memories of good.

"The world is worn out!" thought Orsino. "The days of great deeds are over. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die; they are right in teaching me their philosophy."

A gloomy, sullen melancholy took hold of the boy's young nature; a passing mood, perhaps, but one which left its mark upon him. For he was at that age when a very little thing will turn the balance of a character; when an older man's thoughtless words, recalled and repeated for a score of years, may direct half a lifetime in a good or evil channel. Who is it that does not remember that day when an impatient "I will," or a defiant "I will not," turned the whole current of his existence in the one direction or the other, towards good or evil, or towards success or failure? Who that has fought his way against odds into the front rank has forgotten the woman's look that gave him courage, or the man's sneer that braced nerve and muscle to strike the first of many hard blows?

The depression which fell upon Orsino was lasting, for that morning at least. The stupendous pageant went on before him; the choirs sang; the sweet boys' voices answered back, like an angels' song, out of the lofty dome; the incense rose in columns through the streaming sunlight, as the high mass proceeded. Again the Pope was raised upon the chair and borne out into the nave, whence in the solemn silence the thin, clear aged voice intoned the benediction three times, slowly rising and falling, pausing and beginning again. Once more the enormous shout broke out, louder and deeper than ever, as the pro-

cession moved away. Then all was over.

Orsino saw and heard, but the first impression was gone, and the thrill did not come back.

"It was a fine sight," he said to his father, as the shout died away.

"A fine sight? Have you no stronger expression than that?"

"No," answered Orsino, "I have not."

The ladies were already coming out of the tribunes, and Orsino saw his father give his arm to Corona to lead her through the crowd. Naturally enough, Maria Consuelo and Donna Tullia came out together very soon after her. Orsino offered to pilot the former through the confusion, and she accepted gratefully. Donna Tullia walked beside them.

"You do not know me, Don Orsino," said she, with a gracious smile.

"I beg your pardon; you are the Countess Del Ferice. I have not been back from England long, and have not had an opportunity of being presented."

Whatever might be Orsino's weaknesses, shyness was certainly not one of them, and as he made the civil answer he calmly looked at Donna Tullia as though to inquire what in the world she wished to accomplish in making his acquaintance. He had been so situated during the ceremony as not to see that the two ladies had fallen into conversation.

"Will you introduce me?" said Maria Consuelo. "We have been talking together."

She spoke in a low voice, but the words could hardly have escaped Donna Tullia. Orsino was very much surprised, and not by any means pleased, for he saw that the elder woman had forced the introduction by a rather vulgar trick. Nevertheless he could not escape.

"Since you have been good enough to recognize me," he said, rather stiffly, to Donna Tullia, "permit me to make you acquainted with Madame d'Aranjuez d'Aragona."

Both ladies nodded and smiled the smile of the newly introduced. Donna Tullia at once began to wonder how it was that a person with such a name should have but a plain "Madame" to put before it. But her curiosity was not satisfied on this occasion.

"How absurd society is!" she exclaimed. "Madame d'Aranjuez and I have been talking all the morning, quite like old friends, and now we need an introduction!"

Maria Consuelo glanced at Orsino as though expecting him to make some remark. But he said nothing.

"What should we do without conventions?" she said, for the sake of saying something.

By this time they were threading the endless passages of the sacristy building, on their way to the Piazza Santa Marta. Sant' Ilario and Corona were not far in front of them. At a turn in the corridor Corona looked back.

"There is Orsino talking to Tullia Del Ferice!" she exclaimed, in great surprise. "And he has given his arm to that other lady who was next to her in the tribune."

"What does it matter?" asked Sant' Ilario indifferently. "By the bye, the other lady is that Madame d'Aranjuez he talks about."

"Is she any relation of your mother's family, Giovanni?"

"Not that I am aware of. She may have married some younger son of whom I never heard."

"You do not seem to care whom Orsino knows," said Corona, rather reproachfully.

"Orsino is grown up, dear. You must not forget that."

"Yes, I suppose he is," Corona answered, with a little sigh. "But surely you will not encourage him to cultivate the Del Ferice!"

"I fancy it would take a deal of

encouragement to drive him to that," said Sant' Ilario, with a laugh. "He has better taste."

There was some confusion outside. People were waiting for their carriages, and as most of them knew each other intimately every one was talking at once. Donna Tullia nodded here and there, but Maria Consuelo noticed that her salutations were coldly returned. Orsino and his two companions stood a little aloof from the crowd. Just then the Saracinesca carriage drove up.

"Who is that magnificent woman?" asked Maria Consuelo, as Corona got in.

"My mother," replied Orsino. "My father is getting in now."

"There comes my carriage! Please help me."

A modest hired brougham made its appearance. Orsino hoped that Madame d'Aranjuez would offer him a seat. But he was mistaken.

"I am afraid mine is miles away," said Donna Tullia. "Good-by. I shall be so glad if you will come and see me." She held out her hand.

"May I not take you home?" asked Maria Consuelo. "There is just room. It will be better than waiting here."

Donna Tullia hesitated a moment, and then accepted, to Orsino's great annoyance. He helped the two ladies to get in, and shut the door.

"Come soon," said Maria Consuelo, giving him her hand out of the window.

He was inclined to be angry, but the look that accompanied the invitation did its work satisfactorily.

"He is very young," thought Maria Consuelo, as she drove away.

"She can be very amusing. It is worth while," said Orsino to himself, as he passed in front of the next carriage and walked out upon the small square.

He had not gone far, hindered as he was at every step, when some one touched his arm. It was Spicca, looking more cadaverous and exhausted than usual.

"Are you going home in a cab?" he asked. "Then let us go together."

They got out of the square, scarcely knowing how they had accomplished the feat. Spicca seemed nervous as well as tired, and he leaned on Orsino's arm.

"There was a chance lost this morning," said the latter, when they were under the colonnade. He felt sure of a bitter answer from the keen old man.

"Why did you not seize it, then?" asked Spicca. "Do you expect old men like me to stand up and yell for a republic, or a restoration, or a monarchy, or whichever of the other seven plagues of Egypt you desire? I have not voice enough left to call a cab, much less to howl down a kingdom."

"I wonder what would have happened, if I, or some one else, had tried?"

"You would have spent the night in prison with a few kindred spirits. After all, that would have been better than making love to old Donna Tullia and her young friend."

Orsino laughed.

"You have good eyes," he said.

"So have you, Orsino. Use them. You will see something odd, if you look where you were looking this morning. Do you know what sort of a place this world is?"

"It is a dull place. I have found that out already."

"You are mistaken. It is hell. Do you mind calling that cab?"

Orsino stared a moment at his companion, and then hailed the passing conveyance.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE NEARNESS OF ANIMALS TO MEN.

THE late Professor von Prantl[1] takes the ground that the lower animals are endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, but adds: "They are destitute of any logical apprehension and power of abstraction; for while they comprehend objects and their optical, acoustic, and other efficient qualities in a certain abiding manner, they have no conception of substance or attribute, of coexistence or succession. Animals perceive also an actual causal connection, and are therefore capable of drawing causative conclusions, reasoning forward and backward, from cause to effect and from effect to cause, but not capable of a logical deduction; they seek a cause, but not a logical ground or reason, and are, by virtue of such endowment, wary and cautious, but without foresight" (*behutsam und vorsichtig, aber ohne Voraussicht*). In other words, "animals think without logic, but not therefore illogically."

Again, "in order to formulate precisely the distinction between man and beast," he sums up this difference in the succinct statement, "man has time-sense." Beasts have "space-sense," or the "sensual perception of expansive being," but not "time-sense; that is to say, the brain activity of man is competent to comprehend also pure succession as such, and the pure intensity of occurrence in general."

In proof of this proposition Prantl states that "man can count." Even without the use of names or numerals "he can fix the succession of days by marks, or express the number of objects lying before him gesticulatively with his fingers." This "sense of continuity, denied to the whole world of lower animals," renders man "conscious of being the same in a later as in a former time," and thus endows him with "immutable ego-consciousness, or Kant's transcendental apperception." It enables him to look before and after, to bind together the past and the future, and thus to create law and order, domestic, social, and political institutions, ethics, art, religion, science, and history, and to make external things serve his purposes and supply his wants. "Man, and man only, fabricates weapons and tools, kindles fire, plants seeds in the earth, and is alone capable of self-renunciation and suicide." "By virtue of this continuity of his self-consciousness and his look into the future, he transforms the realities around him and makes them minister to his ideals." The sole and ultimate source of all these higher developments and ideal acquisitions of humanity, individual, social, political, industrial, and artistic, is to be sought in "the far-reaching and fundamental postulate that man is endowed with time-sense."

For this reason man alone is able to distinguish between the subjective and the objective, to conceive of the subject as an object, and to apprehend mathematical truths and relations, which are purely ideal, as real. "It would be ridiculous to ascribe mathematics to animals; nevertheless the labors of the bee and of the spider excite astonishment; but inasmuch as, with genuinely animal limitations, they always appear in a definite geometrical form, they show that they are not products of spontaneous mathematical thinking."

Prantl also denies that expressions of sorrow, remorse, or gratitude on the part of animals furnish any evidence that they act under the impulse of moral ideas, but interprets them as having

[1] In a paper on Reformgedanken zur Logik, read before the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and printed in its Proceedings for March 6, 1875.

reference to their own well-being or comfort. To talk of the "art-instinct of animals" is, he thinks, a mere confusion of terms, "since we demand of art that it shall realize an idea." Still, after all his metaphysical distinctions, he admits that the essential nature of man as distinguished from that of the beast is "only the result of a progressive upward evolution." If this conclusion be correct, and it is all that the most advanced zoöpsychologist has ever claimed, then the distances (*Abstände*) between man and beast are not impassable, and even "human speech" (*die menschliche Sprache*) is but a higher development of "animal utterance" (*die thierische Kundgebung*).

The weak point of these speculations concerning the mental powers of animals is that they are too exclusively metaphysical, constituting a logical and systematic exposition of conceptions or notions without that accurate and exhaustive observation of facts which no acuteness of analysis and no vigorous process of pure thinking can supply. Not only is Prantl ignorant of the habits and aptitudes of animals, denying them capacities which they are known to possess, but he is liable to an opposite error, equally fatal to his theories, in his tendency to ascribe to the human race as a whole faculties which are characteristic of man only in a high state of civilization. He ignores the savage and the boor, and compares beasts with the most cultivated and most highly developed human beings, overlooking the long period which man existed on the earth before he even learned how to chip flints.

As to the "ideal-sense," upon which Prantl lays peculiar stress, there are low tribes in which it is wholly wanting, and which are as destitute of historical annals as any herd of apes. How much knowledge of the past may be transmitted from generation to generation by tradition in a community of monkeys it is impossible to determine. The amount of information thus preserved and accumulated in simian hordes is probably very small and exceedingly vague, since even human hordes, not native to the countries they inhabit, soon lose all recollection of the early migrations of their ancestors, and all traditions concerning the cradle of their race. This is why savages always regard themselves as autochthones, even in cases in which it can be clearly proved that they are not aboriginal to the soil, and that their immigration is of comparatively recent date.

There is no reason to believe that "time-sense," which Prantl claims to be the exclusive attribute of man, and from which he derives the superior mental evolution and equipment of the human race, is wholly lacking in the lower animals. Every creature endowed with personal consciousness and memory must know that it is the same being to-day that it was yesterday, or, in other words, that it exists in time. The possession of this knowledge does not imply the possibility of indulging in philosophical reflections about it any more than the possession of thoughts necessarily involves the power of thinking about thoughts, although it would be rash to affirm that animals may not be capable of giving themselves up to meditation by recalling mental impressions and making them objects of thought.

Time-sense is very highly developed in domestic fowls and many wild birds, as well as in dogs, horses, and other mammals, which keep an accurate account of days of the week and hours of the day, and have, at least, a limited idea of numerical succession and logical sequence. A Polish artist, residing in Rome, had an exceedingly intelligent and faithful terrier, which, as he was obliged to go on a journey, he left with a friend, to whom the dog was strongly attached. Day and night the terrier went to the station to meet every train, carefully observing and remembering

the time of their arrival, and never missing one. Meanwhile he became so depressed that he refused to eat, and would have died of starvation, if the friend had not telegraphed to his master to return at once if he wished to find the animal alive. Here we have a striking exhibition of time-sense as well as an example of all-absorbing affection and self-renunciation likely to result in suicide.

Love, gratitude, devotion, the sense of duty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice are proverbially strong in dogs, and only a "hard-shell" metaphysician, who neither knows nor cares anything about them, would venture to deny them all moral qualities, and to assert that they are governed solely by a regard for their own individual well-being. There are also many apparently well-authenticated instances of animals deliberately taking their own lives; and without too credulously accepting anecdotes of this sort, in which it is difficult to determine whether the creature was a *felo-de-se* or the victim of an accident, there is no psychological reason for rejecting them as old-wives' fables.

According to Spinoza, benevolence in animals consists in the exercise of friendly feelings towards their kind, and this is all that we have a right to demand of them. A good cat, for example, is a cat that is good to her kittens, however cruel she may be to birds and mice. Indeed, her goodness, from a feline as well as from a human point of view, is in direct proportion to her destructiveness of the smaller rodents. A like standard of virtue prevails among low races of men, and constitutes the highest ideal of tribal ethics. The best man among barbarians is the one who is most terrible to their foes, and can put the greatest number of them to death in the shortest time. Such manifestations of love of kin and love of country are only enlargements of self-love; and it is a long way from this primitive form of egotism to universal philanthropy, and to the still broader benevolence which Buddhism inculcates towards all sentient creatures. One is inclined to pardon the gruff cynicism of Dr. Johnson in denouncing patriotism as "the last refuge of scoundrels," when one sees how much individual selfishness finds a covert under this fine-sounding word, and what fierceness of interdynastic and international strife it is made to provoke and to palliate.

Not only the social instincts, but also the moral sentiments growing out of social relations, are common to man and to beast. It is evident that germs of moral ideas and perceptions of moral obligations enter into the conjugal unions of beasts, and impart a certain stability and sacredness to these ties. Many animals are strict monogamists, and have thus attained what Aryan civilization now generally accepts as the highest and purest form of sexual affection and association. With beasts, too, as with men, it is the male which scruples least at transgressing the monogamous principle, and makes light of this breach of fidelity, treating it as a pardonable peccadillo.

The mandarin duck is proverbial for conjugal faithfulness, and the Chinese are accustomed to carry a pair of these fowls in bridal processions, as an emblem of connubial love and an example of constancy for the newly wedded couple. Canaries are also characterized by the same virtue, and the attempt to force them into bigamy by keeping one male and two females in the same cage is uniformly destructive of domestic bliss, and frequently fatal to the young. Jealousies are quite sure to arise in consequence of a preference of the male for one of his mates; and the consort that feels aggrieved by marital neglect will take every opportunity to avenge herself by pecking and pestering her favored rival, and destroying her nest with its contents of eggs or callow brood. Even the

young which are reared under such circumstances are far inferior in beauty and vigor, as well as in numbers, to the offspring of a peaceful monogamous canary household.

Whether the family may be the originary nucleus of the tribe, or, as is more probable, may have been developed through a process of differentiation out of a primitive community, whose members lived in sexual promiscuity,[1] the impulse to herd, as well as the purposes it subserves, are the same in savages and in beasts. Wolves hunt in packs; cattle, horses, and sheep unite for mutual protection; and this tendency remains even after their domestication, when it is no longer essential to their safety, and becomes, as in man, a purely social feeling. Birds of passage assemble for their annual or semi-annual migrations, and separate into families as soon as they have reached their destination; still preserving, however, their larger and laxer social organization as "birds of a feather," which enables them to "flock together" again with facility, whenever the general interest requires united action of any kind. This sense of community is especially strong in rooks and storks, which seem to have a regular system of government, by means of which they enforce discipline, reproving and correcting deviations from their common standard of rectitude, and even inflicting capital punishment for certain transgressions. In such cases the family ceases to exercise jurisdiction over its own members, and recognizes the superior penal authority of the commonwealth.

The instances recorded of animals holding courts of justice and laying penalties upon offenders are too numerous and well authenticated to admit of any doubt. This kind of criminal procedure has been observed particularly among rooks, ravens, storks, flamingoes, martins, sparrows, and occasionally among some gregarious quadrupeds. It is as clearly established as human testimony can establish anything that these creatures have a lively sense of what is lawful or allowable in the conduct of the individual, so far as it may affect the character of the flock or herd, and are quick to resent and punish any act of a single member that may disgrace or injure the community to which he belongs.

Sometimes an irascible husband may take the law into his own hands, and summarily avenge himself on a faithless wife and her guilty paramour without bringing the case before a general assembly of his kind. Usually, however, it is the whole body which, after due deliberation, pronounces and executes judgment and maintains the majesty of the law. The penalty does not always involve the forfeiture of life, but varies in rigor according to the turpitude of the offense; the culprit being often condemned to a severe castigation, after which he resumes his position in society a sadder and wiser member of it.

Dr. Edmonson states that the hooded crows in the Shetland Islands hold regular assizes at stated periods, and usually in the same place. When there is a full docket, a week or more is spent in trying the cases; at other times, a single day suffices for the judicial proceedings. The capitally condemned are killed on the spot.

The owner of a house near Berlin found a single egg in the nest of a pair of storks, built on the chimney, and substituted for it a goose's egg, which in due time was hatched, and produced a gosling instead of the expected storkling. The male bird was thrown into the greatest excitement by this event, and finally flew away. The female, however, remained on the nest, and continued to care for the changeling as though it were her own offspring. On the morning of the fourth day the male reappeared accompanied by nearly five

[1] Yet see on this subject the important work by Westermarck, The History of Human Marriage. — Ed.

hundred storks, which held a mass-meeting in an adjacent field. The assembly, we are informed, was addressed by several speakers, each orator posting himself on the same spot before beginning his harangue. These deliberations and discussions occupied nearly the entire forenoon, when suddenly the meeting broke up, and all the storks pounced upon the unfortunate female and her supposititious young one, killed them both, and, after destroying the polluted nest, took wing and departed, and were never seen there again.

It happens occasionally that the confidence of the male stork in the virtue of his spouse is too strong to be shaken even by the presence of such questionable progeny; or, if he suspects her of frailty, he deems it best to condone the fault. They then unite in exterminating the bastard brood, and prudently keep the mysterious episode of ciconian domestic life to themselves.

Professor Carl Vogt tells the story of a pair of storks which had lived together for many years in a village near Soletta. One day, while the male was absent providing for his family, a younger suitor appeared, and began to pay court to the wife. She received his addresses at first with indifference; but as the woman who hesitates is lost, so she finally fell into the snares of her passionate and persistent adorer. His visits became more frequent, and at last he succeeded in so completely fascinating the matron that she was persuaded to accompany him to a marshy meadow, where her unsuspecting husband was engaged in catching frogs, and to join her gay paramour in putting the old stork to death.

A similar case occurred recently in north Germany. A pair of storks had had their nest on the roof of a barn for several seasons, without any apparent discord in their domestic relations. Suddenly, early in the spring, a powerful male stork made his appearance, and violently attacked the husband, who bravely defended himself; his spouse, strangely enough, taking no part in the fray. The assailant withdrew towards evening, his feathers dappled with blood, but renewed the attack on the following morning. The proprietor of the estate on which the scene took place resolved to interfere and shoot the intruder, but unfortunately aimed at the wrong bird and killed the husband. After this mishap, the female remained quietly perched on the roof by the side of the stranger, with whom she soon began to chatter in a very lively manner. The talk continued for about an hour, when both storks, as with one accord, fell upon the nest, threw out the eggs, tore it in pieces, and, after gazing for a moment on the ruins, rose together into the air, and, mounting in ever higher circles, vanished from view. Here the wife was at least accessory to the crime after its commission, and her conduct during the combat would seem to indicate that the strange stork was her accepted lover, and his coming preconcerted. Such occurrences, however, are exceptional. As a rule, storks are distinguished for conjugal fidelity no less than for their superior intelligence and the strong ties of affection which they form for human beings.

Ravens also have been known to destroy a nest in which a young owl had been discovered, and to kill both the birds whose home had thus suffered contamination, being evidently determined that the ancient and honorable race of *Corvus corax* should not be corrupted; and cocks, in several cases, are said to have killed hens which had hatched the eggs of ducks or partridges. One would hardly suspect such susceptibilities in a polygamous fowl, and least of all in our sultan of the barnyard, who guards his harem with the fierce jealousy of a Turk, but bears his paternal responsibilities very lightly, leaving the brooding mothers and their young for the most part to shift for themselves.

The impulses and motives which lead to the commission of crime are essentially the same in beasts and in man, and students of penal jurisprudence are just beginning to learn that the psychology of criminality in civilized society can never be fully understood except by a careful scientific study of it not only in savages, but also in the lower animals. The incentives to deeds of violence are pretty much the same in both. Many actions, such as the killing of deformed or sickly infants and of old and infirm individuals, are common to barbarians and to beasts, and are regarded as right because they contribute to the collective strength and consequent safety of the tribe or herd; but with the civilization of man and the domestication of the brute this precaution is no longer needed, and the primitive practice is abandoned. Mice take excellent care of their aged, blind, or otherwise helpless kin, concealing them in safe places and providing them with food. It must be remembered, however, that the mouse has lived in a semi-domestic state as the companion of man from time immemorial.

In the development and organization of social and civic life the bee and the ant hold the foremost place among articulates, corresponding to that of man among vertebrates. They stand respectively at the head of their class, and represent the highest point attained by insect and mammal in the process of evolution. As regards form of government, it is a mistake to speak of the bee state as a monarchy; it is, on the contrary, the most radical of republics, or rather a democracy of the most rigorous kind, with absolute power vested in the working class. The claims of "labor" to the exercise of supreme control in political affairs are here fully recognized and practically realized. The so-called queen is really the mother of the hive; her functions are maternal rather than regal. If she may be said to reign in a certain sense, the workers rule, deciding all questions and performing all acts affecting the common weal. The existence of but a single queen leaves no room for those dynastic enmities and rivalries which have so often disturbed the peace of human empires, and inflicted such untold misery upon mankind. If perchance two queens are produced at the same time, instead of forming factions in the state and exciting civil war, they contend personally for sovereignty, until one of them is killed. Sometimes the workers intervene, and put the less desirable of the claimants to death; or if the hive is populous and circumstances are favorable, a portion of the inmates swarm and carry off one of the contestants to found a new colony. In all these operations the queen initiates nothing; she is a passive instrument in the hands of the workers, whose decisions she accepts, but does not influence in the slightest degree. There is no "blue blood" in her veins except such as may be produced by a process of pampering; she is simply a worker, taken in a larval state and fattened into regal favor and function by what Huber calls "royal treatment;" that is, by relieving her from all toil and supplying her with richer nutriment. If, on account of bad weather or for any other reason, the bees do not wish to swarm, they do not hesitate to throw all superfluous members of the royal family out of the hive. The institution of appanage is unknown to apian communities. But, in order to provide for emergencies, several larvæ are reared in a single cell, which the old queen is never permitted to approach, since she is as jealous of these royal scions as was ever Persian padishah of his next of kin. For this reason they are kept in close confinement until they are needed.

Doubtless the queen has certain constitutional rights, but they are very limited. She is in the condition of Queen Victoria with Mr. Gladstone as prime minister: she is not asked what ought to be done,

but is simply told what the cabinet intends to do, and is expected to indorse it, whether agreeable to her feelings or not. But this relation does not prevent a strong sentiment of loyalty towards her on the part of the workers, who are ready to defend her at the risk of their own lives.

On the other hand, they do not show the slightest affection for the males, or drones, who are in the unenviable position of prince consorts, or mere propagators of the race. No provision is made for them when the winter supplies of food are laid in; they fulfill their mission in summer, flying abroad on wedding tours with the queens of various hives and enjoying their honeymoon; but with the early frosts they are thrust out of the hives, and perish of hunger and cold. Meanwhile the queens preserve the sperm in a sac, and use it at pleasure for fecundating the eggs; as the fecundated eggs produce females and the unfecundated males, the numerical relation of the sexes can be easily regulated. The workers, or neuters, are really females, whose sexual organs remain rudimentary because all their energies are absorbed in labor. The ovary is only partially formed, and they are incapable of laying eggs; but it needs only a course of "royal treatment," consisting of luxury and idleness, to develop any of the larvæ into queens. The queen has no heirs, either apparent or presumptive, and no right of succession is recognized. Any larviform worker can be metamorphosed into a queen, as every American schoolboy is a possible President of the United States.

That this perfect social and industrial organization, in which the principle of the division of labor is so admirably applied and a career opened to every talent, is the result of gradual growth and evolution is evident from the more primitive habits of other hymenoptera, such as wasps, hornets, and bumblebees. Tame honey bees also differ greatly in this respect from wild ones, and are known to have changed their manner of life and to have improved their methods of work to a considerable extent within the memory of man. They have ceased to make comb since the apiarist has begun to furnish them with a good manufactured article, and devote all their activity to filling the cells, an arrangement apparently satisfactory to both parties. It is probable, too, that bees, after having been supplied with artificial comb for several generations, would finally forget how to make it, and perhaps be no longer able to secrete the wax.

Populous and powerful bee communities sometimes relapse into barbarism, renounce the life of peaceful industry for which they have become proverbial, acquire predatory habits, and roam about the country as freebooters, plundering the smaller and weaker hives, and subsisting on the spoils. These brigand bees seldom reform: if they busily "improve each shining hour," it is not to "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," but to range the fields in looting parties, and ransack the homes of honest honey-makers. Against these anarchists of apian society and other foes the honey bees often fortify their hives, barricading the entrance by a thick wall, with bastions, casemates, and deep, narrow gateways. When there seems to be no immediate danger of hostile attack, these defensive works, which seriously interfere with the ordinary industrial life of the hive, are removed, and not rebuilt until there is fresh occasion for alarm. The common bee (*Apis mellifica*) not only rifles the nest of the bumblebee (*Bombus*), but numbers of them often surround one of the latter and force him to give up the sacs of honey he has gathered. The clumsy and not very courageous bumblebee submits to the demands of these highwaymen, surrenders his treasure without much ado, and then flies afield in search of more.

It is undeniable that, in the life of the

honey bee, a sort of historical connection exists between the mother hive and her colonies. This sense of kinship extends to the colonies of colonies, and thus gives rise to something like international relations between a large number of apian communities, which share the friendships and the hatreds of the original stock and transmit them to their posterity. Lenz relates his own experience on this point. Six of his hives were blown down by the wind; he hastened to set them up again, but the bees, rushing out and seeing him thus engaged, regarded him as the cause of the disaster, and stung him. For years afterwards they pursued him whenever he approached their hives, and this unjust antipathy was inherited by all the swarms which issued from these hives and founded colonies elsewhere.

Here we have a striking instance of hereditary enmity, such as often characterizes families, tribes, and clans, and takes the form of the vendetta. The bees that had suffered the supposed wrong never forgot it, and communicated their feelings to their descendants by way of tradition.[1]

Prantl's assertion that animals do not plant seeds in the earth and raise crops is merely one of many *a priori* deductions from his assumption that they lack time-sense, and therefore can have no appreciation of the succession of seasons. All facts opposed to this inference he would treat with a skeptical shrug of the shoulders, or relegate with an incredulous smile to the realm of fable. Nevertheless it is only by the careful observation and critical sifting of facts that such questions can be decided.

It has now been ascertained beyond a doubt that in Texas and South America, as well as in southern Europe, India, and Africa, there are ants which not only have a military organization and wage systematic warfare, but also keep slaves and carry on agricultural pursuits. Nineteen species of ants with these habits have been already discovered, and their modes of life more or less fully described.

Nearly half a century ago Dr. Linsecom began his studies of the Texan agricultural ant (*Atta malefaciens*), and after devoting some fourteen years to this subject communicated the results of his researches to Mr. Darwin, who embodied them in a paper read before the Linnean Society of London April 18, 1861. This ant, he informs us, "dwells in what may be termed paved cities, and, like a thrifty, diligent, provident farmer, makes suitable and timely arrangements for the changing seasons. . . . It bores a hole, around which it raises the surface three and sometimes six inches, forming a low circular mound having a very gentle inclination from the centre to the outer border, which, on an average, is three or four feet from the entrance. On low, flat, wet land, liable to inundation, though the ground may be perfectly dry at the time when the ant sets to work, it nevertheless elevates the mound in the form of a pretty sharp cone to the height of fifteen to twenty inches or more, and makes the entrance near the summit. Around this mound, in either case, the ant clears the ground of all obstructions, and levels and smooths the surface to the distance of three or four feet from the gate of the city, giving it the appearance of a handsome pavement, as it really is. Within this paved area not a blade of anything is allowed to grow, except a single species of grain-bearing grass. Having planted this crop in a circle around, and two or three feet from the centre of, the mound, the insect tends and cultivates it with constant care; cutting away all other grasses and weeds that may spring up amongst it, and all around outside the farm circle to the extent of one or two feet or more. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and produces a heavy crop of small, white, flinty seeds, which under the microscope very closely

[1] Cf. Wundt, Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseele, ii. 196–200. Also article Bees in Encyclopædia Britannica.

resemble ordinary rice. When ripe, it is carefully harvested, and carried by the workers, chaff and all, into the granary cells, where it is divested of the chaff and packed away. The chaff is taken out and thrown beyond the limits of the paved area. During protracted wet weather, it sometimes happens that the provision stores become damp, and are liable to sprout and spoil. In this case, on the first fine day, the ants bring out the damp and damaged grain, and expose it to the sun till it is dry, when they carry back and pack away all the sound seeds, leaving those that had sprouted to waste." They also check the tendency of the seeds to germinate by biting off the incipient sprouts, treating them as a farmer does his potatoes or onions under similar circumstances.

In pasture-lands, the grass cultivated by the ants is liable to be cropped by cattle, and thus prevented from bearing seeds and producing a harvest. In order to avert such a disaster, the ants avoid the meadows, which are given up to grazing, and establish themselves in the fence-corners of cultivated fields, along garden walks or near gateways, or in other protected places, where their crops run the least risk of being destroyed.

These observations, the truth of which is amply confirmed by other writers, as, for example, by Dr. Henry C. McCook in The Agricultural Ants of Texas, are a complete refutation of Prantl's zoöpsychology; for no husbandman ever showed greater skill in adapting himself to circumstances, or manifested a higher degree of intelligence and foresight in conducting his agricultural operations, and in consulting for this purpose the nature of the soil and the variety of the seasons, than are exhibited by these marvelous insects.

Indeed, nearly all the institutions and gradations of culture and civilization which the human race has passed through, and of which we find survivals among the different tribes of men, exist also among ants. Besides the tillers of the soil just mentioned, there are other species, like the Peruvian cazadores, which still lead a nomadic life, having no permanent homes, but wandering from place to place; entering the houses of the natives by millions; killing rats, mice, snakes, and all sorts of vermin; devouring offal; and performing in general the useful functions of itinerant scavengers. On the approach of these hordes the inhabitants quit their dwellings, and do not return until the invading host has passed on. Dr. Hans Meyer, in an account of his ascent of the Kilima-Njaro, in equatorial Africa, states that his camp was one night attacked by an army of driver-ants, and had to be abandoned. He describes the army as divided into three distinct classes, or castes, superior officers, under officers, and the rank and file, each of which is provided with mandibles of different size and efficiency as weapons, and corresponding with the duties they have to perform. Other ants have advanced beyond this nomadic life of pillage, and have acquired fixed habitations; they do not cultivate the soil, but keep herds of aphides, or plant-lice, which yield them a milky substance, and are also slaughtered for food.

The slaveholding ants are of several kinds, and differ greatly in the manner in which they treat their vassals. Some make them do all the work under the direction of overseers; others share their labors; while still others have fallen into such habits of luxury as to be unable or unwilling to wait upon or even to feed themselves, and are carried about and provided with food by their body-servants. In many cases this sybaritism is the mere ostentatious love of being served. The incapacity is not physical, but moral, and arises from an aristocratic aversion to any kind of menial labor, from the pleasure of being served by a train of obsequious attendants, and the notion that it is more dignified and distinguished to be borne along and to

have food put into their mouths than to walk on their own legs and to help themselves to victuals; since these apparently so helpless ants are agile and energetic enough as warriors, when it is a question of conquering and plundering their peaceful neighbors. It is the false sense of honor, fostered by the military spirit, which takes pride in brandishing a sword and, on the slightest provocation, plunging it into the vitals of a fellow-man, but would deem it a deep disgrace for an officer to brush his own clothes or black his own boots.

Sometimes, in consequence of severe exactions, the slaves rise in revolt, and are mercilessly put to death; and formican like old Roman law seems to recognize the right of the master to inflict summary capital punishment in such cases. This power is often exercised by the red-bearded ant (*Formica rubibarbis*), who is a fierce slaveholder, and as pitiless in suppressing mutiny as was Barbarossa after the siege of Milan.

Ants differ in quickness of apprehension and in ingenuity quite as much as men do. Some with which Sir John Lubbock experimented, when cut off from their supply of food by the removal of a little strip of paper which had served as a bridge over a chasm a third of an inch in breadth, did not know enough to replace it. In similar cases, ants have been observed bringing straws from a distance for the express purpose of bridging chasms that separated them from a desirable article of food. Bridges for this purpose are often an inch long, and made of mortar or cement consisting of a mixture of fine sand with a salivary secretion.

In a monastery near Botzen, in the Tyrol, one of the monks put some pounded sugar, together with a few ants taken from an ant-hill in the garden, into an old inkstand, which he suspended by a string from the cross-piece of his window. Very soon the ants began to carry the sugar along the string to their home in the garden, and returned with many others that went to work in the same way. After two days, although the greater part of the sugar was still in the inkstand, no ants were seen on the string; and, on closer examination, it was found that about a dozen of them were in the inkstand, busily engaged in throwing the sugar down upon the window-sill below, where others were carrying it off to the hill. They thus saved themselves the trouble of climbing the whole length of the window and down the string into the inkstand and back again with their burdens, and avoided by this means an immense expenditure of strength and loss of time. This change in the plan of operations shows remarkable powers of observation and reflection, and was doubtless suggested by some of the more thoughtful and practical members of the community, and, after being communicated to the others, was adopted by them.

As regards moral attributes, says Dr. McCook in his work on the honey ants: "I am much inclined to the view that anything like individual benevolence, as distinguished from tribal or communal benevolence, does not exist. The apparent special cases of beneficence, outside the instinctive actions which lie within the lines of formicary routine, are so rare and so doubtful as to their cause that, however loath, I must decide against anything like a personal benevolent character on the part of my honey ants." [1]

It is often quite impossible to determine whether human actions arise from public spirit or private feeling; and an attempt to fathom the motives of ants, and to decide whether they are animated by a love of their kind and a desire to promote the general weal, or by a special good will towards individuals and what we call personal kindness, is at-

[1] The Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods, and the Occident Ants of the American Plains, page 45.

tended with equal difficulty. But what the author affirms of honey ants is also true of savages, whose benevolence is tribal rather than personal; even civilized man, with rare exceptions, moves in the same narrow traditional rut, and is swayed in all his sentiments by national prejudices and prepossessions. The feeling of kinship is nevertheless especially strong in ants, and is not weakened by long absence. Mr. Darwin shut several of them in a bottle with asafœtida, and then released them and brought them back to their colony. At first their fellow-ants threatened to attack them and thrust them out, but soon recognized them under their offensive disguise, and received them with evident marks of affection. Still, no one would be justified in asserting that the elements of individual love and personal preference do not also enter into these relations. There is no doubt that strong attachments are formed between animals, and that they are capable of emotions of pity and acts of generosity not only towards their own kind, but even towards creatures of another species. A gentleman who had a great number of doves used to feed them near the barn; at such times not only chickens and sparrows, but also rats, were accustomed to come and share the meal. One day he saw a large rat fill its cheeks with kernels of corn and run to the coach-house, repeating this performance several times. On going thither he found a lame dove eating the corn which the rat had brought. Such an action on the part of human beings would be looked upon as a charitable desire to relieve the necessities of a helpless cripple, and every one would be satisfied with this simple explanation; but as a rat is assumed to be incapable of similar feelings, its conduct is regarded as the resultant of a series of impulses of sensation, perception, and conception, under which the animal is led to do wonderful things in an automatic way, without any consciousness of the purpose for which it does them; and thus a moral virtue is obscured and wholly hidden from view by a mass of metaphysical jargon.

Again, the ability to use tools and to wield weapons, which Prantl derives from the possession of time-sense, is not exclusively human. Ants build bridges with splinters of wood, small pebbles, grains of sand, and other available materials, and tunnel small streams, and their skill in performing such feats of engineering and in meeting any emergencies that may arise is almost incredible; but the testimony of Bates and Bär and other naturalists leaves no doubt as to the reality of these achievements. They also make a clever and effective use of implements in capturing and killing the ferocious sand-hornet, which they seize by the legs and fasten to the ground by means of sticks and stones, and then devour at their leisure. Here we have an unmistakable instance of the use of instruments for the accomplishment of a particular purpose. The same is true of the ant-lion when it prepares a pitfall and lies in wait for its prey, just as any hunter would do.

Mr. Romanes seems to think that the only tool-using vertebrates are apes and elephants, but such a restriction is hardly justified by facts. The following incident, which is vouched for by Mr. William B. Smith, on whose farm at Mount Lookout it occurred, proves that an ass may understand the worth of weapons, and be able to avail himself of them. A donkey, which was in the same pasture with an Alderney bull, was frequently attacked by the latter, and worsted in the combat. Convinced that his heels were no match for his adversary's horns, the ass took a pole between his teeth, and, whirling it about, whacked his assailant so vigorously over the head that the latter was finally glad to give up the contest, and lived thenceforth on a peaceful footing with his long-eared and long-headed companion.

Cats and dogs open doors by pressing the latch-key, or cause them to be opened by pulling the bell-cord or lifting the knocker; and every farmer knows, to his frequent vexation, how readily cows familiarize themselves with the mechanism of gates.

Crows, cormorants, gulls, and other birds carry shellfish into the air and drop them on rocks, in order to break their hard covering and to eat the flesh. If the first fall is not sufficient, they carry it up still higher, and thus virtually hit it a harder blow. If a boy cracks a nut by hurling it against a stone, he makes use of the stone as a tool as truly as if he should take a stone in his hand and strike the nut with it. The former process is that employed by the birds, which are in this respect tool-using animals. There are rocks on the seacoast which have served generations of birds as stationary hammers for smashing mollusks, and are evidently regarded by them as a permanent slaughter-house.

It is well known that monkeys living near the seashore, where the ebb tide leaves the rocks covered with oysters, evince extraordinary expertness in opening these bivalves with sharp stones, just as a man would do under like circumstances. It would require only a very slight increase of intelligence for a monkey to learn to break a stone into proper shape, instead of selecting a suitable one from the shingle of the beach, and, by thus fabricating a tool, bring himself abreast, intellectually, with the flint-chipping man of the early stone age. Indeed, it has been suggested by some scientists that man had not yet appeared upon the earth in the miocene age, and that the chipped flints of that period are the work of semi-human pithecoid apes of superior intelligence; and there is nothing in the theory of evolution or the facts of natural history that would render such a supposition absurd. Monkeys use stones as hammers and sticks as levers, and appreciate the advantage to be derived from this the simplest of the mechanical powers. With them, as with primitive or uneducated men, this knowledge is purely empirical, a product of experience, and does not imply a perception of mathematical truths or principles any more than the taking of a short cut diagonally across a field involves a knowledge of the relation of the hypothenuse to the other two sides of a right-angled triangle. In neither case is there any question of what Prantl calls "spontaneous mathematical thinking."

Simian dexterity is greatly increased by association with human beings and by observation of their doings. The owner of a pet monkey, which annoyed him by ringing the servants' bell, tied several knots in the cord, in order to make it shorter and place it out of the animal's reach. But the crafty creature was not to be thwarted by such a clumsy device, and, climbing up on a chair, artfully untied all the knots, and then gave the bell a succession of violent jerks to signalize his triumph.

Prantl also characterizes man as the only animal familiar with the use of fire, and capable of applying it to culinary and economical purposes and to the increase of personal comfort. But this attainment is by no means common to all mankind. *Homo sapiens* inhabited the earth for ages before he discovered methods of generating this element and making it subservient to his interests. The habitual use of fire is the sign of a very considerable advancement towards civilization, and marks an important epoch in the evolution of the race. Chimpanzees, gorillas, and orang-outangs have been repeatedly seen bringing brushwood and throwing it on the camp-fires which travelers have left burning; showing that they have learned by observation how to keep up a fire, although they have no means and do not understand the art of kindling it. By associating with man they soon acquire

this knowledge, igniting friction matches, and often have to be watched carefully, like children, lest they should do immense mischief unwittingly as incendiaries. The same is true of ravens, which, when tamed, are fond of throwing pieces of paper and other light combustibles on the glowing coals, and seeing them flash into flame. This favorite pastime renders them exceedingly dangerous inmates of the house; and it is probably this bird that was spoken of by Pliny as *avis incendiaria*.

Ants store in their chambered hillocks certain substances which, by fermentation, produce quite a high temperature, and are put there for the sole purpose of generating heat and warming their dwellings. Some birds, as, for example, the Australian megapode, or tungle fowl, hatch their eggs by artificial heat, resulting from the decomposition of the leaves and decaying substances with which they cover them; raising large mounds that are sometimes twenty or thirty metres in circumference, and serve as incubators for successive generations of birds. Thus, while it is true that animals do not make use of fire, they are not ignorant of the properties of heat, which they turn to practical account in matters of domestic economy and household life.

It is questionable whether Prantl's statement that animals "expect an effect, but not a logical sequence, and seek a cause, but not a logical ground," can be maintained. The following incident, related by Dr. Schomburgk, director of the zoölogical garden at Adelaide, in South Australia, would seem to render such a distinction untenable. An old monkey of the genus *Macacus sinicus*, which was confined in a cage with two younger ones, flew at the keeper one day as he was supplying them with fresh water, and bit him so severely in the wrist as to injure the sinews and artery and to endanger his life. Schomburgk ordered the animal to be shot, but as an attendant approached the cage with a gun the culprit showed the greatest consternation, fled into the sleeping apartment of the cage, and could not be induced by any offers of tempting food to come out of this place of refuge. It must be added that the monkeys were perfectly accustomed to firearms, which had been frequently used for killing rats near the cage, and had never manifested the slightest fear of them. Even now the other monkeys ate their food as usual, with a conscience void of offense, and were not at all disturbed by the sight of the murderous weapon. No sooner had the man with the gun withdrawn and concealed himself than the old monkey sneaked out, and, snatching some of the food, rushed back into his asylum; but when he tried to repeat this experiment a keeper closed the sliding-door from without, and thus cut off his retreat. As the man with the gun drew near again, the poor monkey seemed quite beside himself with terror. He first tried to open the sliding-door, then ran into every nook and corner of the cage in search of some way of escape, and finally, in despair, threw himself flat on the floor and awaited his fate, which soon overtook him. The conduct of the monkey in this case can be explained only by assuming the animal to have been endowed with a moral sense and a logical faculty, implying a clear perception of right and wrong, a consciousness of guilt, a knowledge of the use of firearms, and quite a complicated process of reasoning from these premises to a perfectly correct conclusion.

Perhaps the most human of anthropoid apes, as regards intelligence, is a species of chimpanzee called the soko, first discovered by Livingstone, and most fully described by him in his Last Journals. The teeth of these creatures, he says, "are slightly human, but their canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives.

They live in communities consisting of about a dozen individuals, and are strictly monogamous in their conjugal relations, and vegetarian, or rather frugivorous, in their diet, their favorite food being bananas." The aborigines, the Manyuema, are, on the contrary, cannibals, and are described by Livingstone as "the lowest of the low." One of them, who had killed a woman, offered his grandmother to be killed in expiation of his offense, and this vicarious punishment was accepted as satisfactory. Even the sokos have a higher and more correct conception of justice than this; at least they do not make the innocent atone for the crimes of the guilty. If a soko "tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender." "Numbers of them come down in the forest within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like foxhounds. This is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko and seized. He roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him, as if he had done it in play." It is evident that these animals have some sense of humor and appreciate a practical joke. They are inoffensive and unaggressive, but fearless and energetic in self-defense. They never molest women or unarmed men, but if any one approaches them with a spear they rush upon him and wrest the weapon from his hands. If struck with a dart or an arrow, they pull it out, and stanch the blood by stuffing leaves into the wound. The natives recognize their harmless and human character, and say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him."

Sometimes they kidnap a child and take it up into a tree, but they never hurt it, and are ready to exchange it at any time for a bunch of bananas. Perhaps the robbery is for the sake of the ransom. When roaming through the forest, the female usually carries her infant in her arms; but in crossing a glade or other open ground, where they would be more exposed to danger, the father takes the child, and returns it to the mother as soon as they enter the wood again. They are extremely fond of assembling in a remote part of the forest and drumming on hollow trees and other resonant objects, accompanying this fearful din with loud yells, like sopranos and tenors of strong pulmonary powers trying to outshriek the clash and clang of a Wagnerian orchestra. This deafening noise does not differ greatly from "the natives' embryotic music," and is quite as harmonious and pleasant to the ear as much of the music of the Chinese and other Oriental peoples.

Livingstone had a young female soko, which, after having been petted for some time, was "quite like a spoiled child." She enjoyed shaking hands, and took as much pleasure in this tiresome manual ceremony as any American citizen who honors the President of the United States by calling on him at the White House. She liked to be carried about, and would beg people to take her in their arms. If they refused, she seemed greatly aggrieved, and would make a wry face, as if about to burst into tears, and wring her hands, apparently in severe distress of mind. She learned to eat whatever was set before her, drew grass and leaves around her for a bed, and covered herself with a mat when she went to sleep. She could untie a knot with her fingers and thumbs "in quite a systematic way," "looked daggers" at any one who interfered with her doings, and resented every attempt to touch what she regarded as her personal property.

Indeed, the idea of personal property, in distinction from communal property, — such, for example, as the provisions stored by ants for winter, — is quite as strongly developed in many of the higher species of animals as in some of the lower races of men.

E. P. Evans.

A VENETIAN PRINTER-PUBLISHER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE subject of this study is Gabriele Giolito, the chief of a firm of printers and booksellers who flourished in Venice during a large part of the sixteenth century. Our information has been derived from a most excellent sketch of Gabriele's life which has recently been published by Salvatore Bongi, under the auspices of the Italian minister of public instruction.

The course of this essay will show how a great hereditary family of printers left their native city, and, settling in Venice, founded a business of European importance; how the head of the family conducted his affairs; how he opened branch establishments in other Italian cities, and was cheated by his agents. We shall learn something, too, about Gabriele's literary connections, his friends, the men with whom he came in contact, and shall gain some pleasant glimpses of his home life. One episode in Gabriele's career, though by no means an uncommon one at his epoch, is of special interest: he became involved in a trial, for a press offense, before the Holy Office; and the minutes of the case show us the grave difficulties to which booksellers and printers were then exposed by the ceaseless vigilance of the Inquisition.

At the eastern end of that line of hills upon which the Superga, the tomb of the House of Savoy, now stands is a little valley in the district of Monferrat, called Valle de' Gioliti, and its inhabitants are for the most part named after their valley. This was the original home of that family whose fortunes we are about to follow. It was from the Valle de' Gioliti that they moved into the town of Trino, on the other side of the Po, some time before we find them becoming known to fame as printers. The name Giolito is not unknown in modern Italy; a late minister of finance bore it, though it has changed its quantity, and is now wrongly pronounced Giólito, in place of Giolíto, as it ought to be. One of the family pleased himself with a derivation from the French *joli;* asserting that an ancestor who had passed some time in France gained the endearing epithet from his grace of person. The Gioliti bore another name, De Ferrari or De Ferraris, which they exchanged at pleasure with that of Giolito; so that we find indifferently Giolito de Ferrari or Ferrari de Giolitis, though the former is the more common.

The Gioliti settled in the town of Trino at least as early as the end of the fourteenth century. They took an active part in the civic life of their home; were wealthy merchants and became nobles of Trino, where they possessed houses and property of value. Their descendant, Gabriele, had occasion to write from Venice to the Duchess of Mantua, whose husband, the Duke, was also Lord of Monferrat, complaining bitterly of the damage done to his house in Trino by the continual billeting of soldiers therein; "whose number and insolence," he says, "have grown day by day to such a pitch that if your Highness does not interfere on my behalf, and that quickly, the whole place will go to ruin." Gabriele's petition produced the desired effect. The soldiery were withdrawn from the Giolito house. But the relief did not long endure. Very shortly we find Gabriele writing to the imperial ambassador, lamenting that the mischief of the billeting has been renewed with twofold violence, and imploring the ambassador to secure for him the privilege that no troops may be lodged in his house without his leave. "Not that I wish to avoid my just bur-

dens, but that my property may not be entirely destroyed."

In the annals of the town of Trino the names of other members of the Giolito family, distinguished in war and in commerce, frequently occur; and we conclude that the Gioliti, at the time when they embarked upon printing and bookselling, had attained a very high position in their adopted city. It is impossible now to discover what induced them to add the book trade to their other industries. The idea was in the air. The new art had been introduced into Italy in 1465; and the attention of cultivated society was attracted to it. The district in which Trino stands soon became one of the chief centres of the art; the whole country around the home of the Gioliti is full of memories of the earliest masters of typography, and the names of Trino, Gabiano, Verelengo, will recall to bibliographers many a precious specimen of Italian *incunabula*. Other Trinesi had already preceded the Gioliti in the exercise of the new industry, among them Bernardino Stagnino and Guglielmo, the latter of whom rejoiced in the tender nickname of Animamia. Perhaps the success of these induced the wealthy and mercantile Gioliti to follow in their steps. However that may be, we can hardly doubt that the migration of Bernardino and Animamia to Venice and their activity in that city attracted the Gioliti also to the capital of the Venetian republic; and the example set by them was continued through centuries. The number of Trinesi to be found among Venetian printers is quite remarkable. The succession is continued from the year 1483 down to the close of the last century, when Trino was represented by the family of the Pezzana, successors of the famous firm of Giunta, whose Florentine lily they bore as a sign.

Giovanni Giolito, father of Gabriele, set up a printing-press in Trino in the year 1508, and continued to print there till the year 1523, when the disasters of war compelled him to close his workshops. His chief issues were legal tomes, printed in Gothic character; and the activity of his press was in no way remarkable, for only thirty Giolitan editions are recorded between 1508 and 1523. In all probability Gabriele was born during the earlier years of this period; so that he was brought up within sight and sound of a printing-press. When political troubles compelled Giovanni to close his shop in Trino, he went to Venice, and appears to have put himself at once in relations with his compatriots, Stagnino and others, who had preceded him to the city of the lagoons. It is possible that he was in straitened circumstances at the moment, for, though Venice offered such an excellent field for the art of printing, we do not find that Giovanni established a press, or even issued any works under his own name, whereas it is nearly certain that he was employed by other printer-publishers. Giovanni took with him, or caused to follow him to Venice, some of his family, among them his son Gabriele. But of this period in the history of the Gioliti we know almost nothing. The next certain point is Giovanni's return to his native city in 1534. There he reëstablished his press; using this time not Gothic character, but that exquisite Roman type copied from the font of Nicolas Jenson, and known then as *caratere rotondo* or *veneziano*. Giovanni occupied himself in printing for the University of Turin; and his books were sold contemporaneously in Trino and in Turin. But this new venture was destined to a brief existence. The French army seized Trino in the year 1534; and Giovanni found himself obliged to leave his native city, and to betake himself once more to the safety and shelter of the only quiet state in Italy, the republic of Venice.

This brief period of Giovanni's sojourn in Trino is of moment in the history of the Gioliti, for it introduces us

for the first time to the subject of this study, Gabriele Giolito, whom his father had left behind in Venice. Gabriele's name occurs in an epistle dedicatory, dated January 18, 1535, and prefixed to Giovanni's edition of Perotto's grammar. The letter was written by Prè Antonio Craverio, proof-reader and schoolmaster in Turin. He says: "Notwithstanding my daily occupation in matters spiritual and temporal, I am resolved right readily, gladly, and willingly to undertake the revision of those works which you propose to print in Venetian character in the city of Turin. And with the help of the highest and most mighty God, I will make it my care that they shall be published in such a fashion as to spread throughout the whole world, and especially in Turin, where the printer's art has ever been held in such esteem. The nobility of your profession and the fame you enjoy, not only in your native Trino, but in Venice, Germany, France, and Spain, urge me to comply with your request; and in truth your merits, which also adorn your son Master Gabriele, whom you have left in Venice to fill your place, render both you and him dear to all the learned; for you live not for yourselves alone, and therefore do they bear you great affection and good will." From the reference to Gabriele in this letter, it seems probable that he was already a full-grown man, left behind in Venice in order to maintain business relations, but as yet without a press or bookshop of his own; for when Giovanni returned to Venice, after the closing of his university press, he was obliged once more to employ other printing-presses to produce the volumes he proposed to issue, — the press of Bridoni for his Ariosto, and that of Stagnino for his Dante. This dependence on others did not satisfy Giovanni, and soon after his return to Venice he established a printing-press of his own, from which, in the years 1538 and 1539, several works were issued, bearing on their title-page the well-known emblem of the Gioliti, a phœnix rising from the flames, surmounting a globe, ribboned with the motto *Semper eadem.*

Giovanni died in 1540, and left to his son Gabriele, who now became the head of the firm, his printing business, at that time merely in its infancy, his wealth, and a lawsuit which proved a source of considerable trouble to Gabriele. Giovanni had been twice married, and by these marriages he had had four sons and some daughters. He made a will during the lifetime of his second wife, directing that children born posthumously should share equally with those for whom he now provided. His second wife died, however, and Giovanni took a third wife, by whom he had one son and three daughters, who claimed the right to share with the children of the former marriages. The case was probably tried at Casale; and Gabriele was compelled to leave Venice in 1541, in order to attend to the suit against him. The opinion of counsel was hostile to the children of the third marriage; but we do not know how the court decided the case. Gabriele was not detained for any long time away from Venice. He returned to that city, and set himself seriously to the great business of his life, the establishment of the famous Giolitan press and book trade.

Gabriele's first step in this direction was a modest one. He found the plant of his father's press inadequate to the work he proposed to undertake. He accordingly began by acquiring both the stock and the plant of two eminent printer-publishers: the one his compatriot Bernardino Stagnino; the other Bartolomeo Zanetti, a Brescian, well known in the literary world as the object of a scurrilous attack by that free lance Gian Francesco Doni. With these imperfect instruments Gabriele worked for two years. That he conducted his business successfully is proved by the fact that at

the end of this time he was able to furnish his shop with type and ornaments, quite new and all his own. It is interesting, as an indication of public taste, to note the works to which Gabriele owed these beginnings of his fortune: they were the Decamerone and the Orlando Furioso, published in 1542, the Cortegiano of Castiglione, Bede's Commentary on St. Paul, and Nicolò Franco's Dialoghi and Petrarchista.

At the outset of his career, Gabriele enjoyed three great advantages over the majority of his brother tradesmen: he was a man of means, of education, and of position. The first of these qualifications, his wealth, enabled him to embark upon editions without waiting for orders, and so to keep his press constantly alive. All that was required of him to insure his success was intelligence in the choice of the works he printed, and a just perception of the general current of public taste. And here his two other qualifications of position and of education were of value to him. He was a good judge of the literary impulse of his day; and his position enabled him to make the acquaintance of many of the more eminent lights in the world of letters. His taste was catholic, as a great publisher's must needs be. We find among his friends persons of such varied ability and character as Aretino, Bernardo Tasso, Nicolò Franco, Doni, Giovanni Battista Giraldi, the novelist, Antonio Brucioli, Remigio Fiorentino, Sansovino, Porcacchi. For some of these Gabriele acted as printer and publisher; others were employed by him, either to write books on subjects suggested by him, or in the correction of works on which he had resolved to embark his capital. Many of these collaborators lodged with Gabriele in his house at Sant' Aponal, beyond the Rialto. The house was a large one, and fitted with considerable luxury; large enough and sumptuous enough to entertain the Duke of Mantua on the occasion of a visit to Venice. Gabriele himself records this fact with pride in the dedication of the Life of the Emperor Frederick to the Emperor's daughter, the Duchess of Mantua, wherein, recounting the honors done him by the Duke, her husband, he says, "But greatest of all was the favor he showed me in deigning to lodge in my small and humble hostelry in Venice."

Gabriele's chief difficulty in the way of a successful career lay, as we have already suggested, in the choice of a line of business. Between the date of the introduction of printing into Italy and the period with which we are dealing a change had come over the literary quality of Italian taste. Two divergent currents displayed themselves. The pure scholars still existed, the men who lived with the classics, and considered a translation a doubtful boon. But the classics had all been edited and published with the greatest diligence and in the most sumptuous form. Critical scholarship had not made advance sufficient to render new editions a necessity; and the art of printing had so deteriorated that there was little prospect of a reprint competing in beauty with the works of John of Spires, of Jenson, or of Aldus. On the other hand, the men with whom Gabriele was thrown in contact were almost all engaged in developing the vulgar tongue, in letters, in comedies, in novels, in translations. The press had performed its inevitable function of *gran volgarizzatore;* the reading public was immensely increased in number, but had ceased, for the most part, to be truly literate. It is therefore obvious that Gabriele's own good sense and business acumen would lead him to make the choice he did, and to determine to devote the chief energies of his press to works in the vulgar tongue. As a proof of Gabriele's activity in the publication of the Italian classics, and as an indication of the public taste, we note that between the years 1542 and

1560 he issued twenty-eight editions of the Orlando Furioso, twenty-two of Petrarch, nine of the Decamerone, and one edition of Dante. On comparing these figures with the list of all editions between 1536 and 1560, it becomes clear that Gabriele played a very large part in the diffusion of these great Italian texts. During these twenty-four years the Orlando was published sixty-nine times, Petrarch sixty-one, the Decamerone twenty-six, and Dante nine times.

The most fruitful and flourishing period of Gabriele's career as a publisher may be reckoned from 1560 to 1575. But within this period the character of the Giolitan publications, while still retaining its general quality of the vulgar tongue, underwent a change, the causes of which are to be sought in the history of the times, and more especially in the attitude of the Church towards the press. Gabriele had begun by dealing largely in *belles-lettres*, light literature, and the skeptical philosophers. The works of Boccaccio, Ariosto, Nicolò Franco, and Machiavelli employed a large part of his activity. But the spirit of reform in manners, which was animating the Church and being formulated in the sessions of the Council of Trent, was about to make itself felt in the world of letters. The Church resolved to attack light literature and skeptical teaching. In 1549 the first Italian Index, or catalogue of prohibited books, was published in Venice. Gabriele, whether from conviction or from prudence, determined immediately to comply with the movement. He abandoned almost entirely light literature, and ceased to print Ariosto, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Machiavelli, although they had hitherto formed the chief staple of his publishing business. We shall see presently that this ready obedience to the wishes of the Church did not save Gabriele from a collision with the Holy Office. In the mean time, however, he found it necessary to inaugurate some new line of industry to compensate for that source of profit which he found was suddenly run dry. Without renouncing his predeliction for the vulgar tongue, he devised a scheme of publication which was undoubtedly the most remarkable and most original feature in his career as printer-publisher. It had been no infrequent habit of the early publishers to issue in one volume the works of several different authors on cognate subjects. But the idea of a series, in our sense of the word, was absolutely unknown to the publishers of that day. Gabriele conceived the idea of presenting to the world translations of the Greek and Latin classics and the masterpieces of Italian literature in uniform series of many volumes. The various series he called *collane*, or necklaces; each necklace was to be composed of *anelli*, or links, represented by the various authors in the series, and of *gioielli*, or gems, represented by excursuses for the elucidation of those authors. This idea of Gabriele, though never carried to completion, was probably the parent of those numerous series which have continued to multiply down to the present day. But, like many novel ideas, the scheme was conceived on too grandiose a scale. Gabriele was unable to carry the execution of his design for any considerable distance. The Collana Istorica was entrusted to Tommaso Porcacchi as editor, and he published the programme of the Greek portion in the preface to the translations of Thucydides and Polybius; the programme of the Latin authors who were to form links in the historical necklace was prepared, but never published; the Italian links and all the gems are wanting. The proposal appears to have met with favor from the learned; but the plan was too vast. Gabriele very soon found himself obliged to reprint translations already in vogue, instead of supplying new renderings, as he intended, in order to satisfy an impatient public, and to fill the serious

gaps in his necklace. Nor were internal difficulties the only ones which confronted him. The plague broke out in Venice, and for a time brought all trade to a standstill. Gabriele's historical series remained uncompleted, a mere sketch of the design he had set before him. But the collection of all that Gabriele had ever printed, together with the attempt to fill up his programme from other sources, was for long a hobby with Italian bibliophiles.

Giolito did not confine his idea of a series to the works of profane writers only. He embarked upon an undertaking of less ambition than his Collana Istorica, and in this he succeeded. Among his intimates and collaborators Gabriele numbered, besides men of letters, many learned divines, the most distinguished of whom was Remigio Fiorentino. With the help of these men he collected and published a series to which he gave the name of Ghirlanda Spirituale, or Spiritual Garland, in which the various volumes formed the flowers. Not content with the Garland, he projected a second series of pious works, to be known as the Albero Spirituale, or Spiritual Tree, with various fruits, the component parts of the series, on its branches. The Garland was completed, and enjoyed a wide circulation; but only the seventh fruit on the Spiritual Tree, Tauler's Exercises, ever came to maturity.

The conception and execution of these series are the most striking episodes in Giolito's life as a publisher. He was proud of his idea, and allowed one of his editors to address him in a dedication as "he who has set before himself the task of bettering the world by Christian and pious books, printed in his splendid type, as he has already enriched it with the works of historians and poets, to his own great fame and glory." This praise bestowed on Gabriele's type leads us to consider his position as a printer. One of the most extraordinary features in the story of the Venetian printing-press is the great beauty of its very earliest productions and the rapidity with which deterioration set in. It would almost be safe to affirm that nothing more lovely typographically than the monuments of the first Venetian presses, the works of the brothers John and Wendelin of Spires, of Nicolas Jenson, or of Bernard Pictor and Ratdolt, ever issued from the workshops of that city. At the period of which we are writing the press was in rapid decadence, and the praise bestowed on the books brought out by Gabriele Giolito must be taken as relative to the work of his contemporaries; in which case, no doubt, his publications deserve the title of *bellissime stampe.* Among the various causes of the decline of the typographical art in Venice, one of the most important has hardly received sufficient attention from bibliographers: we mean the rise of type founding as a separate branch of industry. The earlier masters, such as Jenson, were frequently men accustomed to cut in metal, and therefore able to produce their own punches from which the moulds for their fonts were impressed. Much of a printer's success depended on his skill in cutting punches, and on his artistic sense of proportion and form in the letters he designed. The punches of men like Jenson and Aldus were valuable property, worthy to be bequeathed by will, and finding ready purchasers when they came into the market. The result of this individual design of his type by the printer himself was that the works of the early masters had each a style and *cachet* of their own. No one would confuse a Jenson with a John of Spires, for example: the notes of their character, the forms of their letters, their signs of contraction, distinguish them at once from each other. But about the middle of the sixteenth century a type foundry, independent of any particular printer or group of printers, was opened as a commercial speculation in Venice. The

object of the promoters was monetary success, and the chief means towards this end was cheapness. The result was that in a very short time the printing-presses of Venice were supplied with a character uniform in quality and inferior in artistic beauty. The book-buying public was willing to accept the innovation. The days were already past in which the printed book was expected to rival the manuscript in elegance of form. The literary world seemed indifferent to the quality of their books; and even such well-known printers as Giovanni Rossi, Paul Manutius, and Gabriele Giolito yielded to the temptation, and lost their distinctive features in the general mass. The date of this revolution in printing may be placed in the year 1555, so that Gabriele had been at work about thirteen years with characters of his own, displaying his conception of a good type, before his press was invaded by the undistinguished and undistinguishable flood of mediocre characters produced wholesale by speculating type founders. The brilliant period of Gabriele Giolito's career as a printer was previous to the year 1555; and if his books at any time merited the title of bellissime stampe, it was before the opening of the wholesale type foundry. But, as we have said, the general public did not resent the deterioration. In 1560 Gabriele was employed to produce Bernardo Tasso's Amadigi. It was a work of great importance, eagerly looked for in the literary world, and author and publisher were united in the desire to do it justice. Yet we find that the character employed was that to be found in almost every press in Venice, the work of the type foundry. Gabriele never suffered in his publishing business from yielding to the innovation, and the years of his greatest activity were subsequent to his adoption of the new type.

So far, then, we have followed Gabriele's course as a publisher and as a printer, two branches of the book trade which he combined, like most of his contemporaries, and personally superintended, in his large establishment at Sant' Aponal, called the Libreria della Fenice. His fame among his contemporaries and his high position in Venice are beyond a doubt. Aretino said of him that he "printed like a prince, not like a bookseller;" Charles V. sent him a present of a work of art — what, we do not know — representing his famous emblem, the Phœnix; the Duke of Mantua came to lodge with him; and the republic bestowed upon him the citizenship of Venice.

But Giolito's business was not confined to Venice. As his reputation became Italian, if not European, he opened branches in Ferrara and Bologna for the sale of books, and thought of establishing a press in the former city if the duke would grant him special privileges. A third shop, of which we shall have more to say presently, was opened in Naples. Besides carrying on these branch shops, which were known to be his, and in all likelihood displayed the sign of the Phœnix, Gabriele was in business relations with book merchants not only in Italy, but also abroad. At Mantua, for instance, he was creditor of three booksellers, one of whom never discharged his debt; and in Lyons he had most cordial relations with the printer Roville, who wrote of him that he was "a man truly deserving of his time, for he had published more beautiful books in Italian and in Spanish than any one alive." At his branch shops, Gabriele, following the example of Aldus and many Venetian houses, kept in stock not only his own publications, but also the works of other printers; moreover, he undertook to supply foreign books, which were purchased for him at the great German fairs, like Frankfort, which Venetian merchants were in the habit of frequenting. In this way he combined three branches of the book trade which are generally conducted separately: he

was at once a printer, a publisher, and a bookseller.

But to return to the Naples branch, which was the source of much trouble to Giolito. We find that he had entrusted the conduct of this business in Naples to a certain Pietro Ludrini. As time went on, however, Gabriele had occasion to suspect Ludrini's honesty. He accordingly sent Giovanni Battista Capello to Naples to take the management of the house; and for Capello he drew up the following instructions, with which he dispatched him on the delicate task of expelling Ludrini and assuming the direction of the Neapolitan shop. The document is so vivid and so instructive that we shall translate it nearly in full:

"In the name of God, April 10, 1563, in Venice.

"I, Gabriele Giolito, present to you, Giovanni Battista Capello, this memorandum of that which you are to do when once you are in Naples, whither God lead you safe and sound. First, as soon as you reach Naples you will put yourself in communication with Messer Stefano Corsini, merchant, and Messer Giovanni de Bottis, bookseller, and will ask their advice as to the best means for becoming possessed of my shop. And do not forget to have an inventory made out by a notary; for I desire that my affairs should be all clear and in order, even if I have to spend a little more upon them. It will be as well to call in the arm of the law; so that if Pietro makes any resistance you may be able to compel him to reason. Do not let Pietro know that you are in Naples till all is ready. When you are quite prepared, go to Pietro, and pretend that you have only just arrived. Give him my letters, in which I charge him to surrender my business to you. If he yield quietly, lose no time, but send for a notary at once to draw up the inventory; and ask Pietro to hand over all moneys he may have on my account, and give him a receipt for the same. If he resist, enter a formal protest holding him responsible for all damage or loss that may arise. Messer Corsini will consign to you nineteen boxes and five sacks, numbered from one to twenty-four. They contain books for stocking the shop. I have given you the invoice, and you will verify the contents. I have told Messer Corsini to furnish you with money for legal and other expenses. You will keep minutely a day-book of the shop, in which you will enter all income and expenditure. Further, should you find in my shop any prohibited books, I will not have them on sale. They must be put aside. The Spiceleguirn is copyrighted in the kingdom of Naples, and cannot be sold there. When once you have everything in your hands, you will see that new keys are made for all the doors and all the chests, so that no one who has duplicates of the old keys can play any tricks. Letters for me are to be handed to Corsini, but franked as far as Rome. You will also take stock of all my books, for I fear that many are imperfect. I know that Pietro used to sell loose sheets of them to make up other booksellers' copies. Send me a list of all imperfections, and they shall be remedied at once. Above all, live like a good Christian, with the fear of God before your eyes, if you wish to get on. Don't get into bad habits, for they ruin a man; fly them if you desire that this our good beginning should endure. God give you light to act fairly by us both.

"I forgot to say that if Pietro offers you any debtors for books sold on credit let him look to them himself. But if he draws the cash enter it to his credit. He had no authority from me to sell a single sheet on credit; and I charge you not to do so, either. If, however, you should hear that a debtor is of better substance than Pietro, you may accept him and enter him on the books. All the takings of the shop you will consign every month to Corsini."

This memorandum, apart from the

light it throws on Gabriele's character as a man of business, is of great importance in the history of his life, for it was the means of clearing him when on trial before the Inquisition.

Capello arrived in Naples; and, so far as we know, Ludrini surrendered the shop and the stock without raising any opposition. An inventory was drawn up; and Capello, in obedience to his instructions, sorted out the prohibited books and placed them in the entresol above the shop. But Ludrini was bent upon revenge for his expulsion; and he took it in a way which was certain to prove most troublesome both to Capello and to Giolito. In January, 1565, he made out a list of prohibited books which he knew to be in Giolito's shop, and presented it at the office of the Neapolitan Inquisition. The result of this denunciation was that Giovanni Ortega de Salina, captain of the civic guard of Naples, in obedience to orders from the Holy Office, went to the sign of the Phœnix, and, finding Capello there with some shopmen, he announced his intention of searching the dwelling-house. The quest proved fruitless. No books were found in Capello's rooms. But on coming downstairs Salina turned aside into the entresol; and there he saw a number of books piled upon tables. In answer to a question Capello said that all these were books forbidden by the Index, and that he had set them aside because he had been told that the Holy Office had ordered the bookshops of Naples to be searched. When asked how he came to have prohibited books in his possession at all, Capello replied that he had them in his shop in virtue of a license; but, on being ordered to produce it, he admitted that the license was only a verbal one, and did not exist in writing. Giolito's memorandum shows that Capello's last answers and explanations were disingenuous; and it is difficult to understand why he gave such compromising replies, unless he did so under a lively terror of the Inquisition. The result was inevitable: both he and his master became seriously embroiled with the Holy Office. On receiving Capello's replies, Salina at once ordered all the books to be placed in three trunks, which he sealed and deposited in a neighboring shop, with orders that they were to be surrendered to the Inquisition officers, and to no one else. Capello was arrested and confined in the Vicaria.

The books seized were certainly of a nature to bring Capello and Giolito into trouble. They included Antonio Brucioli's translation of the New Testament, and many works of Aretino, Machiavelli, Melanchthon, Boccaccio, and Erasmus; and the Neapolitan Inquisition showed a desire to proceed rapidly and with vigor. On February 2 Capello was examined before the Tribunal. He declared that, when the captain of the guard appeared at his house, he thought forbidden arms, not forbidden books, were the object of his search. When Salina had asked him about the books found in the entresol, he had answered that they were forbidden books which he had placed there so that they might not be sold, and that he was awaiting instructions from his master Giolito, to whom he had applied for orders in the matter. He also stated that the only forbidden book he had for sale was the Adagia of Erasmus.

The introduction of Gabriele's name made the Inquisition determine to involve him too in the trial. The Holy Office of Naples placed itself in communication with the Venetian Inquisition, and sent a list of interrogatories which were to be applied to Giolito. The scene of the trial now shifts to Venice, where Gabriele was summoned to appear before the Sacred Tribunal in May, 1565. He deposed as follows: "I have three shops, one in Naples, one in Bologna, and one in Ferrara, besides my own shop here in Venice at Rialto. My agent in Naples is a certain Giovanni

Battista Capello; before him my agent was Pietro Ludrini, who left me because he said he was going to marry. Since Capello went to Naples I have supplied him with no books from Venice; he has had in Naples the stock in the shop, and also some bales of books which I had entrusted to Messer Stefano Corsini, since dead. I did not give these books to Ludrini, because I found he was dishonest; nor have I given them all to Capello, because I know that he too is cheating me. I have certainly never sent forbidden books to Naples so far as I am aware; but a copy of the invoices of all consignments to my agents is open to inspection. Perhaps my shopmen may have inadvertently dispatched some books on the Index. I have never read the Index; but when it was sent to me I had it placed in all my shops, with orders to clear the stock of all books whose names were on the prohibitory list." When asked if he knew a certain Francesco Spinola, Gabriele replied: "Yes, I have known him for three years, as he used to frequent the Fenice, and eventually stayed in my house as proof-reader and tutor to my son. We never discussed matters of faith, as I do not mix in affairs I do not understand. We parted because Spinola neglected both his proof-reading and his tutorship. Spinola once procured for me a copy of Sleidan's works which Dolce required for his Life of the Emperor Frederick." Gabriele admitted that he had attended the Lent lectures of Bernardino of Siena, and had found them most illuminating. As regards a certain Cesare de Lucca, he had once been in the service of Giolito, but had left him to serve the Giunti. Cesare never showed any dubious opinions in matters of faith, and conformed to the rule of the Giolito household which required all its members to confess and to communicate at least thrice a year. Finally, as a proof that he desired to obey the orders of the Church, and that he had acted *bona fide* in the whole matter, Gabriele produced the memorandum which he had drawn up for Capello's instruction on his departure for Naples. The orders in the memorandum appear to have satisfied the Inquisition, and Giolito's trial proceeded no further; nor did it entail any punishment or evil consequences upon him, though we cannot but be surprised that he should have ventured to plead ignorance of the contents of the Index, when we remember that he himself had issued the Venetian Index of 1554.

We have followed Gabriele through the details of his business as far as they have been recorded for us by Salvatore Bongi's patient research. It only remains, in conclusion, to give some account of his family and of his private life, which will show him to have been as engaging in his home relations as he was astute and able in his business affairs. In the year 1544 Gabriele married Lucrezia Bini, whose family lived in Venice. Lucrezia herself gives us much information about her relations in the will which she made five years after her marriage. "Considering," she says, "the dangers of this fragile life, I have resolved to make this my will. And first I commend my soul to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to all the court of heaven. I name as my executors my husband, my mother-in-law, my uncles Benedetto and Giovanni Pietro Bini, my brother Alvise, and my maternal uncles Alvise and Francesco de' Anzoli. I desire to be buried wherever my husband may appoint, but on condition that within two years of my death he shall have erected a tomb for me to lie in. Failing this, I wish my body to be placed in the tomb of my uncles in the Franciscan Church; and until the condition be complied with or neglected my corpse shall be left in some safe depository." After making several legacies, Lucrezia continues: "To my husband I leave as a pledge of love my big ruby, and that is all; for he has no

need of aught. The rest of my dower, and all that I may subsequently become possessed of, I leave in equal portions to my children, should I have any. When I depart this life, I wish to be wrapped in the habit of the Madonna della Conception, for to that guild I belong." Lucrezia's phrase about her children, "*se ne haverò*," leaves some doubt as to whether any had yet been born, or whether those born had died. A letter written by Gabriele to his kinsman, Lelio Montalerio, and dated August 19, 1570, sufficiently explains the position of the family at that date. "I have two sons," he writes, "one sixteen rising seventeen, the other eight; and I have four daughters, one fifteen, another twelve, another ten, and another seven. This makes up the half dozen. Another half dozen are in heaven. That makes twelve in all, and now we intend to rest, if so it shall please God. And may he grant us to live all together till they be old enough to govern themselves without our aid." Under their mother's guidance the Giolito family was brought up in all the exercises of piety. Gabriele's friends in the world of religious letters bear testimony to their appreciation of her rule. Fra Remigio Fiorentino dedicated his translation of the Imitatio to Lucrezia, that she might be able to place it in the hands of her youthful family. Tommaso Porcacchi sent a reproduction of the same work to Lucrezia, with a letter in which he praises the piety and discipline of the Giolito household, "which seems a sainted Paradise, made glorious by the beauty and goodness of those little angels who day by day sing psalms and lauds and hymns to the honor of God;" and, making all allowance for the florid emphasis of the period, we can quite believe that the family of Gabriele was distinguished for its piety. We find a sober confirmation of the religious atmosphere in which they lived in the words of Bonaventura Gonzaga, who records the daily celebration of the divine offices in a chamber set apart in the house for that purpose.

Among the daughters born to Gabriele and Lucrezia, the one of whom we hear most was called Fenice, doubtless in memory of the famous sign over Gabriele's house. She was born in 1555, and, under her mother's care, became the chief centre of the religious fervor which characterized the family. When a little girl, seven years old, she one day asked her father's friend, Fra Remigio, to recommend a work which should teach her how to acquire and keep the divine grace. Remigio replied by publishing, and dedicating to Fenice, Girolamo Sirino's Modo dele d'Acquistare la Divina Gratia. Fenice's pious bent of mind acquired force with her growing years, until she at last announced her resolve to become a nun. This occasioned a display of Gabriele's sound sense. Writing to Montalerio, he says: "My eldest girl is fifteen years old, and God has inspired her with the wish to be a nun. Though it is now two years that she has been begging me to place her in a convent, I have always refused my consent until she should have reached a ripe age and shown me that her resolve is permanent. As yet she is at home with the others. But she is to enter a convent for three or four months, and then I will bring her home again for a month more, to see whether her resolve is firm, and whether she likes a convent better than her own home." The experiment was tried; but Fenice's resolve held firm, and she became a nun in the Benedictine convent of Santa Marta.

If Gabriele's sons were employed in their father's business at all, it was not as partners; for Gabriele's name alone continues to appear on the Giolitan titlepages till his death. There is a note of lassitude in the first letter to Montalerio from which we have quoted, and, as it were, a summing up of his life's work by a man who felt that his career was drawing to a close. Old age and wea-

riness were creeping over Gabriele, and showed their presence in the gradual relaxing of that activity which had characterized his press. As to the exact date and cause of Giolito's death we have no information. But it appears that he escaped the plague, which was raging in 1576 and 1577, only to die the year after its cessation. The Corporation Rolls of the Booksellers, Printers, and Binders prove that Gabriele was already dead before the 3d of March, 1578. Nor did his wife survive him long. In the year 1581, their sons Giovanni and Giampolo raised, in the church of Santa Marta, where Fenice, their sister, was a nun, a monument to the memory of Gabriele and Lucrezia, with this inscription:

GABRIELI IOLITO DE FERRARIIS NOBILI VIRO, ET INTEGERRIMO, LVCRETIÆQE BINÆ MATRI HONESTISSIMÆ IOANNES ET IOANNES PAVLVS FRATRES PARENTIBVS OPTIMIS ET B. M. SIBI IPSIS, AC POSTERIS MONVMENTV̄ HOC PONENDVM CVRARV̄T ANNO DN̄I 1581.

Giovanni Giolito, the elder son, assumed the direction of the business; but in the brief space of ten years he too died, and Giampolo became the head of the house. He found the business little to his taste. He allowed the press to remain idle throughout entire years at a time; and the appearance of the Giolitan editions was more and more infrequent. Indeed, it would appear that soon after his brother's death Giampolo resolved to withdraw from printing and publishing; and for that purpose he issued the only catalogue of Giolitan editions ever put forth by the firm. The prices were added in order to facilitate the disposal of the stock. In the year 1606, while the republic was in the very heat of its famous quarrel with Paul V., the Giolitan editions finally ceased, and the famous press, after a brilliant career of seventy years, no longer occupied a place in the annals of Venetian printing.

Horatio F. Brown.

HER PRESENCE.

I LONG in vain by day, but when the night
With all its jewels stars the waiting sky,
And vagrant fireflies like stray souls flit by,
She seeks me in the tender waning light,
And sits beside me there, a Presence white; —
Her eyes yearn for me, and her dear lips sigh,
But if to clasp her cold soft hands I try
The shadows deepen, and she fades from sight.

O lost and dear! — by what strange, devious way
Does she escape? for fain I too would flee
From all the hollow pageantry of life,
And with her through immortal meadows stray.
The free winds mock my quest, stars laugh to see,
And I wait helpless till Death end the strife.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE DESCENDANT OF THE DOGES.

I.

He was not a descendant of all the Doges, only of one, but it pleased Miss Goodwin to speak of the boy as if he were directly related to each illustrious head of the Venetian republic. Miss Goodwin also spoke of him as *il mio amico;* his family and the neighbors spoke of him as Marcantonio.

Not far from where the bridge of the Rialto crosses the Grand Canal stands a magnificent palace, marked with two stars before its name in the strangers' guidebook. This was the former home of the particular Doge from whom Marcantonio had descended. Marcantonio himself lived in a narrow alley behind the garden of a house in which Miss Goodwin, the American signorina, was comfortably established for a long Italian summer.

Miss Goodwin sat in her room one May afternoon, the faded green shutters tightly closed. According to the custom of the country, the woman behind the shutters should have been taking an after-dinner nap, but she never slept in the daytime, not even in Italy. Moreover, ever since the English lady had publicly declared at the table that, to her ears, the music of a mandolin was much like the music of a mosquito, Miss Goodwin had felt obliged to practice when the English lady was out. She was out now; gone, with paint-box and sketch-block, in search of a certain pink door having an old stone head watching over it, and a mass of green showing from a concealed garden. Herr Lindemann, the German artist, had mentioned the pink door at dinner as a simple and suitable subject for a water-color. Herr Lindemann himself was busy before his easel in a shady corner, close by the water's edge, on the other side of the canal. Miss Goodwin had noticed him only a few moments before, as she leaned out of her high window. She had noticed likewise a small boy standing on tiptoe and stretching his neck in a dangerous manner, that he might get a nearer view of the picture growing on the canvas. The picture represented a wall rising from the water, and hung with a honeysuckle vine in bloom. Behind the wall were roof-tops with quaint chimneys, and behind the roof-tops was a church tower, about which birds were flying. When the light was favorable there were always artists sitting in the corner, under the shade of the bridge, and it was curious to see what different pictures these artists made. Some put in a great many birds, others only two or three. Very often the birds looked exactly as if they were flying; very often, also, they looked like nothing but little black specks on the canvas.

Miss Goodwin, in her pleasantly darkened room, sat steadily practicing the Baby Polka. Hitherto she had been much encouraged by the singing of the gondoliers below her window, — a gentle, subdued singing, politely adapted to the time in which the signorina was able to perform; but to-day, when the polka was going with such delightful smoothness that there would have been no need of restraining one's singing from motives of good manners, there was no one to sing. With five exceptions, all Venice seemed to have fallen asleep. The five exceptions were the German artist and the boy tiptoeing about him, the English lady painting the pink door, the American signorina practicing the Baby Polka, and the tortoise-shell cat on her way to visit the American signorina, it being the tortoise-shell cat's habit to pay this visit precisely at three every afternoon.

It was now two minutes before three.

Herr Lindemann had just put the birds into the picture, and the birds looked, every one of them, as if they were merrily whirling around the tower, when there came the sound of a splash followed by a shriek. Miss Goodwin threw open the blinds. She saw a sailor plunging into the canal on one side, and Herr Lindemann pulling the small boy out on the other. She saw a boat dart forth from under a bridge, and a policeman, with a sleepy frown, lazily shaking a little figure, as it stood dripping on the pavement. She saw the figure, made slightly less dripping by the shaking, disappear in the nearest doorway. All these things happened in the first minute; in the second, Herr Lindemann was quietly adding a deeper bloom to the honeysuckle vine of his picture, the boat and the policeman had vanished, and the tortoise-shell cat came creeping composedly along the ledge that ran beneath the roof.

"It must be a very disagreeable feeling to fall into the water," said Miss Goodwin to her visitor, "especially if one is not able to swim."

The tortoise-shell cat blinked assentingly, and the two sat in silence considering the subject, until the woman spoke again.

"If you will excuse me," she said, "I should like to go over to the Lido."

"Certainly, by all means," answered the tortoise-shell cat; "don't let me detain you," — or at least Miss Goodwin understood this to be the answer.

II.

The baby Angelica, crowing and cooing in her father's arms, headed the procession. If the other members of the family had not been so old, they would have crowed also. They felt like crowing. Under the circumstances they were obliged to content themselves with cooing gently in soft Italian. Marcantonio, made wise by the accident of the preceding day, was on the way to his first swimming lesson. He intended to live in the canal during the rest of the summer, coming out occasionally to eat and sleep, and to watch the artists painting the birds.

The family procession grew larger as it approached the bridge. Angelica's crowing and cooing attracted as much attention as if she had been a man with a drum. Angelica was known in the neighborhood as a very winsome baby.

In the corner where the German artist had sat the afternoon before, broad steps led down to the water. It being high tide, only three of these were now visible. Upon the upper ones the family seated itself: the old grandmother with the contented eyes; the mother with Angelica; the two aunts, each wearing a cinnamon-colored shawl over her head; and the four little sisters, holding one another by the hand. On the lower step stood the boy with his father. The former had a rope about his waist, and a board, which the father had taken from a boat, floated near by in the water. Overhead the sky was aglow with rose-color.

But what had happened to Marcantonio? He had never had such a dreadful feeling before in all his life. He wished the lady sitting in the balcony window of the house opposite would go away. He wished the women would not linger as they crossed the bridge. He wished the family were at home in the alley. He wished the rose-colored sky would suddenly grow black, and the rain come down in torrents. A gentleman joined the lady at the balcony window. It was the German artist, who could make such beautiful birds. The women lingering on the bridge increased in number. The sky changed to a deeper rose.

"Now, my little son," said the father encouragingly, and Marcantonio found himself struggling in the water.

He had been practicing swimming on dry land since early that morning. He

knew just what to do with his arms and legs, how to hold his head, and how to breathe; but swimming on dry land was a very different thing from this. How was it possible to throw out one's arms when one was clinging to a board, and how was it possible to let go the board when there was nothing certain under one's feet?

"Never mind," said the father, as the boy stood again on the lower step, "the next time we shall do better." But matters were not improved at the second trial, and at the third tears and despair had grown threefold in quantity, and hope was threefold less.

The father wrapped a cloak around the boy, and the procession turned homeward, the four little sisters still holding one another by the hand, and the old grandmother cheerfully repeating, "Things might be worse, — things might be much worse." But all the rose had faded from the sky.

Marcantonio could by no means agree with his grandmother in thinking things might be worse. Throughout the next day he sat mournfully stringing black beads, and each bead seemed to him like a gloomy shape of bitter disappointment. Late in the afternoon the German artist appeared in search of the grandmother. He wanted her to come to his studio on the following morning, and he particularly wished her to make no changes in her faded clothing.

The grandmother laughed, and said she knew enough to come as old and faded as possible. The signor need have no fear.

"Why does the gentleman wish thee to come old and faded, grandmother dearest?" asked Marcantonio.

"They say age makes things more beautiful, age softens the colors."

"Then it is beautiful to be old, grandmother mine?" observed the boy thoughtfully.

"That depends on many things," returned the woman. "If one is made of lace, or china, or rich cloth, or carved wood, then it is very beautiful."

At this point in the conversation Miss Goodwin wandered into the alley. She was in search of a short way home, and as she was constantly in search of short ways of reaching places, she was constantly going astray. She too stopped before Marcantonio's doorway.

"It is very warm," she said to the grandmother. "Do you think it will grow much warmer? Is not this the child who is learning to swim?"

The mother came out with Angelica, and a chair for the signorina. The two aunts and the four little sisters, joining the group, settled themselves in a picturesque family circle.

"If I were President of the United States," said Miss Goodwin, with a very friendly smile, "I should make a law compelling every one to learn to swim, or else to be beheaded; but I would give the citizens plenty of time in which to learn. The older ones should be sent to Venice, because it is easy to swim in the Adriatic, there is so much salt in the sea, and there is also no danger of a chill, which is a great advantage, especially if one is troubled with rheumatism. Things ought to be made easy for old people. But one is never too old to learn. When I saw this boy fall into the water, two days ago," and Miss Goodwin placed her hand on Marcantonio's shoulder, "I thought, 'What is to prevent my falling in twenty times daily, this being a place where a near-sighted person is always in danger?' I shall go to the Lido every afternoon now for a swimming lesson; I shall learn to swim, — I have made up my mind to learn."

"I had made up my mind to dive from the top of the bridge last evening," remarked the boy, somewhat cheered by the conversation. "Does the signorina expect to be able to do that?"

Miss Goodwin said she had not thought of it, but that it would certainly be a fine thing to do. Then she asked what the

baby's name was, and wrote her own on the margin of a newspaper: "Mary Elizabeth Goodwin, Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A."

The grandmother inquired if Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A., were in New York, and observed that it must be a very delightful place, since it was the home of the charming signorina. The charming signorina herself, who knew her Venetian history as thoroughly as that of the Pilgrim Fathers, found an exciting possibility in the second half of the baby's name.

"There was formerly a famous Doge," she began.

"And this boy is his descendant," continued the grandmother. "We are all his descendants; we are an old and faded remnant of a once distinguished family."

When Miss Goodwin went out of the alley, Marcantonio put down his string of black beads, and began stringing blue ones. After a time he put these down also, and walked gravely to the bridge under the signorina's window. The birds were flying around the tower, and the sky was rose-color again.

"Wings in the air," said the child, "are something like arms in the water. I must learn to use my wings."

"What have you been doing all day?" asked the English lady at supper. The English lady asked this question every evening. Sometimes Miss Goodwin said she had been writing letters, sometimes reading Ruskin, sometimes sitting in St. Mark's, sometimes feeding the pigeons on the Piazza. She had not mentioned the swimming lessons. To-night, however, she had a new answer ready. "I have been discovering a descendant of the Doges," she said, "with a large family of female relatives;" to which the English lady replied that she never did see anything like Americans for poking about by themselves and finding out things.

III.

One morning, the Descendant, looking over the high wall of the garden, saw the American signorina sitting under a tree, with a book in her hand and the tortoise-shell cat in her lap. The book was an Italian dictionary, out of which the lady had just learned two words, "thunderstorm" and "confidential." She was repeating these words to herself, when the cat jumped from her lap, and climbed up to the boy, who put his arm about her.

"That is a very nice cat," said Miss Goodwin.

"Yes," answered the Descendant, "she *is* a nice cat; she is my cat."

"Your cat is my friend. She comes to me every afternoon; she comes over the roofs and in through the window. She never stays away on account of the weather; yesterday, she came in the midst of a great thunderstorm."

"I am glad the signorina likes my cat. Is the window the upper one, on the canal side?"

"Yes," replied Miss Goodwin; "it is the window with the fine view. I spend a good deal of time there."

"So much the better," thought the boy. "Some day, when she is looking out, she will hear a splash below. At first she will see nothing; then she will see my head come up from the water, and she will hear me calling, 'Buon giorno, signorina!' and she will exclaim, 'Saints of Paradise! why, it is little Marcantonio! How well he has learned to swim!'"

"I talk to your cat," said Miss Goodwin, intent upon introducing her second new word into the conversation. "I ask her advice, I tell her my secrets, I play to her on my mandolin. She is my very good friend; she is the only friend I have in Italy, — I mean the only confidential friend. There is nothing so beautiful as confidential friendship."

Marcantonio let himself down into the garden. "Is confidential friendship like the other things? Is it better old?"

"What other things?"

"Lace," said the boy, — "lace, and china, and cloth, and carved wood; and does the signorina think that my dear grandmother is more beautiful than Angelica, and that a poor family in an alley is better than a rich family in a palace? But possibly the signorina is not an artist, and does not know about it. Artists like things old and faded; the German signor was delighted when he found my grandmother."

"Yes, I know about it," said Miss Goodwin, "only it is not easy to explain," and she looked at the tortoise-shell cat on the wall, as if to ask, "In case you had to explain this, how should you begin?"

The tortoise-shell cat looked back with a warning expression, which said plainly, "I should not begin."

"I must tell you first," continued the lady, not heeding the warning, "why it is beautiful to be young. If one is made of lace, or china, or cloth, or carved wood, it is beautiful to be young because one has no weak places, no stains, and no scars; and if one is a person, it is beautiful to be young for somewhat the same reasons. The baby Angelica resembles the early morning, when nothing has yet happened, but all manner of wonderful things are going to happen. Some people like the early morning better than the evening; that is a matter of taste. I think perhaps one has to be an artist to like the evening best. To be an artist does not always mean that one is able to paint pictures or write poems. It means a certain way of seeing and feeling. A great many people are able to see and feel in this way who could never paint a picture nor write a poem; and the reason that artists, and people with the eyes and feelings of artists, like old things best is because the beauty of old things is so much rarer and finer than the beauty of young things. One can be young once only, but that once is certain, whereas old age is not certain at all. Many a piece of lace, or china, or cloth, or wood has been destroyed before it had time to grow old. When things are allowed to live through a great many years, they often become of priceless value. This is partly on account of soft changes which creep into their coloring, partly because of their rareness, partly because of their story. There is no story in the morning or in very young things; instead of a story there is the promise of one."

Miss Goodwin paused to collect her thoughts; on the wall the tortoise-shell cat nodded approvingly.

"It is much more difficult for a person to fade well than for a thing," the lady began again. "We know at once if a person has faded well by the expression of the eyes and the sound of the voice. In order for a person to fade well, the person must try to have good thoughts. I am fading now; therefore I have to be very careful about my thoughts. Of course it is better if one has always been careful."

Miss Goodwin arose and went towards the house. At the doorway she turned back, and said to the boy, who had followed her: "I forgot to tell you about friendships and families. Friendships are best old; it does not so much matter about families, and whether it is worth more to be a Doge in a palace or a descendant in an alley depends entirely upon the Doge and upon the descendant."

IV.

The English lady, the American signorina, and the German artist were on their way to a *serenata*, — a serenata being on the present occasion a serenade given by Venice herself to herself, under the windows of her own palaces.

It was very quiet passing through the narrow canals, walled in by the tall, still houses, and watched over by silent stars, until the last water-street ended suddenly before the splendors of a floating Eastern garden, which had been caused to spring up and blossom for this summer festa. In the garden stood a palm-tree, whose leaves were like leaves of silver, and all about rose smaller trees covered with brilliant fruit and snow-white flowers. The gondola had come into the Grand Canal, where close together, with the garden of light in the midst, hundreds upon hundreds of other gondolas had assembled, each boat touching its neighbor, and all the high iron prows turned in the same direction. The boats were waiting to drift with the tide and the music through the length of the broad river, until the late hours of the night themselves should drift into morning.

The prima donna, standing on the musicians' barge, began her song, and slowly the gondola fleet floated towards the great black arch of the Rialto, and the bridge flashed into a glow of crimson, as if from very excitement; for how could the palm-tree pass under unharmed? "How, indeed?" the people asked curiously.

The tree settled the question by gradually sinking into half its former size, and then rising again when safely beyond the bridge, quite like a tree in a fairy tale. Then, on the balconies of the nearest palace appeared dark-faced men in flowing robes and white turbans, royal guests from an Eastern court. In their honor the boats paused for a moment, the musicians played the Carnival of Venice, the prima donna sang her most warbling song, and the people cried, "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!"

Directly across the canal rose the palace of Marcantonio's ancestor, upon which a golden light had been thrown, causing it to shine like a thing enchanted. At Miss Goodwin's side the English lady was saying, "Your interesting acquaintances are in the next boat."

The Descendant and his family were arranged very much as they had been that night on the water-steps: in front, the boy and his father; behind, the grandmother with the contented eyes, the mother with Angelica, the two aunts still wearing cinnamon-colored shawls over their heads, and the four little sisters still holding one another by the hand. The Descendant and his family were all smiling. As Miss Goodwin smiled back, Marcantonio thought, from the look in her eyes, that she must be fading very well, and that she was a thousand times more beautiful in her white hat and dress than the prima donna with the roses in her hair; and he wondered if this charming American signorina were now able to do anything so difficult as diving from the top of the bridge.

"To-morrow evening," said the boy to himself, "when I have done it, I shall ask her if I may become her confidential friend; and then she will play to me on her mandolin, and tell me the secrets she tells to the tortoise-shell cat."

The concert drifted slowly away from the palace of Marcantonio's ancestor. As it passed the Santa Maria della Salute, a white light covered the church like a bridal veil, and below, in the square, the old bell tower flushed crimson, exactly as the bridge of the Rialto had done two hours before. Again and again the prima donna sang her most warbling songs. Again and again the baby Angelica laughingly reached out her arms to the glittering palm-tree. Again and again the people shouted, "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" Then the white, white church and the red, red tower vanished, the garden of light became a garden of shadows, the gay lanterns on the ships grew dim, the boats parted company, and there was nothing more to be seen except the faint outlines of a city and a sky filled with twinkling stars.

Miss Goodwin awoke the next morning, as she generally did, to the confused sounds of strange cries and the treading of many feet on the bridge below. If she had listened, she would have noticed that the cries were louder and stranger than she had ever heard before, and the movement of feet was more hurried; but she neither listened nor opened the faded green shutters. It was better that she should keep them closed on this summer morning; better, too, that for once she should pay no attention to the sounds without.

A little later she went down to the breakfast-room. As she entered, she heard the German artist exclaiming that he did not understand how people could be so imprudent as to let a boatful of children go off by themselves; and the English lady, looking very pale, said she was of quite the same opinion. One of the maids stood by the table weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Goodwin.

"Matter!" said the English lady. "Where have you been? What were you doing half an hour ago?"

Miss Goodwin replied that she was in her room; that she did remember hearing a good deal of noise, but one always heard that in the morning; she had not even opened her shutters.

"I wish I had not," said the English lady. "It was terrible. I shall never forget it."

Herr Lindemann had gone to the balcony, and was talking to some one below. "Were you there, Valentino?" he asked.

"Si, signor," answered the man. "I was the first to reach the boat. The children are all saved, but we almost lost little Angelica. We should have lost her without our brave Marcantonio. God be praised for the boy's courage! It is a pretty story about his learning to swim. He wished to do something for the American signorina, in order to become her friend. He thought it would please her to see him dive from the top of the bridge. He felt obliged to tell me, because he feared that if I did not know his intention I might think he had fallen into the water again. The signor remembers how he fell in before."

In the alley every one was weeping and smiling and embracing whoever came near, after a most unrestrained and unlimited fashion. Marcantonio himself was nowhere to be seen.

"There are times when it is not pleasant to have a fuss made over one," said the English lady, who had been mildly participating in the alley's demonstrations. "I give the child credit for a great deal of proper feeling. I am going down to the Piazza to buy him a present," and she asked Herr Lindemann, upon whose judgment she was in the habit of relying, to accompany her.

Miss Goodwin, therefore, went home alone. As she passed the garden she heard a child sobbing. The Descendant was lying on the grass, his head resting against the tortoise-shell cat.

"My dear little friend," said Miss Goodwin, sitting down beside the boy.

The Descendant raised his head. "Is the signorina speaking to me or to my cat?"

"I am speaking to you."

"I thank the signorina," said the boy, whose eyes were shining. "I was coming to ask this evening if I might be the signorina's friend, but I was going to do something for her first. I did not cry when the boat was overturned. It was afterward, when I looked at Angelica, and remembered how near she came to being like one of those things that get lost, and never have any story."

"One must cry some time," remarked Miss Goodwin, who was crying herself a little in a cheerful way, "and the best time is always afterward."

She stroked the cat's damp fur, saying that she felt very proud of her two Italian friends.

"Confidential," corrected Marcantonio.

"Of my two confidential Italian friends," repeated Miss Goodwin.

"Will it grow old, does the signorina think?"

"You mean our friendship? It is old already. Age in friendship does not always mean years."

The Descendant laughed joyfully. The tortoise-shell cat jumped up from the grass and danced around with a spray of the honeysuckle vine. From the top of the wall a bird flew up to the tower. Under the cool arcades of the Piazza, the English lady, with the fresh color back in her cheeks, had just poured a cup of coffee for Herr Lindemann, and another for herself. Altogether it was a very happy day in Venice.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

WHAT FRENCH GIRLS STUDY.

I AM often asked if, in my experience of French school life, I found the standards of education for girls as high in France as in America. I can only answer that the French ideas of what a young girl should study and how she should study are so different from ours that it is hard to say which has the highest standards. Perhaps the best answer I can give is to describe the course of studies pursued at a high-class French school, and leave my readers to form their own opinions.

I shall not write about public schools, as I have had no experience with them in either country. Before passing on to private schools, however, I should like to say a few things about the opportunities of higher education for women, — a subject popular in both countries. In this French women have an immense advantage over American women, from the fact that all the schools of the University of Paris except the (Protestant) theological school are open to them; that they may pass its examinations, take its degrees, and share its privileges and honors equally with the men; and that its courses are nearly all *free:* so that the highest education in the world lies within easy reach of the poorest girl. The same is true of many of the universities of southern Europe, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and France; and this is no new thing, but a relic of the Middle Ages.[1] Before America was discovered women were taking honors and even filling chairs at the great Italian and Spanish universities; and though this enthusiasm for study among women died out with other effects of the Renaissance, and has only lately been revived, their privileges have never been wholly lost, and are to-day greater than those enjoyed by the women of northern Europe, of England, or of the United States. If the women of southern Europe are not as highly educated as the men, it is from choice, for they have few educational disabilities.

But the women students of the University of Paris must not be mistaken for college undergraduates. Their position is very different. The Continental

[1] During the Dark and Middle Ages education was always free, — not in the sense of modern free education, which is provided by the state from taxes levied for the purpose, but as a free gift to the people from the Church and the monastic orders. At the gate of every cathedral and of the principal monasteries rose the free school, and from these schools developed the great universities of the Middle Ages. See Creighton in his several writings on the English universities, and Drane's Christian Schools and Scholars.

universities do not give undergraduate courses as we understand them. These are given at the lyceums and colleges, where boys from ten to eighteen years of age are educated, and where they are prepared for the degrees of bachelors in arts and sciences and letters. The diplomas for these degrees are given by the Council of the University at competitive examinations, held before the Council or its appointees, but French youths do not attach the dignity to them that our young men do to an A. B. The French young man looks upon his bachelor's degree simply as the necessary preparatory step to something higher, and does not consider that he has a liberal education, or is in any sense a university man, until he has *fait son droit ;* that is, taken his degree in law or one of the other faculties, whether he means to be a professional man or not, law being the usual study of the young men of leisure and fashion. Thus a French youth expects to take his bachelor's degree at eighteen or nineteen, and his degree in law or his master's or doctor's degree at twenty or twenty-one. The longer school terms and greater discipline and concentration of his early life at preparatory schools and colleges bring him out from two to three years ahead of the average American young man.

The women students of the University of Paris, then, are on a higher level than our college girls. They are following courses in the schools or faculties of law, medicine, and pharmacy, or studying for master's and doctor's degrees in arts and sciences and letters. Over two hundred professors teach in these schools, and the lectures are attended by more than ten thousand students, who are admitted without regard to sex, nationality, religion, or color. Among them are representatives of twenty-five nationalities, and a large number of women. The courses are free to foreigners as well as to the French. A small examination fee only is required from those who are candidates for degrees.

The women students get their preparatory training sometimes at private schools, sometimes at normal schools, and sometimes on the lecture system. This system will need some explanation to Americans, as we have nothing that exactly corresponds to it. It is a long-standing custom in the French colleges and lyceums, as well as in many of the classic and scientific public schools for boys and young men in Germany, and one that has been adopted in Italy also, to repeat many of their most important courses of lectures to classes of girls, — much on the system adopted later at the Harvard Annex, but with these notable differences : that in the French, German, and Italian system these courses are not only given by the same professors, but they are given in the same class-rooms and with the use of the same apparatus ; and they are also free, these schools being state institutions. A number of young girls from ten to eighteen years of age, though they do not aspire to university honors, are educated on the lecture system. They follow pretty closely the courses prescribed for the boys. These are not the exact equivalent of our college courses, as the French college does not teach the dead languages, which are taught in the lyceums or classical schools.[1] A French lad

[1] Colleges are supported by the cities and towns, and their courses of study vary somewhat in the different localities. Lyceums, which are supported by the state, follow practically the same course everywhere. Paris has seven public lyceums, three colleges for young men and three for young women. Twelve thousand students attend these institutions. There are besides, in the city, many private colleges and institutions, whose students are also candidates for degrees. In private colleges for boys, especially those conducted by religious orders, the ancient classics are generally included. Modern languages are little taught except in commercial schools. Young people of the upper classes usually learn these in early childhood from governesses.

has to make up his mind early as to what he means to do in life. He must decide at ten years of age whether to take the classical course at the lyceum and go up for university honors, or to take the modern course at the college and afterwards study a profession, either at the University, or at the Polytechnic, the School of Mines, the School of Political Sciences, the School of Fine Arts, or some other of the great professional institutions of Paris. The college course gives the best "all round" education, and is the one generally followed by the girls. It is eight years long, and includes grammar, rhetoric, logic, French composition, literature, the history of literature, French constitutional history, universal history, geography, the natural sciences, mathematics, and philosophy.

The most popular *cours* or courses of lectures are decidedly those of the College of France. This famous institution is unlike other colleges in having no students, properly speaking, and in teaching not only the classical courses, but everything within the range of human knowledge worth teaching. It is a body of forty-two professors, representing every known branch of learning, who give courses of instruction on their special subjects, which are free and open to all, without distinction of sex or race, whether candidates for degrees or not. It is probably the most advanced school of learning that exists. The renown of its professors is world-wide, and as it comes under the immediate direction and patronage of the Ministry of Public Instruction, it is a special pet of the government, and never lacks means to carry out its most ambitious schemes. Many hundred women attend its lectures, and they are not all advanced students or those preparing for university honors; for it has been a popular thing in Paris, the last twenty years or so, for bright young girls, even of the most fashionable families, to follow certain of its courses during the last few years of school life; that is, from about their thirteenth to their eighteenth year.

It will readily be seen that it would be impossible to compare a French girl who has studied four or five years at the College of France with a girl graduate of one of our coeducational or girls' colleges, for the reason that she does not follow a prescribed course of studies, and is not required to pass examinations. There are open to her the finest opportunities for advanced study that the world affords, but, unless she goes up to the University examinations and takes a degree, there is nothing to prove whether she has simply been taking elementary courses in rhetoric, natural history, and physics, for example, or whether she has been pursuing profound studies in metaphysics, international law, and Sanskrit, and making original researches in the latest thing in science or medicine. Many young girls, daughters of wealthy and fashionable families, who are educated at home by their parents and governesses, go to the College of France for a limited number of special courses. The courses most popular among these young girls I found to be all branches of history, literature, the history of literature, rhetoric and composition, natural history and physics, while a few studied logic, psychology, and political science. They were instructed at home by private teachers in modern languages, music, arithmetic, penmanship and letter-writing, sewing and embroidery, and various domestic accomplishments, while some who had a taste for art worked several hours a week in studios. They usually took three or four courses at the College each year, with two or three lectures a week in each. Those who had taken the requisite courses went up to the public competitive examinations of the University at the Hôtel de Ville to try for the diploma qualifying them to teach. This diploma is the ambition of every bright French girl, whether she means

to teach or not; and as the examinations are open to all, even to pupils of private schools, upon the payment of a small fee, girls of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families, who have been educated by governesses or at the most exclusive convents, do not hesitate to go up to the Hôtel de Ville side by side with the pupils of public colleges and normal schools, and so have made these competitive examinations the fashion of the educational day.

In going back and forth to the public lectures, the girls are always accompanied by one of their parents or by a governess, and these chaperons sit in the class-room during the lectures, and often take as lively an interest in the courses as the girls themselves. When the parents are persons of leisure, it is their great delight to accompany their children in this way, and to help them afterwards in studying the subjects at home. As a general thing in France, parents, fathers as well as mothers, take a much more active interest and larger personal share in their children's education than is common with us.

As many friendless girls come up to Paris from the provinces and smaller cities for the advantages of the University and for the College lectures, there is a large convent established in the Latin Quarter, where the girls may obtain comfortable board and lodging with the good Sisters for a very small sum, and where their health and morals and manners will be well cared for and suitable chaperons provided for them. The chaperon system is strictly carried out everywhere with girls and young women, and with boys under eighteen, even in the middle and poorer classes; and, although it does not come under the head of studies, I cannot omit here a reference to this system, which is so strong a factor in the formation of a French child's mind and character. It does an admirable work in bringing the young into constant companionship and friendly intimacy with mature and experienced minds, as well as in keeping the old in touch with the interests and aspirations of the young, and is no doubt one explanation of that devotion to family life and home ties that is so pleasing a characteristic of the French, and one of their greatest charms in the eyes of those who dwell long enough in France to judge of its people from knowledge, and not from hearsay.

But, even with the safeguards they throw around it, the lecture system will never be as popular with the great mass of the French people, high or low, as the private religious school. The French take the broad view of education which includes the fullest development of the whole being, from its moral, spiritual, physical, and social as well as from its intellectual side. They also believe that a woman, to be thoroughly womanly, should be educated by women, a manly man by men. They carry out this theory even in the public elementary schools, the boys' and girls' schools being always in separate buildings, with a separate staff of teachers, — exclusively male teachers for the boys, women teachers for the girls. The custom prevalent among us, of classes of grown boys in grammar and high schools (or mixed classes of boys and girls) studying under women teachers, is one they would not tolerate. There is no nation where the relations between mother and son are more close and tender than among the French, yet save for his mother's influence the boy is early emancipated from the control of women, and given over to tutors, that they who train him for a man's work may be men. It is the same with girls. Nowhere do we see closer companionship between father and daughter, brother and sister, than in France, but the girl's educators, they who form her to truest womanhood, must be women.

It is, then, the exceptional girl who is educated on the lecture system.

Among the rich it is the almost universal rule to educate their children, both boys and girls, in private schools and colleges. The public elementary schools are frequented only by the children of the very poor, and never by the comparatively well-to-do, as with us. Even the poor prefer the free religious schools wherever they are established, and these, since 1880, have necessarily been private schools.[1] On the other hand, the university and professional schools, which in America are almost everywhere private institutions, are in France almost exclusively public free institutions, and are frequented by rich and poor alike.

The great majority of girls' private schools in France are convent schools. French parents prefer them for their children not only on account of the moral and religious training and the careful attention to health and manners insured, but also from the superior quality of the secular instruction given. This advantage springs from the life and methods of the instructors themselves. The nuns are the teachers, and they teach, not from any necessity of earning their living, but from devotion to a cause. When a woman decides to enter a religious order, she has the choice of a number of orders, consecrated to an immense variety of works; therefore, other things being equal, if she chooses an order devoted to the education of the rich, it is because she has certain mental gifts, a love of imparting knowledge, and an interest in and sympathy with young girls of this class that draw her to this sort of work rather than to any other. It is her life work, to which she freely consecrates her powers, and not a temporary occupation, which she is driven to by necessity, and will withdraw from as soon as she has made money enough. Before entering a teaching order she must first pass the government examinations and obtain the necessary diploma qualifying her to teach. After entering the order she usually passes through two novitiates: one, lasting a year or two, of a purely spiritual and religious character, in which she tests her fitness to lead a conventual life; then, if she perseveres, a second novitiate, lasting from two to five years, in which she is specially trained to her life work of education. Her capacities are carefully tested by her superiors, and her talents, in whatever direction they may lie, cultivated to the utmost. Some novices prove to have little gift for teaching, but may have great personal influence over the children, or a gift for practical affairs. Such are detailed for the general discipline of the school, or for the management of its household and business concerns. By this means the teachers are secured exemption from those outside cares and worries which, with teachers living in the world, do far more than the school routine towards breaking them down and unfitting them for the best and highest work. Thus we find three qualities in their teaching that are of immense advantage to the taught, — thoroughness, concentration, and enthusiasm.

The necessity for this thorough training will be better understood when I explain that the teaching is not done through textbooks and recitations, as in American schools, but through oral instruction. This method prevails entirely in the French as in most European schools. Textbooks are little used, at the most serving as books of reference, or outlines which the teacher fills in and amplifies. The lectures are preceded by an informal oral examination of the

[1] Before the law of 1880 public elementary education had been for several years in the hands of the religious orders, freedom of conscience being secured to Protestants and Jews by the erection of separate schools for them, supported by the state, and controlled by their own clergy. At present religious and moral instruction is not allowed in any state schools, which must be controlled by laymen, as in the United States.

class on the subject of the preceding lecture; then the instructor takes up the subject of the day, on which she is prepared to give the most exhaustive information, often reading extracts from different writers of authority, showing the subject in all its aspects. The pupils take notes during the lecture, and afterwards, in study hour, write out abstracts from these notes. They are allowed to ask questions freely and to take up points of discussion, no matter how much the lecture may be interrupted thereby. The discussions, however, are held well in hand by the teacher, that they may not degenerate into mere battles of crude opinions among the pupils. This method of oral instruction is of course a strain upon the teacher, but it makes the work far more interesting both to her and to the class. The teachers are fully equipped to meet the strain, while the element of personal enthusiasm brought into the study, and the contact with their well-trained, mature, vigorous understandings, are invaluable as an inspiration to the pupils. The advantage this training in oral instruction is to the teachers themselves can hardly be overrated. If such experience as I have had with my own sex, in Europe or in America, may count for anything, I will say that nowhere have I found feminine intelligence so keen, well balanced, broad, and philosophical, or language so facile and elegant, lucid and strong, as among certain of our instructors in the schools of France and Germany who had been trained to oral methods, either in religious orders or in the normal schools.

A large number of private schools in Paris are boarding-schools. This comes from the manner of life of the aristocratic families. Many of them spend the greater part of the year, from Whitsuntide to New Year, on their estates in the country, where educational advantages are few, and live in Paris four or five months only, during the winter and spring. If the children followed the movements of their parents, it would be a serious interruption to their school work, so they stay at boarding-school till the summer vacation. While in Paris, the parents visit the children twice a week at the school, and may take them to walk or to drive; and once a month the children spend a day and night at home, and very jolly occasions these family reunions are.

All the day-schools, both private and public, whether for girls or boys, rich or poor, are really day boarding-schools; that is, the pupils spend the whole day at school, taking their noon meal there, having their recreations in the school playgrounds, and doing all their studying within school hours. This system is believed to have great advantages of health, discipline, and time-saving over the system of two sessions, or that of one long session with home study.[1] School begins at half past seven in the morning, or eight at the latest, the European nations being earlier risers than we. As the French never eat heartily in the early morning, the children take simply a cup of chocolate or soup or hot milk, with a little bread, before leaving home. They are accompanied to the school door by one of their parents, or by a governess or tutor. The father usually walks to school with his boys, the mother with her girls. Although I know no large city where a self-respecting woman or young girl can go about alone with more absolute and agreeable security than in Paris, yet it is a thing no French girl ever wants to do. It shocks her sense of maidenly dignity and reserve, — she would cry her eyes out with mortification, if forced to do it; and the attitude of American girls in this matter is something she will politely excuse, but wholly fails to understand. A boy, too, would feel neglected, — as if his parents did not care what became of him, — if

[1] Among the very poor it produces excellent results, in improving both their physical condition and their capacity for mental work.

they let him roam the streets alone, to get into mischief or not at his own sweet will. He adores his father, is proud to walk the street arm in arm with him, and the two are usually close friends and affectionate companions.

Let us suppose that school begins at eight o'clock, though that is unfashionably late. First there is an hour of instruction, then an hour of study and writing, followed by the long instruction of an hour and a half. At half past eleven comes breakfast, — a hearty meal, consisting of meat or fish, vegetables, and pudding, with plenty of bread and a concoction of thin claret and water, popularly known as *abondance*, the usual beverage of children in southern Europe. In this, the most temperate portion of the civilized world, water is never drunk unless mixed with wine, even by babies. After breakfast there is half an hour or forty minutes of active exercise in the open air, — running, jumping, and playing of lively games on the school playgrounds, which are often very extensive, even in the heart of the city, owing to the French manner of building their houses around courtyards and having wide gardens in the rear. The girls are in their element at these recreations, big girls of sixteen or eighteen romping like children of six or eight. We were kept to strict silence in study hours, and the whole discipline of French schools is very austere; but at recreation, though always under supervision, the one rule impressed upon us was that no one should stand still and mope. A few delicate girls were taken on quiet walks, but for the rest of us, play we must, and play we did. The French say that the best players make the best workers, and that the girl who has a bit of the tomboy in her always makes the finest character. Certainly the French girls were as boisterous and irrepressible at play, as cram full and brimming over with fun and frolic and high spirits, as any girls it was ever my luck to see; but they were industrious, cheerful, and thorough workers in the schoolroom, docile, sweet-mannered and graceful in the parlor, while their sense of honor in observing the general discipline of school life was something fairly heroic. After recreation comes another hour of study, followed by an hour of manual work, — sewing, embroidery, drawing, and painting, — or by classes in music. Then there is another half hour of open-air recreation, then the afternoon recitation, and a final hour of study. Thus the school day of nine hours is divided into six and a half for study and instruction, one hour and a half for dinner and play, and one hour for manual work. Among the little children, the hours for study and instruction are broken into by frequent short indoor recreations, and by exercises in calisthenics, marching, dancing, and singing; so that they are never at one occupation more than half an hour. After they are eleven years old, however, the hours are generally arranged about as I have given them above. At half past four or five in the afternoon school breaks up, and the prettiest sight of the whole day is the merry, enthusiastic family meetings that take place, when school is over, in the entrance-hall, where the parents are waiting for the children. The inevitable walk follows, for the French are great walkers, and the father and his boys join the mother and her girls either in sight-seeing in the city or in merrymaking in the parks and gardens. The working day is over for father as well as for children; and the mother, too, has finished her home duties, her shopping and social visiting, and all are free to enjoy one another's society for the rest of the day and evening. In the long spring and summer afternoons they often make excursions together into the beautiful suburbs, taking their evening meal at an open-air restaurant.

Before we consider the subjects studied in a French private school there are

two things to be borne in mind. First, the element of stability in a schoolgirl's life. She enters at five years of age, sometimes at four, the school where she will remain till her education is finished. Her teachers know her from earliest childhood; they watch her character develop and her mind unfold. They understand her capacities. Perhaps her mother has been trained in the same school before her, or she may have relatives among the nuns. At any rate, she is their child; they know and love her, and they lay the foundations of her education well, for they are responsible for the whole structure. They have the end in view from the beginning. They lead her up gradually from one thing to another. They calmly lay out for her courses of study embracing five, six, ten, and even twelve years. There is always plenty of time and no hurry. Things are taken quietly and gone into deeply. The school terms are longer and school life is less broken into by vacations than with us. The girls study more hours a week and more weeks in the year than we do. School opens the last week in September, and does not close till the second week in August. There are no spring or winter vacations and no Saturday holidays. Six weeks in the late summer, a few days each at New Year and Easter, all Sundays and the principal Church holidays, and usually a half holiday on Thursday are all the breaks made in school life, which goes on almost uninterrupted in slow, healthful regularity for ten months and a half out of the twelve.

Another element in French school life is concentration. A girl's time is less broken into by outside interests than with us, and there is less strain upon nerves and imagination. Not till her growth is attained, her school life over, and her mind and character are fairly formed is she allowed to read novels, to go to parties and dances, to attend the theatre, or to indulge in any of the distractions and dissipations so frequently permitted to growing schoolgirls in America. No matter how wealthy and aristocratic her parents, she is inured to early hours, simple food, plain surroundings, and regular occupations; and her dress is the quiet dark uniform, without ribbon or ornament, which is customary in day-schools as well as boarding-schools. In my experience of private schools in both countries, it has seemed to me that the French girl is more simple and childlike, on the one hand, and more serious-minded, more capable of sustained work and thought, on the other, than the average American girl of the same age. From the fact of not having frivolous amusements and sentimental vagaries to disturb her mind and work on her nerves, and being better disciplined from infancy to obedience, regularity, and self-control, she throws her youthful energy and enthusiasm more wholly into the interests of her school work and her family life; and as a consequence she is less nervous than her American sister, less subject to backaches and headaches, works with less fatigue, is more active and merry at play, more simple in her tastes, more easily amused and contented with every-day life and labors, and perhaps more frank, loyal, and affectionate in her family relations and school friendships.

Novel-reading, with a few carefully selected exceptions, is never indulged in by young people in France, and rarely even by matrons. The French have a magnificent literature outside of fiction, and plenty of clever and entertaining stories of travel and adventure, history and biography, for the young people, who do not feel the need of romances, and are all the healthier and better without them. What is good for the young people, however, seems to be bad for the novels. It is an interesting question of cause and effect. Are so many French novels bad because, young people and well-bred women being debarred from reading them, the authors adapt themselves to the tastes of men and women

of the world, or are young persons debarred from them because they are so bad that only men and women of the world may read them? The French, in fact, are almost Puritanical in their horror of novels. If a girl sees a novel in the hands of young women or lads, she shakes her head sadly and says, "Poor things! They have been badly brought up." Even the daily newspapers are avoided by women and young people. Yet Frenchwomen are remarkable for their intelligent interest in the political, social, and literary questions of the day. I think the fact that the masculine Gaul is less taciturn than the Anglo-Saxon male has something to do with this. A Frenchman dearly loves to talk, to sharpen his wits in lively conversation. He reads his paper at the café or the club, discusses its contents with his men friends on the boulevards by the hour, then returns, brimful of ideas, to his own fireside, and goes over the whole thing again, with unflagging interest, among his women folk and boys. It is not his fault if they are not well informed on all the topics of the day. He does not seem to be as firmly convinced of the mental incapacity of his wife and daughter as the less chivalrous American. Perhaps he has less reason to be, — who knows? Let us see if we can discover in a Frenchwoman's education the reason why she is such an intelligent and interesting companion to the men of her family.

And now that I come to the question of studies I have an admission to make which I fear will overthrow, in the minds of American readers, any respectful opinion they may have begun to form of the education of girls in France. I may as well say at once that the French never, or practically never, teach Latin or Greek or mathematics, and very little science, in girls' schools. I know that there are a few colleges for girls where these subjects are taught, and that they may be elected in the public *cours;* but they are rarely elected, and in the private schools they are politely ignored. Now that this is stated I feel that the worst is over, and that I can go on freely to explain why it is that girls neglect these branches, and what those studies are to which they give preference.

I think we all appreciate that a girl cannot learn everything before she is seventeen. If her school life is to stop at that age, then many subjects, admirable, useful, and desirable in themselves, must necessarily be omitted from her list. The question becomes, "What can be omitted from the average girl's education with least detriment to her own mind and character and to the advancement of the society in which she will take her place?" The French reply: "Her best mental and moral training will be to learn a few things well rather than many things superficially. In choosing what these few things shall be, do not omit the correct and elegant use of her own language, and a familiarity with all that is best and highest in its literature and in the literature of all ages. Let her get her knowledge of the classic literature through the medium of scholarly and well-written translations and essays, rather than spend years over grammar and dictionary for the sake of making a crude translation of her own. Let her have a practical knowledge of arithmetic; but if mental discipline is desired, let her study logic rather than mathematics, ethics rather than science. Do not omit thorough courses in universal history and the philosophy of history, in geography and natural history, in religion and ethics, — those studies that will interest her in her fellow-creatures, in the world about her, and in the great social, political, religious, and intellectual movements of to-day and of all times; opening her mind to the great interests of human society, and preparing her to take her place in it and to train a race of heroes and heroines. Do not omit the acquaintance with one or more

living languages, and some branch of polite accomplishments according to her gifts; and do not omit training in the domestic arts of sewing, the keeping of accounts, and the use of money. If in later life she chooses to take up the study of the classics, mathematics, and science, so much the better; but do not neglect ever so little, for their sake, the things that will make her a companionable, useful, and thinking member of society."

The usual studies, then, of a well-educated French girl are literary, historical, and ethical in character, artistic and practical. In the school that I attended, those who desired were prepared for the competitive examinations of the University of Paris, and there were post-graduate courses in philosophy and contemporary political and constitutional history. The courses in philosophy were extremely popular. They were given in the public parlors of the convent by professors of the Collége Ste. Geneviève, and were attended by many society ladies and graduates of other schools, and were always crowded to the doors.

It is not sufficient, however, to name the studies pursued by the girls, for it is in the thoroughness of the methods of study, and the time and attention given to each, that the great difference lies between our private schools and those of France.

In these schools, the children are usually divided into classes, according to their proficiency in their own language, its grammar and literature, and the art of rhetoric and composition. If a girl is in the first or second division, it means the first or second division in French. In all other studies she takes her place according to her capacities, independent of her division, and her work in these studies affects her standing in her division only by its excellence, and not as she is backward or advanced in the subject itself. This seems to give a fairer average, considering the inequality of mental gifts, and is an incentive to good work in all branches, as it is the work that counts. By this method more attention is paid to individual capacities, no girl having to be pushed forward or held back unduly to keep pace with her division in all things, while, besides affecting her general standing, any specially brilliant work in a single study is separately rewarded.

The test of scholarship is not parrot-learning, but good understanding. Having no text to memorize, we were obliged to listen attentively to the instructions, cultivate all the intelligence and memory we had, and learn to express ourselves in our own words, both at the frequent oral examinations and in our written abstracts. We had to take a good deal of pains with these abstracts, as we were marked on them as well as at the examinations. From the moment a child can hold a pen in her hand she spends the greater part of her working hours writing out abstracts, or copying them when corrected; and by the time we had listened to a lecture, taken notes of it, written out our abstract, had it corrected, been examined on it, copied it, reviewed it at the monthly examinations, and again at the quarterly examinations, we must have been stupid indeed if we had not acquired a pretty clear idea of the subject, and, what is more, learned to express our idea readily and in good language.

The knowledge of the French language and its literature is most strongly insisted upon. Fifteen hours a week, forty-five weeks in the year, for at least ten years, the French girl devotes to perfecting herself in her own language and literature. Every morning school opened with an hour's instruction in French; every afternoon it closed with preparation for the next day's lesson. Grammar, orthography, and definition for the younger children, rhetoric, composition, and the principles of logic (the French mind sees a connection between the art of reasoning well and the art

of speaking or writing well) for the older girls, occupied the morning hour four times a week. The other two days the hour was given to the study of French literature, of which there were several courses, graded according to the children's capacities; the advanced pupils taking up Provençal and Old French literature, among other branches. All were exercised daily in reading and elocution, had two lessons weekly in penmanship and letter-writing, and were obliged to write themes every week for lessons in "style."

Besides the French courses in letters there was a most interesting course in the history of universal literature, which was continued through three school years. One half of the first year was devoted to the literary study of the Bible, the other half to that of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church and the mediæval chroniclers and hymn-writers. The second year was devoted to the pagan literature of Greece and of Rome, and a glimpse into Oriental literature and traditions. The last year we took up the Renaissance, Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, and the outlines of Italian, Spanish, English, and German literatures. We studied the most famous examples through the medium of translations; we learned many of the most celebrated passages by heart; we read essays by the great modern critics, and were taught to study the different literatures comparatively, drawing interesting parallels and contrasts between Jewish and Greek, pagan and Christian, Oriental and Scandinavian, ancient and modern, etc. The themes of our weekly compositions were frequently drawn from such subjects. I venture to say that some of the girls, though they knew not a word of Greek, and no Latin except what they acquired through familiarity with the liturgy of their Church, had, on the whole, a better acquaintance with the general spirit and thought of classic literature than have many college girls who take honors in Greek and Latin, besides an acquaintance with patristic and mediæval literature of which our girls would be quite innocent.

But perhaps the finest course of study is the historical one. From the time the little children first learn to read they spell out, not stories of cats and birds and good little girls, but stories of kings and queens, of heroes and heroines, of saints and martyrs, Bible stories and tales of chivalry. At eight they begin the histories of Greece and Rome and France, of the Bible and the Church, and are well drilled in these till about their twelfth or thirteenth year, when they begin the great course of universal history, a study of history by epochs and movements, — the philosophy of history, we might call it. This course absorbs ten hours a week, there being three instructions of an hour and a half each, the rest of the time being taken up with study and the writing of abstracts and drawing of chronological tables. The course is five years long. The first year embraces general ancient history to the early period of the Roman emperors. The second year takes up the decline and fall of the Western Empire, the formation of Christendom and of the Holy Roman Empire, the rise of Mohammedanism, the great Asiatic invasions, and the period of the Crusades. The third year is devoted to the study of the Renaissance, the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire, the age of the great discoveries, the Protestant reformation, the Council of Trent, and the Spanish and Portuguese conquests in America and Asia. The fourth year starts with the reign of Louis XIII., and goes through the Thirty Years' War, the reign of Louis XIV., the wars of succession, the rise of the Russian Empire and of Prussia, the revolution and restoration in England, the age of diplomacy and of the balance of power. The last year is given to an extended course in contemporary history from the period

of the French Revolution to the present day. Beside these courses there is an obligatory course of one year for advanced students in the political and constitutional history of France, and a several years' course in sacred history, with two instructions weekly. This last course goes over a great deal of ground. It begins with the study of Old and New Testament history, and takes up mythology, the Oriental and Scandinavian religions, the history of the early Church and of the Popes, the early councils, the great schisms of the East and of the West, the beginnings of monastic life, the missionary labors of the Dark Ages, mediæval scholasticism, the military and the mendicant orders, the spread of Mohammedanism, the Crusades, the Inquisition, Protestantism, the missionary labors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the infidel philosophy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Vatican Council, and the present condition of religions throughout the world, together with the critical study of the most important forms of heresy and unbelief from the apostolic age to the present day. Although this included much that was doctrinal, yet there were separate courses of Christian doctrine, to which six hours a week were given, and which extended over the whole school career. These were familiarly called *catéchismes*, and with the little children consisted principally in instructing them in the truths of religion and its moral teachings, and preparing them to receive the sacraments. The older children, however, were taken more deeply into the subject, and it became a serious study in theology and ethics. In my division, I remember, we spent an entire year on the Ten Commandments alone, taking them up from different points of view with respect to natural religion, revelation, moral philosophy, the common law of Christian nations, canon law, the science of government, social and political science, etc.

It may be thought that these questions are too profound, too far beyond the comprehension of very young girls. Yet some of the best thinkers and brightest scholars in these classes were girls under sixteen years of age. The most brilliant and original girl in school, who had finished all the courses I have mentioned, and many others beside, was barely fifteen, and the two who ranked next to her in general brilliancy of attainments were only thirteen. The truth is, children are capable of greater things than we readily believe. It is surprising to see how easily girls still in short dresses will grasp the most far-reaching social and ethical questions, how keen their logic is, and what lively interest they take in science at an age when we are inclined to keep them at dolls and toys. Besides, very young girls are too ignorant of the world, too full of joyous illusions, to be troubled by the gravity of the great questions of humanity, and are not so depressed, so discouraged, so overwhelmed by them as they will be when older. Their spirit is more elastic, their intuitions are keener, the workings of their minds less morbidly involved, at fifteen than at twenty or twenty-five. At least, this strikes me as true of French girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen who study ethics and social science, as compared with American girls and young women studying somewhat the same subjects in later life. The older girls seem to become either restless, anxious, and morbid, or else intensely arrogant, in dealing with these questions, and do not easily throw them off their minds. But the young French girls enter into such studies with keen intelligence and hearty interest; then recreation hour breaks in, and they tear out into the garden, and romp and scream like wild things. After working off the steam in half an hour of active exercise and gay frolic, they come trooping back to the schoolroom, cheerfully and seriously ready to grapple with life's biggest

problems. It may be, however, not so much owing to their age as to the basis of religious faith from which they survey these topics that the French girls make more ingenuous and cheerful students.

A few studies remain to be mentioned. Algebra and geometry were unknown names to the girls, though they were necessarily taught a few of the signs of algebra and the figures of geometry in connection with their other studies. They were well trained in practical arithmetic; they learned to calculate with lightning rapidity, to keep accounts neatly, and to understand a few business terms; but less time was given to this than to any other study, and most of the children cordially hated it, though they were never let off from their biweekly drill during their whole school life. Geography, however, was immensely popular. It was studied from a different point of view, of course, than in American schools. France looked very big on their maps, and the United States somewhat small; still, they knew as much about us as we in our turn know of Australia or South America, for instance. They studied physical geography in connection with maps, and the lectures were full of interesting general information about the different countries, their habits and customs, peculiarities of formation, climate and flora, their cities, commerce, architecture, education, art treasures, and industries. The graduating class gave a whole year to the study of France, its departments, internal administration, system of taxation, population, resources, industries, schools, institutions, etc.

The course in natural history was two years long; it was a favorite study, and, as in geography, a great deal of general information was introduced into the lectures on various subjects. Physics was not taught in the school where I studied, but in other private schools it was often part of the regular course.

The classes in drawing and painting were unusually fine in all the French schools that I knew. The French are devoted to art, and many girls, after graduating, go daily to studios and do very serious work. They are full of talent in this direction. Instrumental music was not as generally studied as with us; that is, girls rarely gave any time to music unless they had a marked taste for it; but those who played at all were apt to play remarkably well, with great facility and artistic finish, and were admirably instructed. Harmony, counterpoint, and the history of music were always included in musical instruction. The notion of studying instrumental music without at least an elementary knowledge of these subjects is one that could originate only in an American head. Vocal training is usually put off till schooldays are over, but the children were very fond of singing, and had classes in singing at sight. They took part in the musical services in the chapel, and knew a great number of hymns and psalms and canticles by heart, both French and Latin. We also had no end of stirring school-songs, and on rainy days, when we took our recreation indoors, we made the halls ring with them. The French have a quick ear and a splendid sense of rhythm, and our chorus-singing was something famous.

I need not add that the girls were clever with their needles. This will easily be taken for granted. We were taught fine sewing, embroidery, and fancy-work, and were well exercised in mending and darning. Conversation classes in English, German, or Italian went on during the sewing-hour. The girls who took drawing or music were not wholly exempted from sewing, but attended the classes twice a week. Once a week all were obliged to sew for the poor.

The little girls, as I have said, had frequent classes in calisthenics, dancing, and gymnastics, and also lessons in de-

portment. Our manners, as in convent schools everywhere, were carefully attended to; but as we grew older and more "reasonable" (reasonableness was the great school virtue forever held up to us) any special training in these matters was discontinued. We learned our manners young, and were never permitted to forget them.

It is the custom, in convents where rich children are educated, for the nuns to carry on some charitable work for poor children, which is supported by the voluntary and secret offerings of the pupils and their parents. Sometimes this charity takes the form of an industrial school to teach trades to poor girls; sometimes it is an orphanage or an infirmary for lame and sickly children who need special treatment and care; or it may be a day nursery for little ones, or an evening school for young working-girls. Whatever it is, both the pupils and their parents learn to take the deepest interest in "our little poor," and this interest calls forth many touching acts of generosity and personal devotion.

Perhaps the description I have given of French girls' education does not tally with the general notion of the subject. It will be understood, of course, that I do not draw any comparisons between French private schools and our public schools and girls' colleges. It would not be a fair comparison, nor is it one that I am competent to make. I have simply given an account of the methods of education in some of the fashionable private schools of Paris, where I either studied myself, or where I had friends among both pupils and teachers, and was familiar with their ways and customs. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the fashionable private schools of our American cities can draw their own comparisons.

Since my schooldays were over I have often revisited the old scenes and renewed some of the old friendships, and seen the solid, pious education bear fruit in strong characters, fine intelligences, and lovely lives. A few — perhaps the choicest, brightest spirits of all — have returned to the old school, and now sit at the teacher's desk, wearing the religious dress, and pouring out the treasures of their brains and hearts to the eager, bright-faced children who have succeeded them on the benches. Others are leading honored and useful lives in the midst of their families. The greater number are married. To each in her place may be ascribed the words of King Lemuel in the vision wherewith his mother instructed him: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed." "Strength and honour are her clothing." "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household." "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Henrietta Channing Dana.

HOME-THRUST.

Dost thou see the crape on thy neighbor's door?
For thee and thy joy is that in store:
Death joggles thee hard to think of him,
And spills life's wine as it tops the brim.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

AN ECHO OF BATTLE.

Our mountain forms the sunset barrier of one northeastern Virginia county; uplifts itself as a herald of morning to another. It is hardly more than a range of wooded hills, ridgelike in close connectedness, yet with curving summit outline, pleasantly varied by here and there a higher swell or more abrupt inclination; the dusky green or gray treetops standing dark against the sky, or fringing each sidewise lower slant. Its course lies almost due north and south for about twenty miles, gently trailing off at either end into scattered grassy uplands. Neighboring folk who live under the shadow, as it were, of this elevation, in whose landscape it serves as the most prominent sign-calendar of changing weather or season, are sometimes surprised and a little indignant at not finding it set down on the United States map. To realize an old friend's comparative insignificance will give more or less of a shock. However, such stoutly contend that, though not quite so big or so high as the Blue Ridge or Cumberland, "our mountain" lifts as fair a head and turns as graceful a shoulder as any in America. We once heard one of these good people, an honest gentleman and leal-hearted son of the soil, tell how, on returning from a trip to Europe, he burst into tears at sight of the familiar hills. "Talk about the Alps and the Pyrenees!" cried he. "Well, I 've seen 'em all. 'T is n't only because I love this one the best in the world, but, pledge you my word, the prettiest mountain that ever I laid eyes on is this old mountain of ours."

From a certain famous battleground not very many miles away to eastward the mountain shows but a faint bluish undulating line low down against the horizon's rim; yet it gives name not only to that field, but to a living, moving tie between. On one of those rounded crests takes rise, from a spring coolly nested amid ivy, fern, and green bramble, a little, swift, clear stream, which, sullenly deepening and broadening as it makes down through lowland cornfield and pasture, was destined to be stained with the blood of more than one fierce conflict. From a signal station at one salient point, later on, flashed eastward and westward messages of danger or triumph. Through two notable gaps, one near each end of the range, the war-tide ebbed and flowed for four long years. Even the mountaineers themselves, dwellers amid thickest woods, in the loneliest hollows, must have taken some little human interest in that tragic, stressful time; though the degree of isolation and ignorance which they usually contrive to keep up, year after year, with a long-settled civilized neighborhood on either hand not two miles away, is truly amazing. Be it strife or calm in the great outside world, small difference was it to them. One could hardly look for much exalted patriotic sentiment among such upcasts of turbid disreputableness in all these parts as the mountain people have been for generations. True, some claims to respectable descent a few of them are said to remember, if not exactly to cherish. Where in Virginia, from what unlikeliest, absurdest quarter, will you not hear a mysterious echoing whisper of gentler blood "'way back yonder"? Still, in this case, the possibly redeeming drop has strained unwholesomely far down, under the bar sinister, through slough-like degradation, clean away from the heart-throbs of any high traditions. Benighted and stolid though its possessors be, they know well enough that even the poorest poor whites below — figuratively reversing matters — look down on the

"mount'n tacks" no less than their superiors. Why following in war if not fellowship in peace? The reasoning holds good. Whatever brawls and feuds the mountain people might indulge in among themselves, they had always been harmless enough toward outsiders; so let outsiders fight their own battles; stand or fall, what matter? Neither at church nor at school did they risk the warlike infection, for church-going and schooling are unknown to the mountaineer. Along the top of his wooded stronghold, from one end to the other, runs a good, well-beaten road; each thicket, each steepest hill-slant, discloses a footpath to him; and there he walks dry-shod, if shod at all, when Black Jack, darkest demon of Virginia mud, is holding tyrannical sway on the levels. If the land's pride and flower lay bloodily trampled in that mire, what matter to him? His log cabin, his pigs, and his corn patch were safely apart, however many noble manor houses might be laid in ashes, or wide, ripening wheat-fields devastated, or fat beeves stuck with the bayonet.

In the summer of the first stormy year, when the women went down, as was their custom, with baskets of wild fruit — strawberries, huckleberries, blackberries, grapes — to offer for sale at cross-roads stores and farmhouses, they heard and saw some strange things to talk over, as they made their way back in later evening dusk. At Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the men, who ventured a like descent to get the whiskey by them thought needful to a proper celebration of those time-honored festivals, also found unusual matter for telling and comment. The old, well-fed, colonially established Church of England had left them these three great names for a legacy, if not one prayer or psalm in connection with the same. In that memorable first year, the sense of something uncommon in the air, something exciting, dangerous, possibly horrible, added no little enjoyment to each holiday as it came round. Something was going to happen, might happen any day. Life took on a sort of new, zestful curiosity. That was all.

So much for the general spirit at that time among the dwellers upon "our mountain." But to every class there are individual exceptions, all the more striking by contrast with their background. With such an one our story has to do.

A good many years ago, there stretched a large clearing high up on the eastern slope of one of the highest hills, about midway between those much-trodden gaps aforementioned, — the widest and oldest field on the mountain. Surrounded by a rough stone fence, it had doubtless once been all under cultivation; but at the time of which I write the corn patch belonging to a house set in the clearing was both small and barren. Wild strawberry vines thickly carpeted the open, half hidden here and there by clumps of brier or of stunted sumach. Three or four old cherry and apple trees stood dispersedly about. In and around the thrifty little garden — much better tilled than the corn patch — were planted many flourishing young peach, damson, and quince saplings, as well as various fruit-bearing garden shrubs. As for the house, it was but a log cabin, though ambitiously weather-boarded on the front and eastward side, — a cabin with a squat stone chimney, a big flat stone for a doorstep (stones are plentiful in this region), and two or three little deep-set windows cut through the logs without attempt at regularity. There was space inside for only one sizable room, and a loft under the greenish, mossy-shingled roof. A hundred-leaved rosebush grew on one side of the door-stone, a mock orange on the other. The thick, short turf in front was as clean as a twig broom could sweep it. A circular flower-bed, edged with stones, was full of touch-me-nots, bachelor's buttons, young man's love, zinnias, and holly-

hocks, carefully tended and "brushed," to keep off the many hens that were scratching and clucking about the premises. From a rail pen rearward came the low grunting of several well-fed pigs. Far down the grassy slope in front a cow and calf were lazily dawdling in the sunshine. Here was certainly wealth, from the mountaineers' point of view, and a household containing at least one thrifty member.

On a certain Sunday morning in July, about thirty years ago, a woman stood in the doorway of this cabin, a thin brown hand shading her eyes from the sun, her eager gaze strained eastward into the far distance, looking and listening.

Before her and beneath, the thick woods which skirted the clearing fell in huddled masses about the mountain's foot. Beyond this dark, leafy barrier lay the open country, stretching away mile upon mile; seemingly level from this height, yet really undulating in long, indefinite sweeps of woodland, pasture, corn and wheat field. Over all the July sun stared brazenly from a cloudless amethystine sky. The baffling purplish haze that thickened toward the horizon was thrilled by quivers of heat. The air hung still. Not a treetop in the foreground swayed; hardly a leaf seemed to flutter. It was as if earth and air, that morning, were even like the woman in the doorway hushedly watching. However, not for the treetops nor for the nearer landscape had she eyes and ears. The point that drew her was more than ten miles away; all between was a blank. Against the far sky they went up, those little puffs of smoke that gave the only visible tokens — too softly white, too innocent-looking, in sooth — of a fiercer fire raging beneath than any which had ever swept in most parching drought-time over the mountain. Thence, too, came the sounds that alone broke that reigning atmospheric silence, — the long, sullen boom of cannon, the fainter crackling snap of musketry volleys, — lessened by distance, yet still distinctly audible. She was one only of a countless many who, from all the surrounding country, so yearned toward that central space. In days to come the mental gaze of the civilized world was to be concentrated thereupon. Maps would be carefully made out, and pictures drawn with pen and pencil; yet surely the keenest interest ever thus aroused was but as ashes to fire compared with the feeling of those who, when our softened Then was a fevered, dreadful Now, saw the smoke-wreaths and heard the deadly sounds of that strife. Matron and maid, mistress and slave, the white and the black, old men, children, eager chafing boys, made up the army of watchers. There were their nearest and dearest, fighting or dying, or already dead, — which? Could love avail for help, or burning anxiety, or even prayers? Yet doubtless many a proud knee was then bent that for long years past had well-nigh forgotten such supplicating humility. The tears were to come afterward. Proud, young-eyed Valor against remorseless Will, stone-hard, backed by countless numbers, and brave no less, — they two were playing out the desperate game. There, face to face at last, in longed-for open conflict, stood the hereditary foes. Such a battle was fighting as never had our drowsy old mountain top overlooked before, or, for that matter, the highest peak in the land. Never had its woody echoes responded to such sounds as then drew them forth, or its fairest streamlet leaped down in the sunlight to meet such tragical pollution.

The woman over whose shoulder we have been looking was a little, wiry, slim body, straight as a dart, perhaps thirty-five or thirty-six years old. On her left hand, hard and brown with toil, was a worn wedding-ring. Her black hair, screwed unbecomingly tight into a knot behind, showed not a few gray threads. Her skin was weather-worn and sallow,

like that of most people of her class when past earliest youth, but just now on either cheek burned a flaming red spot. Her gray eyes shone eagerly, a certain alert sharpness, which may have been usually their main expression, yielding first outlook, as it were, to some exalted feeling. On her rather thin and compressed though strong lips this passion of the hour had also laid a dignifying, triumphant touch. There was about her whole manner and person something that education, culture, might have shaped into forceful dramatic intensity. Being who and what she was, it found vent in a jerky vehemence, almost fierce, perhaps sometimes unpleasing; but strength is always attractive when not positively repulsive, and this woman looked both strong and trustworthy.

The room behind her was scrupulously clean: the rough floor well scrubbed; not a speck of dust on the split-bottomed chairs or the pine table which, with a bed, made up its principal furniture. The stone hearth of the big cavernous fireplace, even the two stones serving as andirons, were smooth with recent washing. The two pots, the Dutch oven, the skillet and griddle on a shelf hard by, stood in orderly array, as also the scanty store of crockery in a little corner cupboard. Clock there was none. On the wall just opposite the doorway hung a large gaudy-colored print, of the kind sold by peddlers, — the Beauty of the South, whom it was supposed to represent, with all the full-blown charm of her very big black eyes, very little red mouth, and pink fat cheeks, smiling blandly right out toward the battlefield.

In one corner of the room stood a clumsy invalid's chair, and in this chair half sat, half lay, an evidently helpless old woman, her head nodding on her breast, her shriveled hands outspread on a patchwork coverlet tucked smoothly about her knees. Her eyes were bright, but vacant. On the wrinkled yellow face and about the sunken mouth hovered a smile, tremulous, half sly, yet pathetic, — the smile of childish age. She had been whispering fitfully to herself for several moments before she spoke, at last, shrilly aloud.

"Ailsey," she said (I spell the name just as it is pronounced, a not uncommon one in these parts, and perhaps a corruption of "Alice" or the old English "Elsie"), "Ailsey, gal, which-er-way comes that 'ar thunder? Is thar ary gust a-risin' over the mount'n? 'Pears like I see the sun a-shinin' out yonder. I don't hear no wind, but the thunder keeps on a-mutterin'. Hit 's a mighty curious time."

Ailsey whirled around into the middle of the floor, with eyes flashing and right hand upraised. Her voice, when she spoke, was quick, rather sharp, high-pitched, as one who habitually protests against a prevalent drawl; but all the pent-up excitement of hours, days past thrilled in each tone and lent it tragic power. Her whole frame quivered.

"Hit 's sich er time," said she, "ez you never did see, gran'mother, in all yo' long-lifeted days befo'. The sun, it 's er-shinin', an' the wind, it 's still ez death, but the gust 's er-ragin', all the same, bitter-black ez hell. Nobody on all this here mount'n befo' — don't keer if they 's er hund'ed years ole — ever heared sich thunder ez that. Hit 's the noise o' the cannons an' the guns, granny. Hit 's the battle 'way off yonder. Did n't you hear what Rafe Downs said, when he stopped by last night an' tole me to look out this mawnin'? 'Look out for thunder an' lightnin',' sez he. The soldiers wuz comin' in the kyars yestiddy. They wuz marchin' through Big Gap. He said he seen some of 'em hisself, jest er-footin' it. They 're er-fightin' there to kill, 'way down on the Run. We-all's men is er-fightin' the Yankees. The Yankees, they come marchin' here to Virginny to rule us an' tromple us under ther feet. We-all's men 's out yonder er-fightin' 'em back."

The old woman stirred and shrank uneasily.

"Fightin'?" said she. "Fightin', Ailsey? Is they comin' up the mount'n? Don't let 'em git in the house. Don't let 'em come rippin' an' tearin' round me. I 'se ole an' I 'se skeery, Ailsey. I 've fit, myself, in my young days, when folks made me mad. I 've clawed some sassy vilyuns' eyes nigh out, in fur-back times. But I 'se most a hund'ed years ole now. Don't tell me 'bout fightin'. Whar'bouts is Nat?"

Nat was her grandson, the husband of the younger woman, Ailsey Dawson.

"Nat 's there er-fightin' too," was the exultant reply. "He 's the onliest man off'n all this mount'n that 's gone in the army. Plague on the rest of 'em! Coward, no 'count coons! Lord in heaven! if I wuz er man!" She clenched her wiry hand, drew a long breath, and went on: "All the gentlemen in Virginny is there er-fightin'. Nat 's there with the gentle-men. He went with Cap'n Westmo', two months back. Don't you reck'lect when he went, an' how he told you good-by? If he 'd hung back any, I 'd ha' *drove* him off. 'Fore God, I would! But he wuz willin' enough to go 'long with the cap'n. He 's spunky 'nough, my man is, elst he would n't be no husban' long fur Ailsey Dawson. I reck'n Mrs. Westmo', in her big fine house down here, is er-feelin' in mind this day mighty nigh the same ez me. We 're both in one boat, er-gazin' an' listenin'. Last time I wuz down to see her, sez she to me, 'Ailsey, my woman,' sez she, 'we ken feel fur one 'nother.' She 's er lady, she is, bawn an' bred, an' she sez that to me. Both our men 's there fightin' fur ther homes. If they git kilt" —

She stopped short, her face working, her hand at her throat. Grandmother Dawson chuckled and nodded. "If they git kilt, they 'll both be dead," said she, "an' that 'll be the last on 'em. Hit 's er great time, gal; hit 's er great uncommon day. 'Pears to me, Ailsey, like you oughter be drest up in yo' Sunday clo'es."

Ailsey looked down at her bare feet, her faded purple calico gown, as if suddenly struck by a new idea. In her rapt, tense mood she had not once thought of the usual Sunday smartening. A few moments she stood thus, then flew to the door and called: —

"You Malviny Jane! You Tawm! You Billzy! Come here this blessid minute! Come here to me!"

Three little brown-headed, freckle-faced youngsters, all under ten years old, came scurrying up from the shade of a cherry-tree, eyes big with wonder and mouths agape. Their mother gave each a shake, though more in excitement than anger. "You little no 'count, ornary varments!" she cried, "here you is er-playin' an' talkin' like 't wuz any common day, an' drest like raggy-muffins, an' yo' daddy out yonder, 'fore yo' eyes, er-fightin' fur his country! Don't you hear them guns er-boomin'? I say, don't you hear them guns? Ev'ry low they gives there 's men shot down. Put on yo' Sunday clo'es, ev'ry best rag to yo' back, an' set down an' study 'bout this time. Hit 's er day you 'll rimmember long ez you live. Hit 's er day to take pride in. None o' the Dawsons that ever I heared of, not even them Injun-fighters what granny 's always talkin' 'bout, ever come a-nigh doin' what yo' father 's up to now."

With sundry jerks, pats, and cuffs, with now and then a squeak on the part of Malvina Jane, Bill, or Tom, when a hair was twitched out or a bit of skin pinched between button and buttonhole, the three were at last arrayed and seated in a row on a bench out-of-doors; their tempers roughened, their hair plastered smooth, their feet aching in shoes and stockings, their minds now fully awake to the tremendous unusualness of the situation. Then Ailsey Dawson stopped, hesitating, before beginning her own

toilet. A new calico frock was hanging in the closet under the stair which served for her wardrobe. In a chest in the loft overhead was another frock, folded carefully away, reserved as sacred to highest holiday occasions. Surely for this day of days nothing was too good. With eager steps she presently ascended the steep, crooked stair.

The dress was of scarlet merino, a present from that Mrs. Captain Westmore who was to Ailsey Dawson sole representative of ladyhood, culture, religion, and womanly dignity. The friendship between these two had begun several years before with a basket of wild strawberries offered for sale by the mountain woman, with impulsive kindness and interest on one side, and fast-deepening worship on the other. It added nothing to Ailsey's already slight popularity among her jealous, shiftless neighbors. Neither her sharp tongue nor her restless aspirations were at all to their minds. The fact of her being the last remaining member of one of those families aforementioned who had "come down" to be mountain dwellers was reckoned against her. Then rumors were indignantly spread of her desire to have Malvina Jane, Tom, and Bill taught to read, and it was whispered that she actually cherished notions of some day moving down to more level ground. Her urging of Nat Dawson into Captain Westmore's company was taken as a scornful reflection upon their own indifference to war and warlike matters. As for the scarlet merino frock, they regarded that with special resentment. Was it not flaunted in their faces as a badge of superior favor with lowland gentry? And what possible allusion to "seckin'-hand duds," "big-bugs' off-castin'," or the like was ever spared the wearer? That frock meant a great deal to Ailsey Dawson, — meant nothing less than the triumph and pride of her life. Certainly, when she came down the stair, out into the sunshine, a few minutes later, arrayed therein, no color could have appeared better suited to her peculiar personality.

Hour after hour groaned on the death-chorus of that bloody harvest field; hour after hour went up the smoke of the battle. Those salient puffs were lost, after a while, in one dusky, ominous cloud. The heat thickened. The firing now slackened fitfully, then broke out again into quick clamorous rage. The sun climbed to his zenith and began slanting toward the mountain's top, changed from the yellow glare of morning to a sullen lowering red, as if he had looked displeasedly on ugly sights that day. The windless calm of afternoon grew more and more sultry and oppressive. Weariness began to dog the heels of overstrained intensity. It was an hour when even victorious right itself, even hate exultant, might flag and fail.

Had it been a week day, Ailsey Dawson would have gone violently to work in her garden or corn patch, to the wash-tub or the wood pile. But the mountain folk keep Sunday, in their own way, idling, exchanging visits, strolling about the woods. Such a vent for the tumult within her would not have suggested itself, even if she had not had on her best frock. In and out of doors, up and down the hill, hither and yon about the open field, she eagerly paced, while the three children, awe-stricken, mute as mice, watched her from the shade or crept timidly behind. At noon she gave them a lunch of cold corn bread and milk, and also prepared food for the old woman. Granny Dawson's appetite was excellent. She had become used to the far-off sounds, seemed to feel no more fear or curiosity, and after dinner fell fast asleep. Ailsey neither ate nor dozed. Once she went down on her knees, looking with burning eyes wide open straight before her, but presently, after a shake of the head, got up without a word. She had never been taught

to pray. If supplication stirred her heart, it found no familiar outlet in speech. Several times she thought of going somewhere to seek news, — down the mountain, to the next house; but she could not bear to lose, even for a short while, her open point of view. Her eyes ached with persistent gazing, her temples throbbed.

It was perhaps three o'clock when she first noticed a little group of people assembled at the upper edge of the clearing, and, with Malvina Jane at her heels, she hastened to speak to them. An outcropping ledge of jagged moss-grown rocks just there supplemented the stone fence in places, overhung by branches of crowding outside trees, and in the shade, seated comfortably upon this barrier, or lounging against it, were about a dozen mountaineers, one of those Sunday parties wont to roam the woods. There were two or three old women, bent, snaggle-toothed crones; two or three old men, more wiry, more alert, than the women, but all sharing in common that leathery skinniness which seems always to belong to elderly "poor whites," no matter what may have been their previous youthful varieties in coloring or texture. One handsome young woman among these ancients, a pink-and-white-skinned, blue-eyed, buxom quean, served them by way of contrast. She was arrayed in sky-blue curtain calico, red glass beads, very large brass earrings, and dirty yellow ribbon. Two sheepish admirers of her own age attended her, one at either elbow. Several children in the background, sharp-visaged, sunburnt, uncannily peering, made up the group.

All were pointing eastward and talking together when Ailsey drew near, as if the ominous thrill of the time had touched somewhat even their usual stolidity in regard to outside affairs. Nevertheless, on seeing the scarlet frock and the look upon her face, they did not omit a derisive grin in greeting of both, when she paused and stood before them.

But Ailsey Dawson took no notice of this; nor did she answer their drawling "howdy."

"Have you heared anything from the battle?" she asked.

One of the old men — the wit of the mountain side he was — spoke up, with a facetious wrinkling of his lantern jaws: "Ya-as, we 's been er-hearin' rip-potes purty nigh all day."

"What?" she cried breathlessly.

"Them thar," was his answer, with a nod toward the battlefield.

There was a chuckle of laughter from the others. She gave him, all of them, one flaming look. Her hands clenched.

"An' you ken stand here, an' set here," she cried, "er-dawdlin', an' starin', an' crackin' yo' fool jokes, hearin' them sounds down yonder, an' knowin' that all the men in Virginny — all the sho' nuff men — is there, er-riskin' ther lives! What sort o' stuff 's you made out'n, I wonder? Do you wan' to be walked over by Yankees? You wan' to be no better 'n slaves, an' have free niggers set above you? Oh, you po' ornary creeters! If I wuz er man" —

The two young men looked down sulkily. The handsome girl giggled. "That 's what I tell 'em myself, Mis' Dawson," said she. "I sez, jest now" —

Old Stephen Bell, the former speaker, interrupted her. "If you wuz er man, Ailsey, gal," drawled he, with another of those facial contractions which answered for a smile, "you 'd most likely be er-layin' somewhars yonder, dead or dyin'. Sich er heap o' smoke is mighty apt to kiver some fire. With that much shootin' hit 'll be right quare if er dozen or so ain't kilt, or leastwise wownded. Onct I heared er preacher man read out'n er book, when I wuz er little shaver, 'Er live dawg is better 'n er dead lion.' Them wuz the very words, gal. I ain't never furgot 'em. 'Er live dawg.' Well, here 's one ole dawg that 's lived nigh seventy year, an' he wants to die er nachal death an' have er grave to hisself. Did

ary man jack of us on this here mount'n holp to kick up this here scrimmige? Blamed if I knows anything 'bout Yanks or Rebs, Union or Secesh, an' blamed if I keer, nuther! Let them gran' lion gentle-men what 's done all the roarin', — Cap'n Westmo' an' sich, — let 'em fight it out, tooth an' nail, 'thout callin' on dawgs to holp 'em. Jeff Davis, he 'll have to do the best he kin 'thout me. Hit 'll be er maky-shift, but I reck'n he 'll worry erlong. An' if Gin'ral Bewregyard p'intedly wants my advice 'bout his little plans, jest let him ride up here arter it. Some o' them fellers that marched so spry through Big Gap yestiddy evenin', they 'll skeercely walk back, I reck'n. Ez fur us bein' trompled on, I don't reck'n anybody 'll take the trouble to climb up here to do it. We all 's purty safe out o' the way, 'pears like. Now, that 's my rip-pinion."

The oldest-looking of the old women here put in her pipe.

"I 've heared er thing or two in my time," said she, "'bout purty nigh ev'rything. Battles, they ain't no frolickin', sho' 's my name 's 'Lizy Downs! My gran'f'er, he fit 'long with Gin'ral Washin'ton. Many 's the time I 'se heared him tell 'bout it. Lord! I rim-member. The wust o' layin' wownded, he said, wuz the thirst. Ez the blood runs out, the ragin' thirst, hit ketches 'em. The sun 's like fire to-day. I lay thar 's er-many down thar this blessid time with tongues out, black, er-hollerin'. T' others rides an' fights right over them that goes down. They 've jest *got* to do it, 'thout so much ez 'How 're you, dawg?' Then sometimes, when it comes to the buryin', they 'll dig one great big pit. In sich weather ez this here it can't be dug too soon, nuther. I 've heared my gran'f'er tell 'bout how once in Gin'ral Washin'ton's war" —

But that which followed we will not repeat. It was such a morsel of traditionary horror as is often dearly relished by folk like these, with the vague fascination of "fur-back times" adding interest to present possibilities. Ailsey Dawson moistened her dry lips as she listened, and once put a hand to her side. Presently she broke out again: —

"You think I hain't studied over all that er-many er night? You want to skeer me, you ole buzzards, er-gloatin' over kyarcases! You think I hain't sensed the risk? But I 'll tell you this minute, — Steve Bell, ole 'Liza, all of ye, — I 'm proud an' glad my man 's there er-fightin'. If he 's layin' dead this minute, I would n't have him 'live an' whole an' standin' here. *I* sent him off to Cap'n Westmo'. *I* made him go. When he sez to me, 'Ailsey,' sez he, 'ken you git erlong without me?' then I sez, 'I ken git erlong, Nat, an', 'fore God, I will.' That 's what he said to me, an' that wuz my rip-ply."

Her hearers looked at one another with a significant smile. "Oh, ya-as, Ailsey," said Stephen Bell, with a nod and a leer, "I reck'n you mout make er shift to git erlong 'thout Nat."

Nat Dawson was by no means looked up to as a pattern of industry or thrift among his neighbors. Ailsey herself, though always fiercely loyal to him, was well acquainted with this fact. None the less she frowned blackly, the red spots spreading in her cheeks. "My man 's ez much account" — she began, but there came an interruption. The girl, Lizzie Haws, cried out, "Mercy on us! If thar ain't Nat!"

Ailsey turned with a mighty start. It was her husband, sure enough. Every eye followed hers. A sudden expectant hush fell upon each and every one, broken only by the sound of the far-off guns, as Nat Dawson came slowly around the house, up the hill, toward them. He had gone away on foot; he returned on horseback. He had marched off gay and confident; he came back evidently in no pleasant mood. Plainly the battle was not yet over; but there was Nat Dawson, still alive, upon his native hill.

As he rode up and stopped close to the little group, a kind of forced sullen bravado mingled curiously in his countenance with hang-dog shame, with apprehension of somewhat or somebody. He was a good-looking man, so far as general outlines go, but with smallish light blue eyes, a little too shallow and shifty, and a pinched low forehead. His usual sunburn seemed to have somehow faded into a sickly yellow paleness, and there were marks of both suffering and exhaustion about him, which under other circumstances would have met with naught but pity, kindness, comfort, from Ailsey. Now she hardly noticed them. His soldier's cap hung with a battered droop over his eyes. The hands that clutched the bridle were grimy with dust and powder-smoke, and smeared as with blood. Over his shoulders and body, his head thrust through the slit in its middle, hung a square of shining black oilcloth, — a shield against rain, grotesquely unsuited to cloudless midsummer weather. The horse that he rode was a fine black animal, very handsomely saddled and bridled, though looking sadly spent and coated thick with dust. And through all the dust and sweat-stain there showed adown his side, just in front of the rider's knee, an ugly reddish streak.

It is probable that Ailsey Dawson at once guessed the truth, for strong emotion is often a wonderful intuitive quickener of understanding. By the lightning flash of feeling on life's way we see the cold gray milestone, fact. We doubt if such a realization, such a swift fall of pride in the dust, could have held more pain and shame for the highest-born lady in the land than for this woman. She stood stock-still, erect, her hands hanging at her sides. All the others were looking at her; she looked only at her husband. The red died out of her face, leaving it as gray as ashes. The light in her eyes seemed to contract and sharpen into two glittering points. Her lips thinned and straightened pitilessly. Short and hard came her question: —

"What 's you er-doin' here?"

The man's face grew more sulky, more defiant, at her tone, its suggestion of piteous appeal withdrawing as behind a mask. Rallying hardihood steadied his voice, his wavering glance. "That's mo' my own biz'ness 'an anybody else's," said he.

An audible chuckle from old Stephen Bell greeted this answer. Ailsey Dawson felt that her neighbors were enjoying the situation immensely; and this did not soften her mood.

"You 've come away from the battle," she said, speaking a little lower than usual, yet with harsh, vibrant distinctness. "You 've rode up here, safe an' sound, without even waitin' to see how it turned out. You 've come away an' left them others, our men, there er-fightin'."

"Fightin'!" was the sullen reply. "Fightin'! Blamed if I keer how long they fights or how it turns out, nuther! I 've seed too much fightin' this day. I seed men shot down like dawgs. I seed Cap'n Westmo' kilt dead in his tracks jest afront o' me. It made me dawg-sick. I fit with the rest on 'em till he went down; then I put out, first chance. I 'll fight with my fists or er hick'ry stick long ez anybody, but blame me if I kin stand any sich devil's doin's ez that!"

"Cap'n Westmo'!" came in chorus from the listening mountaineers. "Cap'n Westmo' kilt! Lord A'mighty!"

Ailsey Dawson shuddered, her face a shade grayer. She was thinking of the captain's lady. But she went on no whit less mercilessly, without once looking round: —

"Cap'n Westmo' wuz er brave gentleman, an' no po' white mountain coon. I wish to God you 'd been kilt, too, 'fore you ever started back here. You 're er coward, Nat Dawson. I never thought befo' that you wuz nothin' but er mean sneakin' coward. You runned away

from the fight, — it must ha' been hours ago. You *runned* away!"

"I did n't run. I rode," said Nat Dawson defiantly; yet still, being human, he winced.

"Where did you git that hawse?" asked his wife.

"Thar 's plenty hawses nickerin' round yonder 'thout anybody on 'em," was the answer. "I ketched this feller in the bushes, — little way this side the Run. I 'lowed 't wuz easier to come home ridin' 'an to drag in dust knee-deep."

"I s'pose you stole that thing you 've got round you off some dead person or wownded," was Ailsey's next bitter taunt.

"'T wuz tied on behind the saddle," he muttered, and added something about "keepin' off some o' the heat." Then for several moments this pair were silent, eying each other. The man's countenance fell and quivered a little. Once or twice he half opened his lips, as if to tell something more, add some softening revelation or appeal. It would probably have been in vain just then. The humiliation he had brought upon poor Ailsey was too fresh, too unspeakably bitter. Still he said nothing. Little Malvina Jane began to whimper, "Daddy! Mammy!" catching her mother's skirt, who took no notice. Old Stephen whistled softly under his breath. The women whispered together.

At last Ailsey Dawson spoke, her voice nowise relenting.

"Will you go straight back there and help 'em out?" said she. "Will you go back an' fight, if they 's still at it when you git there, or help with the dead an' dyin'? Will you show yo'self that much er man?"

"Well, s'pose I do go," said her husband, with a lowering frown, "an' s'pose I never come back ergin. How 'll that suit ye?"

She broke out shrilly upon him in her rage. "I don't keer er finger's snappin' if you *never* come back," she cried, "jest so you go 'long! If you does n't choose to go back yonder, go out o' my sight, anyhow. One thing I tell you: I 'll never touch you any mo', or look at or speak to you, or let the child'en speak to you, if you don't show some braveness to make up for this. Did n't you know me better 'an to come back-creepin' here this-er-way? I 'd ruther see you layin' dead, honor'ble, at my feet, this blessid minute, 'an to know you wuz er sneak. You ken go where you chooses."

"I 'm er-goin'," said Nat Dawson.

Without another word he turned the horse's head around, stiffly, slowly, and rode off by the way he had come. He gave one long look, as he went, at the cabin, the garden, the spring lower down under a tall chestnut-tree, where Bill and Tom were splashing in the cool water, unconscious of "daddy's" being anywhere near. He had not seen the familiar spot, or the little ones, or his old grandmother indoors for more than a month. A lazy, merry creature was he, by natural turn; fond of children, kind to old people, soft-hearted, affectionate. The garish glamour of war, the uniforms, the music, the marching, which had tickled his childish, ignorant fancy at first, had now quite faded away, and he was going back to its hideous reality. That parting look must have caused a cruel pang; but whatever yearning or foreboding poor Nat may have felt, he kept on, past the house, through the bar-gap, into the woods again, out of sight. Old Stephen screeched after him: "Hain't ye got no news to tell? Come an' go home with me, if you wanter, boy!" But he did not pause or answer.

Various comments were flung at Ailsey, as she stood, statue-like, watching his retreat. Out of what a feast had her fierce promptness cheated their eager and very natural curiosity! It was too much. "Purty way fur er woman to treat her husban'!" said old Eliza Downs. The young men swore they would never be so walked over by any woman alive. Lizzie Haws remarked:

"He looks powerful bad. Don't 'pear to me like he 'd hold out to git thar. 'Pears to me mighty like that wuz blood had runned down his leg onto the hawse. Mebbe he 's been hurted. I think I 'd ha' give him er drink o' water, anyhow, if he wuz my man, even if he had n't showed hisself the bravest one goin'. Some folks has got mo' pride 'an they has feelin', that 's all."

However, Ailsey deigned neither word nor look in reply to all this, as, with head still high and step steady, she took Malvina Jane by the hand and walked down the slope into her cabin.

The firing had died away soon after Nat's departure. The battle was ended, one way or another. Old Stephen and his company had saunteringly withdrawn into the upper woods, behind which, presently, the sun also disappeared, glimmering backward for a while blood-red through dusky treetops. There were various evening tasks to be done. Ailsey made haste. Her cow was milked; her pigs and chickens were fed. Granny Dawson and the children sat eating their supper together. Once the old woman burst out with a shrill, sudden question, — "Whar 's my Natty boy? Whar 's Nat?" But when her granddaughter answered huskily, "Ne' mind, ole lady. Eat yo' supper, an' don't study 'bout him," she seemed well enough satisfied. With a promise to return before very long, or send word why she did not come if anything should keep her, Ailsey took off her shoes, for freer and swifter walking, and started on her way down the mountain.

The poor soul would not acknowledge to herself that she was following her husband, but the underlying impulse to do so was probably one of many which urged and drew her steps away. She must go down to the open highway to see and to hear something; to feel the pulse of lowland excitement from whose throbbing the mountain top stood so aloof in sympathy. Maybe she would see Mrs. Westmore, though that idea now gave nothing but added pain. Perhaps she might tramp on clear to the battlefield. She was still bitter against Nat Dawson, but many softening memories began to mingle with that feeling and tug painfully at her heartstrings. Darting thoughts would persist in coming to her of the time when they had picked huckleberries together, or climbed chestnut-trees, or snared rabbits; also of later days of courtship. Nat had been the best looking young man on the whole mountain, Ailsey by no means the prettiest girl; but how loyal to her he had been! How much pains he had taken to get a real gold ring and a marriage license, and, at her desire, considered so unreasonable by most of their neighbors, to find a real, "sure enough" preacher to marry them! How good-natured and generally manageable she had always found him! Her tears fell fast, big, scalding, bitter; life-drops of wounded love and pride. She almost wished she had never heard of this cruel war, of fighting for the country.

A singular hush now brooded over the evening. The listening suspense of noontide seemed deepened, intensified, amid absolute silence, to a breathless, yearning anguish. Who had lost or won, who was alive or dead, who exulting in victory or moaning in mortal pain, — how many pale lips were then fearfully questioning! Even the usual sunset stir and freshening of nature seemed lacking. As Ailsey went down the steep, rough, winding path, under the motionless trees, the crackling of a dry twig, the slipping of a stone, sounded strangely loud and, as it were, irreverent. On either hand, the huckleberry and blackberry bushes, purpling with ripe fruit, brushed against her skirts. The wild dittany, the pennyroyal, wood fern, and short, sparse mountain grass, in mingled patches underfoot, sent up a subtle sunburnt odor. The woman

remembered it all, could "sense" it all over again, for many a long day afterward.

At the foot of this mountain ridge the skirting woodland straggled away irregularly into open parklike reaches, or thickets, edging outer wastes of broomsedge. The footpath, after falling from its first steepness, widened presently into a cart road leading straight eastward. The gray snake fence which bounded it was half hidden by sumach, green bramble, and poison oak. Outside, a few tall trees rose here and there above the undergrowth. Though the time was now verging on twilight, all objects before and around were still plainly visible.

She had gone some distance along this way when she saw a horse grazing in the fence-corner, not far ahead of her; the same horse, as she knew at a glance, that Nat had ridden that day. The saddle was still upon him, the bridle rein trailing from his head in the grass. Just beyond ran a little shallow stream slantingly across the road, and close by this stream, with one foot limply hanging over the water, lay Nat Dawson.

He was lying in a huddled, helpless attitude, on one side, evidently just as he had fallen, the black oilcloth in a crumple around him, his cap crushed beneath his head. One hand was starkly outstretched in the roadside greenery. His eyes were closed and sunken. His face was very white, rather placid than painful, yet exceedingly piteous to behold.

The horse lifted his head when Ailsey swiftly passed him, and glanced at her with mild, weary eyes. The man neither looked nor stirred. Her eyes and her lips were dry as she stopped and stood there gazing down. She had loved Nat Dawson truly, in her own way. It was not an amiable or demonstrative way, being the outcome of her general nature, a repressed, stubborn passionateness. Yet true wife and loving had Ailsey been till the afternoon of that day. Now death seemed stamped upon the face before her. Some remnant of her recent fierce contempt, some dawning of remorseful awe, mingled with a natural shrinking from the worst, made it very hard for her to touch him then. Nevertheless, at last, with a mighty effort she ventured. Brow and lips and hand were ominously cold and stiff. Pulse there was none. Then an idea flashed across her brain. She lifted the crumpled oilcloth, and saw what it had hidden. There was a gunshot wound in the man's left shoulder. A slight one it must have been, when he himself had bandaged it, and rode more than ten miles afterward that day. The neighborhood doctor and surgeon explained, later on, exactly how that fall from the horse had been fatal in this case. It was probably in a sudden faint, brought on by loss of blood and weariness, that the accident happened. The shock which tore open and deepened the wound had lacerated an artery (the doctor said) barely missed in its first infliction. Nat Dawson lay and bled to death in the shadow of that mountain refuge which he had vainly sought. He must have been dead several hours when his wife thus found him.

When Ailsey Dawson laid down the cloth and carefully straightened it, some moments later, while she took off her apron and covered the still face, there was a strangely uplifted look upon her own. Each feature shone with an almost transfiguring light. Her love was saved, after all; pride was wrung from anguish. From her new-gained point of view, Nat had "made up" for all temporary wavering or cowardice. He was justified, accepted, glorified. He was one of the heroes, the "gentle-men," who had fought and fallen that day.

Bethinking herself, with calm clearness, that she must have help to carry him home, she hitched the horse to the fence, and then set off, walking quickly

down the road. About a half mile beyond, well out of the woodland, stood a cross-roads tavern. It was a popular place of neighborhood resort. Even on Sunday — certainly on such a Sunday as this — she would find somebody there. Her step was steadier than when she came down the mountain side. Weariness had fled. Only her breath came a little sharp and hard.

On coming in sight of her destination, she beheld several persons sitting or standing upon the long whitewashed porch of the building. It was a sleepy-looking place, where several big oak-trees already made dusk of twilight in the background; but the white porch and those there assembled stood out distinctly. There were three or four old men, some children, one woman (the storekeeper's wife) with a baby in her arms, and one middle-aged man, an invalid. Ailsey knew them all by sight and name. Nobody was looking her way. Every eye seemed bent on the opposite road. She could see each eager face in profile, strained forward as if listening, yearning, toward some approaching sound; and suddenly she stopped, a little way off, to listen, too.

It was the sound of a horse's feet trotting rapidly, evenly, tramp, tramp, tramp, up the dusty highway; and very soon horse and rider came into view around a slight bend that had hidden them. Ailsey recognized a young man of those parts, a hunchback and lame, who but for these defects would have been with most of his male contemporaries in the Southern army. His little body was drawn up as straight in the saddle as Nature's heavy hand would allow. His pinched, delicate face was white with fatigue and excitement; his eyes blazed. Seeing the group of watchers he snatched off his hat and waved it again and again, at arm's length, as he came on. Then his cry broke out, sharp and tense as a woman's: —

"Victory! Victory! They 're beat! We 've whipped 'em! They 're gone back a-running to Washington, the last one that could clip it! 'Rah for Secesh and Virginia! Virginia! Virginia! Virginia!"

The woman on the porch shrilled out, "Glory to God!" clasped her child closer to her breast, and burst into tears. The children began to dance and clap hands instinctively in time to this triumph song. The men ran down into the roadway. They shouted, they sobbed, they wrung one another's hands; they crowded round the messenger with questions and exclamations; they patted the dusty, sweat-stained beast that brought him and his good news so soon.

Honor where honor is due, — to the loyal native spirit that thus spoke forth its joy when invasion was driven back. Call them rebels, traitors, who will, — these honestly believed that their sons and brothers had fought, were fighting, for the right. Let no generous, unprejudiced soul in any part of our land, North, South, East, or West, grudge them that hour.

This outburst had subsided into somewhat connected though eager talk when Ailsey Dawson came forward and spoke. The men stared at her, surprised. It was a striking figure before them, so tensely erect, the blood-red dress vividly catching tone and meaning from that white sharp face, those tragical eyes. "Gentle-men," said she; then her voice broke a little, but she mastered it and proceeded, — "gentle-men, my man, Nat Dawson, is er-layin' in the road back yonder. He wuz in the battle this mornin'. He got hurted an' come home" —

"Could n't ha' been much hurt, then," interrupted one of the old men grimly; muttering half under his breath, "Like one o' these mountain tacks."

The woman went on: "I did n't know he wuz hurted when he come. He never tole me. I wuz mad with him about comin'. I talked sharp to

him, an' said if he did n't go back an' fight I 'd never look at him or speak to him ergin. I never even give him er drink o' water. He started back, gentlemen. I make sho' he wuz goin' straight back, but he fell off'n his hawse, — the hawse he wuz ridin', — an' bled to death. I found him jest now. He 's er-layin' there dead. He fought with the rest of 'em at first this mornin', an' he 's made up now for runnin' away. He 's died for Virginny ez well ez Cap'n Westmo' an' them others you 's talkin' 'bout. I want somebody to come help me tote him home."

Not long after this Ailsey Dawson left the mountain, and became a favored tenant on Mrs. Westmore's estate. The husband of one of these women had met death bravely, — a gallant gentleman leading his company in fight. The other had been overtaken while ignominiously shirking a duty only half understood.

Neither nature nor training nor any traditionary incitement had fitted Nat Dawson for the heroism that poor Ailsey would fain have thrust upon him. Still, between her and the lady there existed that "tie of blood" which then drew all classes together in the beleaguered South. In the sad and perilous times which followed they were much help to each other, and they have continued stanch friends to this day.

A. M. Ewell.

A JOURNEY ON THE VOLGA.

We had seen the Russian haying on the estate of Count Tolstóy. We were to be initiated into the remaining processes of the agricultural season in that famous "black-earth zone" which has been the granary of Europe from time immemorial, but which is also, alas, periodically the seat of dire famine.

It was July when we reached Nízhni Nóvgorod, on our way to an estate on the Volga, in this "black-earth" grainfield, vast as the whole of France; but the flag of opening would not be run up for some time to come. The Fair quarter of the town was still in its state of ten months' hibernation, under padlock and key, and the normal town, effective as it was, with its white Kremlin crowning the turfed and terraced heights, possessed few charms to detain us. We embarked for Kazán.

If Kazán is an article in the creed of all Russians, whether they have ever seen it or not, Mátushka Vólga (dear Mother Volga) is a complete system of faith. Certainly her services in building up and binding together the empire merit it, though the section thus usually referred to comprises only the stretch between Nízhni Nóvgorod and Ástrachan, despite its historical and commercial importance above the former town.

But Kazán! A stay there of a day and a half served to dispel our illusions. We were deceived in our expectations as to the once mighty capital of the imperial Tatár khans. The recommendations of our Russian friends, the glamour of history which had bewitched us, the hope of the Western for something Oriental, — all these elements had combined to raise our expectations in a way against which our sober senses and previous experience should have warned us. It seemed to us merely a flourishing and animated Russian provincial town, whose Kremlin was eclipsed by that of Moscow, and whose university had instructed, but not graduated, Count Tolstóy, the novelist. The bazaar under arcades,

the popular market in the open square, the public garden, the shops, — all were but a repetition of similar features in other towns, somewhat magnified to the proportions befitting the dignity of the home port of the Urál Mountains and Siberia.

The Tatár quarter alone seemed to possess the requisite mystery and "local color." Here whole streets of tiny shops, ablaze with rainbow-hued leather goods, were presided over by taciturn, olive-skinned brothers of the Turks, who appeared almost handsome when seen thus in masses, with opportunities for comparison. Hitherto we had thought of the Tatárs only as the old-clothes dealers, peddlers, horse-butchers, and waiters of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Here the dignity of the prosperous merchants, gravely recommending their really well-dressed, well-sewed leather wares, bespoke our admiration.

The Tatár women, less easily seen, glided along the uneven pavements now and then, smoothly, but still in a manner to permit a glimpse of short, square feet encased in boots flowered with gay hues upon a green or rose-colored ground, and reaching to the knee. They might have been houris of beauty, but it was difficult to classify them, veiled as they were, and screened as to head and shoulders by striped green kaftáns of silk, whose long sleeves depended from the region of their ears, and whose collar rested on the brow. What we could discern was that their black eyes wandered like the eyes of unveiled women, and that they were coquettishly conscious of our glances, though we were of their own sex.

We found nothing especially striking among the churches, unless one might reckon the Tatár mosques in the list; and, casting a last glance at Sumbeka's curious and graceful tower, we hired a cabman to take us to the river, seven versts away.

We turned our backs upon Kazán without regret, in the fervid heat of that midsummer morning. We did not shake its dust from our feet. When dust is ankle-deep that is not very feasible. It rose in clouds, as we met the long lines of Tatár carters, transporting flour and other merchandise to and from the wharves across the "dam" which connects the town, in summer low water, with Mother Volga. In spring floods Mátushka Vólga threatens to wash away the very walls of the Kremlin, and our present path is under water.

Fate had favored us with a clever cabman. His shaggy little horse was as dusty in hue as his own coat, — a most unusual color for coat of either Russian horse or *izvóstchik*. The man's *armyák* was bursting at every seam, not with plenty, but, since extremes meet, with hard times, which are the chronic complaint of Kazán, so he affirmed. He was gentle and sympathetic, like most Russian cabmen, and he beguiled our long drive with shrewd comments on the Russian and Tatár inhabitants and their respective qualities.

"The Tatárs are good people," he said; "very clean, — cleaner than Russians; very quiet and peaceable citizens. There was a time when they were not quiet. That was ten years ago, during the war with Turkey. They were disturbed. The Russians said that it was a holy war; the Tatárs said so, too, and wished to fight for their brethren of the Moslem faith. But the governor was not a man to take fright at that. He summoned the chief men among them before him. 'See here,' says he. 'With me you can be peaceable with better conscience. If you permit your people to be turbulent, I will pave the dam with the heads of Tatárs. The dam is long. Allah is my witness. Enough. Go!' And it came to nothing, of course. No; it was only a threat, though they knew that he was a strong man in rule. Why should he wish to do that, really, even if they were not Orthodox? A

man is born with his religion as with his skin. The Orthodox live at peace with the Tatárs. And the Tatárs are superior to the Russians in this, also, that they all stick by each other; whereas a Russian, *Hóspodi pomílui!* [Lord have mercy] thinks of himself alone, which is a disadvantage," said my humble philosopher.

We found that we had underrated the powers of our man's little horse, and had arrived at the river an hour and a half before the steamer was appointed to sail. It should be there lading, however, and we decided to go directly on board and wait in comfort. We gave patient Vánka liberal "tea money." Hard times were, evidently, no fiction so far as he was concerned, and we asked if he meant to spend it on *vódka*, which elicited fervent asseverations of teetotalism, as he thrust his buckskin pouch into his breast.

Descending in the deep dust, with a sense of gratitude that it was not mixed with rain, we ran the gauntlet of the assorted peddlers stationed on both sides of the long descent with stocks of food, soap, white felt boots, gay sashes, coarse leather slippers too large for human wear, and other goods, and reached the covered wharf. The steamer was not there, but we took it calmly, and asked no questions — for a space.

We whiled away the time by chaffering with the persistent Tatár venders for things which we did not want, and came into amazed possession of some of them. This was a tribute to our powers of bargaining which had rarely been paid even when we had been in earnest. We contrived to avoid the bars of yellow "egg soap" by inquiring for one of the marvels of Kazán, — soap made from mare's milk. An amused apothecary had already assured us that it was a product of the too fertile brain of Baedeker, not of the local soap factories. May Baedeker himself, some day, reap a similar harvest of mirth and astonishment from the sedate Tatárs, who can put mare's milk to much better use as a beverage!

In the hope of obtaining a conversation-lesson in Tatár, we bought a Russo-Tatár grammar, warranted to deliver over all the secrets of that gracefully curved language in the usual scant array of pages. But the peddler immediately professed as profound ignorance of Tatár as he had of Russian a few moments before, when requested to abate his exorbitant demands for the pamphlet.

By the time we had exhausted these resources one o'clock had arrived. The steamer had not. The office clerk replied to all inquiries with the languid national "*seitchás*," which the dictionary defines as meaning "immediately," but which experience proves to signify, "Be easy; any time this side of eternity, — if perfectly convenient!" Under the pressure of increasingly vivacious attacks, prompted by hunger, he finally condescended to explain that the big mail steamer, finding too little water in the channel, had "sat down on a sandbank," and that two other steamers were trying to pull her off. "She might be along at three o'clock, or later, — or some time." It began to be apparent to us why the success of the Fair depends, in great measure, on the amount of water in the river.

Our first meal of bread and tea had been eaten at seven o'clock, and we had counted upon breakfasting on the steamer, where some of the best public cooking in the country, especially in the matter of fish, is to be found. It was now two o'clock. The town was distant. The memory of the ducks, the size of a plover, and other things in proportion, in which our strenuous efforts had there resulted, did not tempt us to return. Russians have a way of slaying chickens and other poultry almost in the shell, to serve as game.

Accordingly we organized a search expedition among the peddlers, and in

the colony of rainbow-hued shops planted in a long street across the heads of the wharves, and filled chiefly with Tatárs and coarse Tatár wares. For the equivalent of seventeen cents we secured a quart of rich cream, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a couple of pounds of fine raspberries, and a large fresh wheaten roll. These we ate in courses, as we perched on soap-boxes and other unconventional seats, surrounded by smoked fish, casks of salted cucumbers, festoons of dried mushrooms, "cartwheels" of sour black bread, and other favorite edibles, in the open-fronted booths. A delicious banquet it was, — one of those which recur to the memory unbidden when more elaborate meals have been forgotten.

Returning to the wharf with a fresh stock of patience, we watched the river traffic and steamers of rival lines, which had avoided sand-banks, as they took in their fuel supplies of refuse petroleum from the scows anchored in mid-stream, and proceeded on their voyage to Ástrachan. Some wheelbarrow steamers, bearing familiar names, the Niagara and the like, pirouetted about in awkward and apparently aimless fashion.

Passengers who seemed to be better informed than we as to the ways of steamers began to make their appearance. A handsome officer deposited his red-cotton-covered traveling-pillow and luggage on the dock and strolled off, certain that no one would unlock his trunk or make way with his goods. The trunk, not unusual in style, consisted of a red-and-white tea-cloth, whose knotted corners did not wholly repress the exuberance of linen and other effects through the bulging edges.

A young Tatár, endowed with india-rubber capabilities in the way of attitudes, and with a volubility surely unrivaled in all taciturn Kazán, chatted interminably with a young Russian woman, evidently the wife of a petty shopkeeper. They bore the intense heat with equal equanimity, but their equanimity was clad in oddly contrasting attire. The woman looked cool and indifferent buttoned up in a long wadded pelisse, with a hot cotton kerchief tied close over ears, under chin, and tucked in at the neck. The Tatár squatted on his haunches, folded in three nearly equal parts. A spirally ribbed flat fez of dark blue velvet, topped with a black silk tassel, adorned his cleanly shaven head. His shirt, of the coarsest linen, was artistically embroidered in black, yellow, and red silks and green linen thread in Turanian designs, and ornamented with stripes and diamonds of scarlet cotton bestowed unevenly in unexpected places. It lay open on his dusky breast, and fell unconfined over full trousers of home-made dark blue linen striped with red, like the gussets under the arms of his white shirt. The trousers were tucked into high boots, slightly wrinkled at the instep, with an inset of pebbled horsehide, frosted-green in hue, at the heels. This green leather was a part of their religion, the Tatárs told me, but what part they would not reveal. As the soles were soft, like socks, he wore over his boots a pair of stiff leather slippers, which could be easily discarded on entering the mosque, in compliance with the Moslem law requiring the removal of foot-gear.

Several peasants stood about silently, patiently, wrapped in their sheepskin coats. Apparently they found this easier than carrying them, and they were ready to encounter the chill night air in the open wooden bunks of the third-class, or on the floor of the fourth-class cabin. The soiled yellow leather was hooked close across their breasts, as in winter. An occasional movement displayed the woolly interior of the *tulúp's* short, full ballet skirt attached to the tight-fitting body. The peasants who thus tranquilly endured the heat of fur on a midsummer noon would, did circumstances require it, bear the piercing cold of winter

with equal calmness clad in cotton shirts, or freeze to death on sentry duty without a murmur. They were probably on their way to find work during the harvest and earn a few kopéks, and very likely would return to their struggling families as poor as they went. As we watched this imperturbable crowd, we became infected with their spirit of unconcern, and entered into sympathy with the national seitchás, — a case of atmospheric influences.

At last the steamer arrived, none the worse for its encounter with the bar. Usually the mail steamers halt three hours — half-merchandise steamers four hours — at Kazán and other important towns on the Volga, affording hasty travelers an opportunity to make a swift survey in a drosky; but on this occasion one hour was made to suffice, and at last we were really off on our way to the estate down the river where we were to pay our long-promised visit.

We were still at a reach of the river where the big steamer might sit down on another reef, and the men were kept on guard at the bow, with hardly an intermission, gauging the depth of the water with their striped poles, to guide the helmsman by their monotonous calls: "*Vósim!*" "*Schest-s-polovinó-ó-ósiu!*" "*Sim!*" (Eight! Six and a half! Seven!) They had a little peculiarity of pronunciation which was very pleasing. And we soon discovered that into shallower water than five and a half quarters we might not venture.

The river was extremely animated above the mouth of the Kama, the great waterway from the mines and forests of the Urál and Siberia. Now and then, the men on a float heavily laden with iron bars, which was being towed to the Fair at Nízhni Nóvgorod, would shout a request that we would slacken speed, lest they be swamped with our swell. Huge rafts of fine timber were abundant, many with small chapel-like structures on them, which were not chapels, however. Cattle steamers passed, the unconfined beasts staring placidly over the low guards of the three decks, and uttering no sound. We had already learned that the animals are as quiet as the people, in Russia, the Great Silent Land. Very brief were our halts at the small landings. The villagers, who had come down with baskets of fresh rolls and berries and bottles of cream, to supply hungry passengers whose means or inclination prevented their eating the steamer food, had but scant opportunity to dispose of their perishable wares.

As the evening breeze freshened, the perfume of the hayfields was wafted from the distant shores in almost overpowering force. The high right bank, called the Hills, and the low left shore, known as the Forests, sank into half-transparent vagueness, which veiled the gray log-built villages with their tiny windows, and threw into relief against the evening sky only the green roofs and blue domes of the churches, surmounted by golden crosses, which gleamed last of all in the vanishing rays of sunset. A boatload of peasants rowing close in shore; a red-shirted solitary figure straying along the water's edge; tiny sea-gulls darting and dipping in the waves around the steamer; a vista up some wide-mouthed affluent; and a great peaceful stillness brooding over all, — such were the happenings, too small for incidents, which accorded perfectly with the character of the Volga. For the Volga cannot be compared with the Rhine or the Hudson in castles or scenery. It has, instead, a grand, placid charm of its own, imperial, indefinable, and sweet. One yields to it, and subscribes to the Russian faith in the grand river.

No one seemed to know how much of the lost time would be made up. Were it spring, when Mother Volga runs from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles wide, taking the adjoining country into her broad embrace, and steamers steer a

bee-line course to their landings, the officers might have been able to say at what hour we should reach our destination. As it was, they merely reiterated the characteristic "*Ne znaem*" (We don't know), which possesses plural powers of irritation when uttered in the conventional half-drawl. Perhaps they really did not know. Owing to a recent decree in the imperial navy, officers who have served a certain number of years without having accomplished a stipulated amount of sea service are retired. Since the Russian war vessels are not many, while the Naval Academy continues to turn out a large batch of young officers every year, the opportunities for effecting the requisite sea service are limited. The officers who are retired, in consequence, seek positions on the Volga steamers, which are sometimes commanded by a rear-admiral, in the imperial uniform, which he is allowed to retain, in addition to receiving a grade. But if one chances upon them during their first season on the river, their information is not equal to their fine appearance, since Mother Volga must be studied in her caprices, and navigation is open only, on the average, between the 12th of April and the 24th of November. Useless to interrogate the old river dogs among the subordinates. The "We don't know" is even more inveterate with them, and it is reinforced with the just comment, "We are not the masters."

Knowing nothing, in the general uncertainty, except that we must land some time during the night, we were afraid to make ourselves comfortable even to the extent of unpacking sheets to cool off the velvet divans, which filled two sides of our luxurious cabin. When we unbolted the movable panels from the slatted door and front wall, to establish a draft of fresh air from the window, a counter-draft was set up of electric lights, supper clatter, cigarette smoke, and chatter, renewed at every landing with the fresh arrivals. We resolved to avoid these elegant mail steamers in the future, and patronize the half-merchandise boats of the same line, which are not much slower, and possess the advantage of staterooms opening on a corridor, not on the saloon, and are fitted with skylights, so that one can have fresh air and quiet sleep.

At four o'clock in the morning we landed. The local policeman, whose duty it is to meet steamers, gazed at us with interest. The secret of his meditations we learned later. He thought of offering us his services. "They looked like strangers, but talked Russian," he said. The combination was too much for him, and, seeing that we were progressing well in our bargain for a conveyance, he withdrew, and probably solved the riddle with the aid of the postboy.

The estate for which we were bound lay thirty-five versts distant; but fearing that we might reach it too early if we were to start at once, I ordered an equipage for six o'clock. I was under the impression that the man from the posting-house had settled it for us that we required a pair of horses, attached to whatever he thought fit, and that I had accepted his dictation. The next thing to do, evidently, was to adopt the Russian stop-gap of tea.

The wharfinger, who occupied a tiny tenement on one end of the dock, supplied us with a bubbling samovár, sugar, and china, since we were not traveling in strictly Russian style, with a fragile-nosed teapot and glasses. We got out our tea, steeped and sipped it, nibbling at a bit of bread, in that indifferent manner which one unconsciously acquires in Russia. It is only by such experience that one comes to understand the full — or rather scanty — significance of that puzzling and oft-recurring phrase in Russian novels, "drinking tea."

As we were thus occupied in one of the cells, furnished with a table and two

hard stuffed benches, to accommodate waiting passengers, our postboy thrust his head in at the door and began the subject of the carriage all over again. I repeated my orders. He said, "*Khárashó*" (Good), and disappeared. We dallied over our tea. We watched the wharfinger's boys trying to drown themselves in a cranky boat, like the young male animals of all lands; we listened to their shrill little songs; we counted the ducks, gazed at the peasants assembled on the brow of the steep hill above us, on which the town was situated, and speculated about the immediate future, until the time fixed and three quarters of an hour more had elapsed. The wharfinger's reply to my impatient questions was an unvarying apathetic "We don't know," and, spurred to action by this, I set out to find the posting-house.

It was not far away, but my repeated and vigorous knocks upon the door of the *izbá* (cottage), ornamented with the imperial eagle and the striped pole, received no response. I pushed open the big gate of the courtyard alongside, and entered. Half the court was roofed over with thatch. In the far corner, divorced wagon bodies, running-gear, and harnesses lay heaped on the earth. A horse, which was hitched to something unsubstantial among these fragments, came forward to welcome me. A short row of wagon members which had escaped divorce, and were united in wheeling order, stood along the high board fence. In one of them, a rough wooden cart, shaped somewhat like a barrel sawed in two lengthwise, pillowed on straw, but with his legs hanging down in an uncomfortable attitude, lay my faithless postboy (he was about forty years of age) fast asleep. The neighboring vehicle, which I divined to be the one intended for us, was in possession of chickens. A new-laid egg bore witness to their wakefulness and industry.

While I was engaged in an endeavor to rouse my should-be coachman, by tugging at his sleeve and pushing his boots in the most painful manner I could devise, a good-looking peasant woman made her tardy appearance at the side door of the adjoining izbá, and seemed to enjoy the situation in an impartial, impersonal way. The horse thrust his muzzle gently into his master's face and roused him for me, and, in return, was driven away.

I demanded an explanation. Extracted by bits in conversational spirals, it proved to be that he had decided that the carriage needed three horses, which he had known all along; and, chiefly, that he had desired to sleep upon a little scheme for exploiting the strangers. How long he had intended to pursue his slumberous meditations it is impossible to say.

He dragged me through all the mazes of that bargain once more. Evidently, bargaining was of even stricter etiquette than my extensive previous acquaintance had led me to suspect; and I had committed the capital mistake of not complying with this ancestral custom in the beginning. I agreed to three horses, and stipulated, on my side, that fresh straw should replace the chickens' nest, and that we should set out at once, — not seitchás, but sooner, "this very minute."

I turned to go. A fresh difficulty arose. He would not go unless I would páy for three relays. He brought out the government regulations and amendments, — all that had been issued during the century, I should think. He stood over me while I read them, and convinced myself that his "*Yay Bógu*" (God is my witness) was accurately placed. The price of relays was, in reality, fixed by law; but though overaffirmation had now aroused my suspicions, in my ignorance of the situation I could not espy the loophole of trickery in which I was to be noosed, and I agreed once more. More quibbling.

He would not stir unless he were allowed to drive the same horses the whole distance, though paid for three relays, because all the horses would be away harvesting, and so forth and so on. Goaded to assert myself in some manner, to put an end to these interminable hagglings, I asserted what I did not know.

"Prince X. never pays for these relays," I declared boldly.

"Oh, no, he does n't," replied the man, with cheerful frankness. "But you must, or I 'll not go."

That settled it; I capitulated once more.

We had omitted to telegraph to our friends, partly in order to save them the trouble of sending a carriage, partly because we were thirsting for "experiences." It began to look as though our thirst were to be quenched in some degree, since we were in this man's power as to a vehicle, and it might be true that we should not be able to obtain any other in the town, or any horses in the villages, if indeed there were any villages. Fortified by another volley of "Yay Bógu" of triumphant fervor, we survived a second wait. At last, near nine o'clock, we were able to pack ourselves and our luggage.

The body of our *tarantás*, made, for the sake of lightness, of woven elm withes, and varnished dark brown, was shaped not unlike a baby carriage. Such a wagon body costs about eight dollars in Kazán, where great numbers of them are made. It was set upon stout, unpainted running-gear, guiltless of springs, in cat's-cradle fashion. The step was a slender iron stirrup, which revolved in its ring with tantalizing ease. It was called a *pletúschka*, and the process of entering it resembled vaulting on horseback.

Our larger luggage was tied on behind with ropes, in precarious fashion. The rest we took inside and deposited at our feet. As there was no seat, we flattened ourselves out on the clean hay, and practiced Delsartean attitudes of languor. Our three horses were harnessed abreast. The reins were made in part of rope; so were the traces. Our *yamtschík* had donned his regulation coat over his red shirt, and sat unblenchingly through the heat. All preliminaries seemed to be settled at last. I breathed a sigh of relief, as we halted at the posting-house to pay our dues in advance, and I received several pounds of copper coin in change, presumably that I might pay the non-existent relays.

The *troïka* set off with spirit, and we flattered ourselves that we should not be long on the road. This being a county town, there were some stone official buildings in addition to the cathedral, of which we caught a glimpse in the distance. But our road lay through a suburb of log cabins, through a large gate in the wattled town fence, and out upon the plain.

For nearly five hours we drove through birch forests, over rolling downs, through a boundless ocean of golden rye, diversified by small patches of buckwheat, oats, millet, and wheat. But wheat thrives better in the adjoining government, and many peasants, we were told, run away from pressing work and good wages at hand to harvest where they will get white bread to eat, and return penniless.

Here and there, the small, weather-beaten image of some saint, its face often indistinguishable through stress of storms, and shielded by a rough triangular penthouse, was elevated upon a pole, indicating the spot where prayers are said for the success of the harvest. Cornflowers, larkspur, convolvulus, and many other flowers grow profusely enough among the grain to come under the head of weeds.

The transparent air allowed us vast vistas of distant blue hills and nearer green valleys, in which nestled villages under caps of thatch, encircled by red-

brown fences cleverly wattled of long boughs. In one hollow we passed through a village of the Tchuváshi, a Turkish or Finnish tribe, which was stranded all along the middle Volga in unrecorded antiquity, during some of the race migrations from the teeming plateaux of Asia. The village seemed deserted. Only a few small children and grannies had been left at home by the harvesters, and they gazed curiously at us, aroused to interest by the jingling harness with its metal disks, and the bells clanging merrily from the apex of the wooden arch which rose above the neck of our middle horse.

The grain closed in upon us. We plucked some ears as we passed, and found them ripe and well filled. The plain seemed as trackless as a forest, and our postboy suspected, from time to time, that he had lost his way among the narrow roads. A few peasant men whom we encountered at close quarters took off their hats, but without servility, and we greeted them with the customary good wishes for a plentiful harvest, "*Bog v pómozh*" (God help), or with a bow. The peasant women whom we met rarely took other notice of us than to stare, and still more rarely did they salute first. They gazed with instinctive distrust, as women of higher rank are wont to do at a stranger of their own sex.

Although the grain was planted in what seemed to be a single vast field, belonging to one estate, it was in reality the property of many different peasants, as well as of some proprietors. Each peasant had marked his plot with a cipher furrow when he ploughed, and the outlines had been preserved by the growing grain. The rich black soil of the fallow land, and strips of turf separating sections, relieved the monotony of this waving sea of gold.

The heat was intense. In our prone position, we found it extremely fatiguing to hold umbrellas. We had recourse, therefore, to the device practiced by the mountaineers of the Caucasus, who, in common with the Spaniards, believe that what will keep out cold will also keep out heat. We donned our heavy wadded pelisses. The experiment was a success. We arrived cool and tranquil, in the fierce heat, at the estate of our friends, and were greeted with fiery reproaches for not having allowed them to send one of their fifteen or twenty carriages for us. But we did not repent, since our conduct had secured for us that novel ride and a touch of our coveted "experience," in spite of the strain of our thirty hours' vigil and the jolts of the springless vehicle.

Then we discovered the exact extent of our yamtschík's trick. He had let us off on fairly easy terms, getting not quite half more than his due. By the regular route, we might really have had three relays and made better time, had we been permitted. By the short cut which our wily friend had selected, but one change was possible. This left the price of two changes to be credited to his financial ability (in addition to the tea money of gratitude, which came in at the end, all the same), and the price of the one which he would not make. And, as I was so thoughtless as not to hire him to carry away those pounds of "relay" copper, I continued to be burdened with it until I contrived to expend it on peasant manufactures. The postboy bore the reputation of being a very honest fellow, I learned, — something after the pattern of the charming cabby who drove us to Count Tolstóy's estate.

The village, like most Russian villages, was situated on a small river, in a valley. It consisted of two streets: one running parallel with the river, the other at right angles to it, on the opposite bank. The connecting bridge had several large holes in it, on the day of our arrival, which were mended, a few days later, with layers of straw and

manure mixed with earth. We continued, during the whole period of our stay, to cross the bridge, instead of going round it, as we had been advised to do with Russian bridges, by Russians, in the certainty that, if we came near drowning through its fault, it would surely furnish us with an abundance of straws to catch at.

In one corner of the settlement, a petty *bourgeois*, — there is no other word to define him, — the son of a former serf, and himself born a serf, had made a mill-pond and erected cloth-mills. His "European" clothes (long trousers, sack coat, Derby hat) suited him as ill as his wife's gaudy silk gown, and Sunday bonnet in place of the kerchief usual with the lower classes, suited her face and bearing. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but he was making over for himself a handsome house, formerly the residence of a noble. Probably the money wherewith he had set up in business had been wrung out of his fellow-peasants in the profession of a *kulák*, or "fist," as the people expressively term peasant usurers.

On the other side of the river stood the church, white-walled, green-roofed, with golden cross, like the average country church, with some weather stains, and here and there a paling missing from the fence. Near at hand was the new schoolhouse, with accommodations for the master, recently erected by our host. Beyond this began the inclosure surrounding the manor house, and including the cottages of the coachmen and the steward with their hemp and garden plots, the stables and carriage houses, the rick-yard with its steam threshing machine and driers, and a vast abandoned garden, as well as the gardens in use. The large brick mansion, with projecting wings, had its drawing-rooms at the back, where a spacious veranda opened upon a flower-bordered lawn, terminating in shady acacia walks, and a grove which screened from sight the peasant cottages on the opposite bank of the river. A hedge concealed the vegetable garden, where the village urchins were in the habit of pilfering their beloved cucumbers with perfect impunity, since a wholesome spanking, even though administered by the elder of the commune, might result in the spanker's exile to Siberia. Another instance of the manner in which the peasants are protected by the law, in their wrongs as well as their rights, may be illustrated by the case of a load of hay belonging to the owner of the estate, which, entering the village in goodly proportions, is reduced to a few petty armfuls by the time it reaches the barn, because of the handfuls snatched in passing by every man, woman, and child in the place.

No sound of the village reached us in our retreat except the choral songs of the maidens on holiday evenings. We tempted them to the lawn one night, and overcame their bashfulness by money for nuts and apples. The airs which they sang were charming, but their voices were undeniably shrill and nasal, and not always in harmony. We found them as reluctant to dance as had been the peasants at Count Tolstóy's village. Here we established ourselves for the harvest-tide.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

STUDIES IN MACBETH.

I. ONE PHASE OF MACBETH'S CHARACTER.

THERE is one person in that world which Shakespeare has made known to us whose utterances are especially marked by the fine charm of true poetry. From his lips drop pearls. At the close of many of his speeches we are compelled to stop our reading to enjoy the musical, imaginative language. Our sympathy goes out instinctively to this instinctive poet. The man to whom I refer is that bloody and ever bloodier villain, the remorseless committer of murder upon murder, Macbeth.

In the tragedy of Macbeth two streams are ever flowing, — an unforced stream of exquisite poesy, and a stream of innocent blood shed by ruthless hands; and both of them find their source, their only and sufficient cause, in the soul of Macbeth. I believe that this strange contrast will help us to interpret the character of the man.

It is clear that the strains of poetry which fall from the lips of Macbeth are entirely natural. They come from the heart. The moment that he begins to make pretenses, to play a part, to say what prudence seems to dictate rather than what he feels, he passes from poetry to rhetoric. True poetry must be genuine, impassioned; must spring from sympathy. When Macbeth depicts the appearance of the murdered Duncan, and pretends that the unexpected sight overpowered him with horror and an irresistible impulse to slay the suspected grooms, we hear these hollow phrases:

> "Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
> And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
> S[illegible] olours of their trade, their dag-
> Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
> That had a heart to love, and in that heart
> Courage to make 's love known?"
> (II. iii. 117–124.)

Later in the play, Macbeth speaks to the physician concerning the illness of Lady Macbeth. Here his words come from the heart, and he says: —

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"
> (V. iii. 40–45.)

What relation does this poetical faculty of Macbeth bear to his real character? Let us analyze his first soliloquy, and see what it teaches us (I. vii. 1–28). He trembles before the danger to himself which attends the killing of Duncan, even though he is willing to "jump the life to come." Then he dwells upon the guilt of the intended murder. He is at once the kinsman, the subject, and the host of Duncan.

> "Besides, this Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off."
> (I. vii. 16–20.)

There are eight lines more in the same strain. Surely now Macbeth will not murder Duncan! Ah, *now* he surely will. He has looked fairly and fully at the crime; but the honest impulses of his heart and the awfulness of the coming murder have been treated as *materials for poetry*, not as grounds for right decision and for instant action. The moment for a hearty, virtuous choice of the good is of set purpose given up to sentimentalizing, to poetiz-

ing. Such a moment will not return; and whenever his moral instincts shall again revolt against the crime, though less vigorously, utterance can be given them and their strength can be dissipated by the same process of poetizing.

Macbeth so revels in poetry, in æsthetic harmony, that these things are often more real to him than external dangers. At the close of the soliloquy in which he sees the dagger in the air, just before the murder of Duncan, he says: —

"Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear" —

Of what? Of detection?

— "for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

(II. i. 49–60.)

The whole situation is such an exquisite harmony of gloom, gives to the æsthetic sense of Macbeth such keen pleasure, that, even as he goes to murder Duncan, he *fears* that this harmony may be disturbed.

When Macbeth, at a later time, gives his wife an intimation of the intended murder of Banquo, he cannot deny himself the pleasure of accumulating about the coming crime a mass of poetic detail: —

"Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

(III. ii. 40–44.)

The connection between words and deeds in any character is easily broken. "'T is a kind of good deed to say well" has been the flattering unction that has excused many a speaker from trying to live up to his own words. F. W. Robertson was often tormented by the fear lest his whole heart and life should not go with his spoken words. He knew how easily the utterance of fine words can become in any life, not a stimulus, but a soporific. Probably every successful preacher of righteousness could testify that he is constantly tempted in the most subtle ways to take an unlawful part in the world-wide division of labor by becoming, in one form or another, a sayer of the truth, and not a doer. Macbeth allows his conscience to frame his words, partly at least, in order that it may disturb him less in his guilty act.

Lady Macbeth knows not how firm the purpose of her husband is. She has heard his fine speeches ever since their wooing days, and cannot believe that they mean so little as they do in terms of action. She would fain think that the lips that have called her "dearest chuck" have behind all their utterances the entire personality of the speaker. She knows that Macbeth has ambition, but thinks him to be without the moral "illness" that "should attend it." His profusion of fine words and sentiments misleads her. She does not know — he does not fully know — that his compassion and remorse are only imaginative, while his ambition is real. Lady Macbeth's awful boldness appears to her to be forced upon her by the weakness of her husband. Though he first resolved upon the murder (I. iv. 50–53) and broke the enterprise to her (I. vii. 48), he is glad to play the part of the timid, frightened criminal, whose guilt is due to the master mind that controls him. Imaginary fears, a deep shrinking and shuddering of the soul in view of crime, are natural to him, and give him a strange, thrilling pleasure; while the fierce energy which his supposed remorse arouses in

beth serves, in his view, both to throw upon her a large share of the guilt and to make the death of Duncan more certain. "The weird sisters" are but a personification, a dramatizing, of those dark promptings which swarm in every soul that is secretly inclined to evil. As the sentimentalist sheds tears over imaginary suffering, and is unmoved at real distress, so Macbeth shakes like a reed in the wind before the thought of a murder which "yet is but fantastical;" and then, deliberately, in spite of a nervous sensitiveness which completely deceives his wife, and which partially deceives both Macbeth himself and the readers of the play, moves on "towards his design."

Like all things else, the death of his wife furnishes Macbeth a theme for poetry; and the last pleasure that he knows, except the savage delight of battle, is the sad joy of singing an exquisite death-song to the faithful partner of his guilt. Having treated the moral realities of life, its most real things, as visionary, as mere materials for poetry, all things seem to be but parts of an unreal phantasm; and he would fain persuade himself that they are so. Having emptied life and death of every good meaning, he longs to believe that they mean nothing.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."
(V. v. 19–28.)

Alas, Macbeth!

II. THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE.

One function of the chorus in the Greek tragedies was to anticipate and announce the terrible catastrophe which hangs over some guilty soul. The voice of fate, the anger of the offended gods, the instincts of the human heart, which could not come to utterance through the characters in the drama, found in the chorus an impersonal and powerful lyric expression.

The drama of the Greeks had a lyrical origin, and made effective use of the song element, which it ever retained. But the chorus, with all its power, is foreign to the drama; it is a non-dramatic element. The songs interrupt the action, and make it seem unreal.

There are two situations in Macbeth where an effect analogous to the most powerful utterances of the Greek chorus is secured with no sacrifice of dramatic reality. The broken moral law, the anger of Heaven, the coming doom of the guilty, find thrilling expression in the very action itself. The acting forms are men, but the voice that speaks to us is the voice of God. These two situations are the knocking at the gate after the murder of Duncan, and the sleep-walking scene.

In commenting upon the knocking at the gate, I cannot hope to add anything to the powerful essay of De Quincey which treats of this incident; but I desire to put into every-day language a portion of the thought which he has expressed in more philosophical form.

We have been conscious during the hurried preparations for the murder of Duncan, and the hurried conversation which follows it, that the voice of conscience has been rudely choked down. Immediately after the deed, to be sure, Macbeth gives poetical utterance to the moral war that is waging within him. Two of the sleepers in the castle have waked for a moment from uneasy slumber, and their drowsy words have stirred the conscience of Macbeth.

"*Macb.* . . . I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen'?

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat."

But words are things to Lady Macbeth, though they are not to her husband, and she tells him: —

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

Still he continues: —

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

(II. ii. 29–43.)

Then Lady Macbeth puts a stop to the utterances of conscience, and turns her whole attention, and in a measure his and ours, to the purely practical question, how they shall avoid detection. And now the unwelcome voice of conscience flies from the breasts which refuse to harbor it. Suddenly, through the awful darkness, there comes a summons; the walls cry out. The thoughts, the fears, which throng the minds of the guilty pair and of the shuddering spectators find in the knocking at the gate a weird, a startling, and an adequate expression. This unexpected voice, seeming to come from no fixed place, and having no apparent cause except the tragic tension which demands it, stimulates the imagination almost beyond endurance, and heightens the tension that it appears to relieve.

Just before the knocking we have been isolated from the world, and our intellectual sympathy has been given to Macbeth and his wife. Their moral sense and ours is for the moment stifled. What voice shall call us back to the world of moral law, of humane, human living?

The knocking at the gate is, first of all, a sharp challenge from the outer world of every-day life. The morality of that outer world is, indeed, conventional and imperfect; but the sharp contrast between the normal, every-day life of men, their common loves and hates, and the awful crime which has just taken place in the little world of Macbeth and his wife is brought home to us with a blow by the sudden sound of the knocking.

It is not only to the world of men and its standards, however, that Macbeth, his wife, and we are to be called back. Therefore no human voice can adequately challenge the guilty pair. Macbeth would put on a bold front before any man, and our intellectual sympathy would go with him. Any human words would fail to express the blackness of his guilt; but the knocking, inarticulate, impersonal, having no visible cause, — this can be the very voice of God, and it is.

There is something strangely suggestive in the rhythm of the knocking. Rhythm is the expression of all life. Our hearts beat out the rhythm of our lives. Day and night, in their alternation, make up the vast rhythm of our universe. "The father of rhythm," says an old seer, "is God."

To the startled apprehension of Macbeth this rhythmic knocking is the throbbing of that moral life of the world which he has refused to regard. To a cold, unsympathetic reader it may seem an absurdity to say it, but Macbeth hears vaguely in the knocking the tramp! tramp! of those moral forces that shall not cease their march until, out of the wreck of this world, there shall arise the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Against these forces, which must win, Macbeth has set himself. Henceforth

the very "stars in their courses" will fight against him, and he knows it. With a sudden burst of hopeless remorse, which yet is not true contrition, he cries: —

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!"

(II. ii. 74.)

III. THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE.

Hudson comments as follows upon the fact that this scene, "which is more intensely tragic than any other in Shakespeare, is all, except the closing speech, written in prose:" —

"I suspect that the matter is too sublime, too austerely grand, to admit of anything so artificial as the measured language of verse, even though the verse were Shakespeare's; and that the Poet, as from an instinct of genius, saw or felt that any attempt to heighten the effect by any such arts or charms of delivery would unbrace and impair it. . . . Is prose, then, after all, a higher form of speech than verse? There are strains in the New Testament which no possible arts of versification could fail to belittle and discrown." (Harvard Shakespeare.)

I cannot help feeling that these very suggestive words of the accomplished critic, so far as they respect this scene, are somewhat beside the point. Words are only a part of the language of the drama, and sometimes they are but a small part. The plays of Shakespeare, of course, were not written, primarily, to be read. It is not the diction, the literary form, of this scene which impresses us; it is the action, and most of all the situation. It is only scattered fragments of speech that Lady Macbeth utters. Direct, artless prose, moreover, "unbound speech," seems to be the natural and necessary form of her utterances. Nothing else would befit the unconsciousness of slumber.

What is it that stirs us in this scene? Who is acting? The servant and the doctor are but spectators, like ourselves, and Lady Macbeth is locked in sleep. It is the invisible world of moral reality which is made strangely manifest before our eyes. Lady Macbeth would not reveal these guilty secrets for all the wealth of all the world, but in the awful war that is waging in her breast her will is helpless. Her feet, her hands, her lips, conspire against her. In the presence of the awful, unseen Power that controls her poor, divided self, we hush the breath and bow the head.

Albert H. Tolman.

THE BORDER STATE MEN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It is proverbially difficult for historians to make sure of the facts with which they have to deal. Even where the chronicle has been written by the rare men who seek, above all things, the truth, the incidents are half related, for the simple reason that the recorder cannot judge as to the value which they are to have in determining the course of subsequent events. Difficult as it is to make sure as to the exact facts of human conduct, it is yet harder to ascertain the motives which have swayed men in critical times. Few if any narrators, especially where they are themselves a part of the history which they have written, are either disposed or able to analyze the impulses which shaped the deeds of which they give an account. Yet these springs of action are of the utmost importance to the historian; without them his work cannot have a vital quality. Men naturally take the motives which impel them to deeds as a mere matter

of course. If they should indulge themselves in the analysis of their emotions, they would be unfitted to accomplish the tasks which fortune assigns them.

Where an important series of events depends upon the action of a small body of men, where they proceed from the will of a cabinet or the desires of a ruling class, it is relatively easy to trace their spiritual history; where, however, the mainsprings of action exist in the body of the people, as was peculiarly the case in our civil war, it becomes difficult to explain the complicated reactions which the inquirer needs to understand. There is reason to hope that, so far as the motives of this remarkable revolution are concerned, the story of it may be made more complete than any which has been hitherto written. No other chapter in human history has been so fully recorded. The campaigns in debate and in arms were waged by educated men, and the results have been marvelously well preserved by the press and in innumerable private diaries. More than any other people, the Americans are inclined to the tasks of the chronicler; they have indeed a singularly acute historic sense. The New England element of our society has from the beginning exhibited this recording spirit in a measure not found elsewhere. The result is that the story of this society is more complete and trustworthy than that of any other folk of ancient or modern times. Unfortunately, the history-making impulse in this country is nowhere else so well developed as in the region about Massachusetts Bay. It rapidly diminishes as we go to the west and south of that region, and in the Southern States of the Union it is relatively wanting. When, in the generations to come, a full account of the great rebellion is essayed, the writers will have little difficulty in understanding the state of mind of men in the region between the Hudson and the sea. They will be somewhat puzzled in their task by the facts which are presented by the Northern States of the Ohio Valley. We can foresee that they will have much trouble in interpreting the moral and intellectual attitude of the whole South, and their greatest perplexity will arise in explaining the actions of the so-called Border States.

If it were possible to make a map which, by means of colors or other conventional signs, would show the geographic distribution of the motives which entered into the equations of the civil war, the effect would be most curious. In the regions far away to the north and south of the line which separated the slaveholding from the free States, the signs would have a somewhat common character. Here and there, it is true, there would be patches of territory where the folk would appear as astray amid their neighbors. Thus there were towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts in which a large minority, or even perhaps a majority, of the voters were more or less in sympathy with the South, and whole counties in the southern Appalachians which were peopled by Union men. As a whole, however, the Gulf States on the one hand, and the far Northern States on the other, were characterized by a tolerably uniform public opinion. Approaching the border, we should find the indications of public sentiment becoming ever more and more interwoven, until the entanglement would defy delineation by any graphic skill. The greatest confusion would be exhibited in those slaveholding States which lay along the boundary between the Atlantic and the Western prairies. In Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, the diversities of spirit in the period immediately before and after the great conflict almost transcend description.

At first sight it seems easy to explain the variety in the motives which actuated the borderers during the civil war, as well as the stages of half-combat

which preceded and followed the struggle. It may be said that the folk of North and South were intermingled in these territories, or that the commercial and social bonds affected the minds of men. There is, it is true, something of value in these explanations, but they clearly do not go to the root of the matter. So far as the emigration of Northerners to Virginia and Kentucky was concerned, the transplantation of people was without material influence on the characteristics of the community. These immigrants were rather more apt to be strong proslavery men than were those who were bred upon the soil. The reason for this was simple: it lay in the fact that, with rare exceptions, the Northerners who went South were by nature in sympathy with slaveholding. Moreover, the social and commercial intercourse between the Southern States and the territory on the north was relatively small, and attended by such circumstances of friction that it did not serve in any noteworthy way to commingle the blood or spirit of the people.

Whoever would understand the varieties of opinion which prevailed in the border States during the two generations in which our great conflict really endured must be prepared to trace, at least in outline, the way in which the ideals of social and political institutions have been developed among the English people. A very little study will show the observer that the intellectual and moral considerations which entered into this conflict were not altogether, or even mainly, the product of the life of our people in the generations since they came to this continent. The foundations of these opinions were laid in a much earlier stage of their development. To a certain degree, slavery varied the course of growth of these political tendencies; it controlled their development in particular areas, and finally brought about the decisive catastrophe of war; but the substantial foundations of the events dated from other centuries, and were laid on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the vast array of more or less organized impulses which constitute the emotional life of our people, we may trace from an early time two striking and very diverse theories as to the relation of authority to the individual. In the older, we may indeed call it the primal state of mind, the individual man was regarded as the subject of a sovereign authority, set over him by the Divine Will. The measure of personal action was limited on every side by the bounds set by the superior power. In this aristocratic system the conception of government was personal, but the conduct of each individual depended not so much upon himself as upon his several superiors, in the order of their excellence. Curiously enough, along with this theory of an aristocracy, or control by gradation, there appears naturally to have gone a theory of local rights, whereby the people of a particular community acquired a measure of independence of a territorial kind. At an early stage in the history of governmental institutions, particularly among the Gothic folk, the conception of the rights of communities much antedates that of the rights of the individual. Thus the fundamental notion of States' rights, the idea that a certain locality may justly resist any trespass upon its franchises, whether they rest on written or unwritten law, is among the earliest acquisitions of our people.

The other and modern conception of the citizen, that which postulates his essential freedom, and affirms his responsibility in all that relates to the conduct of the government which he serves, is, among our own race at least, the growth of relatively recent times. It first distinctly appears among the common people in the revolution which ended in the overthrow of Charles I. From that time on to the present day the English

folk have been, as regards their sense of loyalty, more divided than any other. Something of the old obligation to their superiors, as such, has been maintained; a larger share of their loyalty has been devoted to what we may term territorial interests; yet another share of it has gone to theories of government or the ideals of a social state. When our ancestors came to this country, this divided state of the old simple faith in rulers was already established in the minds of the people in every colony. Their political history represents the growth of these diverse seeds in the several parts of the field which our race has tilled on this continent.

As soon as the new-comers of our race in America had satisfied the simpler needs of the pioneer, and were in a condition to develop any distinct social motives, we begin to trace the growth of their inherited political theories. At first the old-fashioned loyalty to the overlord had a place in their minds. The simple nature of their social system and other circumstances gradually weakened this motive, until at the time of the Revolution it was, save among a small minority, a very shadowy thing. The sentiment of devotion to the community appears to have been the strongest of the governmental instincts. Responsibility and devotion to ideals of government were developed in the minds of but few men. Here and there, as among the Puritans of New England or the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the idealist appeared, and began the true modern work of shaping the state. Such men acted from a sense of individual responsibility, but in so doing they were far in advance of their time. The mass of the people were loyalists, in the larger sense of the word; that is to say, they acted in all that relates to the control of the state under the guidance of inherited impulses, and not of their individual reason.

When the struggle came which ended in the war between Great Britain and her American colonies, the first result of the conflict was a great increase in the rational and ideal element which entered into the statecraft. The body of this people began to have conceptions as to the conduct of state affairs, and a somewhat crude ideal as to the meaning of individual freedom was widely entertained. Still, even at this time the dominant element of loyalty was that which pertained to the locality in which the individual dwelt. So strong was this motive that only through dire necessity and by means of the ingenuity of many able and commanding men did it prove possible to effect any substantial union among the newly liberated colonies. The covenant which brought them together was accepted with so many reservations, expressed or implied, that the union it secured seemed at first a mere temporizing expedient. The fact is, the spirit of the contract was much in advance of the public opinion of its day. It required, indeed, some generations to bring our people to the plane of its declarations. In so far as the Constitution, by its silence and its reservations, permitted the continuance of local government it was in perfect accord with the spirit of the masses who were to dwell under it; in so far as it purposed to subordinate the interests of particular communities to the good of the whole it foreran the temper of its time.

If the social and economic conditions of the several commonwealths which came to be gathered under the federal roof had been identical, or even measurably the same, it might well have been expected that the ideals and allegiances of the people would have been so nearly alike that no discord would have arisen in the great family. Even the foreseeable differences likely to be brought about by diversities of climate were not of a nature to breed serious trouble. Most unfortunately, however, the institution of slaveholding found a permanent place in

one half of our territory, and through its immediate and secondary effects turned the minds of the people in that part of the country almost altogether back toward the more ancient ideals of the race. The conception of local government and of allegiance to the commonwealth in which the individual was born, the state of mind of the master sending down commands to subordinate men, the idea of an aristocracy in which rights were inherited, all naturally came as sequels to this singularly dominant institution. In all that related to the development of society slavery completely mastered and controlled the minds of the landlord class throughout the South. They were the servants of the conditions which it imposed to the point of almost entire abjection. In fact, there were two sets of slaves in the South, the servants and the masters: it is hard indeed to say which was the more heavily enchained. When we consider how firmly bound by the institution was the landlord class, and how relatively free the folk who had just escaped from the despotic savagery of Africa, we might almost justify the paradox that the masters were the real subjugated class of the South. They only had been forced to anything like retrogression by the dominant institution.

The first effect of slavery was to give economic strength to the household, and along with it economic isolation. The next and most important effect was to accumulate wealth in certain agricultural families, in a measure in which it cannot be gathered through inheritance in any free agricultural community. The negroes were prolific people; the multiplication on well-cared-for plantations was exceedingly rapid. Of itself alone this would often enrich the descendants of a landlord's family in a way that the increase in the value of their acres or their crops could not possibly effect. The result was a swift destruction of the yeoman or small farmer class, and the formation of a society, in the agricultural districts at least, composed of gentry who held slaves, poor whites of lower estate than the English peasant, and at the foundations a mass of human beings without any social or citizenly status whatsoever.

Very early in the history of the Southern States it became evident to the people that slavery, to be maintained, must be defended. This point was clear even before the separation of the colonies from the mother country. At the beginning of this century the slaveholders felt themselves to be in a state of siege, and decade by decade the perils of the assault were ever more clearly before them. The result of this condition of mind was that all natural political development, such as the English folk were undergoing before this great social change affected them, was totally arrested throughout those portions of the South where slavery overmastered the people. The theory of government became that of an aristocratic oligarchy. It is true that, in the main, the substantial rights of even the poorest white citizen of the South were, by public opinion, as well secured in this system as in any other part of the country. If the lower-class man held no unorthodox views concerning slavery, — and he was not often moved by his nature in that direction, — he was, in a civic sense, as safe as anywhere in the world. His immunities, however, were a matter of tradition rather than of living impulse; the whole trend of the Southern civilization was steadfastly and inevitably back towards a refined feudalism, wherein even the poorer whites would have found it advisable to commend themselves to some superior in power. In all that regards the tone of society, the characteristically slaveholding States had really recovered more of the feudal spirit than survived the eighteenth-century revolution in the states of western Europe. But for a climatal accident this singular

reversion towards the Middle Age system of society might have pervaded the whole South, and there would have been no Border State problem such as we are now to consider.

Although the negro is the one tropical creature, man or brute, who has ever succeeded in the temperate zone, and although his success in extra-tropical lands has here and there been surprisingly great, he cannot endure the cold in the region north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers sufficiently well to make him a valuable laborer. It is true that some families of the race have maintained themselves as far north as Massachusetts Bay, New Brunswick, and Canada for several generations, but, on the whole, they appear to be less enduring and less fecund in the parts of the continent which are visited by severe winters. The result of this incapacity to withstand the climate of the North was that slavery never seriously affected the agriculture in the so-called Northern States, and that in the slaveholding districts there was a territory next to Mason and Dixon's line where slaveholding was unprofitable except for purposes of domestic service. The field where these conditions existed occupied in general a fringe having a north and south extension of about a hundred and fifty miles, but it included also the Appalachian highlands as far south as northern Georgia. In this part of the country the considerable elevation above the sea induced severe winters, and the topographic division of the surface as well as the prevailing sterility of the soil made large plantations unprofitable.

The result of the above-mentioned physiographic division was that in the border land between central Maryland and the Piedmont district of Virginia and western Missouri slavery never came to have an overmastering effect on the industries of the country. In the highlands and in the less fertile portions of the lowland areas the blacks were very rare; there are at the present time thousands of people in the southern Appalachians who have never seen a person of African descent. Thus, in eastern Kentucky, there is an area of about ten thousand square miles where negroes are, and ever have been, about as rare as Chinamen in the Atlantic section of the continent. Owing to the failure of slavery to take full possession of the society in this border district, the political motives of the whites were left, in a measure, free to undergo that natural growth which was made impossible by the strength of the institution in the more southern States.

The Border States of the South were settled mainly by the descendants of the people from eastern Virginia. The folk of this colony were much given to thought on political matters. They had inherited and acquired the habit of treasuring ideals in all that relates to the state, and, except so far as they were cramped in their thought by the needs of preserving the system of slavery, they were accustomed to very free political discussion. All the circumstances of these border communities tended to intensify debate on matters pertaining to statecraft. The people were engaged in organizing commonwealths under conditions which forced them to take a broad view of politics. Although the influence of slavery was strong enough to prevent public discussion as to its merits and its future, the matter was ever before the minds of all considerate people, and was an endless subject of household debate.

So far we have been engaged in considering the inherited conditions which affected the border land between North and South. I propose now to limit the presentation of the facts concerning the state of mind of the borderers in the great conflict to that afforded by the history of Kentucky, and this for the reason that there alone I had an opportunity personally to know something of the feelings of the people. As the qualifications

of the witness are important, I venture to state, in a brief way, the nature of the opportunities which I had for observing the facts and forming the conclusions which are hereinafter presented.

I was born and bred in a slaveholding family in the northern part of Kentucky. As a student at Harvard, from 1858 to 1862, I had an opportunity of noting the great differences between the Northern and the Southern civilizations. During the civil war I saw a good deal of my native commonwealth. Shortly after its close, as state geologist, I had occasion to visit every one of its hundred and thirty counties, and in so doing made an extended acquaintance with prominent men, soldiers, and statesmen of the two great parties. Still later I had occasion to review the history of the State in much detail in preparing a popular account of its affairs in the American Commonwealth Series. I believe that my opportunities for acquiring the knowledge which is needed for the task which I have here essayed have been very good, and I am, moreover, of the opinion that I have made fair use of them.

In setting forth the matter with which I have now to deal, it will be necessary for me often to recur to matters of personal experience. My reason for doing so is that such individual experience has a peculiar historic value. My first recollections as to politics in Kentucky concern the period immediately following the war with Mexico. The Whig party was then dominant. Questions concerning the endurance of slavery, the dissolution of the Union, and the future of the commonwealth were matters of incessant debate. Although the sympathies of the people were with the South, they were curiously qualified. Calhoun and his followers were generally disliked. Many of the intelligent men foresaw the armed stage of the conflict, and were exceedingly apprehensive as to the fate of the commonwealth in the struggle. I remember that about 1854 my maternal grandfather, a wise and wide-read man, explained to me the history of the great debate concerning slavery, foretold the inevitable war, and adjured me then to place myself on the Union side.

Only of late years have I come to understand the conditions which led to the singular love of the federal Union which prevailed in Kentucky. At the outset of its history, this commonwealth had a long-continued and perplexing experience in its efforts to enter the society of States. For nearly twenty years it lay unprotected on the remote frontier, deprived of the shelter which its needs demanded, and which the broad roof of the Constitution alone could afford. Notwithstanding the contradictory evidence which seems to be presented by the resolutions of 1798, there can be no question that the people of this commonwealth regarded the federal Union with a singular devotion. They valued the association not only because they had secured it with difficulty, but because the sacrifices which they had made, in fellowship with the other States, in the many Indian wars, in the larger undertakings of the second conflict with England and the war with Mexico, had sealed the compact. So far as political motives went, the people of this State, during the lifetime of Henry Clay, were Federals of the New England type.

The agitation concerning the abolition of slavery, which increased in the years following the Mexican war, served insidiously to undermine the union sentiment of the commonwealth. Although the industries of the State did not in the main depend on servile labor, there were at this time about two hundred thousand black people within its limits. Bordering as it did on free territory along a line more than six hundred miles in length, it was easy for these bondsmen, with the aid of abolitionist friends in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, to secure

their liberty. Although from a money point of view the loss entailed by the escape of slaves was not great, the moral effect was important. It is not easy for any one who is without memory of the slaveholding conditions to imagine how sore was the infliction brought upon a household when its servants fled to the North. The loss was not only a matter of property; there was a wound to the self-esteem of the family. By far the greater number of the slave-owners took much comfort in believing that they treated their servants well, and that these people were content to abide with them. Most of my readers can readily imagine how disagreeable it would be to have a favorite and valuable horse missing from their stables. The state of mind of the slave-owner whose servant had been enticed away was, naturally, one of far greater exasperation, for the reason that the fugitive was, in a way, a member of his household, and bound up with its life in intimate and human associations.

It is easy to observe the fact that every community frames its moral code and orders its punishments for offenses with reference to its more imperative needs. So long as disloyalty to a chieftain is a matter of life-and-death importance treason is the most abhorrent of all offenses, and impaling or other exquisitely cruel punishments have been resorted to as deterrents. To the frontiersman who depends upon his horse horse-stealing is the greatest of iniquities. Naturally enough, in the old slaveholding States, the act of enticing a negro from his master, or complicity of any degree in the offense, came to be regarded as the most disgraceful of crimes. Although in Kentucky a certain freedom of expression was allowed, at least in a private way, to those who disbelieved in slavery, no man was safe after he was known to have had anything to do with aiding a fugitive. Thus it was that, in the South, the name of "abolitionist" came to have a more detestable connotation than any other epithet which could be applied to a man. He was regarded at once as impious, treasonable, thievish; in short, an abandoned character. As every abduction of slaves was known throughout the State, and each became the subject of rancorous comment in the newspapers, we can well imagine how, year by year, the dislike of the Northern communities steadfastly increased, and insensibly affected the political ideals not only of the small minority of whites who held slaves, but of the small proprietors who tilled their own fields in the slaveholding districts as well. Nothing so clearly shows the social dominance of the institution as the extent to which the non-slaveholding class of whites partook of this hatred of the abolitionist. These poor people had no profit whatever from slavery, — they indeed lost much by the system; yet when they dwelt in a society where slaves were held, they were most active in persecuting those who sought to set them free. I cannot recall a single instance where the native-born abolitionists came from this numerous and able-minded body of yeoman farmers. Those who protested against the system were from the slaveholding caste.

The most curious fact to be noted in connection with this is that, at heart, a large part, I am inclined to think a majority, of those who owned slaves in Kentucky were opposed to the institution, and would have been ready, if the way could have been found, to make considerable sacrifices to break it up. The greater part of the followers of Henry Clay sympathized with the amiable but impracticable scheme of deporting the blacks to Liberia. In this way they hoped to be rid of the African population. They were unwilling to contemplate a system which should free the slaves and leave them in the commonwealth. Until about 1850 the discussions as to the future of slavery in Kentucky were carried on in a spirit

which gave some promise that the commonwealth itself might undertake to deal with the evil within its borders, but in the following decade the ever-growing animosity which was felt toward the abolitionists rapidly destroyed the indigenous antislavery motive. In 1860 there seemed little more reason to hope that Kentucky would legislate against slavery than that South Carolina would take such action.

The crisis of the civil war came much more suddenly than was expected. While the people of Kentucky were congratulating themselves that the increase of the whites was going on rapidly, and bade fair, in a few decades, to overwhelm the slowly increasing negro population, displacing slave labor by free, the storm of arms gathered about them. As soon as the imminent danger of war became evident the whole people fell to discussing the situation. This folk has always been much given to debate upon political matters, but it is doubtful if ever, in any commonwealth, there was as much discussion as to the duties of a State as in Kentucky in the six months before and after the firing on Fort Sumter. The debate brought out the fact that the people were quite unready to come to any general decision as to their attitude in the approaching contest. They were morally unprepared for the emergency. Very few of them, indeed, before this time, appeared to have considered an armed conflict as among the possibilities of the situation.

It is easy to see that to these Border State men the on-coming civil war was to be fateful in greater measure than to those who dwelt in other parts of the country. The speeches and writings of this time show that the people were absolutely divided in their motives of allegiance. So far as personal and social sympathy was concerned they were devoted to the South; in all that relates to political ideals their allegiance was with the Federal cause. This division of sentiment was not marked by territorial or class divisions; it existed in every breast. If the commonwealth had taken counsel of her sympathies alone, she would have been almost as unanimous for secession as was South Carolina. If she had been swayed altogether by her political ideals, she would have been almost as unitedly for the Union as was Massachusetts. The result of this conflict of reason and emotions was a most extraordinary diversity in opinion. For a time it seemed as if there were to be as many parties in the commonwealth as there were citizens. Gradually the logic of events led to the organization of thought, or rather, forced men to subordinate their individual judgments, and to array themselves in one of three tolerably distinct parties. Of these, the out-and-out Union men formed one, the pronounced Confederates a second, while a third consisted of a yet greater number of people who had not been able to make up their minds to take up arms against the South, and were at the same time unwilling to proceed to any action looking towards the separation of the commonwealth from the Union. This party of compromise was in a measure made up of slow-thinking people, who felt that the action of their Southern kinsmen was unreasonable and precipitate. They trusted to debate for the cure of all political ills. Many of them remembered the eventful contest which took place in the commonwealth, in the earlier part of the century, between the old and new courts, when a question which aroused the most intense partisan animosities, and which bade fair to bring about civil war, had eventually been settled in a statesmanlike and reasonable way. In a word, this third, or neutrality, party pleaded for time with both North and South. By the course of the swift-moving events they were quickly forced into an attitude which, though in a way logical, proved in a few months to be untenable.

The compromise party proposed a plan which was in substance as follows: the commonwealth should remain neutral in the approaching strife, requesting both factions in the contest to respect her attitude of peace. The idea of the leaders of the movement was in the main to obtain more time for the judgment of the people as to their course of action. They also hoped, and not without reason, that they could persuade a number of the neighboring Southern commonwealths to follow their example, and so break up the new-formed Confederacy. Many of the devoted Union men, as well as a large part of the Confederates, for a time acted with the party of neutrality; each side feeling that time made for its interests. It had already become evident to the Confederates that they could not secure the semblance of a judgment by the people in favor of their cause until they had gained a larger following. Although the state legislature was far more favorable to them than was the mass of the people, that body of delegates had refused to take any action looking towards a formal separation from the Union. Above all, the wise men who secured this temporary declaration of neutrality sought to avoid immediate war within their borders. This effort to make Kentucky neutral territory has been much reviled. It was adjudged by both the competent parties to be cowardly. The fact was, the measure was such as brave and deliberate men are warranted in taking; are, in fact, in duty bound to take when the society about them seems to be going to pieces, as it did in 1861. It should be said here that the greater part of the Kentucky people believed in the right of secession as a revolutionary act. They held to the very rational doctrine that no people can be bound by the covenants of their ancestors in political relations which are intolerable. Their point was that the South was acting under the impulse of a blind and unreasoning rage, which was directed by politicians who wished to secure in a fragment of the republic the national power which the course of politics had denied them in the Union. Thus, notwithstanding their federalistic motive and the love of the Constitution, the people of Kentucky must not be regarded as opposed to the doctrine of States' rights when tempered with sound reason.

The neutrality of Kentucky was proclaimed in May, 1861. President Lincoln, who was well informed as to the meaning of the project, wisely, though in no official way, assented to the project. He had the good sense to see that, unless the other Southern States showed some decided sympathy with the Kentucky plan of ending the conflict, that commonwealth would quickly be driven to cast in her lot with the Federal cause. If, on the other hand, the scheme were successful, and other Southern States retraced their steps and assumed a neutral attitude, the Confederacy would quickly fall to pieces. The Confederate leaders acted with less discretion. Seeing that the position of Kentucky was full of danger to their cause, they first tried pleading, then reviling, and finally, their patience exhausted, they invaded western Kentucky with a force under the command of Major-General Leonidas Polk, nephew of the sometime President of the name, who abandoned his bishopric in the Episcopal Church for a command in the Confederate army. At the same time, the Southern forces, under the distinguished General Zollicoffer, entered the eastern part of the State through Cumberland Gap.

By this time the disputative people of the State had pretty generally come to a determination as to the course which they should individually take. To the greater part of them it was now apparent that the only politically rational thing for them to do was heartily to support the Northern fragment of the Union,

which was contending for the maintenance of the Constitution. So clear had the necessity for this attitude become that the Confederate sympathizers, to the number of somewhere near nine tenths of their effective recruits, had already left the State. The first answer which was made to the Confederate invasions was ominous of the issue. By a four-fifths vote it was ordered that the United States flag should be hoisted over the Capitol at Frankfort. On the 18th of September the State formally declared war on the Confederacy, and asked the aid of the Federal authorities in expelling the invaders.

If the sagacious men who had control of Kentucky politics had permitted a swift decision to be made, it is probable that the sympathetic emotions of the Kentucky people would have carried the State into rebellion. As before remarked, the institution of slavery appealed not only to the interests of the pocket, but to the emotions of men as well. It bound all the societies together with a singular consensus. In favoring neutrality the Union men of Kentucky pursued a very wise course, one which, in its measure of forethought, it is difficult to find equaled in history. The final determination of Kentucky came after the emotional stage of the rebellion, when deliberation had done its work. The fact that the course was not dictated by any undue desire to avoid the risks of war is shown by the record of the commonwealth in the subsequent campaigns. Without a draft and without bounties she furnished her quota to the Federal army, and her soldiers did their full share of duty. About 50,000 of her sons fought under the Confederate flag. Out of a white population of less than 950,000 more than 140,000 men faced the perils of war. Counting the home guards who saw service, it is safe to say that one sixth of the whites had an active share in the war. So far as I have been able to ascertain, in no modern war has so large a portion of a population amounting to about a million of souls volunteered for military duty.

In the months between the fall of Fort Sumter and the end of Kentucky neutrality the people of the commonwealth had time to do a good deal of thinking. It is doubtful, indeed, if ever a community was so subjected to arduous political thought. The peculiarity of this period, which is most interesting to the observer, is found in the singular individuality which the men displayed in their determinations. It might have been expected that the division of sentiment would have been defined by local or family ties, as has been the case in the history of most internecine strife. Here, however, we find that the divisions were made on purely individual grounds. I do not know of a single large family in the State where all the men were arrayed on one side, and only in the mountain counties of the eastern section, where slavery was unknown, was there anything like unanimity of sentiment in local communities.

Nothing else in our history so well shows the intellectual independence of our people, or their political capacity, if time be given them, to deal with important questions without undue influence from the emotions, as the parting of the Kentuckians in this period of trial. The gravity with which they viewed the situation and the dignity with which they dealt with it are shown by the absence of indecent strife among the men who went into the opposed armies. During the period of neutrality, and for some months thereafter, the highways were full of small parties of recruits hastening to the camps of the Federal or Confederate forces. These bands often met, but I know of no case in which they fell to fighting. On both sides there was a desire to free the inevitable struggle from idle brutality, and to spare their beloved ground from the curse of internecine war. In the subsequent campaigns

there was very little unnecessary partisan combat, and where, as was often the case, the sons of the commonwealth encountered each other on their native heath, a singularly persistent and successful effort was made to mitigate the horrors of war. Few houses were pillaged, women were respected, the wounded were tenderly cared for; it is indeed doubtful if ever war was waged in so merciful a manner. All this merciful spirit was, in my opinion, due mainly to the time for thought and for deliberate action which was afforded by the period of neutrality, and enforced by the state of mind which led men to insist upon that pause. If two or three other Southern States could have been induced to approach the problems of secession in the same considerate way, the Southern Confederacy would have been impossible, and we might have dealt with the question of slavery by the methods of the statesman rather than by those of the soldier.

The nature of the considerations which led the people of Kentucky, by an overwhelming majority, finally to cast in their lot with the North has been scantily recorded. These considerations have, indeed, to a great extent, been forgotten by those who held them. I judge this by my individual experience. But for the recent discovery of some old letters I could not have recalled the steps which led me to the Federal side in the conflict. These show that during the winter of 1860–61 my sympathies were altogether with the South, and that they were very little affected by reason. Then came the disgust due to the unseemly moblike action of the seceding States, and the conviction that the North was right in making war for the preservation of the Union. In common with most of the people whom I knew, I held to the doctrine that a State had a right to secede whenever it was subjected to inevitable and unendurable ills. In a way, I was then, as I have ever since been, a believer in States' rights, and regarded the preservation of our local commonwealths as a condition precedent to any satisfactory system of general government. It was interesting to me to find in the above-mentioned letters that the argument which in the end determined my allegiance was this: The apparent and probably true ideal of the Southern people was the maintenance of States' rights. With this desire I was in sympathy; but, granting that the South should win its independence, it was evident that the Northern and the Southern States would be driven by their permanent hostility to each other to change from the type of federal Union to that of consolidated governments. In this alteration all chance of local autonomy would disappear, probably never to exist again on this continent. Moreover, I saw plainly, as did every other rational person of my acquaintance, that the strife concerning slavery would afford a perennial source of war-breeding trouble between the North and the South.

The foregoing personal experiences afford a faint reflection of the motives which actuated men of the border when they had to determine the most momentous questions with which the citizen has to deal. It is probable that something like the same line of argument was elaborated by every intelligent man in the border land. It will be safe for the historian of these days to assume that every one of these people felt at once a loving respect for the federal Union and a keen sympathy with his Southern kindred. Where the sympathetic motive was quick and enduring, or where action was hasty, the people who were moved by it almost inevitably were led to join the South. Where the rational element was relatively strong, and particularly where it found room to act, they were in most cases led towards the Union side. There were, of course, men who were drawn both ways, and who never succeeded in bringing themselves to a determination to act with

either side. In the homely but expressive phrase, they remained "on the fence." I know of some exceedingly well-balanced persons who have abided in that uncomfortable position to the present day.

It may be said, however, in praise of the moral efficiency of our Border State people that not one in a hundred of the intellectually competent failed to come to a state of mind in which they could act decisively, or at least share in spirit in the fortunes of one or the other side in the great argument. It might have been expected that many would withdraw from the strife, seeking refuge in foreign countries. I am glad to say that I never personally knew one of these absentees, nor did I ever hear it suggested that such a course of conduct deserved consideration. Even the aged and other non-combatants stayed upon the ground. It was hard indeed to move them from the battlefield, so intense was their desire to have some share in the action. If they could not fight, they could succor the wounded, or cheer on the side to which they owed allegiance.

In reviewing the actions of the Border State men, I have chosen to limit my statements as to details to the people of Kentucky; for there alone, as I have already remarked, did I have an intimate personal knowledge with the thoughts and actions of men. There can be no doubt, however, that the intermixture of motives which I have endeavored to delineate existed in other parts of the border. The conditions in Missouri were certainly essentially the same as those among the citizens of my native commonwealth. In Virginia, owing to the swiftness with which that State was precipitated into rebellion, the status was somewhat different. When the State went to the South, all of her sons, committed as they were in mind to some form of the States' rights theory, were impelled to act against the Federal cause. If the "Mother of States and unpolluted men" could have taken the course of Kentucky, there is reason to believe that in the end she would have proved as firm a supporter of the Constitution. As it was, the people acted from their emotions, and reason had no chance to assert its juster sway. Even though the element of fidelity to the State had been thrown into the scales, many Virginians, many indeed of the gentry, adhered to the Union and gave it support of inestimable value. I have known a number of these Unionists of the Old Dominion, and it seems clear to me that, as a class, they were cool-headed, deliberating persons, of a nature which is not readily swayed by the emotions. In a certain rude way, the proportion of these Unionists in Virginia, as compared with the number in Kentucky, shows the weight which fidelity to the State had in the minds of the Southern people.

The time is approaching when the philosophical historians may profitably begin their accounts of our great revolution. We may be sure that they will find the questions which are connected with the action of the Border State people among the more instructive though difficult problems with which they have to deal. The greater part of those who had any share in the events have passed away. Of the few who remain, only here and there can we hope to find men who, from memory or from record, are able to set forth the story of their thought. These considerations may, I trust, justify me in the eyes of the reader for giving much of my individual experience in the foregoing pages. Were it not for the value which such personal records have, these trifling personalities would be impertinent.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

THE LEAGUE AS A POLITICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE simple conception of a political party is of a union of men holding common political principles and seeking common political ends. As an organization, and not a mob, it must have not only leaders, but rules of action and a definite policy. In its most elemental constitution, party life in a free state clusters about the two opposite poles of conservatism and radicalism. In the highly organized community of the United States, with its balance of union and parts, the tendency always has been to centrifugal and centripetal political forces.

In point of fact, our parties are as complex as the ingenuity of man can devise, and must be considered less as instruments than as results. The political sense has been more keenly developed in the United States than anywhere else. Practiced as it has been, in rudimentary forms before the formation of the Union, and since in the multiform expression of federal, state, municipal, and oppidan elections, and in the exercise of an enormous variety of governmental functions, it is no wonder that the political sense of the people is almost a second nature. Moreover, it is not in the field of the state alone that this political sense has been cultivated. It should never be forgotten that the expression of the popular will has at the same time found exercise in the field of the church, and that there has been in this organization, too, the constant practice of the power of choice, as well as, in a minor way, the exercise of governmental functions.

With this cultivation of the political sense there has been also the high development of the organizing power. This has had its stimulus in the freedom of conditions under which men have worked, in the absence in the earlier days of large vested interests, and, above all, in the presence of the political sense itself, which is conscious of power, and not in the habit of looking higher than itself for the source of power. The people, thrown on their own resources largely in colonial days and in the early days of the republic, acquired the habit of relying on themselves for much that in older countries proceeds from the governing class. The most signal instance of this is in the system of public education, in which the state has been scarcely more than the convenient agency for the people acting with the least restriction of freedom in the organization of schools. The voluntary action which finds expression in all the forms of religious life is another notable illustration of the activity and ease of the people in forming combinations.

In the pathology of politics, it may be said that the most morbid exercise of the political sense is in the tinkering of constitutions, and the inability to distinguish between the law as a register of the enlightened will of the people and the law as an instrument to accomplish reforms. In an analysis of the organizing power when exercised in the political field, the construction of the convention, with its discipline, its severity of rule, its assumption of authority, may be regarded as the most complete product. Here the political sense and the faculty for organization meet to produce the most thorough-going result.

Now, given a vigorous controlling idea, a political party with its Frankenstein of a convention becomes a tremendous force, and this controlling idea is not always to be read in the official declarations of the party. A reader ignorant of history might fancy, from the platform of the Republican party as set forth in 1860, that its members had a

variety of principles under which it was demanding the government. In reality it was because the free thinking of its members had been fused into a single controlling purpose — namely, to check the advance of slavery — that the party forced its way against the divided opposition. The Democratic party, in like manner, though scarcely ready for the conflict, went into the field four years ago inspired for whatever success it could achieve by the controlling idea of tariff reform as formulated by its aggressive leader.

Yet these controlling ideas rarely have a dominating power in a party, and the reason lies, not in the decay of moral sense in the people, as sometimes averred, but in the gradual substitution of the notion of a party as containing a life of its own for the notion of a party as an exponent of ideas. A party gathers to itself traditions, associations, a history; it is the immediate creation of the political sense acting along the lines of organization, and it comes to stand for an independent entity, although it may in reality be nothing more than a Feather-top. The more complete its apparatus, the more do those whose own existence is involved in it insist on regarding it, and compelling others to regard it, as self-centred, — something to be perpetuated, and hence to be guarded against too rough handling by its creators. There is a slight analogy to be found in the attitude of men toward the party and that taken toward the Constitution. The Constitution was designedly an instrument, and in the early process was regarded by those who made it as a somewhat imperfect instrument, so that the first thing to be done with it was to make amendments to it. But the time came when the Constitution was held up by the men who denied its spirit as a sacred object to be interposed as a barrier against the incursion of a healthy moral force. To-day allegiance to party is made a test of political virtue.

The substitution of self-perpetuation for the accomplishment of an explicit political purpose as the spring of party life has led from time to time to revolt from the great parties, and the formation of minor parties having eager hopes of securing through politics certain specific results. The Prohibition party has been the longest-lived, because it has been dominated by a moral idea, but its strength has always been local; it has failed to have national significance, because the problem with which it is concerned comes within the scope of state, and not federal legislation. Its real contribution to our political history has been in its witness to the power which lies in moral ideas when active in politics; but it has also illustrated the tendency, already noticed, to confuse the distinction which exists between the law as a register of the enlightened will of the people and the law as an instrument to accomplish reforms.

Meanwhile, there has been coming into existence, through the native political sense of the people and the faculty for organization, an instrument of power in public affairs, independent of party, and for the most part sedulously free from complication with party. This power, whatever its specific title, may be called by the name most naturally assumed by it, the League. It is, in brief, a return, for definite political purposes, to the simpler conception of the party as of a union of men holding common principles and seeking common ends. It expresses the healthy reaction of the higher political sense of the people, which has come to regard party as a perfect machine for self-perpetuation, but a very imperfect mode for securing an advance in free institutions.

The example of the American Copyright League may first be cited. Here was an organization planned for the accomplishment of a specific reform. Neither of the great parties could be relied upon to carry out its design. Indeed,

one of the perils which had to be avoided was that of identifying the league with one party or the other. For more than fifty years the reform had been urged in Congress and out of Congress, but it had no place in party economy, and it was not until a league was formed, working outside of party lines, that the reform was accomplished. The league still exists, but it is safe to say that, until another exigency arises, it will be as inoperative as the American Antislavery Society was after the war.

The Civil Service Reform Association, again, illustrates the action of the league; and it is the more interesting because it has demonstrated the possibility of taking up a peculiarly political measure and pushing it forward not only independently of party, but with a vigorous handling of party itself. Every one recognizes the peril with which this reform has had to contend through party jealousy and suspicion, but there is no greater victory to be chronicled in political action in America than when a handful of courageous men have forced this reform down the throat of each of the great parties. The association is a signal instance of the absolute failure of party to effect the reform, and yet the final obedience of party to the reform when a higher power has compelled it.

Still another pregnant illustration of the function of the league is seen in the work of the Indian Rights Association. Here the problem is of another sort. The United States has escaped the colonial problem; the nearest approach to such a relation is in the connection between the administration and the Territories, and this relation so readily becomes transmuted into the organic one of the Union and States that there is not time for conditions of principal and subordinate to become permanent conditions. But in its relation to the Indians within its borders the United States government, as is well known, has repeatedly shifted its ground, and has yielded now to this, now to that exigency. Neither party has framed a policy as a practical part of its political creed. Under the conditions of our public life, it is questionable if either party is likely to frame a policy. What is the consequence? Until the formation of the associations concerned with the civilization of the Indian and his absorption into the political organism, the Indian had only individual advocates at court. Now, through its conferences, its compact organization, its resolute agreement on certain distinct lines of conduct, the Indian Rights Association, in open and frank ways, has already made its impress, first on the popular mind, and then on Congress and the administration. In its expanding influence we perceive another declaration of political independence.

The truth is that, with these and other object lessons before him, the American citizen who does not purpose to abandon his political birthright, and finds no satisfaction in being a political Ishmaelite, takes courage. He does not undervalue the use of party, but he refuses to surrender his principles to party, or to make a Mumbo Jumbo of it. He intends to think politically, but he knows that, when it comes to action, the combination of a few possessed by a common high purpose is worth more than a complicated, delicate machine with innumerable adjustments like a highly organized party. The ballot reform has already strengthened his hands; civil service reform, gaining ground inch by inch, will still further put power into the hands of the person and take it out of the cohort. The league offers him free opportunity for the exercise of an unselfish patriotism, and he can listen imperturbably to the jeers with which party organs salute him.

THE SHORT STORY.

American writers, less greedy than Lord Bacon, have taken the short story for their province. Patriotism, to be sure, compels us to blow our national trumpet in many different directions; but in this matter patriotism may be left where Lady Teazle desired to leave honor, and we may rest on our own signal merit, without any flourish of trumpets. The French have brought the *conte* to the great perfection of M. Guy de Maupassant, not to speak of writers who are dead, and to the lesser perfections of many lesser men; England has Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling; and translations from time to time apprise persons who read English and French only that other literatures, the Sclavonic in particular, have a delicate art of their own in the short story. But there is no sign that the art is anywhere so rich, so varied, or so fresh as it is with us. In England it has been and remains foreign and sporadic; in America it is the most vital as well as the most distinctive part of literature. In fact, it flourishes so amply that this very prosperity nullifies most of the apologies for the American novel. Perhaps the answer more often made than any other to attacks upon that department of fiction is that life in the United States is poor in variety, and especially in the contrast of classes which is frequently the only means of existence for an English novel. Hence, it is said, the cisatlantic novelist takes refuge in the Tennessee mountains, or in the international episode, or in Creole days of long ago, and leaves the average of here and now to Mr. Howells and a few other hardy spirits.

But the American short story, however episodic by nature, needs no other nation to assist its episode. Nor does it need the mountains of Tennessee or the Creole past, although it scorns none of these adventitious helps to interest. It appears to have become, in truth, the national mode of utterance in the things of the imagination, and, taking its own wherever it finds it, the short story has become more and more variously expressive.

The number of volumes of tales that have fallen from the press during the past year exceeds the number that have been issued during the same period at any other time; and some small notion of the variety in subject, if not in treatment, may be drawn from the fact that, of the fifteen collections (a list by no means exhausting the year's product) that come within the scope of this paper, four owe their existence to the South, two to New England, one to New York, and one to the West. In the remaining seven, method and other things so far predominate over local habitation that this may be roughly described as No Man's Land.

Of the men behind the books, four are *débutants*, but it will be more convenient to speak of Mr. Garland, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. James Lane Allen, and Mr. Hibbard in the imperfect territorial divisions that have just been made; and of these — Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins being absent from the New England quota — the South is unmistakably the most interesting. The personality of the South is enough to make it beguiling, and although even French critics are shyer of generalities than they used to be, there are yet, we feel, so many traits in common among Flute and Violin, Balaam and his Master, Elsket, and Otto the Knight that the four books would be known as meridional even if their subjects did not proclaim them so. These traits exist along with the tendency to psychology and

the sense of an obligation to write with the eye on the object that are two not altogether harmonious phases of to-day's fiction. For Southern qualities, surely, are the color, the movement, the instinctive grasping at the picturesque, which, in the midst of many differences, make co-mates of Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Octave Thanet (though she be but a sojourner in the South), and Mr. Allen. No less Southern is the sympathy with quick passion or emotion of every kind which these writers display. At a first glance, perhaps Mr. Page is the most Southern of the four, but, by one of those contradictions not unknown in literature, the best story in his volume — and, we fear not to say, the best English story the year 1891 has seen, with the possible exception of one or two tales from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hardy — is as Northern in feeling as it is in subject. This little work is Elsket,[1] and a man who has read it will forget a good many other things before memory relinquishes the sad and noble figure of the daughter of Olaf of the Mountain, descendant of the Vikings, who was deserted by her false English lover. Doubtless every Anglo-American has Norse blood in his veins, — Olaf held that the Saxons had been boatmen to his ancestors, — and all of Mr. Page's shows itself in this little masterpiece. Not only is Elsket herself a memorable person, but her father, Cnut the avenging lover, and Harold the Fair-Haired, who won poor Elsket's heart, are sufficiently well drawn; and the tale as a whole is told with a clearness and singleness that are remarkable. In nothing is this better shown than in the series of pictures that remain with the reader. The brief introduction of the American coming to the Norwegian town, his long and perilous trip over the mountain with Olaf, and the sight of Elsket coming to meet them, — these are the first impressions. Then comes Olaf's recital of the tragedy; and in the severe narrative one sees the first coming of Harold and his departure, his return and his final going away, and the struggle of Cnut and Harold on the Devil's Seat (like the more famous fighters in The Ring and the Book), whence the Fair-Haired is flung down a thousand feet. The American remains long after the pitiful story is told, and is a witness to its conclusion. Elsket sews on her wedding gown; waits for the letter from the young lord, which Olaf crosses the mountain to fetch, knowing that it can never come; then sickens and dies, in Olaf's old log house with the blue pansies covering the roof. "She was dressed like a bride in the bridal dress she had sewn so long; her hair was unbound, and lay about her, fine and silken; and she wore the old silver ornaments she had showed me. No bride had ever a more faithful attendant." Olaf "had put them all upon her."

It was an unnecessary rigor, and one that might be stigmatized as romantic, to make Elsket the last of her race; but seldom has the story of a broken heart been told with greater pathos or with a restraint more wise. The North has crystallized Mr. Page's talent, and nothing else in the volume at all approaches the distinction of Elsket. But it contains much that is very good indeed, and in "George Washington's" Last Duel and P'laski's Tunament the author holds out to the reader "a beaker full of the warm South." The former of these pieces in particular is excellent comedy, and Mr. Page may be easily forgiven a redundancy of characters, love-story, ante-bellum society, and frippery of one sort and another, for the captivating presentment of "George Washington." This old negro, going out as second in a duel, and being told by his master, greatly to his dismay, that he must stand up to be shot at in the absence of his principal, comports himself much after

[1] *Elsket, and Other Stories.* By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

the fashion of Bob Acres, and furnishes plenty of that African humor which is the unadulterated material of P'laski's Tunament. The study of negro character in this tale is more extended, but does not go much below the surface ; and Old Hanover's scorn of his troublesome son, because his mother was of a less exclusive caste than that from which the fastidious father selected his first wife, is quite in key with the rather artificial scheme of P'laski's Tunament. Run to Seed, too, is keyed rather high, but is yet a terse and admirably told story of a heroism that finds its last expression in death. It has the further merit of showing keenly the condition to which many a good Southern family was brought by the war. A Soldier of the Empire celebrates an old Frenchman who, in the Franco-Prussian war, was saved the trouble, by a shell from the enemy's camp, of shooting a cowardly son. He himself, after prodigies of valor, died shouting, "Vive la France ! Vive l'Empereur," and fancying himself at Waterloo, in the service of Napoleon the Great, instead of Napoleon the Little. Roman history, not to speak of the works of Mr. John Howard Payne, has exhibited the same *motif ;* and Mr. Page, to tell the truth, has not, in augmenting it, divested it of its associations with the theatre. But again the story is told *con spirito*, as they say in the music books, and it was worth telling.

Still keeping in the South, we come along the same parallel to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the inventor and introducer of Uncle Remus. The names of Mr. Harris and Mr. Page, for reasons not too clearly ascertained, are often spoken in the same breath. They both treat of the South, before the war and since the war, and they both have to do with master and slave, as any man must who chooses such a subject. In both, also, is the strong tendency to drama which is one of the unifying signs of the writers of the new South. But here resemblance ceases and difference begins. Mr. Page is the more brilliant, the more versatile, of the two. He has perhaps a stronger hold upon character, — with a very important exception, presently to be noted, — and he is certainly more often master of that logic of events by which a sketch is graduated into a story. Balaam and his Master and Ananias,[1] impressive as they are from more than one point of view, are no match in construction for Elsket, or even for the too much "arranged" "George Washington's" Last Duel. But Mr. Harris has a great and distinguishing gift. This gift is his knowledge of the negro, — a knowledge in which no other writer has approached him. Balaam and his Master, Ananias, Where 's Duncan ? and Mom Bi, being four of the six pieces in Mr. Harris's new volume, are all studies, and remarkable studies, of the race. The public, highly entertained with the queerness and quaintness of the folk lore embodied for the first time in Uncle Remus, were to be excused for not seeing that here was a new and subtle student of a people who have been as much conventionalized in art as the Irishman or the lily. The two end men of that conventionality are Uncle Tom and Zip Coon, or, if one would rather, Jim Crow. That is, there has been the pious darky and the merry darky, and the negro of literature and the stage has usually kept close to one accepted type or the other.

To say that Mr. Harris's favorite exemplars are more like Uncle Tom than like Zip Coon would be a gross generality, and useful only to imply that the grave in the sons of Ham, rather than the gay, attracts Mr. Harris; for the methods of attacking slavery in Uncle Tom's Cabin and in Turgénef's Annals of a Sportsman are not farther apart

[1] *Balaam and his Master, and Other Sketches and Stories.* By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

than Mrs. Stowe's eloquent symbol and the real negro as he appears in Mingo, in Free Joe, and in Balaam. It is not meant for a moment that Mr. Page and other Southern writers have not depicted sad negroes, — Marse Chan would be in itself an answer to such a statement, — or that Mr. Harris has not depicted glad ones. But the keenness of this writer's observation is shown in the unusual variety of individual characters with which he illustrates his favorite type; and if, in this latest volume, patience, long-suffering, fidelity, and the melancholy that underlies the African humor predominate, to the utter exclusion of the banjo and the breakdown, it cannot be said that monotony has been allowed to creep into the view. Balaam following the fortunes of his young master to prison and death, and Ananias risking both for the fortunes of the old master of whom the war had made him free, are alike only in their faithfulness, and have personalities of their own as definite as those of the more out-of-the-way and more sharply drawn Duncan and Mom Bi. Ananias, — "the name seemed to fit him exactly. A meaner-looking negro Lawyer Terrell had never seen," — the story of Ananias is probably immoral, as it makes stealing (for another) seem half divine. Its immorality, too, will be progressive, for, among all the darkies of fiction, few will possess the memory more securely than this faithful soul in a mean body, whose mother had named him Ananias, not after the liar, but after the prophet. The charge of theatricality may, not wholly without reason, be brought against the tale of Duncan, the mysterious and ill-fated son of a white man and a mulatto woman, and also that of the terrible old slave-woman who held the divided function of prophetess and friend of the family. But the theatricality is, we feel, in the choice of subject rather than in the treatment of it; and the illustration of character is so bold, so free, so unmistakably true to race, that the rest does not much matter. Mr. Harris is not always so fortunate in his white people; in them his exaggerations take the direction of Dickens, and Colonel Watson, "the virile paralytic" of A Conscript's Christmas, is a kind of Georgia Smallweed.

One attribute of these stories by the author of Uncle Remus is curious indeed, and it has passed, so far as we can discover, altogether unnoted in print. This is the apparently unconscious production from time to time of some effect of fairy or folk lore. Mom Bi has of course an avowed element of the grotesque, but we like to believe that Mr. Harris did not set out to produce the elfin impression of Danny Lemmons the hunchback, who went singing ahead of the soldiers, in A Conscript's Christmas. The man with the bag over his shoulder, who comes suddenly out of the wood in Where 's Duncan? brings with him a whiff of the German fairy story. His clever dealing with the mules, also, and his music, of the kind which is understood to wile the bird from the tree, although they do not offend probability, have yet a little of the atmosphere of legend. It must be left to the learned in folk lore to explain this action of negro superstition upon the Anglo-Saxon mind, or, if one prefers, this cropping out of Teuton myth in middle Georgia. We are content with pointing out a curious, attractive, and not unnatural presence in the talent of one whose pen occupied itself first with the legends of Uncle Remus.

Before turning from the South to other quarters of the compass, two more works in this region demand attention. One of these is Flute and Violin,[1] by Mr. James Lane Allen, who is of the four débutants already named. Mr. Page takes up a claim in Virginia, Mr. Harris in Georgia, and neither of them, it

[1] *Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales.* By James Lane Allen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

is to be observed, goes very far away from the war, on one side or the other, in point of time. Mr. Allen stakes out his domain in Kentucky, troubles himself very little about the peculiar institution or its effect upon other institutions, and has indeed won his best success in a story that refers its scene to a time nearly a hundred years ago. The pathos of this carefully costumed and delicately fashioned narrative is real enough, and the parson's renunciation of the magic flute is not more fanciful than his dance, in the ball dress of a Virginia gentleman, to the music of it. The interest, however, even the singular charm of this tale proceeds, not from qualities of which greater measure is often found in works of less art, but from the balance and harmony between the flute portion and the violin portion of the story, and most of all from the clear remoteness, if one may so speak, which is given to both characters and incident. Some charming, vivid scene at the play, viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass, gives the same visual condition as that of Flute and Violin. The music, too, though clear, is far, like the horns in the Laureate's song, and as if it came to the ear by some process of hearing analogous to that of seeing through the reversed glass. Nothing else in Mr. Lane's volume is like this rare little work, although the evident care — the evidence being sometimes too plain — bestowed on each detail of the graceful and pathetic study of master and slave which is entitled Two Gentlemen of Kentucky allies it to Flute and Violin. There is strength in King Solomon of Kentucky, a more direct rendering of a sturdy old vagrant, who redeemed his character in the community by remaining through a time of pestilence to dig graves for the victims; and this and the passion of Sister Dolorosa, a nun who loved in spite of her vows, leave the reader doubting just what direction Mr. Allen will take in the future. His forte might well be thought, except for one surprising mistake, a scrupulously refined art, in which the conscious adaptation of means to ends would result, after practice, in a more perfect illusion of unconsciousness. This mistake is the rude jostling of fable with fact in Sister Dolorosa, which ends with a letter from Molokai, and thus conjures up the shade of Father Damien to dwarf the creatures of imagination.

But it is too soon to prophesy, and a safer field for comment is extended in the collection of Octave Thanet's new stories. This offers a brand-new subject in Otto the Knight,[1] the titular story, and the writer has employed all her resources in recounting the struggles and remorse of this infant knight of labor, this sanguinary "child trying to sin like a man." We regret to admit, when there is so much that is admirable as well as vivid in these and in other stories from the same pen, that, whatever time of day it is with Octave Thanet, and whether she says the sun is shining or the moon, the light is too often supplied by the footlights. In The Day of the Cyclone there is a fine battery of the darkest green lights, both "house" and stage are in gloom, the thunder sounds tinny, and the elements themselves are enlisted as *dramatis personæ*. A soberer method, less of an effort after brilliancy in dialogue at the expense of nature, and a lighter touch where pathos is the thing touched would commend her undoubted gifts more highly to the judicious. The Conjured Kitchen is excellent fooling, and perhaps as good a bit of work as she has done. For the rest, melodrama prevails over comedy, and in choosing we venture to recommend Otto the Knight and Sist' Chaney's Black Silk, a thoroughly Southern story with an odd suggestion of New England in it.

[1] *Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi Stories.* By Octave Thanet. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

Whoever fares with Mr. Garland along his Main-Travelled Roads [1] is still no farther from the South than the Mississippi Valley, but the environment is unmistakably the West. The color, the light, the life, the movement, the readiness to turn from melancholy feeling to humorous perception, — all these are gone, together with the ameliorating negro; and in their places, produced by a massive, crude force which will have to be reckoned with in our literature, is one overwhelming impression of grinding, unremunerated toil. Mr. Garland's West is not the beckoning Occident — familiar to our imaginations, if not to our hopes — of enterprise and "push" and fortune that may be had for fighting, if not for asking. His West is on the other side of the shield. The right to vote and an American education cannot, he would have us believe, raise men and women who are really no more than beasts of burden much above the level of an oppressed peasantry, except that knowledge and rights confer on them the dignity of a sharper unhappiness. The remembrance of Mr. Garland's people, after the book is laid aside, is, strangely enough, that of a class, and not of individuals, — of a vast company, with worn, stolid faces, toiling in the fields all day without remission. Even the Angelus is denied them; and if they heard it, our fellow-countrymen would know too much to bow their heads before a superstition. They go home from work to grim cleanliness or grim squalor, as the case may be, and the dreariness of the farmer is exceeded, as ever, by the dreariness of the farmer's wife. One reads and is convinced, and then cries out that it is impossible; that this writer, so terribly in earnest, must be mistaken; that in his enthusiasm for Mr. Howells he has married Russian despair and French realism. Certain echoes, however, from the Mississippi Valley and from other tracts in the West hint that Mr. Garland may be telling the mere truth. If he is, the sum of human grief and suffering is still greater than we had supposed. Meanwhile, writing is writing, and Mr. Garland must accept and take to heart the warning that monotony is the danger of the earnest man.

More blithesome, gay, and debonair is the youngest of the four new-comers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis. His work has already been spoken of, in this wandering commentary, as belonging to the climate and conditions of New York, and the definition may be confidently repeated, although we are now reminded that Gallegher [2] ran his race in and about Philadelphia. For Mr. Davis has become a New Yorker with emphasis. He thinks that Broadway is as good a boulevard as any man need want, that there is no street in the world like it, — as indeed there probably is not, — and his Credo includes the Central Park and everything else. There is usually an uneasy consciousness of the provinces in so strenuous an assertion of cosmopolitanism, but Mr. Davis is much too confident for even a sub-consciousness of the kind. It is this quality, one may conjecture, which has led many persons to do an able and most promising young writer the unwitting wrong to speak of him as the Kipling of America. Such comparisons are never in the happiest vein of intelligence, and Mr. Davis is by no means so well oriented, in any sense of the word, as the infant phenomenon who has added a new country to the map and a new sensation to life. But the two youths — the word itself contains most of the resemblance — have certain qualities in common; and it is by his evident possession of some of these that Mr. Davis has hit the popular fancy.

[1] *Main-Travelled Roads.* By Hamlin Garland. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1891.

[2] *Gallegher, and Other Stories.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

The impression of having a coiled-up mainspring of youth in mind or heart, or in both, is no mean endowment for a writer who addresses the imagination, and it is just this impression that Mr. Davis's work carries with it. This mainspring — if we may keep on being so wildly figurative for a moment — is the motor of Gallegher's stolen cab and of all other things in the wonderful, rushing story, which distances everything else Mr. Davis has yet written. Sometimes his youth impels him to be what undergraduates call "fresh;" and when he is fresh he does the sort of thing of which The Other Woman (an impossible story, which is not even consistent with and within itself) is the most flagrant example. The Other Woman is not serio-comic, — it is too portentously serious for that, — but it is serio-juvenile, and the writer must not do so again. This defect of the quality of youth, however, is not Mr. Davis's chief danger, for the defect — and the quality, too, alas — will undoubtedly be looked to by a person carrying a scythe. No, another peril threatens the author of Gallegher and creator of Van Bibber, and already endangers the future of his pleasant lightweight hero of the swan-boats, the burglar, and the impromptu wedding. Van Bibber, to make a clean breast of it, is grown so ethical that he is in danger of becoming a prig. Her First Appearance, the tale in which Van Bibber makes his latest appearance, is properly beyond our jurisdiction, because it has not yet been gathered into a book; but everybody has read it, and it is too much in line with slight but ominous symptoms in the delightful volume which remains Mr. Davis's single pledge for the future not to be taken as a monitory text. Her First Appearance presents a charming stage child, and Van Bibber, in the character of her protector, as a full-grown moralist. This staid young frequenter of the wings, this excellent fellow who has no acquaintances among the actresses, and goes behind the scenes mainly to lecture his friend, the hero of the comic opera, on his better self, must have been a bit irritating to the "professionals" with whom he came in contact, and would have provoked the Shakespearean among them to repeat Falstaff's question on a memorable occasion: "What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?" Van Bibber makes answer in Her First Appearance, To bring middle-aged men of the world to a sense of their duty as fathers. We resent a little this knight of the *coulisses*, who is without fear save for his own virtue, without reproach except for those less holy than he. We resent it more than a little, because Van Bibber was a nice fellow, and it is too sad to believe, in spite of a sign now and then, even in the present volume, that Mr. Davis is going to turn the gay benefactor of the Central Park and the marriage morn into anything so uncomfortable and uncompromising as a Broadway Sir Galahad.

So much fault-finding where there is so much merit is ungracious; but that we take pains to point out faults at length is in itself a tribute to Mr. Davis's gifts. This foreboding comment causes the shadow of moralizing on his work to appear larger than it is. It has not hitherto darkened or chilled more than one or two of this writer's stories, and this fact should be noted well, that he never fails to be interesting. Even in The Other Woman there is such ingenuity of theme as to promise great things after this kind for the future, when knowledge and experience shall have balanced the already earnest intent; and the gift of persuasive dialogue which Mr. Davis has often exhibited reaches, in this unsatisfying tale, a degree that is expected only from masters of fiction. This and the writer's other good gifts of concentration and movement lend much attraction even to a story so be-moraled as There Were Ninety and Nine; and Mr. Davis's

"go" and dramatic sympathy with his subject make almost real such an unreality as My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen. Mr. Raegen is at least cater-cousin to Editha's Burglar, and it is very possible that the little kid grew up to be Editha herself. But Mr. Davis must have justice in the statement that his burglars do not burgle gently. In fact, he knows his East side and all the rest of the underside of his New York as Dickens knew his London or Victor Hugo his Paris, with this important reservation, of course, — that a man can know a thing only to the top of his bent; and there is no one of our time with quite the feeling for great cities which was in both of those men of genius. With plenty of youth in the bank, then, with a power of telling a story which includes a quite unusual gift for rapid movement, with ingenuity, with knowledge of some sides of life and time to learn the others, and with an apparently absolute command of natural and convincing dialogue, — with all these endowments, what may not a man do? Mr. Davis may do many things that are worth doing, if he will but abstain from the motif of the theatre and from the motif to which he needs to grow. He must also resist the seductions of the moral. He may be as ethical as he likes, implicitly; but we live in hope that Mr. Davis will soon be above explicit moralizings. Young bloods look for a time of rest, but let him not rest too long before he works more in the vein of Gallegher and in the vein of Van Bibber before his fall.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Cooke are as familiar as Mr. Davis is new, and their contributions to the year's stories are in the direction of former work, and emphasize the writers' characteristics. In Mrs. Ward's collection[1] there are at least two stories, The Madonna of the Tubs and The Sacrifice of Antigone, of the sort which makes one thankful that this author lives and writes. The Madonna of the Tubs is tolerably amorphous, and it is, of course, not without exaggeration; but its pathos, its tender and true feeling, are as little to be denied as the lack of form and the lack of restraint. It is a pleasure as well as a proof to find, on another reading, after a lapse of years, the fisherman's crippled boy no less appealing now than he was then. The other children supposed that he did not lie because he was a cripple, and the thing not to be forgotten in the story is his agonized wish to be sure that he had heard his father speak the comforting words.

Mrs. Cooke's art is, as it were, sprung from the soil. Her own feeling of this is shown in the title of Huckleberries,[2] which she has chosen for her new volume of stories. Mrs. Cooke writes in a brief preface that she regards this wild berry as "typical of the New England character." "Hardy," says she, "sweet yet spicy, defying storms of heat or cold with calm persistence, clinging to a poor soil, barren pastures, gray and rocky hillsides, yet drawing fruitful issues from scanty sources, it is most fitly celebrated by our own great poet." And then follow the familiar lines beginning, —

"There 's a berry blue and gold."

The short preface gives the note to a book in which there is much that is native and strong and vernacular. Mrs. Cooke draws her lines sharply, and succeeds perfectly with plain, strong characters, and with the kind of scene which on the stage is said to play itself; but the attempt to deal with subtlety or complexity of any kind is apt to result in a rather hard inadequacy. In A Town Mouse and a Country Mouse, the final story of the volume, Mrs. Cooke reaches

[1] *Fourteen to One.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills.* By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

a point that stands for high water in the present instance, and, so far as we can now remember, in former instances of her talent. This bit of veritable Yankee pathos has also a reserve and a severity of form to which the writer has been helped, one may hazard, by the especial severity of the subject.

No country could be farther than New England from the No Man's Land which is now reached, in the makeshift classification adopted for the many collections of stories before us. It must serve, as we have suggested, to denominate and bound work in which ingenuity, romance, or a vague habit of mind triumphs over what is known in popular phrase as local color. Here is our fourth débutant. Iduna,[1] which gives title to the collection, is the history of a beautiful young girl who was preserved by her father until adult years from all knowledge, and hence from all fear, of death. But one day she espied a dead butterfly, and, finding that it could not be "mended," she began, to speak commonly, to smell a rat. The full knowledge of the general fate of man burst upon Iduna in the death of her sister. Whereupon, although there was a young man ready, and indeed appointed, to love her, she got her to a nunnery. "She is one of a religious sisterhood. She seeks the immortality she once thought was hers." It should be clear to Mr. Hibbard that it is vain to seek immortality with such work as Iduna. The idea is not without grandeur, but in his lurid development of it he has mistaken moonshine for the light that never was on sea or land. The other stories are infinitely less ambitious, and one or two of them, notably Papoose, are not unreadable.

One looks backward at three tales[2] by the late William Douglas O'Connor. They belong to a time when people in Boston had not begun to move from "the hill" to the new land, and when the influence of Dickens was strong in all places where English was read and written. The Ghost, the first of the three tales, shows this influence markedly. All three are old-fashioned, but they have an affluence of imagination which also, unfortunately, is out of the fashion.

The finer methods of The Adventures of Three Worthies,[3] leisurely and pleasant tales, declare that in romance, as well as in the newest kind of writing, modern standards are asserting themselves. It is the same sort of illustration, in little, — the comparison of Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Ross, — that one finds in the carelessness of Sir Walter and the carefulness of Mr. Stevenson. The tale of Mr. Ross's first worthy, The Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, reads very much like a translation from the French.

Mr. Janvier does not repeat the triumph of his Color Studies in The Uncle of an Angel,[4] but he gives some good light comedy; and Mr. Bunner's delicately written stories are very good comedy indeed. His Zadoc Pine[5] possesses the further distinction of being a sketch of character that will be remembered. Everything in Mr. Brander Matthews's collaborations, With my Friends,[6] is ingenious and clever except the preliminary essay on The Art and Mystery

[1] *Iduna, and Other Stories.* By George A. Hibbard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

[2] *Three Tales.* By William Douglas O'Connor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[3] *The Adventures of Three Worthies.* By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

[4] *The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories.* By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

[5] *Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories.* By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

[6] *With my Friends.* Tales Told in Partnership. By Brander Matthews. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

of Collaboration. This pleasant talk is more historical than explanatory, and, although we are informed that two heads are better than one for making a play, and better also than three or more, it leaves the art of putting the two heads together as much a mystery as before.

It need not be said that Mr. Stockton[1] is less attached to a local habitation than any one else on the list which his name brilliantly completes. Moreover, the principle of negative gravity which he himself invented appears, for the most part, to rule his people. Their feet never quite touch the earth, and that, doubtless, is why they are so buoyant and so exhilarating. The Rudder Grangers keep their quality abroad and "among the pelicans."

It would agreeably round out a commentary upon current short stories to establish some general relationships among them. But these relationships, were they established, would be found to be very general. The Southerners are alike, in ways that we have tried to show; and of most of our writers it is true to say that they feel a far stronger obligation to write with the eye on the object than they would have felt ten years ago. Another trait in common is that romanticists, as well as realists, are striving after finer literary methods. The former obligation makes it the more surprising that, out of fourteen writers at this time, seven should belong to what we have called No Man's Land. But choice of subject is in most of these cases a sufficient explanation. A more puzzling inquiry is that of which an inconclusive word was said at the beginning of this paper, — the inquiry, namely, why short stories are better and far more frequently written among us than novels. Is it the climate or the national restlessness, or are our writers scant of breath? Is it, perchance, because, although they see life "steadily" (for the space of a *conte*), they do not "see it whole"?

INDIAN WARFARE ON THE FRONTIER.

THERE never has been adequate public recognition of the inestimable service rendered by the small United States regular army in the Indian campaigns of the last forty years. With the close of the war with Mexico we acquired, substantially, our present national limits; but these limits held good only as against foreign powers. The great area between the Mississippi and the Pacific was still a wilderness, held by powerful tribes of singularly warlike and bloodthirsty savages. Year by year the frontier of civilization was pushed westward across this wilderness; year by year the map showed growing areas of civilization in isolated tracts on the Pacific coast and in the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains, until within the last half dozen years the westward extension of the frontier has been pushed so far forward as to make it join with many of these hitherto island-like areas. In other words, the frontier proper has come to an end. The expression "on the frontier," which for more than a century of our national existence had a most definite and significant meaning, is now meaningless, for the frontier itself no longer exists.

This marvelously rapid westward extension of our people across the continent would have been impossible had it

[1] *The Rudder Grangers Abroad, and Other Stories.* By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

not been for the quiet, faithful, uncomplaining, often heroic, and almost always absolutely unnoticed service rendered by the regular army. Abreast of the first hardy pioneers, whether miners or cattle men, appeared the West Point officer and his little company of trained soldiers; and the more regular settlers never made their appearance until, in campaign after campaign, always very wearing and harassing, and often very bloody in character, the scarred and tattered troops had decisively overthrown the Indian lords of the land. Save for the presence of the regular army a large portion of the territory inclosed within the limits of the flourishing States of the great plains and the Rockies would still be in the possession of hostile Indians, and the work of settlement in the West could not have reached its present point.

The lonely little posts on the waters of the Platte, the Powder, the Yellowstone, the Columbia, or the Colorado, where for many weary years at a time the soldiers wearing the national uniform lived and warred and died, with quiet endurance, surrounded by the desolation of vast solitudes and menaced by the most merciless of foes, have now either been abandoned, or are the seats of flourishing towns which but for the exertions of these soldiers would never have come into being; and the memory of the deeds done during the lonely years of peril fades as rapidly as the log walls of the cantonments crumble. They attracted scant notice at the time, in the roar of our huge and busy national life; and they were forgotten almost as soon as done. Yet their consequences were of far-reaching importance, and it is eminently fitting that they should be appropriately commemorated.

It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we welcome the appearance of a book[1] dealing with certain of the more recent Indian campaigns in the West. No man is better fitted, by experience, training, and mental habit, than Captain Bourke to describe these campaigns, and none other of our Indian fighters of recent times played so long, so varied, and on the whole so important a part in this phase of the conquest of the continent as did General Crook. Other men, notably General Custer, have played parts which were at times more brilliant. No single victory of Crook's was either as dramatic or as important as Custer's triumphant night fight on the Washita, and no scene in the former's life equaled, either in picturesque quality or in tragedy, the battle which resulted in Custer's death. But Crook saw very much more service against the Indians; he saw it under far more varied conditions; and on the whole, when everything is summed up, he accomplished more not only than Custer, but than any other Far Western commander of recent years.

Captain Bourke begins his book with a description of the conditions of life in Arizona in 1870, the chief of these conditions being unending and ferocious warfare with the Apaches. He describes very graphically and interestingly General Crook's victorious struggle with these most intractable of American savages, on assuming command of the Arizona department. The warfare must have been grim and dreary enough, too, at the time, to those taking part in it, but in its recital it is full of picturesque incidents. Nowhere else would it be possible to obtain so vivid a picture as is here given of the incredible dangers and hardships attendant upon life in Arizona in the early seventies, or so sympathetic and yet humorous a description of the soldiers, American settlers, and Mexicans who made up the motley population. The Apaches were able to cause trouble out of all proportion to their numbers. They were foot, not horse Indians. They never stood the shock of battle unless the odds were enormously

[1] *On the Border with Crook.* By JOHN G. BOURKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

in their favor. They were most dangerous when their bands were scattered and they were acting as individuals; and they could endure heat, thirst, hunger, and fatigue in a way which no white man could rival. Captain Bourke brings out very clearly the disadvantages under which any civilized troops necessarily labored in making war upon these untamable barbarians. He also shows, what is well known to all men who have had any experience on the frontier, but what is rarely admitted in frontier communities, that it is impossible to organize a really efficient force of any size composed of white frontiersmen. There are a few old hunters, trappers, mountain men, and plains men who become as hardy, and almost as expert in tracking and hiding, as the Indians, and even better shots and fighters; but these men are very few in number, and they are usually nearly valueless, except as individual fighters, because of their singular intolerance of restraint or command. The average frontiersman, whether cowboy or miner, affords good material out of which a force can be constituted for a sudden dash; but the men composing such a force are entirely unfit for a long campaign. They are brave enough, — indeed, they are often brave to the verge of recklessness, — but they do not have the resolution which comes only with discipline. They are fickle, impatient of restraint, and sure to grumble, and finally to break out in open revolt if the campaign is not brought to a speedy and successful issue; and nineteen out of twenty Indian campaigns cannot possibly be thus speedily and successfully brought to a close. General Crook appreciated all these facts very keenly, and it was he more than any other man who introduced the system of employing Indians themselves to fight Indians. To all the tribes in the West he was known as the Gray Fox, a name given him in compliment to his wisdom, foresight, and remarkably successful management, whether of a negotiation or of a campaign. He was also most honorably known to them as a man who invariably kept his word, and never promised more than he could perform. They trusted and respected him as they have trusted and respected few whites. It was therefore comparatively easy for him to organize a force of Indian scouts. With these bands of Indian scouts under picked white leaders, and assisted by small parties of regular troops and a few white frontiersmen, General Crook, in a remarkably short space of time, brought the long-lingering conflict with the Apaches to a happy conclusion, and completely pacified Arizona.

Soon afterwards he was called to take command in a very different country, against Indian foes of a very different kind. He exchanged the arid deserts and dry rugged mountains of Arizona for the vast rolling prairies and pine-clad hills of Wyoming, Montana, and western Dakota; and confronted as antagonists the warlike tribes of the Horse Indians, the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Arapahoes. These Indians were many times as numerous as the Apaches, and far more dangerous in actual warfare, though much less able to carry on the long-drawn hostilities of a conflict where skulking and murder take the place of fighting in the open. General Crook had supreme command in the doubtful and hard-fought campaign of 1876, of which the most noted battle was the fight on the Rosebud, where General Custer and his three hundred followers were slain to the last man. The campaign opened in the early spring, and in the first fight one of Crook's subordinate officers was defeated by the great Sioux chief Crazy Horse. Three months later, Crook himself, with his white troops and bands of Crow and Shoshone allies, fought a fierce drawn battle with the same redoubtable chief, and following this came Custer's defeat. All the Indians of the Northwest were on the war-

path, save that some of the Cheyennes were kept on the reservation as the result of a victory, in which one of the most marked incidents was the slaying of the chief Yellow Hand by the then famous scout Buffalo Bill.

Up to the beginning of the fall, the advantage in the fight had certainly rested with the Indians. Crook, however, excelled especially in dogged endurance, and instead of giving up and pushing for one of the forts, where he could have obtained reinforcements and supplies, he kept the field with his starving, ragged, almost worn-out soldiers, made a wonderful march southward from the lower waters of the Little Missouri, whipped the Sioux under American Horse and Crazy Horse in the fight at Slim Buttes, and relieved the threatened settlements in the Black Hills. Then he organized a winter campaign such as those which Custer had first successfully tried. In this campaign a decisive blow was struck by McKenzie's brilliant night surprise of the Cheyenne camp on the Big Horn. As a sequel of this victory, the great bulk of the hostile Indians came into the reservations and surrendered. In passing, it may be mentioned that one of the most interesting descriptions of this campaign of 1876 is to be found in ex-Congressman Finerty's book, Warpath and Bivouac.[1]

Crook had but little rest, for he was shortly again sent to Arizona, where governmental ignorance and red tape, the rascality of Indian agents and the greed and lawlessness of the white frontiersmen, had undone most of the work which had been accomplished during the early seventies. He speedily restored confidence in the minds of the well-affected Indians, and from among them organized a very efficient expeditionary force, with which he brought in the hostiles. This was his last service in the field, but before his death he did important work with both Utes and Sioux in preserving peace, and procuring sessions of their lands on terms favorable to the Indians and advantageous to *bona fide* white settlers.

Captain Bourke not only describes the actual campaign and fighting with great force and clearness, but he draws many vivid and truthful pictures of that strange and hazardous frontier life which is now completely a thing of the past. He also presents us with much curious information about the life and tribal and individual customs of the Indians themselves, of whom he has been a most close, intelligent, and sympathetic observer. Moreover, his remarks upon our Indian policy have a very great value, as being the words of an expert. No man, whether in Congress or out of it, who appreciates the gravity of the Indian problem, and is anxious to grapple with it intelligently, should fail to read Captain Bourke's book. What he says about the Indian schools is well worthy of attention, and so are all his remarks in relation to breaking up the tribal system, the absolute need of treating the Indians with justice, and the folly of waging war upon every tribe where there happens to be an epidemic of dancing and ghost-seeing. The book is very pleasantly written, and there is no little humor in some of the descriptions, such as that of the amateur soldier "bronco busters" and their experiences, given on page 5, or the account of the Indian scout Ute John, who scorned to discuss the campaign with any of the subordinate officers, and always greeted General Crook with the affability of a friend and equal, hailing him with "Hello, Cluke, how you gettin' on? Where you tink dem Settin' Bull and Crazy Horse is now, eh, Cluke?" Captain Bourke's style, however, is susceptible of improvement, and he could do much by merely reading over his manuscript aloud and striving to make his sentences shorter and

[1] Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux. By J. F. Finerty. Chicago: J. F. Finerty. 1890.

more simple. Moreover, while we wish his work were twice as long as it is, it is yet true that it could with advantage be compressed in some respects, notably where he gives lists of names. Some of his pages (page 390, for instance) look like the roster of a regiment. There is no more object in printing the names of a hundred or so lieutenants and captains who accompanied a given expedition than there would be in printing the names of all the private soldiers who accompanied it. So with the names of the Indians on page 391. They would be interesting in an appendix devoted to the subject of Indian nomenclature, but they are entirely out of place where they break in on the narrative.

It is much to be regretted that Captain Bourke has not included in his book the best piece of literary work he has ever done. A year or so ago he wrote an account of McKenzie's surprise of the Cheyenne camp in the early winter of 1876. This was published first in the Army and Navy Journal, and afterwards in pamphlet form. It need scarcely be said that a magazine article and a pamphlet alike are but one degree less ephemeral in character than an article in a newspaper. Captain Bourke's account of McKenzie's night attack is one of the most thrilling bits of war narrative which it has ever been our good fortune to read. It is, without exception, the very best description of an Indian battle to be found in American literature; yet he has not reproduced it in his book, contenting himself with a mere bald statement of the results of the fight.

In this striking sketch, which would so well bear reprinting in permanent form, Captain Bourke brings vividly before our eyes the beginning of the winter campaign amid the snow-clad wastes of northern Wyoming. He shows us the march of the troops through the arctic severity of the weather; the ground like ringing iron under their feet, while sun-dogs glimmered luridly in the foggy sky. He writes with keen insight and sympathy not only of the rugged soldiers and their commanders, but also of the stalwart frontiersmen who acted as scouts and managed the pack-trains, and of the great band of Indian allies, forming nearly a third of the expeditionary force; it was composed of Pawnees, Shoshones, Sioux, and Arapahoes, under some of their most noted chiefs and warriors. He shows clearly the inestimable service performed by these Indian scouts, and he also makes equally clear the benefits accruing from the extreme efficiency which General Crook had introduced into the whole pack-train service. He then describes the accidental discovery of the Cheyenne village, and McKenzie's night march through a vast, grim cañon of the Big Horn Mountains. In stirring words he portrays the halt of the white troops and their red allies so near the Cheyenne camp that they could hear the ominous throbbing of the war-drums and the pattering of feet and the shouts of the dancers, as the warriors celebrated a recent surprise of a Shoshone village. Then he describes the thundering rush with which the red and white horsemen stormed the camp at dawn, the foremost in the charge being the Indian allies, headed by half a dozen West Point officers and white scouts; the Pawnees being led by their own medicine men, sitting naked and unmoved on their horses, and crooning weirdly on their sacred flageolets in the midst of the hail of bullets. After this came the fight and slaughter, the destruction of the Cheyenne camp, the capture of the Cheyenne pony herd and of all the goods of the tribe, as well as of their ghastly trophies of former victories, including scalps, necklaces of finger-bones, and the dried hands and arms not only of men, but of women and little children. Yet all day long the Cheyennes, as remarkable for their bravery as for

their inhuman cruelty, stood at bay, and withdrew under cover of night, to begin their long flight, fraught with unspeakable hardship and suffering, through the iron winter weather, to the camp of Crazy Horse.

Not the least of the many admirable qualities of Captain Bourke's book is its healthy and thorough-going Americanism. It is a good thing to have some adequate tribute paid to the generals and soldiers who have done honor to the nation by their feats of arms during the last quarter of a century of what we are accustomed to consider profound peace. We are, as a people, curiously ignorant of the noteworthy military deeds performed by our troops in the grim frontier warfare of this period. In this we offer a by no means pleasant contrast to the English, who always show a prompt and hearty appreciation of what their soldiers accomplish on their Indian and African frontiers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done nearly as much for Tommy Atkins and his Indian friends and foes as Bret Harte before him did for the Californian miners; but no such writer has arisen to bring home to us the life work of our own Western soldiers. So it is with their commanders. It is to the credit of the English that their reading public is so quick to recognize and record the services of Sir Frederic Roberts and Lord Wolseley. Contrast this with the attitude of our own reading public. Only a small fraction thereof is acquainted with the campaigns waged against foes more terrible than Pathan or Zulu — infinitely more terrible than the contemptible soldiery of Arabi Pasha — by Crook, Custer, and Miles, to mention American soldiers with whose exploits and military standing those of Roberts and Wolseley can legitimately be compared. Many of our people who know well enough by name the Sikh and Ghoorka auxiliaries of the British army would be puzzled by a reference to Major North's Pawnee scouts or the Apaches of Captain Crawford; and it is possible that some of them, at least, are better acquainted with the campaigns in Ashantee land and Afghanistan than with those in Montana and Arizona. To these good persons we recommend Captain Bourke's book as an urgently needed piece of missionary work concerning their own history and their own land; and we earnestly hope that we shall see more such books in the future.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. My Threescore Years and Ten, an Autobiography, by Thomas Ball. (Roberts.) There is that in Mr. Ball's Autobiography which reminds us a little of Chester Harding's, — a frank, kindly account of a life which, with untoward beginnings, seemed to blossom into artistic success, keeping all the while a good-natured self-respect in the midst of a clear recognition of deficiencies. There are many pleasant passages in this rambling narrative, which reads as if it were jotted down at odd moments, in disregard of any very consecutive form. The picture it gives incidentally of Boston in the middle of the century is often one of interest from its betrayal of provincial tones. — Salem Witchcraft in Outline, by Caroline E. Upham. (The Salem Press, Salem.) Mrs. Upham has gone mainly to Mr. Charles W. Upham's historic work for her material, but has aimed to make a brief narrative which shall present the facts in the case in a fresh, vivid manner. This she has done effectively, and in a compass more convenient than we remember to have found before. If she views this terrible outburst with indignation at the pitiless clergy, and admi-

ration for stout-hearted Rebecca Nourse, she is in accord with most readers of the day. Yet, blind as our ancestors were to their own cruelty, it is to be said that this tornado of superstition which swept away so many souls gathered its irresistible force from many generations of men, and expended it on one. — The Life and Times of Niccolò Machiavelli, by Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Madame Linda Villari. In two volumes. (Scribners.) This new edition of a work whose importance was recognized when the original appeared reflects special credit on author, translator, and publishers. It is a thorough English version, unabridged and well equipped, of a history which covers the most genetic period of Italian life. The subject of the biographical treatment offers an excellent starting-point for a consideration of the modern state in its relation to the Renaissance, and Professor Villari, whose mind is scientific in its cast, has perceived with great clearness the movement of the political, religious, and artistic thought of Italy in the time of Machiavelli. He writes with modern Italy for a background to his thought; that is, his history is meant for people of this day to read, and he has fortified his position with abundant documents. It is the philosophic treatment which will most attract readers. The illustrations, largely portraits, are admirable, and admirably printed. — Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, by Mrs. Alexander Ireland. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) Mrs. Ireland's task has been to separate Mrs. Carlyle from her husband; to collect into one convenient volume the letters and memorials which, for the most part, lie scattered in several publications; and thus to permit one to see by herself a person who, had she not married Mr. Carlyle, might still have made an impression upon her countrymen and countrywomen. We question the wisdom which thus seeks to dispart this remarkable pair. Mrs. Carlyle was Carlyle's wife, and Mrs. Ireland does not succeed any more than death did. The amount of new material in the book is inconsiderable. — Journal of Maurice De Guérin, edited by G. S. Trebutien, with a Biographical and Literary Memoir by Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Jessie P. Frothingham. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A new translation, in good English, of a French classic which has a peculiar interest to-day, since, written sixty years ago, the attitude toward nature and toward society found in it is far more common to educated and sensitive minds than when the journal was penned. The delicacy of sensibility which it discloses has a purity and freedom from mawkishness most agreeable to the reader, who ventures upon the perusal with a little timidity at first, from the fear of encountering a soul too high strung to make a partnership in its experience possible. — Peel, by J. R. Thursfield. (Macmillan.) One of the Twelve English Statesmen Series. The treatment of the subject is of the best order of English political writing. It is a study, acute, discriminating, and resolute, of a character simple in its lines, but set in such complex relations as itself to seem complex. Mr. Thursfield, in the course of his narrative, makes some capital reflections upon other than strictly biographical phases of his subject, as when, for example, he touches in a few sentences upon the characteristics of the eighteenth century. It may be said, in general, of political subjects in English history that they have a special charm for the student, since no other nation has given such singular opportunity for the practice of statesmanship. The conditions of government have stimulated the development of men who have worked in affairs as an artist works in his material. — Literary Industries, a Memoir, by Hubert Howe Bancroft. (Harpers.) In this moderate-sized volume Mr. Bancroft has given an account of his life and its product in the vast work on the Pacific coast, for which he accumulated materials, and which he organized as it stands. It has been acutely said that biography is sure to be false, autobiography sure to be true: because in writing the life of another man the author inevitably and unconsciously impregnates the work with his own personality; in writing his own life the author in vain seeks to conceal his personality; inevitably and unconsciously he discloses it. That remarkable result of business enterprise, organizing power, and scriptorial ambition to be found in the History of the Pacific States well deserved to be recorded in detail, and no one could have done the task so surely as Mr. Bancroft. — In the series of Johns Hopkins University Studies (the Johns

Hopkins Press, Baltimore), a recent issue is Public Lands and Agrarian Laws of the Roman Republic, by Andrew Stephenson. The author's plan has been to sketch "the origin and growth of the idea of private property in land, the expansion of the ager publicus by the conquest of neighboring territories, and its absorption by means of sale, by gift to the people, and by the establishment of colonies, until wholly merged in private property." — Harmony of Ancient History, and Chronology of the Egyptians and Jews, by Malcolm Macdonald. (Lippincott.) The author's method is first, in a series of chapters, to determine Egyptian chronology and establish certain epochs, then to inquire into the technical chronology of the Jews and ascertain the chronologic epochs from the exodus to the reign of Hezekiah, and finally to trace the synchronous history of the two peoples. He makes use of documents, monuments, astronomical observations, coins, and the like.

Poetry and the Drama. Lyrical Poems, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) There is an affectionate regard for nature in these verses, which is not less genuine that it has a touch of self-consciousness in it. That is to say, Mr. Austin poetizes, though he does not attitudinize. He is in love with nature, and there is nothing shy about his devotion. Indeed, there is often a freshness which half suggests the Dorset Barnes; but Mr. Austin is always the cultivated poet, to whom nature is a graceful part of a fair life. He turns, when not in face with nature, to the refined England of high breeding, and intimates by his verse that his associations are with the best people. The melody of his verse possibly deludes him into a fluency of expression which sometimes wearies the reader. — A second series of Poems by Emily Dickinson has been issued (Roberts), edited, as was the first, by T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. It has an interesting preface by Mrs. Todd, and a fac-simile of Miss Dickinson's handwriting. A classification of her verse has been attempted under the headings Life, Love, Nature, Time, and Eternity. What strikes one afresh, as he takes up the book, is his interest in reading, independent of his poetic preferences. The quick contact with another nature, and that a singularly aggressive one, makes reading Miss Dickinson an intellectual excitement. We raise our objections, we rule out poem after poem, yet we keep on reading, never sure but irritation will give way to delight. The lawless is sometimes more interesting than the lawful. — The Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan) is enriched by the addition of Balladen und Romanzen, selected and arranged, with notes and literary introduction, by C. A. Bucheim. The title page has a pretty vignette of Uhland. The contents are grouped chronologically under three periods: from Bürger to Chamisso, from Uhland to Heine, and from Freiligrath to the present time. The second period is the fullest, including, besides Uhland and Heine, Rückert, Körner, Platen, Wilhelm, Müller. Mr. Bucheim has shown good judgment in giving the largest number of examples from the acknowledged masters, and in keeping the whole number of names represented small. — Drauss un Deheem, gedichte in Pennsylvänisch Deitsch, bei'm Charles Calvin Ziegler von Brushvalley, Pa. (Hesse & Becker, Leipzig.) A thin book of verse, with an Appendix devoted to the pronunciation of Pennsylvania German. The writer points out the considerable infusion of English words in this odd naturalization of German. His own poetical work embraces several translations from Longfellow, Bryant, and Emerson, and his serious poems inevitably set one to recalling Hans Breitmann. — Homer in Chios, an Epopee, by Denton J. Snider. (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis.) An ingenious piece of work. Mr. Snider weaves a hexametrical web about the meeting and marriage of Hesperion from the northland and Praxilla, daughter of Homer. Homer and David and Hesiod all take part in the story, which is, if we are not too daring or blundering in our guesses, a sort of apologue of the blending of Greek and Hebrew influences in the life of the modern world. The hexameters trip along in an amusing dance which might make the author of Evangeline smile, but would surely make the author of Empedocles on Ætna frown. — Modern Love, by George Meredith. (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.) A choicely printed and bound edition of this sequence of sonnets. The book is introduced by an admirable essay by Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, in which, with interpretative skill and good taste, she points out the underlying argument of this splendid

achievement. However impatient one may be, in these days of swift directness, at the involutions of Meredith's art, here is a work which, subtle and elusive, is yet so impressive by its dignity of speech and its restrained power as to take possession of the mind and give one a sense of the wonderful possibilities of poetry. The form of a sonnet sequence has much to do with the success of the work; for it enables Mr. Meredith to concentrate his verse upon each moment of the tragedy, and yet to expand that moment into a rich poetic statement. Lovers of poetry owe a debt to editor and publisher for offering them this book in so convenient, beautiful, and intelligible a form. — Days and Dreams, by Madison Cawein. (Putnams.) When Mr. Cawein is not feverish, when he has some simple theme which calls for simple expression, his poetic nature betrays itself. But it must be said that his verse too often reads as if it were written late at night, not early in the morning; under the gaslight, and not in the cool shade. Mere lavishness is not splendor, and his words sometimes rush along in a stream too much knocked about by the storms to carry safely any very costly freight of thought or passion. — If one wishes to see what a melodramatist bitten by realism can do, let him read the entertaining Chihuahua, a New and Original Social Drama in Four Acts, by Chester Gore Miller. (Kehm, Fietsch & Wilson Co., Chicago.) As one of the characters says: "Some people complain of having a skeleton in their lives; I feel at times as though I owned a graveyard. I am too weak; but then these mental strokes are frightfully realistic." The returned dead man in this drama hypnotizes the rascal, and with a little bottle — for hypnotism appears to the writer to be a sort of drug — rearranges the world in which he finds himself. — An Idyl of the Sun, and Other Poems, by Orrin Cedesman Stevens. (Griffith, Axtell & Cady Co., Holyoke, Mass.) The title poem, which is in blank verse, has a lofty design, and contains at least one striking passage. A certain splendid apparition named Vivero, formed in spirit like the ancient Titans, challenged Heaven. The on-lookers saw him spread his glorious wings,

> "And, like a wingèd avalanche in air,
> Hurl himself straight upon the awful goal.
> . . . . . .
> When lo! he vanished like the thinnest flake
> Of tenuous snow upon a sea of fire."

There is much exalted imagination and spiritual insight in the work, and if the author always thought clearly and married his imaginations to artistic form, he would unquestionably make a strong impression on his readers. As it is, they find it worth their while to surmount the obstacles which the author raises. — Sunshine in Life, Poems for the King's Daughters, selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee, with an Introduction by Margaret Bottome. (Putnams.) A collection of hymns and poems having a religious spirit. An inexact chronological order has been followed, and in the last part of the volume a good many poems by writers unknown to the compiler, and by persons whose names are not yet known to fame, are included. As the title intimates, the collection is intended to be cheerful rather than consolatory. — Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets, from the Poetic Works of James Russell Lowell. (Houghton.) A little volume in the White and Gold Series. The difficulty with such a selection is that, however well pleased the reader may be with what he finds in it, he always wants at least one other poem. It is a convenience, however, to have in a handy volume the Commemoration Ode, The Courtin', Aladdin, Villa Franca, The Dancing Bear, Endymion, Under the Old Elm, Without and Within, and other verses illustrative of the range of Lowell's power.

Nature and Travel. Land of the Lingering Snow, Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from January to June, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton.) Mr. Bolles is an eccentric stroller; we hasten to say that we are using the word in its proper sense, and mean only to point out that even the footpath is too much trodden for him. He goes off at a tangent, and this habit intimates a certain individuality of observation which has its own charm. The precision of his chronicle as to hours and days and places is the sign, on the other hand, of his perpendicularity of mind, and one tendency constantly corrects the other. If he were only precise, he would be tiresome, he would be set like a clock; if he were only vagrant, his desultoriness would weary one by its aimlessness. As it is, the reader who follows him in his strolls always comes back

and is refreshed as by a breezy companion ; and now and then there is a phrase, a passage struck out on the moment, which is like a staff plunged into a snow bank, revealing color and depth not to be seen by one merely brushing the surface of the bank. — A Year in Portugal, 1889–1890, by George B. Loring. (Putnams.) Dr. Loring has printed the journal which he kept during his brief career as United States minister to Portugal. His own interest in agriculture led him to be somewhat more specific in his study of this industry, but his observations generally are those of a traveler with a wide range of tastes, and a readiness to hear and see whatever came in his way, whether of historical or of contemporaneous consequence. — The Business of Travel, a Fifty Years' Record of Progress, by W. Fraser Rae. (Thos. Cook & Son, New York and London.) A jubilee volume, in which the note of exultation over the fifty years of Cook's Tours is sounded, not with a trumpet, but with a whole orchestra. The record is really a very interesting one to any who would see an illustration of organization applied to one of the most difficult branches of human pleasure. It is safe to say that Thos. Cook and Son have been the means of moving a larger number of persons to a larger number of historical shrines than ever Peter the Hermit incited to go to the Holy Land, and Mr. Thomas Cook may well content himself with the thought "that, on the whole, he will leave the world a pleasanter place to travel as well as to live in."

Fiction. Ursula is the latest in the series of Balzac's novels, translated by Miss Wormeley. (Roberts Bros.) Ursule Mironët bears marks of the author's studies in clairvoyance. It was written in 1841, not long before its author put forth his programme of the Comédie Humaine, and when thus he was bringing into a systematic whole the separate studies in human life which to the readers had been so far quite independent of any connection with one another. It is quite possible that in writing it Balzac had in mind its constituent part in his scheme ; it is certain that he pleased himself with the reflection that he was portraying the contact of a young woman with life without loss of her virtue. — Brunhilde, or The Last Act of Norma, by Pedro A. De Alarcón. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. (Lovell.) Between the Spanish and the English, this tale belongs to the fizz, pop, bang ! school of literature. There is a catharine wheel constantly whirling before the reader's eyes, and the result is much dazzle, little light, and total darkness after the show is over. — Master William Mitten, or A Youth of Brilliant Talents who was Ruined by Bad Luck, by Rev. Augustus B. Longstreet, D.D., LL. D. (J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Georgia.) The unsuspecting reader who takes up this book fancies, very likely, that he has come upon a burlesque of the old-fashioned moral tale. But the reader who remembers Georgia Scenes, that delicious bit of old-fashioned humor, and discovers that this book is by the same author, will prefer to think it a curious survival, with its italicized words and phrases, its high-dicky style, its genuine love of fun, and its reflection of a bygone period of Southern society. The book is a most interesting document for the sociologist, and a surprise to the hardened novel-reader. — From Timber to Town, down in Egypt, by an Early Settler. (McClurg.) "One day, arter me an' mother was a livin' by ourselves agin, our chillern all marri'd an' gon', one o' them ar scribblin' fellers step'd in wi' a paper he wanted me ter sine, a settin' forth thet he was a gittin' the names o' the leedin' c'aracters o' the kounty wi' the intenshun o' ritin' a passel uv 'em up es representatives o' the balence, an' bring 'em out in a big book tergether wi' ther rale steal plate picturs," and so on for nearly three hundred pages. This is realism gone to seed. We wonder if the residents of southern Illinois, a hundred years from now, will be using this book with annotations as a textbook in reading, with incidental use as a picture of manners in this antediluvian period ? — St. Katherine's by the Tower, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A spirited tale of English life as affected by the French Revolution. Mr. Besant gives his historical novels a just realism by the power which he has of vivifying persons and scenes, materials for which are derived alike from books and from human nature. — Rabbi and Priest, by Milton Goldsmith. (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) Mr. Goldsmith states that he is indebted for some of the more personal material out of which he has woven

his story to an exiled Russian Jew, whose acquaintance he made shortly after the exile landed in America. He has gone also to published records of Russian treatment of Jews, and has endeavored to make his tale a consistent narrative of the fortunes of a Jew in Russia from boyhood to manhood. He shows skill in the handling of his material, and, though moved by the incidents which he narrates, does not lose his self-control as a writer. — Ivan the Fool, A Lost Opportunity, and Polikushka, by Count Leo Tolstóy. (Webster.) A small volume of three tales ; the first setting forth the author's communistic ideas, the second a picture of peasant life, the third the story of the servant of a nobleman. — The Man from Nowhere, by Flora Haines Loughead. (C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.) Mrs. Loughead is trying an interesting experiment in publishing single-number stories, which one would naturally expect to find in magazines, separately in a monthly series which she entitles The Gold Dust Series. This little tale would not be overlooked if it appeared in a magazine. — Holiday Stories, by Stephen Fiske. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Nine short stories in a paper cover. They are lively trifles. — Thaïs, by Anatole France. Translated by A. D. Hall. (Nile C. Smith Publishing Co., Chicago.) We have already noticed this book in its original dress. We cannot say that the English adds any charm to the work. — Tales of Three Centuries, by Michael Zagoskin. Translated from the Russian by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Curtin in his interesting and helpful Introduction, which the reader may take up at the end as well as at the beginning with profit, relates with fine power some of his own Russian experiences. The tales impress one by the skill with which the English language has been employed in rendering what is so foreign in form as the Russian. There is a singular chatter, which falls on the ear like an imperfectly understood speech, very common in Russian tales, and seen at its extreme in this book. The stories, if one can penetrate the foreign skin, will be found interesting, though hardly absorbing. — Ryle's Open Gate, by Susan Teackle Moore. (Houghton.) A lightly connected series of sketches portraying life and characteristics in an obscure Long Island village, where native and exotic life go on side by side. The author has both a fine sense of humor and, what often goes with this, a generous sympathy, so that in the very informal pictures of what she sees there is something more than cleverness at work ; there is a genuine humanism. One readily accepts the temper in which the book is written, and recognizes the good humor with which these little studies in life are dashed off. The demands made by the reader when he drops into the book are easily met, and he is rather satisfied with what he gets than made to pursue the writer with restless importunity for something greater, more ambitious. — A sketch in the Ideal, a Romance. (Lippincott.) The sketch is so faint that the reader has some difficulty in making out the outline, and when he has found the story he has lost his interest. The materials for a tragedy are used in making a sentimental reverie. — Recent books in paper are : The Anarchists, a Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century, by John Henry Mackay, with a Portrait of the Author and a Study of his Works, by Gabriele Reuter, — translated from the German by George Schumm (B. R. Tucker, Boston) ; Morphine, a Tale of the Present Day, by Dubut De Laforest (the Waverly Co., New York) ; Evelyn's Career, by the Author of My Wife's Niece (Harpers).

Books for Young People. Left to Themselves, being the Ordeal of Philip and Gerald, by Edward Irenæus Stevenson. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.) Mr. Stevenson, in a brief preface, pleads for a closer attention to character in books for the young. The preface reads a little oddly when taken in connection with a story which appeals almost wholly to love of excitement. A boat race, an attempt at kidnapping, a steamboat explosion, a shipwreck, life on an apparently deserted island, the discovery of a forger, — these and incidents like these do not preclude appeals to the reason and to students of character, but we are bound to say that we do not believe the young readers of this book will be set to thinking because of it. It will stir them, as an involved story of adventure easily may stir them, but the hero will appear as the stuff of which heroes in such adventures usually are made. — The Chase of the Meteor, and Other Stories, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner. (Little, Brown & Co.) A collec-

tion of eleven lively stories. The author tries direct narrative, nonsense, and fancy by turn. He is possibly a little too afraid of being dull. — Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his Stories for Boys (Scribners) displays much the same spirit as in his stories for older readers; the difference lies in the choice of subjects, which for the most part have to do with boy life, and in a looser structure, as if he felt that too much art might weaken the force of his narrative. There is a burly good nature in the feeling, a vim, an almost headlong eagerness, which ought to endear these stories to the hearts of youngsters. Nor does the author mistake mere muscular energy for manliness, but shows in many delicate ways how closely allied are bravery and tenderness. — A New Mexico David, and Other Stories and Sketches of the Southwest, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) Nearly a score of short sketches of character and adventure, in which Pueblo Indians, throwing the lasso, rounding up, New Mexican games, and other lively frontier subjects are treated in an offhand, friendly, and attractive manner by one who draws upon his own experience and observation, not upon a chance visit, but in several years of residence. — American Football, by Walter Camp. (Harpers.) Mr. Camp has written, and is still writing, a good deal on this subject. Perhaps this may explain why the little book halts between the two courses of a book for experts and a book for on-lookers. Yet each class will find something of interest in it, and the portraits of thirty-one heroes of the field will be scanned attentively by young America. It will be noticed that these portraits are sometimes of the head, never of the toe exclusively, and more often of the whole figure; this proportion seems to be correct. — The volume of St. Nicholas for 1891 is broken into two bound parts. (The Century Co.) It may be said of this magazine in general that it aims at breaking down the distinction between literature for the young and literature for maturer readers by its appeal to a literary and artistic sense. — Harper's Young People for 1891 (Harpers) suggests the difference between weekly and monthly publication in a greater number of short papers. The size of the page also permits a greater breadth of illustration. This weekly has a sturdy, matter-of-fact character about it which commends itself to one who believes that books for the young should be temporary affairs, used up in youth.

Literature and Criticism. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has brought out a second edition of The Poetry of Tennyson (Scribners), in which, besides other revision, he includes two new chapters: Fruit from an Old Tree, in which he treats of Tennyson's latest poems, and On the Study of Tennyson. — Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have been making some noticeably attractive editions of books which have stood the test of time. Among them are Scott's The Lady of the Lake and Byron's Childe Harold. The editor has sought to reproduce the author's work without intruding his own notes or criticism. Thus he does a service to students by giving Byron's preface to the first and second cantos, and his dedicatory letter. Another work of great interest to readers who remember the *furore* produced by it forty years ago is Charles Auchester, by Elizabeth Sheppard. This has been reproduced in two neat volumes, with an introduction and notes by that competent musical critic, Mr. George P. Upton. For it is as a musical novel that the book had such vogue, and the slight knowledge which people had of the author intensified the interest; for Miss Sheppard was in her sixteenth year when she completed this romance. She died young, having written but one other novel, Counterparts. Two contributions from her pen also appeared in The Atlantic. The book should be read by the young, though we sometimes fear that the young of this day have been so inoculated with the spirit of criticism that they are not quite as receptive of enthusiastic crudities as their parents and grandparents were. — The publication of the Latest Literary Essays and Addresses of James Russell Lowell (Houghton) deepens one's sense of the loss which American letters has sustained in Mr. Lowell's death; for in these papers, written for the most part after the author's release from diplomatic duties, there is such mellowness of expression, such ripeness of thought, and so genuine a sympathy with current movements that there is no hint of decadence of power, and one can scarcely help thinking, All this and more we might have enjoyed for half a score of years longer. — The third volume of Mr. Crump's edition of Landor's Im-

aginary Conversations (Macmillan) has the additional attraction of an engraving of Bewick's portrait of Landor, which gives with extraordinary force the viciousness of Landor's temper. The dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen are completed, and the series of dialogues of Literary Men is begun. As this portion includes Southey and Porson and Johnson and Horne Tooke, the reader has a good opportunity of noting Landor's caprices and his sudden keen literary perceptions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sweets for Scholars.

HEAVEN has blessed me with a friend, an honest, plodding Hellenophile, who digs, as Adam may be supposed to have done, for love of it. When I heard from him, last summer, he was where he intends to spend the rest of his life: not in his native Brattleboro, but in the Archipelago. Never was a man deeper in his vocation. His talk is all, like the gentle king's,

— "of graves, of worms and epitaphs,"

although he was ever a most cheerful wight. His spade and his peering spectacles have made close acquaintance with the undersurface of Greece, and with the Grecianized borders of Asia and Africa. The results seem to me already very considerable. I am proud to be the first to print several brief verses, unknown to Cephalas in his convent, which Folsom has found, sometimes in absolute preservation, on burial stones and urns of the first and second centuries before Christ. So jealous has he grown since he set out upon his archæological travels (patient journeys, doubling and crossing on themselves, within a radius of less than seven hundred miles) that I doubt whether he intends, at any time, to give these precious fragments, in their original state, to the public. As poems, he hardly knows what value to put upon them; as relics of a grand civilization, he is their confirmed worshiper. But Folsom has too cautious a mind to bring forth a book on the subject; and he has, besides, the Horatian dread: he would not wish to be "in every gentleman's library." Meanwhile, it was easy for me to persuade him to let me use a few of the inscriptions in a magazine which he is still disposed to read. I have them before me, copied on gray paper, in his own crabbed hand which has changed not at all since we were boys together in old S——'s hated schoolroom; and the letter containing them was registered, at my request, at the post office in Rhodes: so that the whole thing must have seemed to him modern and irreverent enough. With great diffidence, and conscious that I am not myself, like Mr. Andrew Lang, a poet of the winning Alexandrian breed, I submit the following close translations of Folsom's waifs and strays. They begin with three epitaphs, over which Professor W—— and I have made many blind and daring guesses, and which are enough like Meleager's affectionate accents to "tease us out of thought." The third, moreover, is interesting as corroborated evidence of the suspicion of immortality among the "poor heathen."

"Ere the Ferryman from the coast of spirits
Turn the diligent oar that brought thee thither,
Soul, remember; and leave a kiss upon it
For thy desolate father, for thy sister,
Whichsoever be first to cross hereafter."

"Upon thy level tomb till windy winter dawn,
The fallen leaves delay;
But plain and pure their trace is, when themselves are torn
From delicate frost away.

"As here to transient frost the absent leaf is, such
Thou wert and art to me;
So on my passing life is thy long-passëd touch,
O dear Alcithoë!"

"Jaffa ended, Cos begun
Thee, Aristeus; thou wert one
Fit to trample out the sun:
Who shall think thine ardors are
But a cinder in a jar?"

The lines on a victor in the foot races I please myself by attributing to Leonidas of Tarentum. Folsom, on the other hand, thinks it perfectly blasphemous to speculate on the authorship of such gifts of the gods. This is as happy-hearted a funeral song as any that has come down to us: —

"Here lies one in the earth who scarce of the earth
was moulded;
Wise Æthalides' son, himself no lover of study,
Cnopus, asleep, indoors, the young invincible runner.
They from the cliff footpath that see on the grave
we made him,
Tameless, slant in the wind, the bare, the beautiful iris,
Stop short, full of delight, and shout forth, 'See, it is
Cnopus
Runs, with white throat forward, over the sands to
Chalcis!'"

It is to be observed how vaingloriously the unknown author gets in his slap at Æthalides, a kind, slow, round-shouldered old fellow, no doubt, like Folsom, for all the world. My best Grecian, Professor W——, is greatly taken with what some poet (could it be Palladas?) has to say of a young child. The epitaph has much of the early Spartan spirit: —

"I laid the strewings, sweetest, on thine urn;
I lowered the torch, I poured the cup to Dis.
Now hushaby, my little child, and learn
Long sleep how good it is.

"In vain thy mother prays, wayfaring hence,
Peace to her heart, where only heartaches dwell;
But thou more blest, O wild intelligence!
Forget her, and farewell."

And here again, I say to myself, is Callimachus, lover of little things perfected with large meanings. It is a pity that this flute-sigh should not be in the Anthology, as indeed it may have been, long ago: —

"Light thou hast of the moon,
Shade of the dammar-pine,
Here on thy hillside bed:
Fair befall thee, O fair
Lily of womanhood,
Patient long, and at last
Happier; ah, Blæsilla!"

Two more end the list, the former in sapphics: —

"Hail, and be of comfort, thou pious Xeno,
Late the urn of many a kinsman wreathing;
On thine own shall even the stranger offer
Plentiful myrtle."

"Me, deep-tressëd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles ever in Aulon sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with
reaping."

The Aulon mentioned, Folsom tells me, is not Aulon at the head of the Illyrian bay, but the Aulon of the peninsula, much farther south, on the same west coast. The urn of Aristeus was discovered under a stall outside Alexandria itself, and that of Xeno, who seems to have been a survivor of battles or some other public sorrow, is judged to belong to the third rather than to the second century. Some of the inscriptions were pieced together with extreme difficulty. A few, such as that of a certain Agathon, a portion of whose princely tomb lay flat on the beach under the crags of Paros, were wholly undecipherable; and I will try to think, therefore, that they do not rank with the eight I have given, full of the semi-tropic fragrance of dying Greece. We owe this little quarry of a twenty years' hunt to a Vermont Yankee; to no expedition other than Folsom's love and zeal. *La science cherche; l'amour a trouvé.*

Friendship's Question. — I should like to lay before the members of the Club, who certainly may be said to belong to the thoughtful and thinking men and women of our land, a question that has puzzled me long and sorely.

Is it possible for us, in love or friendship, to give ourselves too much, or to give too much of ourselves, — whichever form you prefer, — especially where the other person is less responsive, either from greater natural reserve, or less depth and strength of feeling? Too much of our hearts and souls, I mean; for I do not refer to the kind of affection that shows itself in any personal demonstrativeness, but to that spiritual love only, which can and does exist very strongly, even between people who rarely, if ever, meet face to face. Must we always jealously reserve something, always hold Self so precious, — the Self that all our own noblest instincts, as well as all the teachings of the Christian religion, bid us "to put behind us," — that we never dare, freely and without stint, to give it all? Personally I am greatly inclined to agree with the noble words of a friend, who says: "Friendship, certainly, is a gift of God. And our reserves upon the subject, our fears as well, lest we may abandon ourselves too much to the influence of our friends, belong too much to the materialism in which we live." But I have another friend, — a woman no longer young in years, though very much so in feeling, impulsive, intense, and imaginative, and something of a poet, — who has suffered keenly from unreserved abandonment of self all her life. She has had various friendships, to which she, on her side, brought all the passionate fervor of her nature; and in all these she says she knows she has "given

herself too much," for sooner or later she has invariably come to grief in them all. But there seems no remedy for it, for "thus was she made." She cannot do anything by halves. If she gives her soul at all, she gives it wholly.

Now is there in this any sin against the Holy Ghost, that must be punished by "fierce pangs of fire"? Will some one kindly offer a solution of the problem?

Love me, hate my Enemies.

—If you have a large, perhaps even if you have only a small circle of friends, that circle includes persons at variance with one another. In such cases nothing is commoner than that they should expect you to espouse their quarrel, or at least to disown their adversary. Friends' friends are not usually found very prepossessing, because our acquaintance with them does not arise spontaneously; and A does not resent it if you decline to adopt his favorites B, C, D, but he does resent your continuance of friendship with X, Y, Z, after they have become his enemies.

Now is not this a little unreasonable? If I value the friendship both of A and X, why should I renounce either of them? Of course, if I clearly see that one of them has acted unhandsomely, I remonstrate with him, and, if remonstrance is ineffectual, I may feel it a duty to "cut" him, on account of the light thrown by the quarrel on his real character; but in the vast majority of cases I either see fault on both sides, or cannot profess to judge the right and wrong of the dispute. I cannot, it may be, help siding mentally with one or the other, or at least cannot help thinking that one is more to blame than the other; but why should I mix myself up in the quarrel? No doubt it is disagreeable to have a name tabooed in conversation; no doubt it would be better that my friends should be regarded by you with favor or indifference; but this is an impracticable ideal, and we must take the world as we find it. It is one thing, moreover, to begin an intimacy with your enemy; it is quite another thing to retain the friendship of a man who has become your enemy, but whom I continue to respect. If you expect me to turn against your enemy, you may expect me, on your changing your mind, to come back to him, and may reproach me with having indorsed or encouraged your mistake. You and he may even be reconciled at my expense. It is certainly awkward to know two persons who may chance to call on me simultaneously; but the servant may be instructed to ask one to wait till the other has left, and I can take care never to invite them together. What would be most unwise would be to attempt to reconcile them. This should never be done unasked, and should seldom be done even if one of the adversaries requests it.

The late W. E. Forster, who ruled Ireland under Mr. Gladstone in 1880, had been friendly, in the pre-Parnellite days, with Mr. Justin McCarthy as a journalist. When the latter suddenly entered Parliament as Parnell's lieutenant, Forster "cut" him. Now both were on visiting terms with a lady, and at her receptions they sometimes met. She was anxious that they should be reconciled, and essayed to introduce them to each other. They bowed stiffly, but did not exchange a word. Sometimes the lady, seated between them and talked to by both simultaneously, found the situation embarrassing; but she had shown want of tact in trying to reconcile them. Liking both, regretting their estrangement, mentally blaming Forster, she should have resigned herself to facts. It would have been hard, if Forster had called upon her, to choose between his friendship and Mr. McCarthy's. Although he did not go this length, he probably felt a little annoyed at her evident opinion that he was in the wrong. Curiously enough, Mr. McCarthy ended by being the opponent, or at least the rival, of the very man his intimacy with whom had alienated Forster. Mr. Gladstone has notoriously lost many of his oldest friends by his alliance with the Home Rulers. Happy the country where political differences are not so heated as to sever friendships. In any war, a neutral is almost sure to displease the belligerents, so difficult is it to hold the scales of neutrality even. In the wars of the French Revolution, America, though anxious to hold aloof, was on the verge of war with France, and was forced into war with England. In our civil war, England disappointed both North and South. If England and Russia, the whale and the elephant, as Bismarck called them, should ever fall out, the United States would remain the friend of both; yet both would perhaps feel irritation at the continued

friendship with the adversary, and would prefer complaints of partiality.

What is especially difficult is to remain neutral in a quarrel between two members of a family; for the closer the ties between them, the bitterer the quarrel. But am I to renounce a skillful physician because, in a non-professional matter, he has quarreled with a friend of mine, or to dispense with the advocacy of the barrister whom I prefer because, in another case, he has stringently cross-examined that friend? Life would not be worth living if I could not have a friend except on condition of hating his enemies. We should be reduced to the cynical Greek axiom, "Treat your friend as if he might one day become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might one day become your friend."

A Boy's Impressions of Hosea.

— "Here, take my hand."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Just going to show them that there 's some truth in old saws. I hate short cuts, and if you come with me we 'll prove that the longest way round 's the shorter way home," with a playfully contemptuous glance at another group, just landed at Snug Harbor, — the other group consisting of the father and sisters of the first speaker.

The gentleman under whose guidance I toddled by the devious way here indicated was a well-built, active-looking young man of about twenty-five. In those days red hair was not viewed with the same favor that it is now, and I think I am stating it mildly in remarking that it took considerable merit to outvalue that blemish, as it was universally considered, and that even I, just passing from kilted infancy to the divided skirt of early boyhood, was aware of some compassion therefor. My companion had reddish-yellow hair, but then he took notice of us boys, and talked to us, and romped, not with the easily detected purpose of condescending adultness, but as one who felt himself every inch a boy.

We walked rapidly, so rapidly that when we reached the hall door of my father's house the short-cut party, which we had left to tiptoe over a wooden dike, had not yet arrived. The door was opened for us with the eagerness of strained expectancy, and a lady stood before us, of a beauty which compelled my boy's heart to acknowledge that my companion's reddish hair had not marred his fortunes, for the lady was his wife.

I still, after so many years, recall her face: pale, with the restful hue of alabaster, features admirably chiseled, with perhaps undue prominence given to the eyes, and a certain hollowness about the orbital cavities, intensified by delicate blue veins seeming to arise from the long-lashed eyelids and to creep furtively to the temples, where they lost themselves in the hair. She was *petite*, and dressed with the utmost simplicity, even to the hair, as was then the fashion.

On being joined by the separatists, — for so my companion called the remnant of our party, — we soon descended to tea, where were already assembled various members of my own family, marshaled by my governess, a lady from Boston, of the strictest propriety, who also wrote verses. She too had red hair, a highly nervous temperament, and gazed upon the young poet of Cambridge with a rapture known only in those days when Bostonian met Bostonian on alien soil. After a rather prolonged grace, listened to with unconcealed delight by my mother, who was a devout worshiper of Saint John Wesley, the conversation went splashing about the table, as is its wont among the newly returned and their friends. Sundry disasters or rumors of disasters to the American army were discussed, for the all-engrossing topic at that time was the war.

The Mexican war had come. Not a great national uprising like the rebellion, in which almost the entire population, North and South, felt pledged as to the great underlying principles, but a war which involved no principle at all, and which the people of the New England States were wont to regard as aggressive, cruel, and unjustifiable. Already in our rural section — rural although only seven miles from New York city — "the drum with its tantarra sounds had come," and swept from our village most of the bad boys, idlers, and floating population. Already the fond mothers of those bad boys were searching the lists of the dead in the New York Herald, and the smallest among us felt that we were making history.

While the latest war news was under consideration, we were startled by the sound of stentorian singing, of the rough, emphatic

seaman's fashion. It proceeded from the "Decatur boys," nephews of the great commodore, and our own next-door neighbors, who, having come to make a call, were singing in the drawing-room overhead while awaiting our appearance. The Minute Gun at Sea, a duet by King from one of the English operas, was familiar in maritime and musical circles.

"Ah!" observed the old clergyman, the father of our hero, "that is a forgotten ceremony; the song has little significance nowadays."

"Why, father," exclaimed James, "don't you remember the minute gun which was fired when we made the voyage together from Portland to Boston? That must be," looking at the ceiling reflectively, "some nineteen years ago."

"How odd it seems for James," remarked the young wife, "to speak of nineteen years ago!" looking fondly at the youthful figure beside her.

"Why, I was eight years old even then," James rejoined, with the ready candor which has no years to clip, nor need to clip them.

We soon, after the unabridged return of thanks, ascended to the parlor, where we met the "Decatur boys;" and heroes they were in our boyish eyes. True, they were scant of stature, swarthy and unimpressive in appearance, overmuch addicted to the use of a certain weed and to the misuse of certain theological terms. Our Sunday-school superintendent had cautioned us against them, and yet did not they in some way represent our country's maritime supremacy? One was already an officer in the navy, with the added emphasis of a bullet in his leg. They proceeded to tell us the still later Mexican news: that there was n't a percussion cap in the Federal army, but, on the other hand, British capital had furnished to our enemies powder warranted not to explode, with other evidences of enlightened neutrality on the part of J. Bull.

I well remember the surprise of the "Decatur boys" on learning that James was an "abolitionist." He had given promise of something better, of broader views, in his graduation poem. Too bad! too bad!

Presently, at a signal from my mother, the double quotidian ceremony of family prayers was announced, and my memory, wandering mistily back to those events, recalls the fervor of the minister, who made pointed allusions to our rulers; recalls the to us remarkable fact that the Boston ladies declined to kneel upon the well-swept carpet, but contented their genuflections upon a chair; that James, who had, according to his habit, strayed into the open air earlier in the evening, did not come in, but walked up and down the veranda during prayers. He entered at their close, with a faint apology, which the old minister took up, gently saying to my mother, "No, James is n't serious as yet, but he has a good heart, and is the foe of every mortal wrong."

Some time after — I cannot now say whether weeks, or months, or even years — our governess called us children together and read from some unfamiliar journal the first number of The Biglow Papers. Of course we boys thought it delightful, — more, I fear, for its apparent justification of slang, in which we were proficient, than for the noble sentiments contained. When she came to the line,

"You 've a darned long row to hoe,"

the embarrassment of our worthy martinet gave us great delight, as will the taste of forbidden fruit at most times; but it was not very long before the most idle and frivolous of us learned to appreciate the truth of the old clergyman's apology, "the foe of every mortal wrong."

Louis Philippe in a Wigwam.

— Pupil of Madame de Genlis, doorkeeper at the Jacobin Club, republican officer patronized by Danton, exile, teacher in a Swiss school, recognized prince of the blood, king, again in exile, in which he spent altogether twenty-one of his seventy-seven years, Louis Philippe had an adventurous life; but not the least romantic and a hitherto unknown episode in it was his doctoring a Cherokee Indian and passing a night in his wigwam. The story has just been told by the Marquis de Flers, the first biographer who has been allowed access to family papers.

Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, left Hamburg on the 24th of September, 1796, for Philadelphia. The French Directory had made his departure from Europe a condition of the release of his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, who had had three and a half years of captivity, amid privations and dangers which doomed them to an early grave. They had attempted, indeed, to escape, but Montpensier, the rope breaking

with him, fractured his ankle and was recaptured, whereupon Beaujolais, who had been more fortunate, gave himself up rather than be parted from his brother. After enjoying for a few days the hospitality of Mr. Cathalan, the American consul at Marseilles, they embarked, as guests of the United States government, in the Jupiter, a small Swedish vessel which had been chartered for the transport of eighty Americans redeemed from Algerian slavery. Contrary winds forced the Jupiter to put in at Gibraltar, where the princes received attentions from General O'Hara, who, captured at Toulon, had had, like themselves, experience of French prisons. After a ninety-three days' passage they were welcomed by Louis Philippe, who had been waiting for them since the 21st of October.

The three princes heard Washington's valedictory address, and were invited to pass a few days at Mount Vernon. After conversing with their host till late into the night, the young men, twenty-three, twenty-one, and eighteen years of age, were not a little surprised, on opening the bedroom window at half past six the next morning, to see him, then sixty-five, returning from an evidently long ride over his plantation.

"Do you manage without sleep?" asked Louis Philippe at breakfast.

"No, monseigneur, I sleep soundly; and do you know why? Because I have never written a letter, nor even a word, which would not bear being published. Consequently, as soon as I lie down I fall asleep."

Washington planned a tour for his guests, and gave them letters of introduction. They went through Georgia and Alabama, and spent two days with the Cherokees, who had a special liking for Frenchmen. Louis Philippe, having fallen from his horse in the forest, and feeling a little unwell, thought it prudent to bleed himself, which operation he performed in the presence of the astonished Cherokees, to whom he explained by signs the virtues of phlebotomy. Thereupon they led him to a sick veteran, and asked him to bleed him. Louis Philippe, after inquiring as to the malady, made a slight incision, and in a few hours the old Indian felt much relieved. The Cherokees considered the paleface a great medicine man, were profuse in their thanks, and resolved on awarding him the highest mark of respect in their power. The whole family slept in the wigwam on mats, ranged in order of age and dignity. Louis Philippe was invited, and could not in politeness refuse, to pass the night on a mat between the grandmother and the great-aunt. Next day the princes took leave of their hosts, who would fain have detained them, and resumed their journey to Niagara, where Montpensier made a sketch of the falls for his album. This, with other of his productions, figured forty years afterwards on the walls of the Palais Royal at Paris, but probably disappeared in the revolution of 1848.

At Pittsburg Beaujolais was seriously ill, and at Buffalo the travelers experienced extreme cold. In July they were back at Philadelphia. Yellow fever was raging there, but want of funds obliged them to remain till September. A remittance from their mother, who, after undergoing imprisonment, had recovered part of her property, enabled them to go to New York, and to visit New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts. At Boston they learned that their mother had been banished to Spain. They were anxious to join her, but, England and Spain being at war, the only course was to descend the Ohio and Mississippi, and sail from New Orleans to Havana. There, however, they were not allowed to embark for Europe; so, returning to New York, they took passage in an English vessel for Falmouth, where they arrived in January, 1800. Poor young Montpensier died of consumption at Twickenham, in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A milder climate was the only chance of saving Beaujolais, and Louis Philippe took him to Malta; but there, while awaiting permission to repair to Sicily, he breathed his last, scarcely eighteen months after his brother. Louis Philippe also was destined to die in exile, but in 1876 his remains were removed from England to the Orleans mortuary chapel at Dreux. The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, when they joined McClellan's army in 1861, cannot have failed to reflect that their grandfather, with his brothers, had visited in its infancy the republic which they beheld in the throes of civil war.

Wood-Gatherers. — Between Washington Square and Broadway (needless to name the metropolis) it comes to pass that scarcely

is one stone allowed to remain above another, in these days of rebuilding Babel, and of the ingress of trade into streets hitherto devoted to residences. In this access of Gothic and Hunnish energy in pulling down the structures of the past, gangs of swarthy men work incessantly, prying with sharp picks or tugging with ropes at masses of mortar and brick to level them. In thus doing they lay bare opposite and inner walls, with their decorations, fireplaces, and mantels. Little niches of the Lares and Penates come startlingly and unpitiedly into view, — if indeed any one stops to regard them at all. Commonly, the passer-by or the neighboring householder does not bless his eyes, smarting and half blinded as they are, with the pulverulent and alkaline atmosphere constantly resulting from the Great American Desert of demolition.

Of late my window overlooked such a scene of senseless destruction. May I not be indulged in my choice of adjective, and also in the admission that the grimy and bustling picture beneath my eyes possessed for me no least human or transcendental interest so far as it related itself to the promotion of trade, possible architectural betterment, or urban progress in general? *Cui bono?* The good which I saw done would have been decidedly incidental in the great world's view, had it even met the great world's cognition. The special providence enacted in the human creature's behalf was, I must confess, comparable to the advantage a flock of sparrows might derive, suddenly alighting and helping themselves from the waste of an unswept threshing-floor. The figure of a flock of sparrows, however, hardly serves to suggest the strenuous, almost fierce activity of certain participants in the street scene below. These were a bevy of Italian peasant women gathering wood out of the rubbish resulting from the pulling down of the block opposite. Never ravens worked more patiently or wolves more hungrily at the stripping of a carcass than did these lean, dark women at the breaking up and tearing apart awkward lengths of nailed board and plank, in lieu of hammer or hatchet using bricks from the rubbish heap. So keenly I felt how the dust irritated even their coarse hands, already chapped with the cold, and now bruised, if not bleeding, however stoically disregarded in the breathless industry of the moment. When each of these women had made up a bundle of boards and ragged splinters, lashed together with ropes brought for the purpose, the stronger and more dexterous helped the less experienced or weaker to lift the load and settle it upon her head. This done, and balancing masses whose horizontal length may have been nearly twice their own stature, they gallantly marched away. No, they did not *march;* rather they assumed a half-running, half-gliding pace which entirely preserved the poise of the load, and which was necessitated by it, and somehow suggested the gentle gait of a horse broken for the feminine saddle. I longed to throw up my window and cry approval. Such good nature, such coöperation, such pathetic content in the harvesting of ruin's poor bounty in the great city! And yet, as I stood watching them, there came upon me a certain sentimentally flavored dissatisfaction both on their account and my own. This grew out of my suspecting that they might be the selfsame women whom, earringed and bright-kerchiefed, I had seen in the early summer dusk wandering through the walks of Washington Square, their dark-eyed babies in their arms, — the very same I had seen gazing with grave, dreamy contemplation at the squat statue of Garibaldi, a few springs ago erected in the midst of the square. But this was the ground of my romantic discontent: that these daughters of Italy should be dark and hungry hoverers in an alien and a sordid city; that I too should be here instead of lying *sub tegmine fagi* in the land of Virgil, and perhaps watching these same silent sibylline creatures, not far away, gathering fagots of the fallen branches of the beech.

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AN OLD ENGLISH TOWNSHIP.

One of the interests of England, to those who care to look below the surface, is in the associations of ancient life and times which cling about it everywhere. There is not the poorest little country village or the most prosaic factory town but, if you will take the trouble to root up its records, touches incidents and changes of ownership and the fortunes of human life which carry you back with a curious interest along the centuries.

The very names of places and streets are often full of history. You come upon "Lazarus Lane." Now it may be only a plain little street of long rows of cheap brick dwellings, but that name tells of a time, long centuries ago, when somewhere in the neighborhood stood the lazar-house, or leper-house, where the lepers of the little town were herded together, away from the other dwellings. Or here is a street called the "Friary," or "Blackfriars," or some other kind of "friars," — Gray, White, or what not; mere shops and houses now, but if you should search about in the old yards and entries, it is likely enough that here and there you would come upon some patch of dark stone walling, grimy with age, or perhaps a fragment of an old arch that long ago belonged to the monastery which surely stood there.

You have, indeed, to be upon your guard against mistakes in such local etymology, arising from the original name having been corrupted into something similar, and yet perhaps entirely different in meaning. Thus the "Deansgate" which you find in various north of England towns does not recall an old city gate by which the dean used to enter, or, as some would have it, by which the Danes made their attack. "Gate," in the north of England, is simply "way," and "deans" should properly be "denes:" the way along some old "dene" or "den," — some deep valley or ravine which may be entirely filled up now, but which surely was once there.

Perhaps the best illustration of such a growth of false meaning on to an old name is one that I came across when I was busy over the revision of Baines's History of Lancashire. I wanted to know whether there were any traces left of the old Roman road which once ran near to Wigan. Having written to a friend resident there to make inquiry, I received the astounding information that there certainly was one most interesting trace of the Roman occupation, inasmuch as a certain highway was still called, and had been from time immemorial, "Seneca Lane," no doubt in memory of the celebrated philosopher. This was too much, however; but it was only after a good deal of inquiry that I found the real explanation, which turned out to be that this was an old way to a certain "seven-acre" or "s'en-acre" field.

Better, however, than any of these general illustrations of the interest which attaches to old names and places will be the study of some single township; and

I will take for the purpose one of the least attractive that could well be found.

If there is a part of England which, to the casual traveler, gives the impression of specially prosaic life, it is Lancashire; and if there is one part of Lancashire more flat and devoid of anything striking or picturesque than the rest, it is the stretch of level country called "the Fylde." As you journey northward from Liverpool by the London and Northwestern, as soon as you are past Preston you enter upon this "Fylde" (Saxon for "field"), reaching away to the westward of the track some fifteen miles or so to the sea. When you come to the sea, the long wastes of shore and sand dunes are relieved by several considerable watering-places, — Lytham, Blackpool, and Fleetwood, — but the intervening land is simply a great expanse of farming country, originally peat-moss the most of it, and about as fertile and as devoid of visible interest as the rich corn-covered prairie lands of central Illinois. In the midst of this is the little country town of Kirkham, the ancient mother parish of the whole district; and three miles away is the township of the Singletons, — Great and Little Singleton, — the object of this study.

Singleton — it is only old local usage that has divided it in name — is quite a small township, covering about thirty-eight hundred acres, mainly scattered farms, with a hamlet in the part called "Great Singleton," and the whole population some three hundred, much the same as at the beginning of the century. There could hardly be a more unpromising spot either for the artist or the antiquarian. Very ordinary farms, among which the only notable ones are two a little more pretentious than the rest, with names, too, that indicate a former dignity, — Singleton Grange and Mains Hall; not a church, or residence, or grove of trees, or hill, or stream, that any one would travel ten miles to see. But what is lacking in visible monuments may possibly be supplied by impalpable memories and associations. Let us see.

Suppose we take as our starting-point, not to claim too much to begin with, the time of the Norman Conquest, eight hundred years ago. Domesday-book is to English topography what the roll of Battle Abbey is to genealogy; and Singleton can hold up its head with any place in the country, for here it is in Domesday-book, in the neat black script of the foreign ecclesiastics who copied out the notes of Norman William's commissioners, who, in 1086, made their property-census of the north of England. It is not much that it tells us. There was not much left to tell by the time the Conqueror had stamped out the resistance of the north in blood and fire. But how much may be read between the lines in which "Singletun" occurs in the list of sixty-one "vills" belonging to "Prestun"! Every "vill" denoted separate habitation and inhabitants, more or fewer, in the previous Saxon times; but now, after enumerating these sixty-one vills, which virtually included this whole Fylde country, the record adds: "Out of these, sixteen have a few inhabitants, but how many is unknown. The rest are waste." It is easy to understand why "how many is unknown." The poor terrified vassals and churls who had seen forty-five out of the sixty-one neighboring townships utterly wasted would be in no hurry to report themselves. Count Tostig, brother of the great Saxon Harold, had all this country in his wide earldom of Northumbria, and, having been deposed by his own thanes in their "Gemot," had joined the invading armies, and expected that William would, if victorious, replace him. But Tostig fell at the great battle of Stamford Bridge, just three weeks before the battle of Hastings; thus his claim was out of the way, and William gave all that north country to his great baron, Roger of Poictou. So, here, this

little entry, "Singletun, vi car." (six ploughlands), brings back to us how that great crisis of English history touched this small group of Saxon farms among the peats and mosses of the Fylde.

But we can look further back yet. If you could have gone to those farmers, still in the old Saxon time, before the Conquest had eclipsed everything else, you would have found that the great epoch they had most in mind was the time of the Danish incursions. That was two hundred years before, but so great had been the terror of those fierce invaders, who had come, year after year, raiding the land, for all the world like war parties of the Sioux or Apaches, that everything old or obscure, or with any special sign of strength about it, was referred to the Danes; so that one hard, solid roadway that ran northwards in the next township, very different from the muddy and often impassable trails through that soft Fylde country, was called the "Danes' Pad," and it is called the Danes' Pad still; for it may yet be traced here and there. Even after the wearing and wasting of these thousand years there is enough of the hard gravel and the great stones beneath traceable through the fields; and to this day "as hard as the Danes' Pad" is one of the common sayings of the country people thereabouts. These fossils which are preserved in language are as interesting as those imbedded in the rock.

Really that Danes' Pad is a great deal older; full four centuries further back still it dates. The Danes made no roads. It is, in reality, an old Roman way; not one of the great roads such as those which the Romans laid, straight as an arrow over hill and dale, from south to north. This was only one of the cross-roads from the great Roman fort near Preston to the port they had on the estuary of the Wyre, just north of Singleton. It was in the year 79, the same year that saw the destruction of Pompeii, that Agricola, charged to complete the conquest of Britain, marched northward with his legions, and, leaving forts and garrisons as he went, made the whole land a settled Roman province, whither, afterwards, came peaceful Roman citizens. For three hundred years the Romans held the land about as the English hold India now. Here and there, their mines and kilns, traces of country villas, or fragments of pillars that once adorned their temples may be found all along those northern roads; and out of the black peat soil of Singleton their coins and arms have often been turned up by spade and plough.

But even this is not the furthest back that we can go. If you should sit and talk with the old men and women of that district, they would tell you how, when they were young, Halloween, October 31, the evening before Allhallows, or All Saints' Day, was commonly called "Teinla" night, and that the "Beltein fires" were burned not only on the more distant hills, but in the townships of the Fylde itself. Hardly a township, according to the testimony of an old clergyman who knew every nook and corner of that Fylde country, but has its ancient Teinla pit, where ashes and calcined stones tell of these bonfires. The people do not know what they mean, nor what the "Teinla" or "Beltein" names for them mean. All their idea is that they used to be supposed to help souls out of purgatory; and indeed a field near to Singleton was formerly called "Purgatory," from the association of these fires which were once celebrated in it. But in reality they are a relic of the ancient Britons, the Celtic race who were there before either Saxons or Romans, — a relic alike of their language and of their religion. In Welsh, "tân" is still "fire," and "Beltein" is simply "Bel-tân," the ancient Bel or Baal fire; and here were these Lancashire farmers, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, still lighting, on the same days and in the same places, the fires of the old idol-

worship that was in the times of the Druids, and it may be earlier, and using the very same word for them, — a word that carries us further back still, in ways that may not be traceable, yet can hardly be doubtful, to the Bels and Baals of Phœnicia and the East.

That is about as far back as we can go. Now let us return to our starting-point of the Norman Conquest and the records of Domesday-book, and, from the centuries since, glean what facts or names there may be to throw any light of human interest on this little township of Singleton.

"Roger of Poictou" had "Singleton," says Domesday-book, six ploughlands, — some six or seven hundred acres that could be cultivated; the rest, moss, swamp, or forest. That turbulent baron, busy building his great castle at Lancaster, would not have much personal connection with these little scattered townships of his great fief. What he did was to parcel them out among the knights and warriors who had followed him from Normandy, each to hold under him; and these smaller and remoter *mesnes*, or manors, would be given to the plain men-at-arms, who thenceforth became known as William or John of such and such a place. Thus when, in a few generations, we find this manor in the hands of an "Alan de Singleton," we know that the little township was allotted to some one of these plain men-at-arms with no surname. To these scattered townships these new "mesne" or intermediate lords came. Half depopulated, the Saxon thanes especially having perished either at Hastings or Stamford Bridge, or been slaughtered in the subsequent uprisings, there would be plenty of vacant lands to seize, and in the best of these the new lord would settle down, with the right of the strong hand and the conquering race. We talk of the feudal *system* and its curious and picturesque tenures; but in the beginning, when William's Norman soldiery first settled among the cowed, crushed churls in these remoter parts, the feudal system meant almost any right that strong and greedy or lustful men chose to claim over serfs who were as absolutely in their power as the slaves in some outlying Southern plantation were in the power of the overseer. How this tremendous power was actually used we have little direct evidence; those serfs had no historians! But when we come upon the first at all detailed notice of this Singleton manor, two hundred and eighty or ninety years afterward, we find the tenants of the twenty-one little parcels of land spoken of simply as "bondsmen." We find them not only having to pay rent, and also to render service with plough and harrow and scythe, but when a tenant died the lord claimed "heriot," which was the best horse or cow or other chattel on the little farm; and when a tenant's daughter married, "marchet," the later commutation for the ancient "maiden-rent," the hideous *jus primæ noctis*. Yes, these fossil words in the old charters preserve some curious history. I am afraid there was only too much reason for a story my father used to tell of a plain-spoken old lady (the mother of one of our Lancashire worthies), who, being very deaf, used to make her son interpret to her. One day, in a room full of company, a new arrival in the district, a millionaire with a brand-new pedigree from Herald's College, was expatiating on his ancestry, when the old lady broke in with her shrillest whisper to her son: "What is he saying?" "He is speaking of his ancestors having *come over with the Conqueror*." "Ah!" screamed the aged dame, shaking her head. "*There was a deal of raff came over with that Conqueror!*"

So we come down along those obscure centuries, just noted here and there by some brief mention in the *Testa de Nevill* or the *quo warranto's*, showing how the manor passed from Singletons

to Banastres, and later on to Stanleys and Hesketh, and so on. Dry as dust, indeed! And yet here and there is something that lights up those old names and times with human interest.

For instance, for all the years from 1275 to 1330 there was going on a chronic strife between these Banastres, one of the strong, turbulent families of the north, and the prior and monks of St. Mary's Priory at Lancaster. Just after the Conquest, Roger of Poictou, who had many reasons for wanting to be good neighbors with the monks in the vicinity of his new castle, granted to this St. Mary's Priory of Lancaster the tithes of a whole posse of these dependent townships, Singleton among the rest. So, about the time when the first mesne lord came there to see what he could get out of his lands and tenants, thither also came a delegation of the monks to set up a "grange," or granary, where they could gather in these tithes, which were all, of course, in kind. There is the origin of that division you might wonder at of the township into "Great" and "Little" Singleton. Quite a number of those old Fylde townships are divided in the same way, arising from this fact of the monks setting up their "grange" and the lord setting up his "hall" (that is how the name Mains Hall comes); and it is an interesting comment on the times that the two are always at opposite ends of the manor; for the monks were jealous of these co-grantees, and as for the men-at-arms, with their greeds and their lusts, they did not want any monks nearer than they could help. For though the monks were pretty keen after their tithes, they were, especially in those earlier times after the Conquest, the only power to whom the poor could look. Alas! it was not very much that they could look for to the monk or two who held that Singleton Grange which is still the chief farm of Great Singleton, as Mains Hall is the chief farm of Little Singleton. For St. Mary's Priory at Lancaster was one of the alien priories, all Normans or Italians; whereas in the native monasteries, though Norman abbots and officers might be put over them, the rank and file of the monks were largely Saxons. But still, there was seldom much love lost between the grange and the hall; and when we find, in the registry of St. Mary's Priory, that "Sir Adam Banastre and six others," among them "Adam, the reeve," — fie upon the sheriff for such illegal violence! — had fallen upon the prior and his retinue at Poulton, just beyond Singleton, and cruelly beaten and wounded them, and finally had taken them off to "durance vile" in his stronghold at Thornton, why, we conclude, first, that this Adam must have been a good deal of an agnostic; and, second, that this was probably the outcome of a very long standing quarrel, as we know it was the prelude to half a century of litigation. How one would like to be able to look back upon that old time and learn all about it, as it would be told, with varying sympathies, in the rude huts of those "bondsmen," in their little patches of cleared land among the bog and forest, to whom, we may opine, if the monks stood in some sort as God, Sir Adam even more adequately represented the devil. The matter in dispute was this: that the only practicable way from the mother priory at Lancaster to the grange at Great Singleton was over Sir Adam's lands in Little Singleton. All that we know besides is that for fifty-five years after this rough usage of the prior the dispute went on, and not till 1330 was it settled by an indenture between a later Adam Banastre and a later prior, Adam Conrattes. In this indenture, there is first recited the existence of long dissensions between the contracting parties respecting the passage of the prior's servants and "carriages" ("carriages," remember, in the modest ancient sense, as we read in the

book of Acts, "We took up our carriages and went up to Jerusalem") across Sir Adam's lands, and also "much disturbance in the collection of the prior's tithes;" and so finally the prior and the knight agree that the prior and his people shall have a sufficient road in both directions from Singleton Grange, — that is, both to the further priory lands, and back toward the priory itself, — in consideration of which the prior remits all claim to actions for trespass against Sir Adam and his servants. And we will hope they all lived happy ever afterwards!

Only one more of these curious glimpses into the old time. In most of these little commonplace villages of England, of which I have taken Singleton as a type, there is some interest about the church, if about nothing else, and Singleton is no exception. It is not much of a church that is there now, — it was even less in the old time, — but its very remoteness and insignificance have made its story, in one respect, I believe, unique. That respect is that, alone among the parishes of England, so far as I know, the Reformation never properly took effect there; and after a period of curious indistinctness and uncertainty the church is found still in Roman Catholic hands, and remained so till the middle of last century.

The church in Singleton is first met with as a mere chantry, very possibly set up there by the monks in connection with their grange. All that we know is that in an old deed of 1358–59 the "chapelle of Saint Marye in Syngleton" is mentioned as being granted by the Duke of Lancaster to a certain "John de Estwitton, hermit;" and at intervals during the next century we come upon the records of licenses granted for "an oratory" for the people of the township, — from which we infer that the priests of the mother church at Kirkham, some miles away, were unwilling to lose, by a permanent division, their hold upon any part of their great parish, which in those days covered about one hundred and thirty square miles. However, this St. Mary's "chapelle" at Singleton seems to have become more or less of a settled institution; and at the Reformation that great ecclesiastical change took effect here for the moment, as elsewhere, and in 1547 Edward VI.'s commissioners established "a stipendarye in the chapelle of Syngleton in Kirkham," with the not extravagant living of forty-nine shillings (about twelve dollars) a year, to be paid out of confiscated church estates. In 1552, however, came the reaction of Queen Mary's reign; all things fell back as near as could be into the old ways, and of course the neighboring families, most of whom in the Fylde remained loyal Catholics, restored the mass. Then follows the curious and perplexing part of the story, the fact of which, so far as I can gather, seems to have been that on the accession of Queen Elizabeth there was no clear change of service. Probably it would have been hard to tell whether it was the old church or the reformed. This was indeed the way in many churches of the remoter north; everything was in chaos. We have one glimpse into that chaos at Singleton. In 1578, among the church presentments at York Cathedral, appears the following account of the curate of Singleton: "There is not servyse done in due tyme. He kepeth no hous nor releveth the poore. He is not dyligent in visitinge the sycke. He doth not teach the catechisme. There is no sermons. He churcheth fornycatours without doinge any penaunce. He maketh a donge-hill of the chapel-yeard, and he hath lately kepte a typlinge-hous and a nowty woman in it." Do not let any one be disturbed about this appearing to be a reflection, on this side or that, of those old times of religious struggle. The fact would seem to have been that, while he was certainly reported to the authorities at York as a conforming Protestant,

York was practically as distant, in those days, as Boston is from any cross-roads schoolhouse in Nebraska, and on the spot there at Singleton he passed for a Catholic priest. The record indeed indicates that the "typlinge-house" and the "nowty woman," if they were ever true, were things of the past, while the emphasis upon the charge "There is no sermons" would imply that the complainant was quite of the Puritan sort, and therefore he may easily have been prejudiced. However that may be, when we next get any glimpse of church matters in Singleton, during the Puritan times, the old church, St. Mary's, is not named, but Cromwell's commissioners, in 1650, report a newly erected chapel there, without minister or maintenance, which the people pray may be constituted a parish church, and may be duly endowed. This does not appear to have been done, however, and after the Restoration this new chapel was disused; and then finally it was turned into an inn, which was long called the "chapel" inn. Meanwhile, the original church, St. Mary's Chapel, only an "old thatched building," had been again restored to its former use; and even after the manor had passed to a Protestant purchaser the chapel remained with the Catholics, and indeed till the year 1745 was the only place of worship in the township.

Now comes the singular conclusion to the story. In 1745 took place one of the great events in north of England history, the last attempt of the Stuarts, the uprising of the Scottish clans for the young Charles Edward, the Pretender. With a few thousand men he made his way into the heart of England. But the terrible lesson of the previous rising of 1715 was not forgotten, and though the Jacobites of the north wished that the rising might succeed, they had little real faith in it. Only one of the old Lancashire gentry, one of the Towneleys, actually joined in the movement; but a party of the rebels were feasted here in Mains Hall, and that was quite enough to make the neighboring old Lancashire families, who were mainly Jacobites and Catholics, quake in their shoes. When the rising was finally suppressed, the Protestant population throughout the kingdom were especially jubilant, and the 5th of November, the old Gunpowder Plot day, was celebrated that year with perhaps more enthusiasm than ever before or since. It was in this mood that the rabble of lads and men in Singleton went about collecting money and peats for their bonfire, and even applied at the house of the priest. The priest himself was a douce, quiet man, who probably would have given them what they asked for, and sent them away peaceably. But the priest was absent, and the priest's old housekeeper was, as was entirely proper, a crabbed old woman, with a strong will and a sharp tongue; and instead of giving them anything, she berated them as only such an old woman could. The upshot of it was that they got mad; the row turned into an uproar, the uproar into a riot; the priest's house was wrecked, and then they went to the chapel and wrecked that.

Under ordinary circumstances, or at a later day, the mob would have been punished, and the damaged property restored by the township. But, as I have said, the Catholics were discouraged; it was no time for vindicating their rights, or calling any more attention to themselves than they could help. So the Catholic service there ceased. Four years afterwards (1749), William Shaw, the then lord of the manor, formally made over the building to the Established Church, giving £200 for its endowment, to which another £200 was added from Queen Anne's bounty, which latter circumstance may perhaps explain the fact that at the reopening the old consecration to St. Mary was ignored, perhaps forgotten, and it has ever since been known as St. Anne's.

With this curious little supplement to the history of the Reformation, we come out of the twilight of the past into the glare and newness of the present. If you should find yourself in Singleton to-day, all that you would see would be a stretch of fertile fields, divided by trim hedges or clean-cut ditches, with scattered farms and farm buildings well renewed, characteristic of land worth high farming; and here and there a schoolhouse, and a Methodist chapel, and a church of most modern Gothic, all new within some thirty years. But there is still the old grange, modernized now; and there is Mains Hall, new fronted, but with walls in some places a yard thick, and secret closets which in Elizabeth's time were "priest holes," as the people call them, where Cardinal Allen certainly, and likely many another, found a safe shelter in the Elizabethan persecutions. And all the rest is in old deeds and charters, or in the stories that old men told by the chimney corner a generation or more ago; for it is all true, and there is as much, if you will look for it, in every nook and corner of the dear old land.

Brooke Herford.

DON ORSINO.[1]

VI.

Orsino had shown less anxiety to see Madame d'Aranjuez than might perhaps have been expected. In the ten days which had elapsed between the sitting at Gouache's studio and the 1st of January he had only once made an attempt to find her at home, and that attempt had failed. He had not even seen her passing in the street, and he had not been conscious of any uncontrollable desire to catch a glimpse of her at any price.

But he had not forgotten her existence, as he would certainly have forgotten that of a wholly indifferent person in the same time. On the contrary, he had thought of her frequently, and had indulged in many speculations concerning her, wondering, among other matters, why he did not take more trouble to see her, since she occupied his thoughts so much. He did not know that he was in reality hesitating, for he would not have acknowledged to himself that he could be in danger of falling seriously in love. He was too young to admit such a possibility, and the character which he admired and meant to assume was altogether too cold and superior to such weaknesses. To do him justice, he was really not of the sort to fall in love at first sight. Persons capable of a self-imposed dualism rarely are, for the second nature they build up on the foundation of their own is never wholly artificial. The disposition to certain modes of thought and habits of bearing is really present, as is sufficiently proved by their admiration of both. Very shy persons, for instance, invariably admire very self-possessed ones, and in trying to imitate them occasionally exhibit a cold-blooded arrogance which is amazing. Timothy Titmouse secretly looks up to Don Juan as his ideal, and after half a lifetime of failure outdoes his model, to the horror of his friends. Dionysus masks as Hercules, and the fox is sometimes not unsuccessful in his saint's disguise. Those who have been intimate with a great actor know that the characters he plays best are not all assumed; there is a little of each in his own nature. There is a touch of the real Othello in Salvini; there is, perhaps,

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a strain of the melancholy Scandinavian in English Irving.

To be short, Orsino Saracinesca was too enthusiastic to be wholly cold, and too thoughtful to be thoroughly enthusiastic. He saw things differently according to his moods, and, being dissatisfied, he tried to make one mood prevail constantly over the other. In a mean nature the double view often makes an untruthful individual; in one possessing honorable instincts it frequently leads to unhappiness. Affectation then becomes aspiration, and the man's failure to impose on others is forgotten in his misery at failing to impose upon himself.

The few words Orsino had exchanged with Maria Consuelo on the morning of the great ceremony recalled vividly the pleasant hour he had spent with her ten days earlier, and he determined to see her as soon as possible. He was out of conceit with himself, and consequently with all those who knew him, and he looked forward with pleasure to the conversation of an attractive woman who could have no preconceived opinion of him, and who could take him at his own estimate. He was curious, too, to find out something more definite in regard to her. She was mysterious, and the mystery pleased him. She had admitted that her deceased husband had spoken of being connected with the Saracinesca, but he could not discover where the relationship lay. Spicca's very odd remark, too, seemed to point to her in some way which Orsino could not understand; and he remembered her having said that she had heard of Spicca. Her husband had doubtless been an Italian of Spanish descent, but she had given no clue to her own nationality, and she did not look Spanish, in spite of her name, Maria Consuelo. As no one in Rome knew her, it was impossible to get any information whatever. It was all very interesting.

Accordingly, late on the afternoon of the 2d of January, Orsino called, and was led to the door of a small sitting-room on the second floor of the hotel. The servant shut the door behind him, and Orsino found himself alone. A lamp with a pretty shade was burning on the table, and beside it an ugly blue glass vase contained a few flowers, — common roses, but fresh and fragrant. Two or three new books in yellow paper covers lay scattered upon the hideous velvet table-cloth, and beside one of them Orsino noticed a magnificent paper-cutter of chiseled silver, bearing a large monogram done in brilliants and rubies. The thing contrasted oddly with its surroundings, and attracted the light. An easy-chair was drawn up to the table, an abominable object covered with perfectly new yellow satin. A small red morocco cushion, of the kind used in traveling, was balanced on the back, and there was a depression in it, as though some one's head had lately rested there.

Orsino noticed all these details as he stood waiting for Madame d'Aranjuez to appear; and they were not without interest to him, for each one told a story, and the stories were contradictory. The room was not encumbered with those numberless objects which most women scatter about them within an hour after reaching a hotel; yet Madame d'Aranjuez must have been at least a month in Rome. The room smelt neither of perfume nor of cigarettes, but of the roses, which was better, and a little of the lamp, which was much worse. The lady's only possessions seemed to be three books, a traveling-cushion, and a somewhat too gorgeous paper-cutter; and these few objects were perfectly new. He glanced at the books; they were of the latest, and only one had been cut. The cushion might have been bought that morning. Not a breath had tarnished the polished blade of the silver knife.

A door opened softly, and Orsino drew himself up as some one pushed in the heavy, vivid curtains. But it was

not Madame d'Aranjuez. A small, dark woman, of middle age, with downcast eyes and exceedingly black hair, came forward a step.

"The signora will come presently," she said in Italian, in a very low voice, as though she were almost afraid of hearing herself speak.

She was gone in a moment, as noiselessly as she had come. This was evidently the silent maid of whom Gouache had spoken. The few words she had spoken had revealed to Orsino the fact that she was an Italian from the north; for she had the unmistakable accent of the Piedmontese, whose own language is comprehensible only by themselves.

Orsino prepared to wait some time, supposing that the message could hardly have been sent without an object, but another minute had not elapsed before Maria Consuelo herself appeared. In the soft lamplight, her clear white skin looked very pale, and her auburn hair almost red. She wore one of those nondescript garments which we have elected to call tea-gowns, and Orsino, who had learned to criticise dress as he had learned Latin grammar, saw that the tea-gown was good and the lace real. The colors produced no impression upon him whatever. As a matter of fact they were dark, being combined in various shades of olive.

Maria Consuelo looked at her visitor and held out her hand, but said nothing. She did not even smile, and Orsino began to fancy that he had chosen an unfortunate moment for his visit.

"It was very good of you to let me come," he said, waiting for her to sit down.

Still she said nothing. She placed the red morocco cushion carefully in the particular position which would be most comfortable, turned the shade of the lamp a little, which of course produced no change whatever in the direction of the light, pushed one of the books half across the table, and at last sat down in the easy-chair. Orsino sat down near her, holding his hat upon his knee. He wondered whether she had heard him speak, or whether she might not be one of those people who are painfully shy when there is no third person present.

"I think it was very good of you to come," she said at last, when she was comfortably settled.

"I wish goodness were always so easy," answered Orsino, with alacrity.

"Is it your ambition to be good?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a smile.

"It should be. But it is not a career."

"Then you do not believe in saints?"

"Not until they are canonized and made articles of belief, — unless you are one, madame."

"I have thought of trying it," answered Maria Consuelo calmly. "Saintship is a career, even in society, whatever you may say to the contrary. It has attractions, after all."

"Not equal to those of the other side. Every one admits that. The majority is evidently in favor of sin; and if we are to believe in modern institutions, we must believe that majorities are right."

"Then the hero is always wrong; for he is the enthusiastic individual who is always for facing odds; and if no one disagrees with him he is very unhappy. Yet there are heroes" —

"Where?" asked Orsino. "The heroes people talk of ride bronze horses or stand on inaccessible pedestals. When the bell rings for a revolution they are all knocked down, and new ones are set up in their places, — also executed by the best artists, — and the old ones are cast into cannon to knock to pieces the ideas they invented. That is called history."

"You take a cheerful and encouraging view of the world's history, Don Orsino."

"The world is made for us, and we must accept it; but we may criticise it. There is nothing to the contrary in the contract."

"In the social contract? Are you going to talk to me about Jean Jacques?"

"Have you read him, madame?"

"'No woman who respects herself'" — began Maria Consuelo, quoting the famous preface.

"I see that you have," said Orsino, with a laugh. "I have not."

"Nor I."

To Orsino's surprise, Madame d'Aranjuez blushed. He could not have told why he was pleased, nor why her change of color seemed so unexpected.

"Speaking of history," he said, after a very slight pause, "why did you thank me yesterday for having got you a card?"

"Did you not speak to Gouache about it?"

"I said something; I forget what. Did he manage it?"

"Of course. I had his wife's place. She could not go. Do you dislike being thanked for your good offices? Are you so modest as that?"

"Not in the least, but I hate misunderstandings, though I will get all the credit I can for what I have not done, like other people. When I saw that you knew the Del Ferice, I thought that perhaps she had been exerting herself."

"Why do you hate her so?" asked Maria Consuelo.

"I do not hate her. She does not exist, — that is all."

"Why does she not exist, as you call it? She is a very good-natured woman. Tell me the truth. Everybody hates her. I saw that by the way they bowed to her, while we were waiting. Why? There must be a reason. Is she a — an incorrect person?"

Orsino laughed.

"No. That is the point at which existence is more likely to begin than to end."

"How cynical you are! I do not like that. Tell me about Madame Del Ferice."

"Very well. To begin with, she is a relation of mine."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. Of course that gives me a right to handle the whole dictionary of abuse against her."

"Of course. Are you going to do that?"

"No. You would call me cynical. I do not like you to call me by bad names, madame."

"I had an idea that men liked it," observed Maria Consuelo gravely.

"One does not like to hear disagreeable truths."

"Then it is the truth? Go on. You have forgotten what we were talking about."

"Not at all. Donna Tullia, my second, third, or fourth cousin, was married, once upon a time, to a certain Mayer."

"And left him. How interesting!"

"No, madame. He left her — very suddenly, I believe — for another world. Better or worse? Who can say? Considering his past life, worse, I suppose; but considering that he was not obliged to take Donna Tullia with him, decidedly better."

"You certainly hate her. Then she married Del Ferice?"

"Then she married Del Ferice, — before I was born. She is fabulously old. Mayer left her very rich, and without conditions. Del Ferice was an impossible person. My father nearly killed him in a duel, once, — also before I was born. I never knew what it was about. Del Ferice was a spy, in the old days when spies got a living in a Rome" —

"Ah, I see it all now!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo. "Del Ferice is White, and you are Black. Of course you hate each other. You need not tell me any more."

"How you take that for granted!"

"Is it not perfectly clear? Do not talk to me of like and dislike when your dreadful parties have anything to do with either! Besides, if I had any sympathy with either side, it would be for the Whites. But the whole thing is

absurd, complicated, mediæval, feudal, — anything you like except sensible. Your intolerance is — intolerable."

"True tolerance should tolerate even intolerance," observed Orsino smartly.

"That sounds like one of the puzzles of pronunciation, like 'in un piatto poco cupo poco pepe pistocape,'" laughed Maria Consuelo. "Tolerably tolerable tolerance tolerates tolerable tolerance intolerably" —

"You speak Italian?" asked Orsino, surprised at her glib enunciation of the difficult sentence she had quoted. "Why are we talking a foreign language?"

"I cannot really speak Italian. I have taken an Italian maid who speaks French. But she taught me that puzzle."

"It is odd. Your maid is a Piedmontese, and you have a good accent."

"Have I? I am very glad. But tell me, is it not absurd that you should hate these people as you do — you cannot deny it — merely because they are Whites?"

"Everything in life is absurd, if you take the opposite point of view. Lunatics find endless amusement in watching sane people."

"And of course you are the sane people," observed Maria Consuelo.

"Of course."

"What becomes of me? I suppose I do not exist? You would not be rude enough to class me with the lunatics?"

"Certainly not. You will, of course, choose to be a Black."

"In order to be discontented, as you are?"

"Discontented?"

"Yes. Are you not utterly out of sympathy with your surroundings? Are you not hampered at every step by a network of traditions which have no meaning to your intelligence, but which are laid on you like a harness upon a horse, and in which you are driven your daily little round of tiresome amusement — or dissipation? Do you not hate the Corso as an omnibus horse hates it? Do you not really hate the very faces of all those people who effectually prevent you from using your own intelligence, your own strength, your own heart? One sees it in your face. You are too young to be tired of life. No, I am not going to call you a boy, though I am older than you, Don Orsino. You will find people enough in your own surroundings to call you a boy, because you are not yet so utterly tamed and wearied as they are, and for no other reason. You are a man. I do not know your age, but you do not talk as boys do. You are a man: then be a man altogether; be independent; use your hands for something better than throwing mud at other people's houses merely because they are new."

Orsino looked at her in astonishment. This was certainly not the sort of conversation he had anticipated when he had entered the room.

"You are surprised because I speak like this," she said, after a short pause. "You are a Saracinesca, and I am — a stranger, here to-day and gone to-morrow, whom you will probably never see again. It is amusing, is it not? Why do you not laugh?"

Maria Consuelo smiled, and, as usual, her strong red lips closed as soon as she had finished speaking, a habit which lent the smile something unusual, half mysterious, and self-contained.

"I see nothing to laugh at," answered Orsino. "Did the mythological personage, whose name I have forgotten, laugh when the Sphinx proposed the riddle to him?"

"That is the third time within the last few days that I have been compared to a sphinx by you or Gouache. The comparison lacks originality in the end."

"I was not thinking of being original. I was too much interested. Your riddle is the problem of my life."

"The resemblance ceases there. I cannot eat you up, if you do not guess the answer, or if you do not take my

advice. I am not prepared to go so far as that."

"Was it advice? It sounded more like a question."

"I would not ask one when I am sure of getting no answer. Besides, I do not like being laughed at."

"What has that to do with the matter? Why imagine anything so impossible?"

"After all, perhaps it is more foolish to say, 'I advise you to do so and so,' than to ask, 'Why do you not do so and so?' Advice is always disagreeable, and the adviser is always more or less ridiculous. Advice brings its own punishment."

"Is that not cynical?" asked Orsino.

"No. Why? What is the worst thing you can do to your social enemy? Prevail upon him to give you his counsel, act upon it, — it will, of course, turn out badly, — then say, 'I feared this would happen, but, as you advised me, I did not like' — and so on. That is simple, and always effectual. Try it."

"Not for worlds!"

"I did not mean with me," answered Maria Consuelo, with a laugh.

"No. I am afraid there are other reasons which will prevent me from making a career for myself," said Orsino thoughtfully.

Maria Consuelo saw by his face that the subject was a serious one with him, as she had already guessed that it must be, and one which would always interest him. She therefore let it drop, keeping it in reserve in case the conversation flagged.

"I am going to see Madame Del Ferice to-morrow," she observed, changing the subject.

"Do you think that is necessary?"

"Since I wish it! I have not your reasons for avoiding her."

"I offended you the other day, madame, did I not? You remember, — when I offered my services in a social way."

"No; you amused me," answered Maria Consuelo coolly, and watching to see how he would take the rebuke.

But, young as Orsino was, he was a match for her in self-possession.

"I am very glad," he rejoined, without a trace of annoyance. "I feared you were displeased."

Maria Consuelo smiled again, and her momentary coldness vanished. The answer delighted her, and did more to interest her in Orsino than fifty clever sayings could have done. She resolved to push the question a little further.

"I will be frank," she said.

"It is always best," answered Orsino, beginning to suspect that something very tortuous was coming. His disbelief in phrases of the kind, though originally artificial, was becoming profound.

"Yes, I will be quite frank," she repeated. "You do not wish me to know the Del Ferice and their set, and you do wish me to know the people you like."

"Evidently."

"Why should I not do as I please?"

She was clearly trying to entrap him into a foolish answer, and he grew more and more wary.

"It would be very strange if you did not," said Orsino, without hesitation.

"Why, again?"

"Because you are absolutely free to make your own choice."

"And if my choice does not meet with your approval?" she asked.

"What can I say, madame? My friends and I will be the losers, not you."

Orsino had kept his temper admirably, and he did not suffer a hasty word to escape his lips nor a shadow of irritation to appear in his face. Yet she had pressed him in a way which was little short of rude. She was silent for a few seconds, during which Orsino watched her face as she turned it slightly away from him and from the lamp. In reality he was wondering why she was not more communicative about herself, and speculating as to whether her silence in

that quarter proceeded from the consciousness of a perfectly assured position in the world, or from the fact that she had something to conceal; and this idea led him to congratulate himself upon not having been obliged to act immediately upon his first proposal by bringing about an acquaintance between Madame d'Aranjuez and his mother. This uncertainty lent a spice of interest to the acquaintance. He knew enough of the world already to be sure that Maria Consuelo was born and bred in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call the social elect. But the peculiar people sometimes do strange things, and afterwards establish themselves in foreign cities where their doings are not likely to be known for some time. Not that Orsino cared what this particular stranger's past might have been. But he knew that his mother would care very much indeed, if Orsino wished her to know the mysterious lady, and would sift the matter very thoroughly before asking her to the Palazzo Saracinesca. Donna Tullia, on the other hand, had committed herself to the acquaintance on her own responsibility, evidently taking it for granted that if Orsino knew Madame d'Aranjuez the latter must be socially irreproachable. It amused Orsino to imagine the fat countess's rage if it turned out that she had made a mistake.

"I shall be the loser, too," said Maria Consuelo, in a different tone, "if I make a bad choice. But I cannot draw back. I took her to her house in my carriage. She seemed to take a fancy to me" — She laughed a little.

Orsino smiled, as though to imply that the circumstance did not surprise him.

"And she said she would come to see me. As a stranger, I could not do less than insist upon making the first visit, and I named the day, — or rather she did. I am going to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Tuesday is her day. You will meet all her friends."

"Do you mean to say that people still have days in Rome?" Maria Consuelo did not look pleased.

"Some people do, — very few. Most people prefer to be at home one evening in the week."

"What sort of people are Madame Del Ferice's friends?"

"Excellent people."

"Why are you so cautious?"

"Because you are about to be one of them, madame."

"Am I? No, I will not begin another catechism! You are too clever; I shall never get a direct answer from you."

"Not in that way," said Orsino, with a frankness that made his companion smile.

"How then?"

"I think you would know how," he replied gravely, and he fixed his young black eyes on her with an expression that made her half close her own.

"I should think you would make a good actor," she said softly.

"Provided that I might be allowed to be sincere between the acts."

"That sounds well. A little ambiguous, perhaps. Your sincerity might or might not take the same direction as the part you had been acting."

"That would depend entirely upon yourself, madame."

This time Maria Consuelo opened her eyes instead of closing them.

"You do not lack — what shall I say? — a certain assurance; you do not waste time."

She laughed merrily, and Orsino laughed with her.

"We are between the acts now," he said. "The curtain goes up to-morrow, and you join the enemy."

"Come with me, then."

"In your carriage? I shall be enchanted."

"No. You know I do not mean that. Come with me to the enemy's camp. It will be very amusing."

Orsino shook his head.

"I would rather die, — if possible at your feet, madame."

"Are you afraid to call upon Madame Del Ferice?"

"More than of death itself."

"How can you say that?"

"The conditions of the life to come are doubtful, — there might be a chance for me. There is no doubt at all as to what would happen if I went to see Madame Del Ferice."

"Is your father so severe with you?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a little scorn.

"Alas, madame, I am not sensitive to ridicule," replied Orsino, quite unmoved. "I grant that there is something wanting in my character."

Maria Consuelo had hoped to find a weak point, and had failed, though indeed there were many in the young man's armor. She was a little annoyed, both at her own lack of judgment, and because it would have amused her to see Orsino in an element so unfamiliar to him as that in which Donna Tullia lived.

"And there is nothing which would induce you to go there?" she asked.

"At present, nothing," Orsino answered coldly.

"At present; but in the future of all possible possibilities?"

"I shall undoubtedly go there. It is only the unforeseen which invariably happens."

"I think so, too."

"Of course. I will illustrate the proverb by bidding you good-evening," said Orsino, laughing as he rose. "By this time the conviction must have formed itself in your mind that I was never going. The unforeseen happens. I go."

Maria Consuelo would have been glad if he had stayed even longer, for he amused and interested her, and she did not look forward with pleasure to the lonely evening she was to spend in the hotel.

"I am generally at home at this hour," she said, giving him her hand.

"Then, if you will allow me? Thanks. Good-evening, madame."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then Orsino left the room. As he lit his cigarette in the porch of the hotel, he said to himself that he had not wasted his hour, and he was pleasantly conscious of that inward and spiritual satisfaction which every very young man feels when he is aware of having appeared at his best in the society of a woman alone. Youth without vanity is only premature old age, after all.

"She is certainly more than pretty," he said to himself, affecting to be critical when he was indeed convinced. "Her mouth is fabulous, but it is well shaped, and the rest is perfect; no, the nose is insignificant, and one of those yellow eyes wanders a little. These are not perfections. But what does it matter? The whole is charming, whatever the parts may be. I wish she would not go to that horrible fat woman's tea to-morrow."

Such were the observations which Orsino thought fit to make to himself, but which by no means represented all that he felt, for they took no notice whatever of that extreme satisfaction at having talked well with Maria Consuelo, which in reality dominated every other sensation just then. He was well enough accustomed to consideration, though his only taste of society had been enjoyed during the winter vacations of the last two years. He was not the greatest match in the Roman matrimonial market for nothing, and he was perfectly well aware of his advantages in this respect. He possessed that keen, business-like appreciation of his value as a marriageable man which seems to characterize the young generation of to-day, and he was not mistaken in his estimate. It was made sufficiently clear to him at every turn that he had but to ask in order to receive. But he had not the slightest intention of marrying at one

and twenty, as several of his old schoolfellows were doing, and he was sensible enough to foresee that his position as a desirable son-in-law would soon cause him more annoyance than amusement.

Madame d'Aranjuez was doubtless aware that she could not marry him if she wished to do so. She was several years older than he, — Orsino admitted the fact rather reluctantly, — she was a widow, and she seemed to have no particular social position. These were excellent reasons against matrimony, but they were also equally excellent reasons for being pleased with himself at having produced a favorable impression on her.

He walked rapidly along the crowded street, glancing carelessly at the people who passed and at the brilliantly lighted windows of the shops. He went by the door of the club, where he was already becoming known for rather reckless play, and he quite forgot that a number of men were probably spending an hour at the tables before dinner, a fact which would hardly have escaped his memory if he had not been more than usually occupied with pleasant thoughts. He did not need the excitement of baccarat nor the stimulus of brandy and soda, for his brain was already both excited and stimulated, though he was not at once aware of it. But it became clear to him when he suddenly found himself standing before the steps of the Capitol in the gloomy square of the Ara Cœli, wondering what in the world had brought him so far out of his way.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed impatiently, as he turned back and walked in the direction of his home. "And yet she told me that I would make a good actor. They say that an actor should never be carried away by his part."

At dinner, that evening, he was alternately talkative and very silent.

"Where have you been to-day, Orsino?" asked his father, looking at him curiously.

"I spent half an hour with Madame d'Aranjuez, and then went for a walk," answered Orsino, with sudden indifference.

"What is she like?" asked Corona.

"Clever, at least in Rome." There was an odd, nervous sharpness about the answer.

Old Saracinesca raised his keen eyes without lifting his head and looked hard at his grandson. He was a little bent in his great old age.

"The boy is in love!" he exclaimed abruptly, and a laugh that was still deep and ringing followed the words.

Orsino recovered his self-possession, and smiled carelessly.

Corona was thoughtful during the remainder of the meal.

VII.

The Princess Sant' Ilario's early life had been deeply stirred by the great makers of human character, sorrow and happiness. She had suffered profoundly, she had borne her trials with a rare courage, and her reward, if one may call it so, had been very great. She had seen the world and known it well, and the knowledge had not been forgotten in the peaceful prosperity of later years. Gifted with a beauty not equaled, perhaps, in those times, endowed with a strong and passionate nature under a singularly cold and calm outward manner, she had been saved from many dangers by the rarest of commonplace qualities, common sense. She had never passed for an intellectual person; she had never been very brilliant in conversation; she had even been thought old-fashioned in her prejudices concerning the books she read. But her judgment had rarely failed her at critical moments. Once only she remembered having committed a great mistake, of which the sudden and unexpected consequences had almost wrecked her life. In that case she

had suffered her heart to lead her: an innocent girl's good name had been at stake, and she had rashly taken a responsibility too heavy for love itself to bear. Those days were long past now; twenty years separated Corona, the mother of four tall sons, from the Corona who had risked all to save poor little Faustina Montevarchi.

But even she knew that a state of such perpetual and unclouded happiness could hardly last a lifetime, and she had forced herself, almost laughing at the thought, to look forward to the day when Orsino must cease to be a boy, and must face the world of strong loves and hates through which most men have to pass, and which all men must have known to be men indeed.

The people whose lives are full of the most romantic incidents are not generally, I think, people of romantic disposition. Romance, like power, will come uncalled for, and those who seek it most are often those who find it least. And the reason is simple enough. The man of heart is not perpetually burrowing in his surroundings for affections upon which his heart may feed, any more than the very strong man is naturally impelled to lift every weight he sees or to fight with every man he meets. The persons whom others call romantic are rarely conscious of being so. They are usually far too much occupied with the one great thought which makes their strongest, bravest, and meanest actions seem perfectly commonplace to themselves. Corona Del Carmine, who had heroically sacrificed herself in her earliest girlhood to save her father from ruin, and who a few years later had risked a priceless happiness to shield a foolish girl, had not in her whole life been conscious of a single romantic instinct. Brave, devoted, but unimaginative by nature, she had followed her heart's direction in most worldly matters.

She was amazed to find that she was becoming romantic now, in her dreams for Orsino's future. All sorts of ideas which she would have laughed at in her own youth flitted through her brain from morning till night. Her fancy built up a life for her eldest son which she knew to be far from the possibility of realization, but which had for her a new and strange attraction.

She planned for him the most unimaginable happiness, of a kind which would perhaps have scarcely satisfied his more modern instincts. She saw a maiden of indescribable beauty, brought up in unapproachable perfections, guarded by the all but insuperable jealousy of an ideal home. Orsino was to love this vision, and none other, from the first meeting to the term of his natural life, and was to win her in the face of difficulties such as would have made even Giovanni, the incomparable, look grave. This radiant creature was also to love Orsino, as a matter of course, with a love vastly more angelic than human; but not hastily nor thoughtlessly, lest Orsino should get her too easily, and not value her as he ought. Then she saw the two betrothed, side by side on shady lawns and moonlit terraces, in a perfectly beautiful intimacy such as they would certainly never enjoy in the existing conditions of their own society. But that mattered little. The wooing, the winning, and the marrying of the exquisite girl were to make up Orsino's life, and fifty or sixty years of idyllic happiness were to be the reward of their mutual devotion. Had she not spent twenty such years herself? Then why should not all the rest be possible?

The dreams came and went, and she was too sensible not to laugh at them. That was not the youth of Giovanni, her husband, nor of men who even faintly resembled him in her estimation. Giovanni had wandered far, had seen much, and had undoubtedly indulged more than one passing affection before he had been thirty years of age and had loved Corona. Giovanni would laugh,

too, if she told him of her vision of two young and beautiful married saints. And his laugh would be more sincere than her own. Nevertheless her dreams haunted her, as they have haunted many a loving mother ever since Althæa plucked from the flame the burning brand that measured Meleager's life, and smothered the sparks upon it and hid it away among her treasures.

Such things seem foolish, no doubt, in the measure of fact, in the glaring light of our day. The thought is none the less noble. The dream of an untainted love, the vision of unspotted youth and pure maiden, the glory of unbroken faith kept whole by man and wife in holy wedlock, the pride of stainless name and stainless race, — these things are not less high because there is a sublimity in the strength of a great sin which may lie the closer to our sympathy, as the sinning is the nearer to our weakness.

When old Saracinesca looked up from under his bushy brows and laughed and said that his grandson was in love, he thought no more of what he said than if he had remarked that Orsino's beard was growing or that Giovanni's was turning gray. But Corona's pretty fancies received a shock from which they never recovered, and though she did her best to call them back they lost all their reality from that hour. The plain fact that at one and twenty years the boy is a man, though a very young one, was made suddenly clear to her, and she was faced by another fact still more destructive of her ideals, namely, that a man is not to be kept from falling in love, when and where he is so inclined, by any personal influence whatsoever. She knew that well enough, and the supposition that his first young passion might be for Madame d'Aranjuez was by no means comforting. Corona immediately felt an interest in that lady which she had not felt before, and which was not altogether friendly.

It seemed to her necessary, in the first place, to find out something definite concerning Maria Consuelo, and this was no easy matter. She communicated her wish to her husband, when they were alone that evening.

"I know nothing about her," answered Giovanni; "and I do not know any one who does. After all, it is of very little importance."

"What if he falls seriously in love with this woman?"

"We will send him round the world. At his age that will cure anything. When he comes back, Madame d'Aranjuez will have retired to the chaos of the unknown out of which Orsino has evolved her."

"She does not look the kind of woman to disappear at the right moment," observed Corona doubtfully.

Giovanni was at that moment supremely comfortable, both in mind and body. It was late. The old prince had gone to his own quarters, the boys were in bed, and Orsino was presumably at a party or at the club. Sant' Ilario was enjoying the delight of spending an hour alone in his wife's society. They were in Corona's old boudoir, a place full of associations for them both. He did not want to be mentally disturbed. He said nothing in answer to his wife's remark. She repeated it in a different form.

"Women like her do not disappear when one does not want them," she said.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Giovanni, with a man's irritating indolence when he does not mean to grasp a disagreeable idea.

"I know it," Corona answered, resting her chin upon her hand and staring at the fire.

Giovanni surrendered unconditionally.

"You are probably right, dear. You always are about people."

"Well, then you must see the importance of what I say," said Corona, pushing her victory.

"Of course, of course," said Giovanni, squinting at the flames with one eye between his outstretched fingers.

"I wish you would wake up!" exclaimed Corona, taking the hand in hers and drawing it to her. "Orsino is probably making love to Madame d'Aranjuez at this very moment."

"Then I will imitate him, and make love to you, my dear. I could not be better occupied, and you know it. You used to say I did it very well."

Corona laughed, in her deep, soft voice.

"Orsino is like you. That is what frightens me. He will make love too well. Be serious, Giovanni. Think of what I am saying."

"Let us dismiss the question, then, for the simple reason that there is absolutely nothing to be done. We cannot turn this good woman out of Rome, and we cannot lock Orsino up in his room. To tell a boy not to bestow his affections in a certain quarter is like ramming a charge into a gun, and then expecting that it will not come out by the same way. The harder you ram it down, the more noise it makes, — that is all. Encourage him, and he may possibly tire of it. Hinder him, and he will become inconveniently heroic."

"I suppose that is true," said Corona. "Then at least find out who the woman is," she added, after a pause.

"I will try," Giovanni answered. "I will even go to the length of spending an hour a day at the club, if that will do any good; and you know how I detest clubs. But if anything whatever is known of her, it will be known there."

Giovanni kept his word, and expended more energy in attempting to find out something about Madame d'Aranjuez during the next few days than he had devoted to anything connected with society for a long time. Nearly a week elapsed before his efforts met with any success.

He was in the club one afternoon, at an early hour, reading the papers, and not more than three or four other men were present. Among them were Frangipani and Montevarchi, formerly known as Ascanio Bellegra. There was also a certain young foreigner, a diplomatist, who, like Sant' Ilario, was reading a paper, most probably in search of an idea for the next visit on his list.

Giovanni suddenly came upon a description of a dinner and reception given by Del Ferice and his wife. The paragraph was written in the usual florid style, with a fine generosity in the distribution of titles to unknown persons.

"The centre of all attraction," said the reporter, "was a most beautiful Spanish princess, Donna Maria Consuelo d'A——z d'A——a, in whose mysterious eyes are reflected the divine fires of a thousand triumphs, and who was gracefully attired in olive-green brocade" —

"Oh! is that it?" said Sant' Ilario aloud, and in the peculiar tone always used by a man who makes a discovery in a daily paper.

"What is it?" inquired Frangipani and Montevarchi in the same breath. The young diplomatist looked up with an air of interrogation.

Sant' Ilario read the paragraph aloud. All three listened as though the fate of empires depended on the facts reported.

"Just like the newspapers!" exclaimed Frangipani. "There probably is no such person. Is there, Ascanio?"

Montevarchi had always been a weak fellow, and was reported to be at present very deep in the building speculations of the day. But there was one point upon which he justly prided himself. He was a superior authority on genealogy. It was his passion, and no one ever disputed his knowledge or decision. He stroked his fair beard, looked out of the window, winked his pale blue eyes once or twice, and then gave his verdict.

"There is no such person," he said gravely.

"I beg your pardon, prince," said the young diplomatist, "I have met her. She exists."

"My dear friend," answered Montevarchi, "I do not doubt the existence of the woman, as such, and I would certainly not think of disagreeing with you, even if I had the slightest ground for doing so, which, I hasten to say, I have not. Nor, if she is a friend of yours, would I like to say more on the subject. But I have taken some little interest in genealogy, and I have a modest library — about two thousand volumes, only — consisting solely of works on the subject, all of which I have read, and many of which I have carefully annotated. I need not say that they are all at your disposal, if you should desire to make any researches."

Montevarchi had much of his murdered father's manner without the old man's strength. The young secretary of embassy was rather startled at the idea of searching through two thousand volumes in pursuit of Madame d'Aranjuez's identity. Sant' Ilario laughed.

"I only mean that I have met the lady," said the young man. "Of course you are right. I have no idea who she may really be. I have heard odd stories about her."

"Oh, have you?" asked Sant' Ilario, with renewed interest.

"Yes, very odd." He paused, and looked round the room to assure himself that no one else had entered. "There are two distinct stories about her. The first is this. They say that she is a South American prima donna, who sang only a few months, at Rio de Janeiro and then at Buenos Ayres. An Italian, who had gone out there and made a fortune, married her from the stage. In coming to Europe, he unfortunately fell overboard, and she inherited all his money. People say that she was the only person who witnessed the accident. The man's name was Aragno. She twisted it once and made Aranjuez of it, and she turned it again and discovered that it spelled Aragona. That is the first story. It sounds well, at all events."

"Very," returned Sant' Ilario, with a laugh.

"A profoundly interesting page in genealogy, if she happens to marry somebody," observed Montevarchi, mentally noting all the facts.

"What is the other story?" asked Frangipani.

"The other story is much less concise and detailed. According to this version, she is the daughter of a certain royal personage and a Polish countess. There is always a Polish countess in those stories! She has never been married. The royal personage has had her educated in a convent, and has sent her out into the wide world with a pretty, fancy name of his own invention, plentifully supplied with money and regular documents referring to her union with the imaginary Aranjuez, and protected by a sort of bodyguard of mutes and duennas who never appear in public. She is, of course, to make a great match for herself, and has come to Rome to do it. That is also a pretty tale."

"More interesting than the other," said Montevarchi. "These side lights of genealogy, these stray rivulets of royal races, if I may so poetically call them, possess an absorbing interest for the student. I will make a note of it."

"Observe, I do not vouch for the truth of a single word in either story," said the young man. "Of the two, the first is the less improbable. I have met her and talked with her, and she is certainly not less than five and twenty years old. She may be more. In any case, she is too old to have been just let out of a convent."

"Perhaps she has been loose for some years," suggested Sant' Ilario, speaking of her as though she were a dangerous wild animal.

"We should have heard of her," objected the other. "She has the sort of

personality which is noticed anywhere, and which makes itself felt."

"Then you incline to the belief that she dropped the Signor Aragno quietly overboard in the neighborhood of the equator?"

"The real story may be quite different from either of those I have told you."

"And she is a friend of poor old Donna Tullia!" exclaimed Montevarchi regretfully. "I am sorry for that. For the sake of her history I could almost have gone to the length of making her acquaintance."

"How the Del Ferice would rave if she could hear you call her 'poor old Donna Tullia'!" observed Frangipani. "I remember how she danced at the ball, when I came of age."

"That was a long time ago, Filippo," remarked Montevarchi thoughtfully, "a very long time ago. We were all young once, Filippo; but Donna Tullia is really fit only to fill a glass case in a museum of natural history now."

The remark was not original, and had been in circulation some time. But the three men laughed a little, and Montevarchi was much pleased by their appreciation. He and Frangipani began to talk together, and Sant' Ilario took up his paper again. When the young diplomatist laid his own aside and went out, Giovanni followed him, and they left the club together.

"Have you any reason to believe that there is anything irregular about this Madame d'Aranjuez?" inquired Sant' Ilario.

"No. Stories of that kind are generally inventions. She has not been presented at court, but that means nothing here; and there is a doubt about her nationality, but no one has asked her directly about it."

"May I ask who told you the stories?"

The young man's face immediately lost all expression.

"Really, I have quite forgotten," he said. "People have been talking about her."

Sant' Ilario justly concluded that his companion's informant was a lady, and probably one in whom the diplomatist was interested. Discretion is so rare that it can easily be traced to its causes. Giovanni left the young man and walked away in the opposite direction, inwardly meditating a piece of diplomacy quite foreign to his nature. He said to himself that he would watch the man in the world, and that it would be easy to guess who the lady in question was. It would have been clear to any one but himself that he was not likely to learn anything worth knowing, by his present mode of procedure.

"Gouache," he said, entering the artist's studio a quarter of an hour later, "do you know anything about Madame d'Aranjuez?"

"That is all I know," Gouache answered, pointing to Maria Consuelo's portrait, which stood finished upon an easel before him, set in an old frame. He had been touching it when Giovanni entered. "That is all I know, and I do not know that thoroughly. I wish I did. She is a wonderful subject."

Sant' Ilario gazed at the picture in silence.

"Are her eyes really like these?" he asked at length.

"Much finer."

"And her mouth?"

"Much larger," answered Gouache, with a smile.

"She is bad," said Giovanni, with conviction, and he thought of the Signor Aragno.

"Women are never bad," observed Gouache, with a thoughtful air. "Some are less angelic than others. You need only tell them all so to assure yourself of the fact."

"I dare say. What is this person? French, Spanish, South American?"

"I have not the least idea. She is not French, at all events."

"Excuse me — does your wife know her?"

Gouache glanced quickly at his visitor's face.

"No."

Gouache was a singularly kind man, and he did his best, perhaps for reasons of his own, to convey nothing by the monosyllable beyond the simple negation of a fact. But the effort was not altogether successful. There was an almost imperceptible shade of surprise in the tone which did not escape Giovanni. On the other hand, it was perfectly clear to Gouache that Sant' Ilario's interest in the matter was connected with Orsino.

"I cannot find any one who knows anything definite," said Giovanni, after a pause.

"Have you tried Spicca?" asked the artist, examining his work critically.

"No. Why Spicca?"

"He always knows everything," answered Gouache vaguely. "By the way, Saracinesca, do you not think there might be a little more light just over the left eye?"

"How should I know?"

"You ought to know. What is the use of having been brought up under the very noses of original portraits, all painted by the best masters, and doubtless ordered by your ancestors at a very considerable expense, if you do not know?"

Giovanni laughed.

"My dear old friend," he said good-humoredly, "have you known us nearly five and twenty years without discovering that it is our peculiar privilege to be ignorant without reproach?"

Gouache laughed in his turn.

"You do not often make sharp remarks; but when you do!"

Giovanni left the studio very soon, and went in search of Spicca. It was no easy matter to find the peripatetic cynic on a winter's afternoon, but Gouache's remark had seemed to mean something, and Sant' Ilario saw a faint glimmer of hope in the distance. He knew Spicca's habits very well, and was aware that when the sun was low he would certainly turn into one of the many houses where he was intimate, and spend an hour over a cup of tea. The difficulty lay in ascertaining which particular fireside he would select on that afternoon. Sant' Ilario hastily sketched a route for himself, and asked the porter at each of his friends' houses if Spicca had entered. Fortune favored him at last. Spicca was drinking his tea with the Marchesa di San Giacinto.

Giovanni paused a moment before the gateway of the palace in which San Giacinto had inhabited a large hired apartment for many years. He did not see much of his cousin now, on account of differences in political opinion, and he had no reason whatever for calling on Flavia, especially as formal New Year's visits had lately been exchanged. However, as San Giacinto had become a leading authority on questions of landed property in the city, it struck him that he could pretend a desire to see Flavia's husband, and make that an excuse for staying a long time, if necessary, in order to wait for him.

He found Flavia and Spicca alone together, with a small tea-table between them. The air was heavy with the smoke of cigarettes, which clung to the Oriental curtains, and hung in clouds about the rare palms and plants. Everything in the San Giacinto house was large, comfortable, and unostentatious. There was not a chair to be seen which might not have held the giant's frame. San Giacinto was a wonderful judge of what was good. If he paid twice as much as Montevarchi for a horse, the horse turned out to be capable of four times the work. If he bought a picture at a sale, it was discovered to be by some good master, and other people wondered why they had lost courage in the bidding for a trifle of a hundred francs. Nothing ever turned out badly with

him, but no success had the power to shake his solid prudence. No one knew how rich he was, but those who had watched him understood that he would never let the world guess at half his fortune. He was a giant in all ways, and he had shown what he could do when he had dominated Flavia, during the first year of their marriage. She had at first been proud of him, but about the time when she would have wearied of another man she discovered that she feared him in a way she certainly did not fear the devil. Yet he had never spoken a harsh word to her in his life. But there was something positively appalling to her in his enormous strength, rarely exhibited, and never without good reason, but always quietly present, as the outline of a vast mountain reflected in a placid lake. Then she found, to her great surprise, that he really loved her, which she had not expected, and at the end of three years he became aware that she loved him, which was still more astonishing. As usual, his investment had turned out well.

At the time of which I am speaking Flavia was a slight, graceful woman of forty years or thereabouts, retaining much of the brilliant prettiness which served her for beauty, and conspicuous always for her extremely bright eyes. She was of the type of women who live to a great age.

She had not expected to see Sant' Ilario, and as she gave her hand she looked up at him with an air of inquiry. It would have been like him to say that he had come to see her husband, and not herself, for he had no tact with persons whom he did not especially like. There are such people in the world.

"Will you give me a cup of tea, Flavia?" he asked, as he sat down, after shaking hands with Spicca.

"Have you at last heard that your cousin's tea is good?" inquired the latter, who was surprised by Giovanni's coming.

"I am afraid it is cold," said Flavia, looking into the teapot, as though she could discover the temperature by inspection.

"It is no matter," answered Giovanni absently.

He was wondering how he could lead the conversation to the discussion of Madame d'Aranjuez.

"You belong to the swallowers," observed Spicca, lighting a fresh cigarette. "You swallow something, no matter what, and you are satisfied."

"It is the simplest way; one is never disappointed."

"It is a pity one cannot swallow people in the same way," said Flavia, with a laugh.

"Most people do," answered Spicca viciously.

"Were you at the Jubilee on the first day?" asked Giovanni, addressing Flavia.

"Of course I was, and you spoke to me."

"That is true. By the bye, I saw that excellent Donna Tullia there. I wonder whose ticket she had?"

"She had the Princess Befana's," said Spicca, who knew everything. "The old lady happened to be dying, — she always dies at the beginning of the season; it used to be for economy, but it has become a habit, — and so Del Ferice bought her card of her servant for his wife."

"Who was the lady who sat with her?" asked Giovanni, delighted with his own skill.

"You ought to know!" exclaimed Flavia. "We all saw Orsino take her out. That is the famous, the incomparable Madame d'Aranjuez, — the most beautiful of Spanish princesses, according to to-day's paper. I dare say you have seen the account of the Del Ferice party? She is no more Spanish than Alexander the Great? Is she, Spicca?"

"No, she is not Spanish," said the latter.

"Then what in the world is she?" asked Giovanni impatiently.

"How should I know? Of course it is very disagreeable for you." It was Flavia who spoke.

"Disagreeable? How?"

"Why, about Orsino, of course. Everybody says he is devoted to her."

"I wish everybody would mind his and her business," said Giovanni sharply. "Because a boy makes the acquaintance of a stranger at a studio" —

"Oh! it was at a studio? I did not know that."

"Yes, at Gouache's. I fancied your sister might have told you that," said Giovanni, growing more and more irritable, and yet not daring to change the subject lest he should lose some valuable information. "Because Orsino makes her acquaintance accidentally, every one must say that he is in love with her."

Flavia laughed.

"My dear Giovanni," she answered, "let us be frank. I used never to tell the truth under any circumstances, when I was a girl, but Giovanni — my Giovanni — did not like that. Do you know what he did? He used to cut off a hundred francs of my allowance for every fib I told, — laughing at me all the time. At the end of the first quarter I positively had not a pair of shoes, and all my gloves had been cleaned twice. He used to keep all the fines in a special pocket-book. If you knew how hard I tried to steal it! But I could not. Then I reformed. There was nothing else to be done, — that or rags. Fancy! And, do you know, I have grown quite used to being truthful. Besides, it is so original that I pose with it."

Flavia paused, laughed a little, and puffed at her cigarette.

"You do not often come to see me, Giovanni," she said, "and, since you are here, I am going to tell you the truth about your visit. You are beside yourself with rage at Orsino's new fancy, and you want to find out all about this Madame d'Aranjuez. So you came here because we are Whites, and you saw that she had been at the Del Ferice party, and you know that we know them, — and the rest is sung by the organ, as we say when high mass is over. Is that the truth, or not?"

"Approximately," said Giovanni, smiling in spite of himself.

"Does Corona cut your allowance when you tell fibs?" inquired Flavia. "No? Then why say that it is only approximately true?"

"I have my reasons. And you can tell me nothing?"

"Nothing. I believe Spicca knows all about her, but he will not tell what he knows."

Spicca made no answer to this, and Giovanni determined to outstay him, or rather, to stay until he rose to go, and then go with him. It was tedious work, for he was not a man who could talk against time on all occasions; but he struggled bravely, and Spicca at last got up from his deep chair. They went out together, and stopped, as though by common consent, upon the brilliantly lighted landing of the first floor.

"Seriously, Spicca," said Giovanni, "I am afraid Orsino is falling in love with this pretty stranger. If you can tell me anything about her, please do so."

Spicca stared at the wall, hesitated a moment, and then looked straight into his companion's eyes.

"Have you any reason to suppose that I, and I especially, know anything about this lady?" he asked.

"No, — except that you know everything."

"That is a fable." Spicca turned from him and began to descend the stairs.

Giovanni followed, and laid a hand upon his arm.

"You will not do me this service?" he asked earnestly.

Again Spicca stopped, and looked at him.

"You and I are very old friends,

Giovanni," he said slowly. "I am older than you, but we have stood by each other very often, — in places more slippery than these marble steps. Do not let us quarrel now, old friend. When I tell you that my omniscience exists only in the vivid imaginations of people whose tea I like, believe me; and if you wish to do me a kindness, for the sake of old times, do not help to spread the idea that I know everything."

The melancholy Spicca had never been given to talking about friendship or its mutual obligations. Indeed, Giovanni could not remember having ever heard him speak as he had just spoken. It was perfectly clear that he knew something very definite about Maria Consuelo, and he probably had no intention of deceiving Giovanni in that respect. But Spicca also knew his man, and he knew that his appeal for Giovanni's silence would not be vain.

"Very well," said Sant' Ilario.

They exchanged a few indifferent words before parting, and then Giovanni walked slowly homeward, pondering on the things he had heard that day.

F. Marion Crawford.

THROUGH THE RUSHES.

THROUGH the rushes by the river
  Runs a drowsy tremor sweet,
And the waters stir and shiver
  In the darkness at their feet;
From the sombre east up-stealing,
Gradual, with slow revealing,
Comes the dawn, and with a sigh
    Night goes by.

Here and there, to mildest wooing,
  Folded buds are open blown;
And the drops their leaves bedewing,
  Like to seed-pearls thickly sown,
Sinking, with the blessing olden,
Deep into each calyx golden,
A supreme behest obey,
    Then melt away.

And while robes of splendor trailing
  Fitly deck the glowing morn,
And a fragrance, fresh exhaling,
  Greets her loveliness new-born,
Midst divine melodic voicings,
Midst delicious mute rejoicings,
Strong as when the worlds began,
    Awakens Pan!

Florence Earle Coates.

HARVEST-TIDE ON THE VOLGA.

Our life at Prince X.'s estate on the Volga flowed on in a semi-monotonous, wholly delightful state of lotus-eating idleness, though it assuredly was not a case which came under the witty description once launched by Turgeneff broadside at his countrymen: "The Russian country proprietor comes to revel and simmer in his *ennui* like a mushroom frying in sour cream." Ennui shunned that happy valley. We passed the hot mornings at work on the veranda or in the well-filled library, varying them by drives to neighboring estates and villages, or by trips to the fields to watch the progress of the harvest, now in full swing. Such a visit we paid when all the able-bodied men and women in the village were ranged across the landscape in interminable lines, armed with their reaping-hooks, and forming a brilliant picture in contrast with the yellow grain, in their blue and scarlet raiment. They were fulfilling the contract which bound them to three days' labor for their landlord, in return for the pasturage furnished by him for their cattle. A gay kerchief and a single clinging garment, generally made of red and blue in equal portions, constituted the costume of the women. The scanty garments were faded and worn, for harvesting is terribly hard work, and they cannot use their good clothes, as at the haying, which is mere sport in comparison. Most of the men had their heads protected only by their long hair, whose sunburnt outer layer fell over their faces, as they stooped and reaped the grain artistically close to the ground. Their shirts were of faded red cotton; their full trousers, of blue-and-red-striped home-made linen, were confined by a strip of coarse crash swathed around the feet and legs to the knee, and cross-gartered with ropes. The feet of men and women alike were shod with low shoes of plaited linden bark over these cloths.

They smiled indulgently at our attempts to reap and make girdles for the sheaves, — the sickles seemed to grow dull and back-handed at our touch, — chatting with the dignified ease which characterizes the Russian peasant. The small children had been left behind in the village, in charge of the grandams and the women unfit for field labor. Baby had been brought to the scene of action, and installed in luxury. The cradle, a cloth distended by poles, like that of Peter the Great, which is preserved in the museum of the Kremlin at Moscow, was suspended from the upturned shafts of a *telyéga* by a stiff spiral spring of iron, similar to the springs used on bird-cages. The curtain was made of the mother's spare gown, her *sarafán*. Baby's milk-bottle consisted of a cow's horn, over the tip of which a cow's teat was fastened. I had already seen these dried teats for sale in pairs, in the popular markets, but had declined to place implicit faith in the venders' solemn statements as to their use.

It was the season which the peasants call by the expressive title *stradá* (suffering). Nearly all the summer work must be done together, and, with their primitive appliances, suffering is the inevitable result. They set out for the fields before sunrise, and return at indefinite hours, but never early. Sometimes they pass the night in the fields, under the shelter of a cart or of the grain sheaves. Men and women work equally and unweariedly; and the women receive less pay than the men for the same work, in the bad old fashion which is, unhappily, not yet unknown in other lands and ranks of life. Eating and sleeping join the number of the lost arts.

The poor, brave people have but little to eat in any case, — not enough to induce thought or anxiety to return home. Last year's store has, in all probability, been nearly exhausted. They must wait until the grain which they are reaping has been threshed and ground before they can have their fill.

One holiday they observe, partly perforce, partly from choice, though it is not one of the great festivals of the church calendar — St. Ilyá's Day. St. Ilyá is the Christian representative of the old Slavic God of Thunder, Perún, as well as of the prophet Elijah. On or near his name day, July 20 (Old Style), he never fails to dash wildly athwart the sky in his chariot of fire; in other words, there is a terrific thunderstorm. Such is the belief; such, in my experience, is the fact, also.

Sundays were kept so far as the field work permitted, and the church was thronged. Even our choir of ill-trained village youths and boys could not spoil the ever exquisite music. There were usually two or three women who expected to become mothers before the week was out, and who came forward to take the communion for the last time, after the new-born babes and tiny children had been taken up by their mothers to receive it.

Every one was quiet, clean, reverent. The cloth-mill girls had discovered our (happily) obsolete magenta, and made themselves hideous in flounced petticoats and sacks of that dreadful hue. The sister of our Lukérya, the maid who had been assigned to us, thus attired, felt distinctly superior. Lukérya would have had the bad taste to follow her example, had she been permitted, so fast are evil fashions destroying the beautiful and practical national costumes. Little did Lukérya dream that she, in her peasant garb, with her thick nose and rather unformed face, was a hundred times prettier than Ánnushka, with far finer features and "fashionable" dress.

Independent and "fashionable" as many of these villagers were, they were ready enough to appeal to their former owners in case of illness or need; and they were always welcomed. Like most Russian women who spend any time on their estates, our hostess knew a good deal about medicine, which was necessitated by the circumstance that the district doctor lived eight miles away, and had such a wide circuit assigned to him that he could not be called in except for serious cases. Many of the remedies available or approved by the peasants were primitive, not to say heroic. For example, one man, who had exhausted all other remedies for rheumatism, was advised to go to the forest, thrust the ailing foot and leg into one of the huge ant-hills which abounded there, and allow the ants to sting him as long as he could bear the pain, for the sake of the formic acid which would thus be injected into the suffering limb. I confess that I should have liked to be present at this bit of — surgery, shall I call it? It would have been an opportunity for observing the Russian peasant's stoicism and love of suffering as a thing good in itself.

The peasants came on other errands, also. One morning we were startled, at our morning coffee, by the violent irruption into the dining-room, on his knees, of a man with clasped hands uplifted, rolling eyes, and hair wildly tossing, as he knocked his head on the floor, kissed our hostess's gown, and uttered heart-rending appeals to her, to Heaven, and to all the saints. "*Báruinya!* dear mistress!" he wailed. "Forgive! *Yay Bógu*, it was not my fault. The Virgin herself knows that the carpenter forced me to it. I'll never do it again, never, God is my witness! Báruinya! Bá-á-ruinya! Bá-á-á-á-á-á-ruinya!" in an indescribable subdued howl. He was one of her former serfs, the keeper of the dramshop; and the carpenter, that indispensable functionary on an isolated

estate, had "drunk up" all his tools (which did not belong to him, but to our hostess) at this man's establishment. The sly publican did not offer to return them, and he would not have so much as condescended to promises for the misty future, had he not been aware that the law permits the closing of pothouses on the complaint of proprietors in just such predicaments as this, as well as on the vote of the peasant Commune. Having won temporary respite by his well-acted anguish, he was ready to proceed again on the national plan of *avóse*, which may be vulgarly rendered into English by "running for luck."

But even more attractive than these house diversions and the village were the other external features of that sweet country life. The mushroom season was beginning. Equipped with baskets of ambitious size, we roamed the forests, which are carpeted in spring with lilies of the valley, and all summer long, even under the densest shadow, with rich grass. We learned the home and habits of the shrimp-pink mushroom, which is generally eaten salted; of the fat white and birch mushrooms, with their chocolate caps, to be eaten fresh; of the brown and green butter mushroom, most delicious of all to our taste, and beloved of the black beetle, whom we surprised at his feast. However, the mushrooms were only an excuse for dreaming away the afternoons amid the sweet glints of the fragrant snowy birch-trees and the green-gold flickerings of the pines, in the "black forest," which is a forest composed of evergreens and deciduous trees. Now and then, in our rambles, we met and skirted great pits dug in the grassy roads to prevent the peasants from conveniently perpetrating thefts of wood. Once we came upon a party of timber-thieves (it was Sunday afternoon), who espied us in time to rattle off in their rude telyéga with their prize, a great tree, at a rate which would have reduced ordinary flesh and bones to a jelly; leaving us to stare helplessly at the freshly hewn stump. Tawny hares tripped across our path, or gazed at us from the green twilight of the bushes, as we lay on the turf and discussed all things in the modern heaven and earth, from theosophy and Keely's motor to — the other extreme.

When the peasants had not forestalled us, we returned home with masses of mushrooms, flower-like in hue, — bronze, pink, snow-white, green, and yellow; and Ósip cooked them delicately, in sour cream, to accompany the juicy young blackcock and other game of our host's shooting. Ósip was a *cordon bleu*, and taxed his ingenuity to initiate us into all the mysteries of Russian cooking, which, under his tuition, we found delicious. The only national dish which we never really learned to like was one in which he had no hand, — fresh cucumbers sliced lengthwise and spread thick with new honey, which is supposed to be eaten after the honey has been blessed, with the fruits, on the feast of the Transfiguration, but which in practice is devoured whenever found, as the village priest was probably aware. The priest was himself an enthusiastic keeper of bees in odd, primitive hives. It was really amazing to note the difference between the good, simple-mannered old man in his humble home, where he received us in socks and a faded cassock, and nearly suffocated us with vivaciously repetitious hospitality, tea, and preserves, and the priest, with his truly majestic and inspired mien, as he served the altar.

Among the wild creatures in our host's great forests were hares, wolves, moose, and bears. The moose had retreated, for the hot weather, to the lakes on the Crown lands adjacent, to escape the maddening attacks of the gadflies. Though it was not the hungry height of the season with the wolves, there was always an exciting possibility of encountering a stray specimen during our strolls,

and we found the skull and bones of a horse which they had killed the past winter. From early autumn these gray terrors roam the scene of our mushroom-parties, in packs, and kill cattle in ill-protected farm-yards and children in the villages.

It was too early for hare-coursing or wolf-hunting, but feathered game was plentiful. Great was the rivalry in "bags" between our host and the butler, a jealously keen sportsman. His dog, Modístka (the little milliner), had taught the clever pointer Miltón terribly bad tricks of hunting alone, and was even initiating her puppies into the same evil ways. When "Monsieur, Madame, and Bébé" returned triumphantly from the forest with their booty, and presented it to their indignant masters, there were fine scenes! Bébé and his brothers of the litter were so exactly alike in every detail that they could not be distinguished one from the other. Hence they had been dubbed *tchinóvniki* (the officials), a bit of innocent malice which every Russian can appreciate.

Of the existence of bears we had one convincing glimpse. We drove off, one morning, in a drizzling rain, to picnic on a distant estate of our host's, in a "red" or "beautiful" forest (the two adjectives are synonymous in Russian), which is composed entirely of pines. During our long tramp through a superb growth of pines, every one of which would have furnished a mainmast for the largest old-fashioned ship, a bear stepped out as we passed through a narrow defile, and showed an inclination to join our party. The armed Russian and Mordvinian foresters, our guides and protectors, were in the vanguard; and as Míshka seemed peaceably disposed we relinquished all designs on his pelt, consoling ourselves with the reflection that it would not be good at this season of the year. We camped out on the crest of the hill, upon a huge rug, soft and thick, the work of serfs in former days, representing an art now well-nigh lost, and feasted on nut-sweet crayfish from the Volga, new potatoes cooked in our gypsy kettle, curds, sour black bread, and other more conventional delicacies. The rain pattered softly on us, — we disdained umbrellas, — and on the pine needles, rising in hillocks, here and there, over snowy great mushrooms, of a sort to be salted and eaten during fasts. The wife of the priest, who is condemned to so much fasting, had a wonderfully keen instinct for these particular mushrooms, and had explained to us all their merits, which seemed obscure to our non-fasting souls. Our Russian forester regaled us with forest lore, as we lay on our backs to look at the tops of the trees. But, to my amazement, he had never heard of the *Léshi* and the *Vodyanói*, the wood-king and water-king of the folk tales. At all events, he had never seen them, nor heard their weird frolics in the boughs and waves. The Mordvinian contributed to the entertainment by telling us of his people's costumes and habits, and gave us a lesson in his language, which was of the Tatár-Finnish variety. Like the Tchuváshi and other tribes here on the Volga, the Mordvinians furnish pleasurable excitement and bewilderment to ethnographists and students of religions.

These simple amusements came to an end all too soon, despite the rain. We were seized with a fancy to try the peasant telyéga for the descent, and packed ourselves in with the rug and utensils. Our Mordvinian, swarthy and gray-eyed, walked beside us, casting glances of inquiry at us, as the shaggy little horse plunged along, to ascertain our degrees of satisfaction with the experiment. He thrust the dripping boughs from our faces with graceful, natural courtesy; and when we alighted, breathless and shaken to a pulp, at the forester's hut, where our carriages awaited us, he picked up the hairpins and gave them to us gravely, one by one, as needed. We were so entirely content with our

telyéga experience that we were in no undue haste to repeat it. We drove home in the persistent rain, which had affected neither our bodies nor our spirits, bearing a trophy of unfringed gentians to add to our collection of golden-rod, harebells, rose-colored fringed pinks, and other familiar wild flowers which reminded us of the western hemisphere.

The days were too brief for our delights. In the afternoons and evenings, we took breezy gallops through the forests, along the boundary sward of the fields, across the rich black soil of that third of the land which, in the "three-field" system of cultivation, is allowed to lie fallow after it has borne a crop of winter grain, rye, and one of summer grain, oats. We watched the peasants ploughing or scattering the seed-corn, or returning, mounted side-saddle fashion on their horses, with their primitive ploughs reversed. Only such rich land could tolerate these Adam-like earth-scratchers. As we met the cows on their way home from pasture, we took observations, to verify the whimsical barometer of the peasants; and we found that if a light-hued cow headed the procession the next day really was pretty sure to be fair, while a dark cow brought foul weather. As the twilight deepened, the quail piped under the very hoofs of our horses; the moon rose over the forest, which would soon ring with the howl of wolves; the fresh breath of the river came to us laden with peculiar scents, through which penetrated the heavy odor of the green-black hemp.

One day the horses were ordered, as usual. They did not appear. The cavalryman who had been hired expressly to train them had not only neglected his duty, but had run away, without warning, to reap his own little field, in parts unknown. He had carefully observed silence as to its existence, when he was engaged. This was item number one. Item number two was that there was something the matter with all the horses, except Little Boy, Little Bird, and the small white Bashkir horse from the steppes, whose ear had been slit to subdue his wildness. The truth was, the steward's young son had been practicing high jumping, bareback, in a circus costume of pink calico shirt and trousers, topped by his tow-colored hair. We had seen this surreptitious performance, but considered it best to betray nothing, as the lad had done so well in the village school that our hosts were about to send him to town, to continue his studies at their expense.

The overseer, another soldier, was ordered to don his uniform and accompany us. He rebelled. "He had just got his hair grown to the square state which suited his peasant garb, and it would not go with his dragoon's uniform in the least. Why, he would look like a Kazák! Impossible, utterly!" He was sternly commanded not to consider his hair; this was not the city, with spectators. When he finally appeared, in full array, we saw that he had applied the shears to his locks, in a hasty effort to compromise between war and peace without losing the cut. The effect was peculiar; it would strike his commanding officer dumb with mirth and horror. He blushed in a deprecating manner whenever we glanced at him.

There was a bath-house beside the river. But a greater luxury was the hot bath, presided over by old Alexandra. Alexandra, born a serf on the estate, was now like a humble member of the family, the relations not having changed, perceptibly, since the emancipation, to the old woman's satisfaction. She believed firmly in the *Domovói* (the house sprite), and told wonderful tales of her experiences with him. Skepticism on that point did not please her. When the horses were brought round with matted manes, a sign of an affectionate visit from the Domovói, which must not be removed, under penalty of his displeasure, it was useless to tell Alexandra

that a weasel had been caught in the act, and that her sprite was no other. She clung to her belief in her dreaded friend.

The bath was a small log house, situated a short distance from the manor. It was divided into ante-room, dressing-room, and the bath proper. When we were ready, Alexandra, a famous bath-woman, took boiling water from the tank in the corner oven, which had been heating for hours, made a strong lather, and scrubbed us soundly with a wad of linden bast shredded into fibres. Her wad was of the choicest sort; not that which is sold in the popular markets, but that which is procured by stripping into rather coarse filaments the strands of an old mat-sack, such as is used for everything in Russia, from wrappers for sheet iron to bags for carrying a pound of cherries. After a final douche with boiling water, we mounted the high shelf, with its wooden pillow, and the artistic part of the operation began. As we lay there in the suffocating steam, Alexandra whipped us thoroughly with a small besom of birch twigs, rendered pliable and secure of their tender leaves by a preliminary plunge in boiling water. When we gasped for breath, she interpreted it is a symptom of speechless delight, and flew to the oven and dashed a bucket of cold water on the red-hot stones placed there for the purpose. The steam poured forth in intolerable clouds; but we submitted, powerless to protest. Alexandra, with all her clothes on, seemed not to feel the heat. She administered a merciless yet gentle massage to every limb with her birch rods, — what would it have been like if she had used nettles, the peasants' delight? — and rescued us from utter collapse just in time by a douche of ice-cold water. We huddled on all the warm clothing we owned, were driven home, plied with boiling tea, and put to bed for two hours. At the end of that time we felt made over, physically, and ready to beg for another birching. But we were warned not to expose ourselves to cold for at least twenty-four hours, although we had often seen peasants, fresh from their bath, birch besom in hand, in the wintry streets of the two capitals.

We visited the peasants in their cottages, and found them very reluctant to sell anything except towel crash. All other linen which they wove they needed for themselves, and it looked as even and strong as iron. Here in the south the rope-and-moss-plugged log house stood flat on the ground, and was thatched with straw, which was secured by a ladder-like arrangement of poles along the gable ends. Three tiny windows, with tinier panes, relieved the street front of the house. The entrance was on the side, from the small farm-yard, littered with farming implements, chickens, and manure, and inclosed with the usual fence of wattled branches. From the small ante-room, designed to keep out the winter cold, the store-room opened at the rear, and the living-room at the front. The left-hand corner of the living-room, as one entered, was occupied by the oven, made of stones and clay, and white-washed. In it the cooking was done by placing the pots among the glowing wood coals. The bread was baked when the coals had been raked out. Later still, when desired, the owners took their steam bath, more resembling a roasting, inside it, and the old people kept their aged bones warm by sleeping on top of it, close to the low ceiling. Round three sides of the room ran a broad bench, which served for furniture and beds. In the right-hand corner, opposite the door, — the "great corner" of honor, — was the case of images, in front of which stood the rough table whereon meals were eaten. This was convenient, since the images were saluted, at the beginning and end of meals, with the sign of the cross and a murmured prayer. The case contained the sacred picture wherewith the young couple were blessed by their parents on their marriage, and any

others which they might have acquired, with possibly a branch of their Palm Sunday pussy willows, the æsthetic palms which are used all over Russia, from palace to hut. A narrow room, monopolizing one of the windows, opened from the living-room, beyond the oven, and served as pantry and kitchen. A wooden trough, like a chopping-tray, was the wash-tub. The ironing or mangling apparatus consisted of a rolling-pin, round which the article of clothing was wrapped, and a curved paddle of hard wood, its under-surface carved in pretty geometrical designs, with which it was smoothed. This paddle served also to beat the clothes upon the stones, when the washing was done in the river, in warm weather. A few wooden bowls and spoons and earthen pots, including the variety which keeps milk cool without either ice or running water, completed the household utensils. Add a loom for weaving crash, the blue linen for the men's trousers and the women's scant sarafáns, and the white for their aprons and chemises, and the cloth for coats, and the furnishing is done.

The village granaries, with wattled walls and thatched roofs, are placed apart, to lessen the danger from fire, near the large gates which give admission to the village through the wattled fence encircling it. These gates, closed at night, are guarded by peasants who are unfitted, through age or infirmities, for field labor. They employ themselves, in their tiny wattled lean-tos, in plaiting the low shoes of linden bark, used by both men and women, in making carts, or in some other simple occupation. An axe — a whole armory of tools to the Russian peasant — and an iron bolt are their sole implements.

We were cut off from intercourse with one of the neighboring estates by the appearance there of the Siberian cattle plague, and were told that, should it spread, arrivals from that quarter would be admitted to the village only after passing through the disinfecting fumes of dung fires burning at the gate.

Incendiaries and horse-thieves are the scourges of village life in Russia. Such men can be banished to Siberia, by a vote of the Commune of peasant householders. But as the Commune must bear the expense, and people are afraid that the evil doer will revenge himself by setting the village on fire, if he discovers their plan, this privilege is exercised with comparative rarity. The man who steals the peasant's horse condemns him to starvation and ruin. Such a man there had been in our friends' village, and for long years they had borne with him patiently. He was crafty and had "influence" in some mysterious fashion, which made him a dangerous customer to deal with. But at last he was sent off. Now, during our visit, the village was trembling over a rumor that he was on his way back to wreak vengeance on his former neighbors. I presume they were obliged to have him banished again, by administrative order from the Minister of the Interior, — the only remedy when one of this class of exiles has served out his term, — before they could sleep tranquilly.

When seen in his village home, it is impossible not to admire the hard-working, intelligent, patient, gentle, and sympathetic Muzhík, in spite of all his faults. We made acquaintance with some of his democratic manners during a truly unique picnic, arranged by our charming hosts expressly to convince us that the famous sterlet merited its reputation. We had tried it in first-class hotels and at their own table, as well as at other private tables, and we maintained that it was merely a sweet, fine-grained, insipid fish.

"Wait until we show you *zhiryókha* [sterlet grilled in its own fat] and *ukhá* [soup] as prepared by the fishermen of the Volga. The Petersburg and Moscow people cannot even tell you the meaning of the word 'zhiryókha,'" was

the reply. "As for the famous 'amber' soup, you have seen that even Ósip's efforts do not deserve the epithet."

Accordingly, we assembled one morning at seven o'clock, to the sound of the hunting-horn, to set out for a point on the Volga twelve miles distant. We found Miltón, the Milliner, and the whole litter of officials in possession of the carriage, and the coachman's dignity relaxed into a grin at their antics, evoked by a suspicion that we were going hunting. Our vehicle, on this occasion, as on all our expeditions to field and forest, was a stoutly built, springless carriage, called a *linyáyka*, or little line, which is better adapted than any other to country roads, and is much used. In Kazán, by some curious confusion of ideas, it is called a "guitar." Another nickname for it is "the lieutenant's coach," which was bestowed upon it by the Emperor Nicholas. The Tsar came to visit one of the Volga provinces, and found a linyáyka awaiting him at the landing, for the reason that nothing more elegant, and with springs, could scale the ascent to the town, over the rough roads. The landed proprietors of that government were noted for their dislike for the service of the state, which led them to shirk it, regardless of the dignity and titles to be thus acquired. They were in the habit of retiring to their beloved country homes when they had attained the lowest permissible rung of that wonderful Jacob's ladder leading to the heaven of officialdom, established by Peter the Great, and dubbed the Table of Ranks. This grade was lieutenant in the army or navy, and the corresponding counselor in the civil service. The story runs that Nicholas stretched himself out at full length on it for a moment, and gave it its name. Naturally, such men accepted the Emperor's jest as a compliment, and perpetuated its memory.

At right angles to the coachman's seat of our carriage ran a long upholstered bench, on which we sat, back to back, — or rather, alternately, as the seat was not wide, — with our feet resting on foot-boards which curved upwards, as guards, over the low wheels. Transverse seats, each accommodating two persons, ran parallel with the box, in front and rear. This is a development of the Russian racing-gig, which is also used for rough driving in the country, by landed proprietors. In the latter case it is merely a short board, bare or upholstered, on which the occupant sits astride, with his feet resting on the forward axle. Old engravings represent this uncomfortable model as the public carriage of St. Petersburg at the close of the last century.

Our troïka of horses was caparisoned in blue and red leather, lavishly decorated with large metal plaques and with chains which musically replaced portions of the leather straps. Over the neck of the middle horse, who trotted, rose an ornamented arch of wood. The side horses, loosely attached by leather thongs, galloped with much freedom and grace, their heads bent downward and outward, so that we could watch their beautiful eyes and crimson nostrils. Our coachman's long *armyák*, of dark blue cloth, confined by a gay girdle, was topped by a close turban hat of black felt, stuck all the way round with a row of eyes from a peacock's tail. He observed all the correct rules of Russian driving, dashing up ascents at full speed, and holding his arms outstretched as though engaged in a race, which our pace suggested.

Our road to the Volga lay, at first, through a vast grain-field, dotted with peasants at the harvest. Miles of sunflowers followed. They would provide oil for the poorer classes to use in cooking during the numerous fasts, when butter is forbidden, and seeds to chew in place of the unattainable peanut. Our goal was a village situated beneath lofty chalk hills, dazzling white in the sun. A large portion of the village, which had

been burned a short time before, was already nearly rebuilt, thanks to the ready-made houses supplied by the novel wood-yards of Samára.

The butler had been dispatched, on the previous evening, with a wagon-load of provisions and comforts, and with orders to make the necessary arrangements for a boat and crew with fisherman Piótr. But, for reasons which seemed too voluble and complicated for adequate expression, Piótr had been as slow of movement as my bumptious *yamtschík* of the posting-station, and nothing was ready. Piótr, like many elderly peasants, might sit for the portrait of his apostolic namesake. But he approved of more wine "for the stomach's sake" than any apostle ever ventured to recommend, and he had ingenious methods of securing it. For example, when he brought crayfish to the house, he improved the opportunity. The fishermen scorn these dainties, and throw them out of the nets. The fact that they were specially ordered was sufficient hint to Piótr. He habitually concealed them in the steward's hemp patch or some other handy nook, and presented himself to our host with the announcement that he would produce them when he was paid his "tea money" in advance, in the shape of a glass of *vódka*. The swap always took place.

In spite of this weakness, Piótr was a very well-to-do peasant. We inspected his establishment and tasted his cream, while he was exhausting his stock of language. His house was like all others of that region in plan, and everything was clean and orderly. It had an air about it as though no one ever ate or really did any work there, which was decidedly deceptive, and his living-room contained the nearest approach to a bed and bedding which we had seen: a platform supported by two legs and the wall, and spread with a small piece of heavy gray and black felt.

Finding that Piótr's eloquence had received lengthy inspiration, we bore him off, in the middle of his peroration, to the river, where we took possession of a boat with a chronic leak, and a prow the exact shape of a sterlet's nose reversed. But Piótr swore that it was the stanchest craft between Ástrakhan and Rýbinsk, and intrepidly took command, steering with a long paddle, while four alert young peasants plied the oars. Piótr's costume consisted of a cotton shirt and brief trousers. The others added caps, which, however, they wore only spasmodically.

A picnic without singing was not to be thought of, and we requested the men to favor us with some folk songs. No bashful schoolgirls could have resisted our entreaties with more tortuous graces than did those untutored peasants. One of them was such an exact blond copy of a pretty brunette American, whom we had always regarded as the most affected of her sex, that we fairly stared him out of countenance, in our amazement; and we made mental apologies to the American on the spot.

"Please sing Adown dear Mother Volga," the conversation ran.

"We can't sing." "We don't know it." "You sing it and show us how, and we will join in."

The Affected One capped the climax with "It 's not in the mo-o-o-ode now, that song!" with a delicate assumption of languor which made his comrades explode in suppressed convulsions of mirth. Finally they supplied the key, but not the keynote.

"Give us some vódka, and we may, perhaps, remember something."

Promises of vódka at the end of the voyage, when the danger was over, were rejected without hesitation. We reached our breakfast-ground in profound silence.

Fortunately, the catch of sterlet at this stand had been good. The fishermen grilled some "in their own fat," by salting them and spitting them alive on peeled willow wands, which they

thrust into the ground, in a slanting position, over a bed of glowing coals. Anything more delicious it would be difficult to imagine; and we began to revise our opinion of the sterlet. In the mean time our boatmen had discovered some small, sour ground blackberries, which they gallantly presented to us in their caps. Their feelings were so deeply wounded by our attempts to refuse this delicacy that we accepted and actually ate them, to the great satisfaction of the songless rogues who stood over us.

Our own fishing with a line resulted in nothing but the sport and sunburn. We bought a quantity of sterlet, lest the fishermen at the camp where we had planned to dine should have been unlucky, placed them in a net such as is used in towns for carrying fish from market, and trailed them in the water behind our boat.

We were destined to experience all possible aspects of a Volga excursion, that day, short of absolute shipwreck. As we floated down the mighty stream, a violent thunderstorm broke over our heads with the suddenness characteristic of the country. We were wet to the skin before we could get at the rain-cloaks on which we were sitting, but our boatmen remained as dry as ever, to our mystification. In the middle of the storm, our unworthy vessel sprung a fresh leak, the water poured in, and we were forced to run aground on a sand-bank for repairs. These were speedily effected, with a wad of paper, by Piótr, who, with a towel cast about his head and shoulders, looked more like an apostle than ever.

It appeared that our fishing-camp had moved away; but we found it at last, several miles down stream, on a sand-spit backed with willow bushes. It was temporarily deserted, save for a man who was repairing a net, and who assured us that his comrades would soon return from their trip, for supplies, to the small town which we could discern on the slope of the hill shore opposite. There was nothing to explore on our sand-reef except the fishermen's primitive shelter, composed of a bit of sail-cloth and a few boards, furnished with simple cooking utensils, and superintended by a couple of frolicsome kittens, who took an unfeline delight in wading along in the edge of the water. So we spread ourselves out to dry on the clean sand, in the rays of the now glowing sun, and watched the merchandise, chiefly fish, stacked like cord wood, being towed up from Ástrakhan in great barges.

At last our fisher hosts arrived, and greeted us with grave courtesy and lack of surprise. They began their preparations by scouring out their big camp kettle with beach sand, and building a fire at the water's edge to facilitate the cleaning of the fish. We followed their proceedings with deep interest, being curious to learn the secret of the genuine "amber sterlet soup." This was what we discovered.

The fish must be alive. They remain so after the slight preliminaries, and are plunged into the simmering water, heads and all, the heads and the parts adjacent being esteemed a delicacy. No other fish are necessary, no spices or ingredients except a little salt, the cookery-books to the contrary notwithstanding. The sterlet is expensive in regions where the cook-book flourishes, and the other fish are merely a cheat of town economy. The scum is not removed, — this is the capital point, — but stirred in as fast as it rises. If the ukhá be skimmed, after the manner of professional cooks, the whole flavor and richness are lost.

While the soup was boiling and more sterlet were being grilled in their own fat, as a second course, our men pitched our tent and ran up our flag, and the butler set the table on our big rug. It was lucky that we had purchased fish at our breakfast-place, as no sterlet had been caught at this camp. When the soup made its appearance, we comprehended the epithet "amber" and its

fame. Of a deep gold, almost orange color, with the rich fat, and clear as a topaz, it was utterly unlike anything we had ever tasted. We understood the despair of Parisian *gourmets* and cooks, and we confirmed the verdict, provisionally announced at breakfast, that the sterlet is the king of all fish. As it is indescribable, I may be excused for not attempting to do justice to it in words.

While we feasted, the fishermen cooked themselves a kettle of less dainty fish, as a treat from us, since the fish belong to the contractor who farms the ground, not to the men. Their meal ended, the regulation cross and prayer executed, they amiably consented to anticipate the usual hour for casting their net, in order that we might see the operation. The net, two hundred and fifty fathoms in length, was manœuvred down the long beach well out in the stream by one man in a boat and by five men on shore, who harnessed themselves to a long cable by halters woven from the soft inner bark of the linden-tree. We grasped the rope and helped them pull. We might not have been of much real assistance, but we learned, at least, how heavy is this toil, repeated many times a day, even when the pouch reveals so slender a catch as in the present instance. There was nothing very valuable in it, though there was variety enough, and we were deceived, for a moment, by several false sterlet.

The small samovár which we had brought gave us a steaming welcome, on our return to camp. Perched on the fishermen's seatless chair and stool, and on boxes, we drank our tea and began our preparations for departure, bestowing a reward on the men, who had acted their parts as impromptu hosts to perfection. It was late; but our men burst into song, when their oars dipped in the waves, as spontaneously as the nightingales which people these shores in springtime, — inspired probably by the full moon, which they melodiously apostrophized as "the size of a twenty-kopék bit." They sang of Sténka Rázin, the bandit chief, who kept the Volga and the Caspian Sea in a state of terror during the reign of Peter the Great's father; of his "poor people, good youths, fugitives, who were no thieves nor brigands, but only Sténka Rázin's workmen." They declared, in all seriousness, that he had been wont to navigate upon a felt rug, like the one we had seen in Piótr's cottage; and they disputed over the exact shade of meaning contained in the words which he was in the habit of using when he summoned a rich merchant vessel to surrender as his prize. Evidently, Sténka was no semi-epic, mythical hero to them, but a living reality.

"Adown dear Mother Volga
Adown her mighty sweep,"

they sang; and suddenly ran the boat aground, and fled up the steep slope like deer, carrying with them their tall winter boots of gray felt, which had lain under the thwarts all day. We waited, shivering in the keen night air, and wondering whether we were deserted on this lonely reach of the river at midnight. If the apostle Peter understood the manœuvre, he was loyal and kept their counsel. He gave no comfort beyond the oracular *seitchás*, which we were intended to construe as meaning that they would be back in no time.

When they did return, after a long absence, their feet were as bare as they had been all day. Their boots were borne tenderly in their arms, and were distended to their utmost capacity with apples! In answer to our remonstrances, they replied cheerfully that the night was very warm, and that the apples came from "their garden, over yonder on the bank." On further questioning, their village being miles distant, they retorted, with a laugh, that they had gardens all along the river; and they offered to share their plunder with us. The Affected One tossed an apple past my

head, with the cry, "Catch, Sásha!" to our host, of whose familiar name he had taken note during the day. After this and other experiences, we were prepared to credit an anecdote which had been related to us of a peasant in that neighborhood, to illustrate the democratic notions of his class which prevailed even during the days of serfdom. One of the provincial assemblies, to which nobles and peasants have been equally eligible for election since the emancipation, met for the first time, thus newly constituted. One of the nobles, desirous of making the peasants feel at home, rose and began: —

"We bid you welcome, our younger brothers, to this" —

"We are nobody's inferiors or younger brothers any more," interrupted a peasant member, "and we will not allow you to call us so."

The nobles took the hint, and made no further unnecessary advances. Yes, these Volga peasants certainly possess as strong a sense of democratic equality as any one could wish. But the soft ingenuousness of their manners and their tact disarm wrath at the rare little liberties which they take. Even their way of addressing their former masters by the familiar "thou" betokens respectful affection, not impertinence.

Our men soon wearied of pulling against the powerful current, dodging the steamers and the tug-boats with their strings of barks signaled by constellations of colored lanterns high in air. Perhaps they would have borne up better had we been able to obtain some Ástrakhan water-melons from the steamer wharves, which we besieged in turn as we passed. They proposed to tow us. On Piótr's assurance that it would be a far swifter mode of locomotion, and that they would pay no more visits to "their gardens," we consented. They set up a mast through an opening in one of the thwarts, passed through a hole in its top a cord the size of a cod-line, fastened this to the stern of the boat, and leaped ashore with the free end. Off they darted, galloping like horses along the old tow-path, and singing vigorously. Piótr remained on board to steer. As we dashed rapidly through the water, we gained practical knowledge of the manner in which every pound of merchandise was hauled to the great Fair, from Ástrakhan, fourteen hundred and forty miles, before the introduction of steamers, except in the comparatively rare cases where oxen were made to wind windlasses on the deck of a bark. It would have required hours of hard rowing to reach our goal; but by this means we were soon walking across the yielding sands to Piótr's cottage. Our cunning rogues of boatmen took advantage of our scattered march to obtain from us separately such installments of tea money as must, in the aggregate, have rendered them hilarious for days to come, if they paid themselves for their minstrelsy in the coin which they had suggested to us before breakfast.

Piótr's smiling wife, who was small, like most Russian peasant women, had baked us some half-rye, half-wheat bread, to our order; she made it remarkably well, much better than Ósip. We secured a more lasting memento of her handiwork in the form of some towel ends, which she had spun, woven, drawn, and worked very prettily. Some long-haired heads were thrust over the oven top to inspect us, but the bodies did not follow. They were better engaged in enjoying the heat left from the baking.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we drove through the village flock of sheep, that lay asleep on the grassy street. With hand on pistol, to guard against a possible stray wolf, we dashed past the shadowy chalk hills; past the nodding sunflowers, whose sleepy eyes were still turned to the east; past the grain-fields, transmuted from gold to silver by the moonlight; past the newly ploughed land, which looked like velvet

billows in its depths of brown, as the moon sank lower and lower beyond in a mantle of flame.

By this time practice had rendered us expert in retaining our seats in the low, springless linyáyka. Fortunately, for we were all three quarters asleep at intervals, with excess of fresh air. Even when the moon had gone down, and a space of darkness intervened before the day, our headlong pace was not slackened for a moment. As we drove up to the door, in the pearl-pink dawn, Tulip, the huge yellow mastiff with tawny eyes, the guardian of the courtyard, received us with his usual ceremony, through which pierced a petition for a caress. We heeded him not. By six o'clock we were fast asleep. Not even a packet of letters from home could keep our eyes open after that four-and-twenty hours' picnic, which had been unmarred by a single fault, but which had contained all the "experiences" and "local color" which we could have desired.

How can I present a picture of all the variations in those sweet, busy-idle days? They vanished all too swiftly. But now the rick-yard was heaped high with golden sheaves; the carts came in steady lines, creaking under endless loads, from those fields which, this present year, lie scorched with drought, and over which famine is brooding. The peasant girls tossed the grain, with forked boughs, to the threshing-machine, tended by other girls. The village boys had a fine frolic dragging the straw away in bundles laid artfully on the ends of two long poles fastened shaft-wise to the horse's flanks. We had seen the harvesting, the ploughing with the primitive wooden plough, the harrowing with equally simple contrivances, and the new grain was beginning to clothe the soil with a delicate veil of green. It was time for us to go. During our whole visit, not a moment had hung heavy on our hands, here in the depths of the country, where visitors were comparatively few and neighbors distant, such had been the unwearied attention and kindness of our hosts.

We set out for the river once more. This time we had a landau, and a cart for our luggage. As we halted to drink milk in the Tchuvásh village, the inhabitants who chanced to be at home thronged about our carriage. We espied several women arrayed in their native costume, which has been almost entirely abandoned for the Russian dress, and is fast becoming a precious rarity. The men have already discarded their dress completely for the Russian. We sent one of the women home to fetch her Sunday gown, and purchased it on the spot. Such a wonderful piece of work! The woman had spun, woven, and sewed it; she had embroidered it in beautiful Turanian, not Russian patterns, with silks, — dull red, pale green, relieved by touches of dark blue; she had striped it lengthwise with bands of red cotton and embroidery, and crosswise with fancy ribbons and gay calicoes; she had made a mosaic of the back which must have delighted her rear neighbors in church; and she had used the gown with such care that, although it had never been washed, it was not badly soiled. One piece for the body, two for the head, a sham pocket, — that was all. The footgear consisted of crash bands, bast slippers, rope cross-garters. The artists to whom I showed the costume, later on, pronounced it an ethnographical prize.

These Tchuváshi are a small, gray-eyed, olive-skinned race, with cheek-bones and other features like the Tatárs, but less well preserved than with the latter, in spite of their always marrying among themselves. There must have been dilution of the race at some time, if the characteristics were as strongly marked as with the Tatárs, in their original ancestors from Asia. Most of them are baptized into the Russian faith, and their villages have Russian churches. Nevertheless, along with their native tongue they are believed to retain many

of their ancient pagan customs and superstitions, although baptism is in no sense compulsory. The priest in our friends' village, who had lived among them, had told us that such is the case. But he had also declared that they possess many estimable traits of character, and that their family life is deserving of imitation in more than one particular. This village of theirs looked prosperous and clean. The men, being brought more into contact with outsiders than the women, speak Russian better than the latter, and more generally. It is not exactly a case which proves woman's conservative tendencies.

On reaching the river, and finding that no steamer was likely to arrive for several hours, we put up at the cottage of a prosperous peasant, which was patronized by many of the neighboring nobles, in preference to the wretched inns of that suburb of the wharves. The "best room" had a citified air, with its white curtains, leaf plants, pretty china tea service, and photographs of the family on the wall. These last seemed to us in keeping with the sewing-machine which we had seen a peasant woman operating in a shop of the little posting-town inland. They denoted progress, since many peasants cherish religious scruples or superstitions about having their portraits taken in any form.

The athletic sons, clad only in shirts and trousers of sprigged print, with fine chestnut hair, which compensated for their bare feet, vacated the room for our use. They and the house were as clean as possible. Outside, near the entrance door, hung the family washstand, a double-spouted teapot of bronze suspended by chains. But it was plain that they did not pin their faith wholly to it, and that they took the weekly steam bath which is customary with the peasants. Not everything was citified in the matter of sanitary arrangements. But these people seemed to thrive, as our ancestors all did, and probably regarded us as over-particular.

To fill in the interval of waiting, we made an excursion to the heart of the town, and visited the pretty public garden overhanging the river, and noteworthy for its superb dahlias. As we observed the types of young people who were strolling there, we recognized them, with slight alterations only, which the lapse of time explained, from the types which we had seen on the stage in Ostrófsky's famous play The Thunderstorm. The scene of that play is laid on the banks of the Volga, in just such a garden; why should it not have been on this spot?

All peasant *izbúi* are so bewilderingly alike that we found our special cottage again with some difficulty, by the light of the young moon. By this time "the oldest inhabitant" had hazarded a guess as to the line whose steamer would arrive first. Accordingly, we gathered up our small luggage and our Tchuvásh costume, and fairly rolled down the steep, pathless declivity of slippery turf, groping our way to the right wharf. How the luggage cart got down was a puzzle. Here we ordered in the samovár, and feasted until far into the night on the country dainties which we had brought with us, supplemented by one of the first watermelons from Ástrakhan, which we had purchased from a belated dealer in the deserted town market. The boat was late, as a matter of course; but we understood the situation now, and asked no questions. When it arrived, we and our charming hosts, whose society we were to enjoy for a few days longer, embarked for Samára, to visit the famous *kumýs* establishments on the steppes.

Russian harvest-tide was over for us, leaving behind a store of memories as golden as the grain, fitly framed on either hand by Mother Volga.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE CHILDREN'S POETS.

Now and then I hear it affirmed by sad-voiced pessimists, whispering in the gloom, that people do not read as much poetry in our day as they did in our grandfathers', that this is distinctly the era of prose, and that the poet is no longer, even as Shelley claimed, the unacknowledged legislator of the world. Perhaps these cheerless statements are true, though it would be more agreeable not to believe them. Perhaps, with the exception of Browning, whom we study because he is difficult to understand, and of Shakespeare, whom we read because it is hard to content our souls without him, the poets have slipped away from our crowded lives, and are best known to us through the medium of their reviewers. We are always wandering from the paths of pleasure, and this may be one of our deviations. Yet what matters it, after all, while around us, on every side, in schoolrooms and nurseries, in quiet corners and by cheerful fires, the children are reading poetry? — reading it with a joyous enthusiasm and an absolute surrendering of spirit which we can all remember, but can never feel again. Well might Sainte-Beuve speak bravely of the clear, fine penetration peculiar to childhood. Well might he recall, with wistful sighs, "that instinctive knowledge which afterwards ripens into judgment, but of which the fresh lucidity remains forever unapproached." He knew, as all critics have known, that it is only the child who responds swiftly, pliantly, and unreservedly to the allurements of the imagination. He knew that, when poetry is in question, it is better to feel than to think; and that with the growth of a guarded and disciplined intelligence, straining after the enjoyment which perfection in literary art can give, the first careless rapture of youth fades into a half-remembered dream.

If we are disposed to doubt the love that children bear to poetry, a love concerning which they exhibit a good deal of reticence, let us consider only the alacrity with which they study, for their own delight, the poems that please them best. How should we fare, I wonder, if tried by a similar test? How should we like to sit down and commit to memory Tennyson's Œnone, or Locksley Hall, or Byron's Apostrophe to the Ocean, or the battle scene in Marmion? Yet I have known children to whom every word of these and many other poems was as familiar as the alphabet; and a great deal more familiar — thank Heaven! — than the multiplication table or the capitals of the United States. A rightly constituted child may find the paths of knowledge hopelessly barred by a single page of geography or by a single sum in fractions; but he will range at pleasure through the paths of poetry, having the open sesame to every door. Sir Walter Scott, who was essentially a rightly constituted child, did not even wait for a formal introduction to his letters, but managed to learn the ballad of Hardyknute before he knew how to read, and went shouting it around the house; warming his baby blood to fighting-point, and training himself in very infancy to voice the splendors of his manhood. He remembered this ballad, too, and loved it all his life, reciting it once with vast enthusiasm to Lord Byron, whose own unhappy childhood had been softened and vivified by the same innocent delights.

In truth, the most charming thing about youth is the tenacity of its impressions. If we had the time and courage to study a dozen verses to-day, we should probably forget eleven of them in a fortnight; but the poetry we learned as children remains, for the most part, in-

delibly fixed in our memories, and constitutes a little Golden Treasury of our own, more dear and valuable to us than any other collection, because it contains only our chosen favorites, and is always within the reach of reference. Once, when I was very young, I asked a girl companion — well known now in the world of literature — if she did not grow weary waiting for trains, which were always late, at the suburban station where she went to school. "Oh, no," was the cheerful reply. "If I have no book, and there is no one here to talk with, I walk up and down the platform and think over the poetry that I know." Admirable occupation for an idle minute! Even the tedium of railway traveling loses half its horrors if one can withdraw at pleasure into the society of the poets, and, soothed by their gentle and harmonious voices, forget the irksome recurrence of familiar things.

It has been often demonstrated, and as often forgotten, that children do not need to have poetry written down to their intellectual level, and do not love to see the stately Muse ostentatiously bending to their ear. In the matter of prose, it seems necessary for them to have a literature of their own, over which they linger willingly for a little while, as though in the sunny antechamber of a king. But in the golden palace of the poets there is no period of probation, there is no enforced attendance upon petty things. The clear-eyed children go straight to the heart of the mystery, and recognize in the music of words, in the enduring charm of metrical quality, an element of never-ending delight. When to this simple sensuous pleasure is added the enchantment of poetic images, lovely and veiled and dimly understood, then the delight grows sweeter and keener, the child's soul flowers into a conscious love of poetry, and one lifelong source of happiness is gained. But it is never through infantine or juvenile verses that the end is reached. There is no poet dearer to the young than Tennyson, and it should not be the least of his joys to know that all over the English-speaking world children are tuning their hearts to the music of his lines, are dreaming vaguely and rapturously over the beauty he has revealed. Therefore the insult seems greater and more wanton when this beloved idol of our nurseries deliberately offers to his eager audience such anxiously babyish verses as those about Minnie and Winnie, and the little city maiden who goes straying among the flowers. Is there in Christendom a child who wants to be told by the greatest of living poets that

> "Minnie and Winnie
> Slept in a shell;"

that the shell was pink within and silver without; and that

> "Sounds of the great sea
> Wandered about.
>
> "Two bright stars
> Peep'd into the shell.
> 'What are they dreaming of
> Who can tell?'
>
> "Started a green linnet
> Out of the croft;
> 'Wake, little ladies,
> The sun is aloft.'"

It is not in these tones that poetry speaks to the childish soul, though it is too often in this fashion that the poet strives to adjust himself to what he thinks is the childish standard. He lowers his sublime head from the stars, and pipes with painstaking flatness on a little reed, while the children wander far away, and listen breathlessly to older and dreamier strains.

> "She left the web, she left the loom,
> She made three paces thro' the room,
> She saw the water-lily bloom,
> She saw the helmet and the plume,
> She looked down to Camelot.
> Out flew the web and floated wide;
> The mirror crack'd from side to side;
> 'The curse is come upon me,' cried
> The Lady of Shalott."

Here is the mystic note that childhood

loves, and here, too, is the sweet constraint of linked rhymes that makes music for its ears. How many of us can remember well our early joy in this poem, which was but as another and more exquisite fairy tale, ranking fitly with Andersen's Little Mermaid, and Undine, and all sad stories of unhappy lives! And who shall forget the sombre passion of Oriana, of those wailing verses that rang through our little hearts like the shrill sobbing of winter storms, of that strange tragedy that oppressed us more with fear than pity!

"When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana,
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana."

If any one be inclined to think that children must understand poetry in order to appreciate and enjoy it, that one enchanted line,

"When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,"

should be sufficient to undeceive him forever. The spell of those finely chosen words lies in the shadowy and half-seen picture they convey, — a picture with indistinct outlines, as of an unknown land, where the desolate spirit wanders moaning in the gloom. The whole poem is inexpressibly alluring to an imaginative child, and its atmosphere of bleak despondency darkens suddenly into horror at the breaking off of the last line from visions of the grave and of peaceful death, —

"I hear the roaring of the sea,
Oriana."

The same grace of indistinctness, though linked with a gentler mood and with a softer music, makes the lullaby in The Princess a lasting delight to children, while the pretty cradle-song in Sea Dreams, beginning,

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?"

has never won their hearts. Its motive is too apparent, its nursery flavor too pronounced. It has none of the condescension of Minnie and Winnie, and grown people can read it with pleasure; but a simple statement of obvious truths, or a simple line of obvious reasoning, however dexterously narrated in prose or verse, has not the art to hold a youthful soul in thrall.

If it be a matter of interest to know what poets are most dear to the children around us, to the ordinary "apple-eating" little boys and girls for whom we are hardly brave enough to predict a shining future, it is delightful to be told by favorite authors and by well-loved men of letters what poets first bewitched their ardent infant minds. It is especially pleasant to have Mr. Lang admit us a little way into his confidence, and confess to us that he disliked Tam O'Shanter, when his father read it aloud to him; preferring, very sensibly, "to take his warlocks and bogies with great seriousness." Of course he did, and the sympathies of all children are with him in his choice. The ghastly details of that witches' sabbath are far beyond a child's limited knowledge of demonology and the Scotch dialect. Tam's escape and Maggie's final catastrophe seem like insults offered to the powers of darkness; only the humor of the situation is apparent, and humor is seldom, to the childish mind, a desirable element of poetry. Not all the spirit of Caldecott's illustrations can make John Gilpin a real favorite in our nurseries, while The Jackdaw of Rheims is popular simply because children, being proof against cynicism, accept the story as it is told, with much misplaced sympathy for the thievish bird, and many secret rejoicings over his restoration to grace and feathers. As for The Pied Piper of Hamelin, its humor is swallowed up in tragedy, and the terror of what is to come helps little readers over such sad stumbling-blocks as

"So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon!"

lines which are every whit as painful to their ears as to ours. I have often wondered how the infant Southeys and Coleridges, that bright-eyed group of alert and charming children, all afire with romantic impulses, received The Cataract of Lodore, when papa Southey condescended to read it in the schoolroom. What well-bred efforts to appear pleased and grateful! What secret repulsion to a senseless clatter of words, as remote from the silvery sweetness, the cadenced music of falling waters, as from the unalterable requirements of poetic art!

> "And moreover he tasked me
> To tell him in rhyme."

Ah! unwise little son, to whose rash request generations of children have owed the presence, in readers and elocution books and volumes of "Select Lyrics for the Nursery," of those hated and hateful verses.

"Poetry came to me with Sir Walter Scott," says Andrew Lang; with Marmion, and the Last Minstrel, and The Lady of the Lake, read "for the twentieth time," and ever with fresh delight. Poetry came to Scott with Shakespeare, studied rapturously by firelight in his mother's dressing-room, when all the household thought him fast asleep, and with Pope's translation of the Iliad, that royal road over which the Muse has stepped, smiling, into many a boyish heart. Poetry came to Pope — poor little lame lad — with Spenser's Faerie Queene; with the brave adventures of strong, valiant knights, who go forth, unblemished and unfrighted, to do battle with dragons and "Paynims cruel." And so the links of the magic chain are woven, and child hands down to child the spell that holds the centuries together. I cannot bear to hear the unkind things which even the most tolerant of critics are wont to say about Pope's Iliad, remembering as I do how many boys have received from its pages their first poetic stimulus, their first awakening to noble things. What a charming picture we have of Coleridge, a feeble, petulant child, tossing with fever on his little bed, and of his brother Francis, stealing up, in defiance of all orders, to sit by his side and read him Pope's translation of Homer. The bond that drew these boys together was forged in such breathless moments and in such mutual pleasures; for Francis, the handsome, spirited sailor lad, who climbed trees, and robbed orchards, and led all dangerous sports, had little in common with his small, silent, precocious brother. "Frank had a violent love of beating me," muses Coleridge, in a tone of mild complaint (and no wonder, we think, for a more beatable child than Samuel Taylor it would have been hard to find). "But whenever that was superseded by any humor or circumstance, he was very fond of me, and used to regard me with a strange mixture of admiration and contempt." More contempt than admiration, probably; yet was all resentment forgotten, and all unkindness at an end, while one boy read to the other the story of Hector and Patroclus, and of great Ajax, with sorrow in his heart, pacing round his dead comrade, as a tawny lioness paces round her young when she sees the hunters coming through the woods. As a companion picture to this we have little Dante Gabriel Rossetti playing Othello in the nursery, and so carried away by the passionate impulse of these lines,

> "In Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
> And smote him, thus,"

that he struck himself fiercely on the breast with an iron chisel, and fainted under the blow. We can hardly believe that Shakespeare is beyond the mental grasp of childhood, when Scott, at seven, crept out of bed on winter nights to read King Henry IV., and Rossetti, at nine,

was pierced to the soul by the agony of Othello's remorse.

On the other hand, there are writers, and very brilliant writers, too, whose early lives appear to have been undisturbed by such keenly imaginative pastimes, and for whom there are no well-loved and familiar figures illumined forever in "that bright, clear, undying light that borders the edge of the oblivion of infancy." Count Tolstóy confesses himself to have been half hurt, half puzzled, by his fellow-students at the University of Moscow, who seemed to him so coarse and inelegant, and yet who had read and enjoyed so much. "Pushkin and Zhukovsky were literature to them," he says wistfully, "and not, as to me, little books in yellow bindings which I had studied as a child." But how, one wonders, could Pushkin have remained merely a "little book in yellow binding" to any boy who had had the happiness of studying him as a child? Pushkin is the Russian Byron, and embodies in his poems the same spirit of restless discontent, of dejected languor, of passionate revolt; not revolt against the Tsar, which is a limited and individual judgment, but revolt against the bitter penalties of life, which is a sentiment common to the youth of all nations and of every age. Yet there are Englishmen who have no word save that of scorn for Byron, and I feel uncertain whether such critics ever enjoyed the privilege of being boys at all. If to George Meredith's composed and judicial mind there strays any wanton recollection of young impetuous days, how can he write with pen of gall these worse than churlish lines on Manfred? —

"Projected from the bilious Childe,
This clatterjaw his foot could set
On Alps, without a breast beguiled
To glow in shedding rascal sweat.
Somewhere about his grinder teeth
He mouthed of thoughts that grilled beneath,
And summoned Nature to her feud
With bile and buskin attitude."

There is more of this pretty poem, but I have quoted as much as my own irascibility can bear. I, at least, have been a child, and have spent some of my childhood's happiest hours with Manfred on the Alps; and have with him beheld

— "the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance,"

and have believed with all a child's sincerity in his remorseful gloom: —

— "for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself —
The last infirmity of evil."

Every line is inexpressibly dear to me now, recalling, as it does, the time "when I was in my father's house, and my path ran down with butter and honey." Once more I see the big, bare, old-fashioned parlor, to dust which was my daily task, my dear mother having striven long and vainly to teach my idle little hands some useful housewifely accomplishment. In one corner stood a console-table, with chilly Parian ornaments on top, and underneath a pile of heavy books: Wordsworth, Moore, the poems of Frances Sargent Osgood, — no lack of variety here, — The Lady of the Lake, and Byron in an embossed brown binding, with closely printed double columns, well calculated to dim the keenest sight in Christendom. Not that mysterious and malignant mountain which rose frowning from the sea, and drew all ships shattered to its feet, was more irresistible in its attraction than this brown, bulky Byron. I could not pass it by! My dusting never got beyond the table where it lay; but sitting crumpled on the floor, with the enchanted volume on my lap, I speedily forgot everything in the world save only the wandering Childe,

"Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight,"

or The Corsair, or Mazeppa, or Manfred, best loved of that dark group. Perhaps Byron is not considered wholesome reading for little girls, in these careful days, when expurgated editions of The Vicar of Wakefield and Paul

and Virginia find favor in our nurseries. On this score I have no defense to offer, and I am not proposing the poet as a safe textbook for early youth; but having never been told that there was such a thing as forbidden fruit in literature, I was spared at least that alert curiosity concerning it which is one of the most unpleasant results of our present guarded system. Moreover, we have Goethe's word for it that Byron is not as immoral as the newspapers, and certainly he is more agreeable reading. I do sincerely believe that if part of his attraction for the young lies in what Mr. Pater calls "the grieved dejection, the endless regret," which to the undisciplined soul sounds like the true murmur of life, a better part lies in his large grasp of nature, — not nature in her minute and lovely detail, but in her vast outlines, her salient features, her solemn majesty and strength. Crags and misty mountain tops, storm-swept skies and the blue bosom of the restless deep, — these are the aspects of nature that childhood prizes, and loves to hear described in vigorous verse. The pink-tipped daisy, the yellow primrose, and the freckled nest-eggs

> "Hatching in the hawthorn-tree"

belong to a later stage of development.

Eugénie de Guérin, who recognized as clearly as Sainte-Beuve the "fine penetration" peculiar to children, and who regarded them ever with half-wistful, half-wondering delight, has written some very charming suggestions about the kind of poetry, "pure, fresh, joyous and delicate," which she considered proper food for these highly idealized little people, — "angels upon earth." The only discouraging part of her pretty pleading is her frank admission that — in French literature, at least — there is no such poetry as she describes, which shows how hard it is to conciliate an exclusive theory of excellence. She endeavored sincerely, in her Infantines, to remedy this defect, to "speak to childhood in its own language;" and her verses on Joujou, the Angel of the Playthings, are quaintly conceived and full of gentle fancies. No child is strongly moved or taught the enduring delight of song by such lines as these, but most children will take a genuine pleasure in the baby angel who played with little Abel under the myrtle-trees, who made the first doll and blew the first bubble, and who finds a friend in every tiny boy and girl born into this big gray world. Strange to say, he has his English counterpart in Robert Louis Stevenson's Unseen Playmate, that shadowy companion whose home is the cave dug by childish hands, and who is ready to share all games in the most engaging spirit of accommodation.

> "'T is he, when you play with your soldiers of tin,
> That sides with the Frenchmen, and never can win;"

a touch of combative veracity that brings us down at once from Mademoiselle de Guérin's fancy flights to the real playground, where real children, very faintly resembling "angels upon earth," are busy with mimic warfare. Mr. Stevenson is one of the few poets whose verses, written especially for the nursery, have found their way straight into little hearts. His charming style, his quick, keen sympathy, and the ease with which he enters into that brilliant world of imagination wherein children habitually dwell make him their natural friend and minstrel. If some of the rhymes in A Child's Garden of Verses seem a trifle bald and babyish, even these are guiltless of condescension; while others, like Travel, Shadow March, and The Land of Story-Books, are instinct with poetic life. I can only regret that a picture so faultless in detail as Shadow March, where we see the crawling darkness peer through the window pane, and hear the beating of the little boy's heart as he creeps fearfully up the stair, should be marred

at its close by a single line of false conception: —

"All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead."

So fine an artist as Mr. Stevenson must know that shadows do not tramp, and that the recurrence of a short, vigorous word which tells so admirably in Scott's William and Helen, and wherever the effect of sound combined with motion is to be conveyed, is sadly out of place in describing the ghostly things that glide with horrible noiselessness at the feet of the frightened lad. Children, moreover, are keenly alive to the value and the suggestiveness of terms. A little eight-year-old girl of my acquaintance, who was reciting Lord Ullin's Daughter, stopped short at these lines,

"Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer,"

and called out excitedly, "Don't you hear the horses?" She, at least, heard them as if with the swift apprehension of fear, heard them loud above the sounds of winds and waters, and rendered her unconscious tribute of praise to the sympathetic selection of words.

There is, as we know, a great deal of poetry written every year for childish readers. Some of it makes its appearance in Christmas books that are so beautifully bound and illustrated that the little foolish, feeble verses are forgiven, and in fact forgotten, ignored altogether amid more important accessories. Better poems than these are published in children's periodicals, where they form a notable feature, and are, I suppose, read by the young people whose tastes are catered to in this fashion. Those of us who are familiar with these periodicals — either weeklies or monthlies — are well aware that the verses they offer may be easily divided into three classes. First, mere rhymes and jingles, intended for very little readers, and with which it would be simple churlishness to quarrel. They do not aspire to be poetry, they are sometimes very amusing, and they have an easy swing that is pleasant alike to young ears and old. Laura Richards has written some of the best of these modest lyrics for St. Nicholas, and it must be a hard heart that does not sympathize with the unlucky and ill-mated gnome who was

— "full of fun and frolic,
But his wife was melancholic;"

or with the small damsel in pigtail and pinafore who comforts herself at the piano with this engaging but dubious maxim: —

"Practicing is good for a good little girl;
It makes her nose straight, and it makes her hair curl."

The second kind of verse which abounds in our juvenile magazines appears to be written solely for the sake of the accompanying illustration, and is often the work of the illustrator, who is more at home with his pencil than his pen. Occasionally it is comic, occasionally sentimental or descriptive; for the most part it is something in this style: —

THE ELF AND THE BUMBLE BEE.

"Oh, bumble bee!
Bumble bee!
Don't fly so near!
Or you will tumble me
Over, I fear."

"Oh, funny elf!
Funny elf!
Don't be alarmed!
I am looking for honey, elf;
You sha'n't be harmed."

"Then tarry,
Oh, tarry, bee!
Fill up your sack;
And carry, oh, carry me
Home on your back."[1]

Now, as far as my knowledge of the nursery goes, I venture to assert that even the average child does not read those empty little verses (very prettily illustrated) more than once, and then turns

[1] Oliver Herford in St. Nicholas.

instinctively back to other sprites that sing in different strains, — to the fairy who wanders

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough briar,"

seeking pearl eardrops for the cowslips' ears; and to that softer shape, the music of whose song, once heard, haunts us forever: —

> "Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made;
> Those are pearls that were his eyes:
> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

These are the sweet, mysterious echoes of true fairyland, where Shakespeare and little children wander at their will.

It is of the third class of poems, however, that I wish most to speak, — poems that are intended for growing girls and boys, and that aspire to be considered literature. They are well written, as a rule, with a smooth fluency of versification that seems to be the distinguishing gift of the minor verse-makers of our age, who, even when they have least to say, say it with unbroken sweetness and grace. This pretty, easy insignificance is much better adapted to adult readers, who demand little of poets beyond brevity, than to children, who love large issues, real passions, fine emotions, and an heroic attitude in life. Pleasant thoughts couched in pleasant language, trivial details, and photographic bits of description make no lasting appeal to the expansive imagination of a child. Analysis is wasted upon him altogether, because he sees things swiftly, and sees them as a whole. He may disregard fine shading and minute merits, but there are no boundaries to his wandering vision. "Small sciences are the labors of our manhood, but the round universe is the plaything of the boy." As a specimen of the subtle, or would-be subtle, poem which is offered occasionally, like a mild spiritual problem, to children, and is designed, apparently, to draw down their thoughts from the "round universe" to their own unimportant little selves, I quote the following pretty, fluent, and unwise verses from Wide Awake: —

A CHILD'S MOOD.

> I want that rose the wind took yesterday,
> I want it more than this;
> It had no thorn — it was the best that grew.
> I want my last night's kiss.
>
> I want that butterfly with spotted wings
> That brushed across my hand
> Last night, between the sunset and the dew —
> It came from fairyland.
>
> It would have stayed, I guess, it wavered so,
> Where all those pansies bloom;
> They gave it wings to get away from me,
> I lost it in the gloom.
>
> And yesterday the bees on all the heads
> Of clover swung so slow,
> I saw them take their honey; but to-day
> They only sting and go.
>
> That star that always came before the moon
> Dropped out of heaven last night;
> I hunted where I saw it fall — and found
> A worm with yellow light.
>
> I want the sun to go, and let the dark
> Hide everything away.
> That was the sweetest rose in all the world
> The wind took yesterday.

Most of us, I think, are tolerably familiar with the "mood" this poem illustrates. Our grandmothers would have observed that the little girl "got out of the wrong side of her bed" that morning, and we see a precisely similar frame of mind treated with less sentiment by Miss Edgeworth in Rosamond's Day of Misfortunes. Whether it is worth while for a child to have her insignificant naughtiness glorified into a poetic "mood" is at least doubtful. She would probably be better employed in reading some wild ballad of adventure, or war, or love, where real issues are at stake, than in learning, like Harriet Martineau, to analyze her own pettish ill temper.

Poetry of a less intelligible type is exceedingly popular with our children's

magazines, and is useful, perhaps, in training the youthful mind for its coming struggle with Browning. Such mysterious effusions unhesitatingly sacrifice sense to sound, a poetic principle which great masters of the craft have heralded in persuasive music, but which is a perilous pathway for less unerring footsteps. What, I wonder, are we to understand from these verses of Mrs. Piatt's, published in St. Nicholas, and entitled

THE SHADOW-BIRD AND HIS SHADOW.

Through the Dark Land's reeds and rushes,
Down the palm-glooms, I have heard,
Rose-lit with the sun's last blushes,
Comes the Shadow-Bird.

And he leads his Shadow. Dimly
Through the sands they two advance.
Then he bows, and, somewhat grimly,
They begin to dance.

Fair his Shadow is. Each feather
Of her wild wings looks like lace.
And they whirl and float together
With unearthly grace.

One night when the Sphinx was staring
At them with an evil eye,
And the black man's stars were flaring
In the desert sky —

Then the Shadow-Bird grew merry!
"My sweet Shadow," whispered he,
"You are looking lovely, very,
Will you dance with me?"

"No," she said, "you hear me, do you?
You can go and dance awhile
With those lilies nodding to you,
There across the Nile.

"No," she said, and off she started;
There was not another word.
So it was his Shadow parted
With the Shadow-Bird.

(She prefers another fellow,
If the truth must be confest,
Picturesque with green and yellow,
With a splendid crest!)

And the Shadow-Bird now muses,
Like a priest in temple dim,
Just because his Shadow chooses
Not to dance with him.

I have already committed myself to a liking for indistinctness, and here we have it in unsparing measure; but there is a difference between the indistinctness of Oriana, of Kubla Khan, or of Ulalume and the meaningless vacuity of verses the riddle of which is not worth deciphering. It is well for a child to ponder by the side of the sacred river, or to stand aghast by the dark tarn of Auber,

"In the misty mid region of Weir."

It is not well for her to puzzle her brain over the vagaries of the Shadow-Bird's Shadow, and to feel her gentler instincts repelled by the vulgarity of that touch about "another fellow." In justice to Mrs. Piatt, I should say that she has written much prettier verses than these, and her story of the Seven Little Indian Stars, a legend of the Pleiades, is very sweetly and tenderly told. On the other hand, she wrote the painful lines called Little Henry, which purpose to narrate the true history of a seven-year-old boy who drowned himself because his mother refused to give him a slice of bread; and even our nursery moralists will agree that a child is as well employed in reading Mazeppa or The Corsair as in speculating, at a tender age, over the poetical aspects of suicide.

The question at issue, however, is not so much what kind of poetry is wholesome for children as what kind of poetry do children love. In nineteen cases out of twenty that which they love is good for them, and they can guide themselves a great deal better than we can hope to guide them. I once asked a friend who had spent many years in teaching little girls and boys whether her small pupils, when left to their own discretion, ever chose any of the pretty, trivial verses out of new books and magazines for study and recitation. She answered, Never. They turned instinctively to the same old favorites she had been listening to so long; to the same familiar poems that their fathers and

mothers had probably studied and recited before them. Hohenlinden, Glenara, Lord Ullin's Daughter, Young Lochinvar, Rosabelle, To Lucasta on Going to the Wars, the lullaby from The Princess, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Annabel Lee, Longfellow's translation of The Castle by the Sea, and The Skeleton in Armor, — these are the themes of which children never weary; these are the songs that are sung forever in their secret Paradise of Delights. The little volumes containing such tried and proven friends grow shabby with much handling; and I have seen them marked all over with mysterious crosses and dots and stars, each of which denoted the exact degree of affection which the child bore to the poem thus honored and approved. I can fancy Andrew Lang's Blue Poetry Book fairly covered with such badges of distinction; for never yet has any other selection of poems appealed so clearly and insistently to childish tastes and hearts. When I turn over its pages, I feel as if the children of England must have brought their favorite songs to Mr. Lang, and prayed, each one, that his own darling might be admitted, — as if they must have forced his choice into their chosen channels. Its only rival in the field, Palgrave's Children's Treasury of English Song, is edited with such nice discrimination, such critical reserve, that it is well-nigh flawless, — a triumph of delicacy and good taste. But much that childhood loves is necessarily excluded from a volume so small and so carefully considered. The older poets, it is true, are generously treated, — Herrick, especially, makes a braver show than he does in Mr. Lang's collection; and there are plenty of beautiful ballads, some of which, like the Lass of Lochroyan, we miss sorely from the pages of the Blue Poetry Book. On the other hand, where, in Mr. Palgrave's Treasury, are those lovely snatches of song familiar to our earliest years, and which we welcome individually with a thrill of pleasure, as Mr. Lang shows them to us once more? Rose Aylmer, County Guy, Proud Maisie, How Sleep the Brave, Nora's Vow, — the delight of my own childhood, — Burns's pathetic Farewell,

> "It was a' for our rightfu' King,
> We left fair Scotland's strand;
> It was a' for our rightfu' King,
> We e'er saw Irish land,"

and Hood's silvery little verses beginning,

> "A lake and a fairy boat
> To sail in the moonlight clear, —
> And merrily we would float
> From the dragons that watch us here!"

All these and many more are gathered safely into this charming volume. Nothing we long to see appears to be left out, except, indeed, Waller's Go, Lovely Rose, and Herrick's Night Piece, both of them very serious omissions. It seems strange to find seven of Edgar Poe's poems in a collection which excludes the Night Piece, so true a favorite with all girl children, and a favorite that, once rightfully established, can never be thrust from our affections. As for Praed's Red Fisherman, Mr. Lang has somewhere recorded his liking for this "sombre" tale, which, I think, embodies everything that a child ought not to love. It is the only poem in the book that I wish elsewhere; but perhaps this is a perverse prejudice on my part. There may be little readers to whom its savage cynicism and gloom carry a pleasing terror, like that which oppressed my infant soul as I lingered with Goodman Brown in the awful witch-haunted forest where Hawthorne has shown us the triumph of evil things. "It is his excursions into the unknown world which the child enjoys," says Mr. Lang; and how shall we set a limit to his wanderings! He journeys far with careless, secure footsteps; and for him the stars sing in their spheres, and fairies dance in the moonlight, and the hoarse clashing of arms rings bravely from hard-won fields,

and lovers fly together under the stormy skies. He rides with Lochinvar, and sails with Sir Patrick Spens into the northern seas, and chases the red deer with Allen-a-Dale, and stands by Marmion's side in the thick of the ghastly fray. He has given his heart to Helen of Troy, and to the Maid of Saragossa, and to the pale child who met her death on the cruel Gordon spears, and to the lady with yellow hair who knelt moaning by Barthram's bier. His friends are bold Robin Hood, and Lancelot du Lac, and the white-plumed Henry of Navarre, and the princely scapegrace who robbed the robbers to make "laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever." A lordly company these, and seldom to be found in the gray walks of middle age. Robin Hood dwells not on the Coal Exchange, and Prince Hal dare not show his laughing face before societies for leveling thrones and reorganizing the universe. We adults pass our days, alas, in the Town of Stupidity, — abhorred of Bunyan's soul, — and our companions are Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and Mr. Despondency, and Mr. Want-wit, still scrubbing his Ethiopian, and Mr. Feeble-mind, and the deplorable young woman named Dull. But it is better to be young, and to see the golden light of romance in the skies, and to kiss the white feet of Helen, as she stands like a star on the battlements. It is better to follow Hector to the fight, and Guinevere to the sad cloisters of Almesbury, and the Ancient Mariner to that silent sea where the death-fires gleam by night. Even to us who have made these magic voyages in our childhood there comes straying, at times, a pale reflection of that early radiance, a faint, sweet echo of that early song. Then the streets of the Town of Stupidity grow soft to tread, and Falstaff's great laugh frightens Mr. Despondency into a shadow. Then Madeline smiles on us under the wintry moonlight, and Porphyro steals by with strange sweets heaped in baskets of wreathed silver. Then we know that with the poets there is perpetual youth, and that for us, as for the child dreaming in the firelight, the shining casements open into fairyland.

Agnes Repplier.

A BELLE OF ST. VALERIEN.

I.

You will flit through on the steamcars, or rush along the great winding river, and say, "It is a very fine life here in New France." You will look to the right, you will look to the left, and, as far as the eye can see, the roofs and steeples of the little churches will be sparkling in the sun, and you will say, "How beautiful! How full of peace and repose!" And if you go away from the river and the railway you will say, "What simplicity! What contentment!" When you come to St. Valerien, you will say, "The life here is the most beautiful of all." Yes; that is because you want to get away from the noise and confusion. It is very beautiful at St. Valerien. The gentle curé, smiling always, moves slowly along the board walk to the little church. The bright-eyed boys who attend the school of the Frères Maristes, close by, are not boisterous at their play. The neighbors do not talk loudly when they gossip together, and the cattle lie down in the fields long before noon. Everything has the air of repose; contentment seems to brood everywhere.

Very well. But suppose you were compelled to remain in St. Valerien, and

partake of its peace and contentment from year's end to year's end? A few weeks in the summer, when the children are picking wild raspberries in the fields near by, and singing their songs, — that is not much. But a whole lifetime! Well, yes, that is another matter. Look at Monsieur Phaneuf. Seventy-seven years here at St. Valerien, and every hour of them spent within sight of the shining church steeple. You think he is contented? Well, then, keep away from him, if you do not want to hear your funeral preached. Look at Madame Delima Benoit. Born here at St. Valerien; married three husbands here, and buried two. You think she ought to be happy and contented? Well, then, don't pass her doors without putting your fingers in your ears. You see Aimé Joutras, the tall shoemaker; Aimé, but yes, it is a friendly name. You see him there on the corner, — tap, tap, tap, — stitch, stitch, stitch, — all day long, and humming a tune; you see him cut out the *sabot*, you see him fashion the *soulier-de-bœuf*, and you think, "Here is a man who ought to glow with happiness." But good! Wait till you hear him railing at his little ones, and growling at the *belle-mère* who is at once his slave and his benefactress. Wait till you see him jostle rudely against the old *pepère* who sits drooling and dribbling in the corner, and then tell me whether he is happy and contented. Look, yonder is Euphemie Toupin, running lightly across the fields, the roses blooming in her face, her eyes sparkling with youth and hope, and her beautiful hair flying loose in the wind. Presently you will hear her calling the cows, — "Come thou! Come thou on!" and the echo will fall softly and sweetly on her own ears, — "Come thou! Come thou on!" And then the memory of another voice calling thus in a neighboring field will rise in her heart, and she will clasp her hands together and give way to her misery.

No, no, messieurs, the peace and contentment at St. Valerien, as elsewhere, are found in the deep skies, in the purple mists that settle over the farlying fields, and in the little garden of the dead. There is life here, and where there is life there you will find trouble and passion, doubt and despair, and, whirling in and around these, the stinging swarm of worries and vexations that belong to human experience. Is it not so, Caderet? Is it not so, Desmoulin? Where men and women meet and look at each other, and smile and take hold of hands, there is much to be forgotten and forgiven.

There was Euphrasie Charette. Is it true, then, that you have never heard of her? I wonder at that, for it was a fine piece of gossip she set going about here. The men shrugged their shoulders and lifted their eyebrows, and the women put their heads together over the palings and in the chimney corners. Pouah! to hear the chatter was sickening, and it was kept up until, one Sunday, Père Archambault stood up in his pulpit and looked at the people a long time. Then he hung his head and sighed, saying, "My friends, to-day I shall preach you two sermons. My first sermon is this: What is bolder than innocence?" Then he paused again, turned over the leaves of the Book, read from the gospel, and preached his second sermon, on charity.

Well, the gossip soon died out, and no wonder; for, with all her beauty and wild impulsiveness, where could be found a purer or a tenderer-hearted girl than Euphrasie Charette? It will be very many years before another such as she will be running and romping and singing through the village, laughing with the young and sympathizing with the old. This was when the great world beyond St. Valerien was a dream as vague to her as the story of *le loup-garou*. Then, when she was a little older and more beautiful than ever, she was sent to the convent at St. Hyacinthe,

and there she heard larger rumors of the great world. She had not much to learn in music, — her whole nature was tuned to melody; but while she was learning her English and her other lessons, she was also learning something of the world she had barely caught a glimpse of. Not much, no, but something, — just a little. Two of her school friends were from the States. French, yes; their families belonged near Montreal, but had gone to the States, where work is easy and wages are good. Euphrasie, inquisitive as a weasel, found out everything her school friends knew; how their mothers worked in the big cotton-mills, and how their older sisters clerked in the stores. She saw some photographs of these sisters, and oh, how lovely they looked, with their lace and finery, and their hair *frisé!* And she saw some of the letters the girls wrote, telling of the gay times the young people had in the mill town.

All this in the ears of a child of St. Valerien. She was not young, — seventeen is neither old nor young, — but she was at the turning-point. Take it to yourself! Would you prefer the life in St. Valerien to that in the mill town in the States, where everything is gay? Think of it! All the summer long, calling the cows and milking them, cooking, scrubbing, working, raking hay; all the winter long, mending, scrubbing, washing, spinning, weaving, and attending to the sheep and cattle. It is very nice, you think. Yes, for a little while, but wait until you have tried it for a whole lifetime, and then tell me what you think.

Well, Ma'm'selle Charette was old enough to look at these things, and she made up her mind. She liked St. Valerien, and she was fond of the people here; and she was so fond of Joi Billette, her little cavalier, that the children had long ago run their names together in some nonsense rhymes. Euphrasie Charette, little Joi Billette, — you see how they go? She made up her mind that she would see something of those gay times in the mill town in the States, and so when she came home from the convent there was no longer any peace among the Charettes. Euphrasie could not go to the mill town in the States; that was settled. Madame Charette said so, and madame had a quick temper and a sharp tongue. "And you!" she would say to Euphrasie, — "how would you look, a young girl like you, running away to the States? Have you any shame?" But Pierre Charette, the father, sat in the corner and smiled to himself. He had been in the States, and he knew it was no great journey. "Would you then go away and leave Joi and St. Valerien?" madame would say.

"What, then," Euphrasie would reply, "is Joi a stick that he can no longer walk? And what storm is to blow St. Valerien away?"

Then letters came to Euphrasie from her school friends; and finally her sister, the wife of Victor Donais, made up her mind to go to the States. As for Victor, he said that where the tongs went the shovel must go, and that was all. Madame Charette made a fine quarrel, — the sheep in the fields could hear her; but Pierre Charette sat in the corner smoking his black pipe and smiling to himself; and when madame could quarrel no more, he rubbed his knees, and said that Euphrasie would find much benefit in traveling in the States.

"Oho! a fine lady! traveling in the States! But yes, a fine lady! She will have money, — oh, a great pocketful! Oh, certainly!" Madame Charette made a grand gesture.

"Well, then," remarked Joi Billette, who was sitting near Euphrasie, his head leaning on his hands, "she can have some money from me."

"Yes? Then you would do well to keep it for yourself."

"It is hers," Joi said. "I can make more."

There was nothing to do but for Madame Charette to give her consent; and though her tongue was sharp her heart was tender, for she wept more than any one when Euphrasie was going, and in the long nights afterwards she lay awake to weep. But there was so much to do nobody could sit and grieve. Joi Billette worked harder than ever, and he found time to help the madame. He cut wood and carried water, and she told him he was handier about the house than Euphrasie, who had too many ideas from books.

It was not such a long year, after all. In the spring and summer there was the farm work to do, the milk to be carried to the cheese factory, and the bark to be gathered for the tannery. Everybody was busy, and Joi Billette was busiest of all. For a little while Euphrasie wrote to him every week, and then she wrote no more. Joi said nothing. He could hear of her through Madame Charette, and that was enough. Perhaps she was too busy, — perhaps everything, except that she had forgotten him. So the year went on, and at last Euphrasie wrote that she was coming home for the *fête* of Jour de l'An. It is the custom here for the absent ones to return home on the first day of the year, to ask their father's blessing; and there is often a friendly contest among the members of the family as to which shall get the blessing first.

Euphrasie came on the Day of the New Year, and she was dressed very fine, — oh, ever so much finer than any girl you see here in St. Valerien. When her father had given her his blessing, he sat and watched her curiously a long time without smiling. Then he said in English, speaking slowly: —

"I ting you toss you' 'ead too much."

"Me toss my 'ead too much!" replied Euphrasie. "Well, you should see dem girl of Fall River. If you can see dem girl toss 'er 'ead, I ting you won't say I toss my 'ead too much."

"I ting you 'ave too much feader on de 'at," suggested the father, not without some display of diffidence. His daughter had developed into a beautiful young woman, and her finery was not unbecoming.

"Well, now!" Euphrasie retorted triumphantly. "If you only can see how much feader dem oder girl 'ave, I ting you will say dere is not one feader on my 'at."

"What is it, then?" cried the madame sharply. She could not understand English.

"C'est rien, ma bonne femme." The old man sighed.

"I ting I give you good 'ug for dat." Euphrasie put her arms around her father's neck.

He shook his head slowly as he filled his pipe, and said no more.

Joi Billette sat in the corner, watching everything and listening. He was restless and uneasy. He was quick to see the great change that had come over Euphrasie. She was no longer his little girl of St. Valerien. The change meant more to him than it did to the others. More than once it seemed to him that some other girl had donned Euphrasie's face and voice for a New Year's masquerade. He had heard of such things in the fireside folk tales. Would Euphrasie look at him scornfully or speak to him mockingly, as this vision of beauty did? No, it could not be so. He looked at his hard and horny hands, at his coarse and dirty shoes, at his rough clothes, and then at the trim, neat figure of Euphrasie, her white hands and dainty feet. He rose, playing with his hat nervously, and would have slipped away, but Pierre Charette laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Wouldst thou go, then? Thy place is here. Let the women talk."

At that moment Euphrasie was busy telling Suzette Benoit about a Monsieur Sam Pettingill, who had come all the way from Fall River to Montreal, and

who was coming to St. Valerien. Pierre Charette was carrying his pipe to his mouth, but he paused, with his hand suspended in the air.

"'Ow you call 'is name?" he asked in English.

"M'sieu Sam Pattangeel," said Euphrasie, reddening a little.

"You know 'im, you?"

"Oh, yes; 'e was clerk in de mill store."

"'E clerk dere no more; no?"

"Of course, yes. 'E is taking his recess. 'E belong at de store." Euphrasie continued to redden. English was not often heard in that house, and the women were vainly straining their ears to catch the meaning.

"Aha-a-a!" exclaimed the old man. There was the faintest trace of contempt in his tone.

"'E say 'e come to see de country, if 'e like it or not," explained Euphrasie.

"If 'e like it, den 'e carry it back to 'is 'ouse?" Pierre Charette suggested.

"'Ow 'e can do dat?" asked Euphrasie.

"I 'ave seen dem clerk, me," said the old man. "Dey de mos' pow'ful of all. If dis one like de country so 'e mus' take it back, what we goin' do? If 'e don't like it so 'e mus' take 'is scissor to cut it off, what we goin' do?"

Euphrasie could not misunderstand the sarcasm that seasoned the old man's tongue. It touched her temper.

"If 'e come visitin' de country, 'ow I can 'elp 'im? If you can 'elp 'im, den go 'elp 'im." Her tone was sharper than her words.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Pierre Charette, "dat is 'ow you fine ladies talk to old man!"

"No, no," said the girl impulsively, "I mean not dat. No, no." She went to her father and would have embraced him, but he pushed her away and resumed his pipe, while Euphrasie threw herself on a chair and began to cry.

But it was a small storm, more wind than rain, as the farmers say, and it soon passed over, but not until the madame had made some vigorous remarks, aimed at those who forget themselves sufficiently to quarrel in the English tongue. It was a queer father who would abuse his daughter the instant she set foot in the house, and it was a queer daughter who would be disrespectful to the father she had not seen for a year, — and all in English, too. Well, madame knew men, large and small, and she knew girls, old and young, but never did she know such a man as this, never did she see such a girl. As for the English, — bah! C'est la blague!

II.

Around the corner from Pierre Charette's, and not very far up the street, is the little *auberge*, kept by Toussaint Chicoine. There Joi Billette went when he could slip out of the family storm, and there he found some of his village comrades sitting around the huge stove in the public room, listening to the famous stories told by Chicoine. Of course you will think Chicoine is nobody, because he can do nothing but keep this tavern, with his mother and his sisters and his old father. But good! You wait! Before long you will see that man in the Parliament at Quebec. When he is not telling stories he is talking politics. Some people are quick to forget. Chicoine is fifty, and remembers. A Liberal? Yes, and better, — a Red; *le Rouge* written in his glowing eyes and in his quick gestures. No sooner had Joi Billette settled himself to listen to Chicoine's tremendous yarns than the sound of sleighbells was heard coming over the snow.

"One dollar it is Barie's horse," said Chicoine, — "Barie of Upton."

"How then can you know?" asked Joi Billette.

"Hard-head! It is by the sound of the bells. Listen!"

"It is even so," said Pierre Charette.

At that moment the sleigh paused at the door, and Barie himself called out:

"Hey, Chicoine! Hey! Are you deaf, then?"

"Good-day, Barie," said Chicoine, opening the door. "Good-day, m'sieu. Within you will find it warmer."

"It is to be hoped," said Barie dryly. "I have brought you a customer, Chicoine," he continued. "Lift your feet; make some stir."

The customer Barie had brought was Mr. Sam Pettingill, of Fall River. He was nice looking, yes, but you would not say he was fine. He had yellow hair and gray eyes, and one of his front teeth was gone. He was smoking a cigarette, and he had a look on his face as if he knew a great deal more than older people. He kept trying to twist his little mustache, which was too thin to be twisted.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as he got out of the sleigh; "is this the Hotel Imperial?"

"'Ow you please," replied Chicoine gravely. "'Otel, auberge, 'ouse, — it all de same when you git col' an' 'ungry. You spik French? No?"

"Rats!" cried young Mr. Pettingill. "How can I speak French in this weather? It freezes everything except American cuss-words. You ask his Nibs, here, if it don't." Barie shrugged his shoulders and threw the sleigh robe over his horse. "You may n't have much of a hotel," said Pettingill, "but maybe you 've got a fire. It 's colder 'n Flujens."

With his hat on the side of his head, and his red cravat creeping from under his overcoat, Pettingill swaggered into the little tavern and stood close to the big stove. Joi Billette looked at the new-comer, and then at Pierre Charette. Pierre Charette looked at the new-comer, and then at Joi Billette. Each, by an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, telegraphed his comment. You know how shoulders and eyebrows can talk here in St. Valerien: a word, a glance, a little movement of the shoulders, and much more than a long story is told.

"Say!" said Pettingill, removing his overcoat, "I don't see no hotel register around here, but I guess that 's all skewvee. My name 's Pettingill, and it would be the same if it was wrote down in a book."

"Hall ri', m'sieu," returned Toussaint Chicoine, bowing. "You 'ear dat, Joutras? You 'ear dat, Billette? You 'ear dat, everybody? M'sieu Pattungeel."

"Kee-rect," said Pettingill approvingly. "You flatten it a little too much in the middle, and pull it out too much at the end, but that 's my maiden name." He shook himself, and strode around the room, looking at the cheap prints pasted on the wall. The little company looked at each other somewhat sheepishly, all save Charette and Chicoine. Charette stood gloomily by the stove, while Chicoine, with his arms akimbo and his chin drawn in until it was hid by the muscles of his neck, watched Pettingill closely.

At one end of the room, above a worn and battered sofa, hung a faded tintype. It was the picture of a very old man. He was leaning forward on a stout cane, and a weak and trembling smile had been caught and fastened on his face.

"What old duck is this?" inquired Pettingill, after he had studied the picture. Receiving no answer, he turned and looked at Chicoine.

"'Ow you call it, m'sieu?" Surely there was no menace in the sweetly spoken accent. Yet something that he heard or felt caused Pettingill to change his question.

"What old gent is this?" he asked.

"Dat my fader," replied Chicoine.

"Is he still kicking?"

"'Ow, m'sieu?"

"Is he dead?"

"No, no, m'sieu. 'E right in dis 'ouse."

"Well, I wanter know!" Pettingill exclaimed, with genuine admiration. "I thought old uncle Cy Pettingill, down to Pittsfield, was the oldest inhabitant, but the colonel here can give him odds and beat him thirteen laps in a mile."

"'Ow you say, m'sieu?" asked Chicoine.

"I was lettin' out a family secret. Uncle Cy Pettingill is so old he can't see nothin' but a silver dollar, but the colonel here lays a long ways over him. I'd like to see them two old coons git together and jabber about the landin' of Christopher Columbus."

"Yes, yes, m'sieu, pair'aps dat would be nice." Chicoine spoke so seriously that Pettingill had to lean against the wall to laugh.

"Just have my grip sent up to my room," he said, after a while. "I'll hang out here a day or two, and see how the climate suits my complexion. And while you 're about it, you might jest as well show me where I am to roost."

"You want fin' you' room? Well, I show you."

He led Monsieur Pettingill up a narrow stairway into a snug little attic.

"It ain't bigger 'n a squirrel cage," said the American.

"It 'ave comfort." Chicoine stretched his hand toward the stovepipe, which ran through a sheet-iron drum; then he went down.

Charette, Billette, Joutras, and the rest sat just as he had left them. They had neither moved nor spoken. Chicoine stood and glared at them, his arms akimbo, his chin drawn into his neck, and his under lip stuck out ominously. Suddenly he raised his right arm, and brought down his clenched fist in the palm of the other hand with a tremendous whack.

"Pig! beast! that he should strut in this place! But that I had pity on him I would have crushed him with my hand." Toussaint Chicoine's eyes gleamed.

"Softly, softly!" Pierre Charette raised his hand.

"*Ah-h-h!* Softly, yes, softly. Good! But I have seen my old father take off his hat and bend his knee to just such a man as that. Yes, me! I have seen that. I am old enough. When the lord of the land came where his slaves could see him — off hat! bend knee! Well, yes, I have seen that." The veins in Chicoine's neck stood out angrily.

"But those days, they are no more." Charette spoke gently.

"No?" Chicoine made a hideous grimace. "Well, they are here!" With that he struck his broad breast a tremendous blow. "For what does he come?"

Joi Billette rose and shook himself viciously, and turned his back to the stove. "This ugly beast is detestable!"

"But wait, then!" It was Joutras who spoke. "What the thunder! Are we all taking leave of ourselves? Let this pig alone. Is he stealing corn from our pen? Well, then, show it to me."

Pierre Charette chuckled to himself, and Joi Billette shrugged his shoulders.

It was not long before Monsieur Pettingill came down from his room. He found only Chicoine and Joi Billette. As if to refresh his memory or to confirm some afterthought, he went again to the portrait of old Anthime Chicoine. He looked at it a little while, and then shook his head.

"That lays over uncle Cy Pettingill," he repeated, with admiration. "He 's mighty nigh too old to make a shadder." He paused a moment, and then, with just the faintest trace of embarrassment, remarked: "Say! can any of you chaps tell me where Miss Euphrasie Charette lives? As long as I 'm in town, with nothin' much to prey on my mind, I might as well drop in an' tell her I 'm still her humble-come-tumble. See?"

"I dunno if I can show you," said Chicoine; "pair'aps M'sieu Billette will

show you de 'ouse. He been dere some time befo' now. Is not that so, M'sieu Billette?" he went on, switching off into French. "I have told m'sieu that you would have much pleasure to show him the house of Charette. Is it not so, then? Ah, little boy! make not your face to wrinkle so. At forty you will laugh at the physic of this kind."

Billette shrugged his shoulders, but he did not smile.

"'E spik only French," said Chicoine to Pettingill, by way of explanation, "but dat make no diffrance. 'E can show you de 'ouse."

"All skewvee," said Pettingill. "If he can walk in English, that 's enough for me."

Joi Billette, coiled in the chair, had seemed to be an insignificant creature, but when he rose, glancing furtively at Chicoine, it was seen that he was taller than Pettingill, — taller and stronger, and much handsomer. The innocence of youth shone in his face. Without a word, he went out at the door, followed by Pettingill. Billette's slouching gait carried him forward swiftly, and in a few moments he paused, waved his hand toward Charette's house, from which the blue smoke cheerfully curled, and stood watching Pettingill as he made his way to the door. He saw the door open, and heard Euphrasie's exclamation: —

"Ah, 't is you. I di' n' ting you come so soon."

When the door was closed, Billette went forward to the house, and passed through the yard and into the kitchen. There he found Pierre Charette enjoying his pipe. As Joi entered, Charette nodded his head toward the inner room and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," said Joi, "it is the stranger. Euphrasie was glad to see him, then?"

"How can I know?" responded Charette. "Of the women we know nothing. They pet the pig and scald it. Go see for yourself if she is glad. The man cannot comprehend."

"No, no," said Joi, the blood mounting to his face.

"You have fear, then? Yes?"

For reply Joi laughed loudly, and the sound of it was so harsh and unnatural that those in the next room paused to listen, and madame put her head in the door to make inquiry.

"Prutt! prutt!" exclaimed Pierre Charette, mimicking the inquisitive turkey hen. "Allez-vous-en! Back to the pig."

Then there was silence in the kitchen. The old man and the young man sat smoking. Each had his own thoughts. One was thinking how much money his grain and hay would fetch; the other was thinking bitterly of the day, a year ago, when he and Euphrasie, with their village companions, sang their holiday songs together. Ah! they were happy then, but now —

Madame Charette was surely at her best this day. She rattled away at Pettingill in French, and Euphrasie interpreted the words the best she knew how; but she could not keep up, madame was so jolly and hearty. Pettingill had never been in such a storm of French and broken English, and he wished himself well out of it. All he could do was to sit and grin helplessly, and mop his face aimlessly with his gorgeous silk handkerchief. Euphrasie, too, was jolly, or pretended to be, and she carried on her interpretations with a great deal of laughter.

"Ma mère say if you like dis country?" she remarked.

"Just tell her," said Pettingill, "that if she will give me the daughter she may keep the country."

"'Ush up, you!" said Euphrasie, blushing; "you too bad." To her mother, "He is very fond of the country, — oh, much."

This caught the ear of Pierre Charette, and it recalled him from his mental grain speculation. He turned in his chair and looked at Billette with half-

closed eyes. At this moment there was a shuffling of feet and a moving of chairs in the next room. Some of the girls and boys of the village had come in to see Euphrasie. Presently, madame, glowing with hospitality, came into the kitchen for more chairs.

"It is the whole village," she explained. "And Joi hiding like a thief! Shame upon him! Take these chairs, then, and cease to be a stick. Leave dozing to the gray cat."

Joi Billette took the chairs, but with no good grace. He was not himself. He placed them around the room mechanically, and stood in the midst of his friends awkward and ill at ease. Some wanted to laugh at him, while others tried to tease him, but his air of preoccupation restrained them; they were already somewhat subdued by the presence of a stranger. In this diffident company Pettingill sat serene, smiling and confident. He was even patronizing. When an embarrassing silence was about to fall on all, he was superior to circumstances.

"Rats!" he exclaimed. "Don't set here moping. Can't we have some play-songs?"

"Oh," said Euphrasie, trying to understand, "some play-song, — yes."

"Something like 'Here's a young man set down to sleep'" —

"Oh, to sleep! I know," said Euphrasie.

"'He needs a young girl to keep him awake.'"

"Oh, yes, — to kip 'im 'wake!" Then she rattled away in French to the rest. The result was that all the young men chose partners, except Joi, — there was no partner for him to choose, — and proceeded to promenade slowly around the small room, singing as they went. The song was about a maiden and her bashful lover, and the clear voice of Euphrasie carried the tune. The cavalier sees his sweetheart laughing; then runs the song: —

"Qu'avez-vous, belle? Qu'avez-vous, belle?
Qu'avez-vous à tant rire?"

Whereupon the girl replies: —

"Je ris de moi, je ris de toi,
De nos fortes entreprises:
C'est d'avoir passé le bois
Sans un petit mot me dire!"

The maiden is going away from the lover, who is too bashful to speak the little word. She is supposed to be waving her hand in the distance. Then the lover is aroused.

"Revenez, belle! Revenez, belle!
Je vous donnerai cent livres!"

But the girl does n't want his fortune. She has had a glimpse of a larger world.

"Ni pour un cent, ni pour deux cent,
Ni pour cinq cent mille livres:
Il fallait mangé la perdrix
Tandis qu'elle était prise!"

And the pretty little partridge will never come back. The girl, still going, cries:

"La perdrix a pris sa volée,
Elle se mit en ville;
Je vois mes amants promener
Dans le parc de la ville!"

All through the singing Joi Billette kept his eyes on Euphrasie, and he thought she was singing at him. The motions of her pretty head, the glances of her bright eyes, — in every way she seemed to be saying that she would not return, but would promenade with other lovers. Joi understood it so, too, for by the time the song was ended he had disappeared, and the small company saw him no more that day. But they heard of him, — oh, yes!

He went into the kitchen, and sat with his face in his hands. No one could say whether his attitude was one of laziness or despair, so little do we know of what is going on before our very eyes. For a while he sat still as death; then he rose and went about the room, searching for something. On the wall hung a piece of looking-glass. He looked into it as he passed, and saw that his face was very white. He shook his head; he did

not know the man that looked back at him from the glass. He went about the room, hunting in the corners, on the shelves, and under the pans. At last a long knife lay under his hand. He picked it up, looked at it curiously, and hid it under his jacket. Then he seated himself again, his face hid in his hands, and waited. Euphrasie came for a drink of water; he knew the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps, but he did not stir. She looked at him and tossed her head. She said to herself, "Now he is angry; to-morrow he will feel better." He sat and waited, his face in his hands. Some one went away, — that was Hélène Joutras; he knew her voice. One by one they all went away, except the serene and smiling stranger. Then, too, after a while, he was ready to go. Euphrasie went to the door with him. Her broken English seemed very queer to Joi Billette, and very beautiful, too. The door was closed, and then Joi heard the stranger's feet crunching in the snow. He rose from his chair, feeling strangely oppressed. He was so weak he was compelled to steady himself. It was not fear; it was pity. He heard Pettingill going along whistling a gay tune, and he pitied him. But what was pity? There are other things more important than pity. He went out at the back door, and the cold air stung his face and made him feel stronger.

Once out of the gate, he pressed forward rapidly. Just ahead of him Pettingill was sauntering along, still whistling. The stranger was in no hurry, then? So much the better. Joi Billette was so intent on carrying out the purpose he had formed that he did not hear heavy footsteps behind him, nor did he hear a strong voice call his name. He had eyes and ears for no one but Pettingill. As he went forward, he drew the knife from beneath his jacket and held it firmly in his hand, quickening his pace. Pettingill's careless swagger whetted his anger. The wretch! Would he come here, then, and lord it over the village?

Pettingill, hearing footsteps behind him, paused and looked around. He saw Joi Billette coming swiftly towards him, followed as swiftly by a tall, black-robed figure. Like a flash his mind recurred to the stories he had read of Roman Catholics, and now, here before his eyes, as he imagined, was an emissary of the Pope about to administer discipline.

"Run, buster! he's gainin' on you!" he called out gayly. He had no opportunity to say more. At that moment Joi Billette seized him by the arm and swung him around violently.

"Beast! devil!" the Canadian hissed through his clenched teeth. "Take that!" He made an effort to plunge the knife into the American, but a powerful hand was laid on his arm. He turned, looked into the eyes of the *frère directeur* of the Maristes, and then sank trembling on the snow. The Mariste stood over him, tall and severe.

"What, then, have I taught thee to assassinate?" There was grief in his voice, and supreme pity.

"Say!" exclaimed Pettingill, who had been too much astonished to speak, "what kinder game is he up to? Ain't he off his kerzip?"

"Go!" The Mariste waved his hand imperiously.

"Come off!" Pettingill spoke roughly. "Wait till I give you a pointer. Don't you let that chap rush after me. Because if you do" — he drew a shining pistol from his overcoat pocket — "I'll give him a tetch of the United States that'll last him."

"Go!" the Mariste repeated.

"So long," said Pettingill, whereupon he turned on his heel and went away.

The Mariste lifted Joi Billette to his feet, brushed the snow from his clothes, took him by the hand, and led him back the way he had come. Past Charette's, past all the houses, they went, the Mariste still holding Joi by the hand. At

the end of the street, the white crosses of the little cemetery gleamed almost as white as the snow piled up on the graves. Into the garden of the dead they went, and there the Mariste led Joi to one of the little white crosses. In the centre of the cross had been fixed a small frame, and in this frame was the likeness of a young woman, a souvenir of the dead. It was a common tintype, but there was an air of nobility about it. It had the beauty of youth and the tenderness of maturity. It was the picture of Joi Billette's mother. He fell on his knees before it, and sobbed convulsively. The Mariste stood, with hat off and folded arms, his black hair blown about by the wind. Aimé Joutras, watching from a distance, saw the two emerge from the cemetery and go into the church, not far away. Then he saw them no more.

When Pettingill returned to the little auberge, he found Barie still there, tasting and testing Chicoine's *la p'tite bière*, and it was not long before he was seated in the grizzled habitant's sleigh, on his way to Upton. One day passed, then two days, then three. Pettingill could be accounted for, — he had gone away; but where was Joi Billette? The times were not so gay at Charette's as before. Euphrasie ceased to toss her head and forgot to put on her fine airs. She was continually looking up the street for Joi, but no Joi came. She went to see André Billette, Joi's father, but André looked at her coldly and shook his head. He had no information to give. Joi was of age; he could take care of himself.

"You know where he is?" said Euphrasie.

"I know where I am, ma'm'selle," said André. "I bother nobody."

There was no comfort for the girl in such talk as that. Then there was the story that Joutras told of seeing Joi with the frère directeur of the Mariste school. To the school Euphrasie went. One of the pupils opened the door, and in a little while the frère directeur came. He was very grave, but there was a twinkle of fun in his eyes when he saw Euphrasie. The girl was excited and defiant. Her face was very white and her hands trembled. She made no salutation.

"Where is Joi Billette?" she asked bluntly.

The Mariste regarded her curiously.

"Why do you come to me for Joi Billette?" he asked gently. "If he is here, why disturb him? He asks to see no one. He is content."

"I ask you, where is Joi Billette?" the girl repeated. Her attitude was almost threatening.

"Why come to me?" the Mariste insisted. "What am I?"

"For you," exclaimed Euphrasie, "I do not care that!" She raised her hand and snapped her fingers. "Where is Joi Billette?"

Her voice rang through the hallway, and at that moment Joi appeared behind the Mariste, his face pale and his eyes full of wonder. When Euphrasie saw him, she turned away from the door and began to weep. Joi looked at the Mariste for an explanation, but, without waiting for it, he ran to Euphrasie, as she was going away, and threw his arms around her.

The Mariste nodded his head approvingly, and closed the door.

Joel Chandler Harris.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF CYBELE.

I.

Among the individuals of one's human environment, some live in a world of wonder, of daily phenomenon, of hourly revelation of beauty, of momentary sensation, of novelty and delight. Others, whose paths are seen to intersect theirs, live, on the contrary, in a world of seamy conditions, of most unlovely commonplace, of jaded interest, of livelong irksomeness. Each sort of person is liable to infect with his own view of Cosmos any "sensitive" who may come within range. It is well, then, for the "sensitive" to consort with those whose world yet bears the stamp of a wonderful creation, and has not suffered from that familiarity which breeds contempt. Moreover, this caution is well observed, whether it is the world of men and women, or of nature and the humbler creatures. Only the other morning, a friend of mine, who has not yet encountered *tedium vitæ*, but lives "surrounded by beauty and wonder," was sitting at the breakfast-table, and greatly enjoying a traveler's tale of staging adventure in the Rocky Mountain and grizzly-bear West. "I wish *I* could see a bear crossing the road!" exclaimed this enthusiastic listener. Immediately, as though in response to the utterance of this desire, a mouse glided across the dining-room floor, and out of sight again. "Why, that is a bear!" was the involuntary ejaculation of my friend, who recognizes the monitions of the universal delivered through the particular, the great in the little, and the Queen of Faëry disguised as withered eld. "That *is* a bear, or as good as a bear, for it is just as admirable a piece of creation, and to me, at this moment, looks as unusual and astonishing."

I cannot say that I am as easily gratified, or as content to take my Natural History thus epitomized, and yet at times some least pensioner of Fauna has appeared to me invested with a like glamourish interest; as on that remembered day in the woods, when suddenly the genius of Candlemas-tide, Sir Marmot, and I stood face to face, he erect on his haunches, with forepaws held up in timid deprecation, — each of us in rustling the dead leaves having alarmed the other. I cannot say but that this little encounter was as entertaining, in its way, as a visit to the menagerie or a page of Æsop. Of the same order of half-supernatural wonder are childhood's occasional discoveries of any new and curious though obscure denizen of the world in which it lives. So shall I always remember the summer afternoon made notable by the following circumstance. There had been a brisk shower. There was a fading rainbow in the eastern sky. The owner of bare feet, trudging along the country road, delighted in making the drenched sand "lighten," which was accomplished by quick, forcible spats of the bare feet upon the wet ground. But, in so doing, a wonderful, diminutive crocodilian creature, red as a glowing coal (unquenched for all the torrent of rain), was started out from the shelter of a loose stone, when it burned its way across the soaked and yellow sand! A salamander issuing from the fireplace would scarcely prove so exciting now as did the sudden vision of the little eft on that distant summer day. No less of mystery attended another and similar discovery at about the same period. In a disused porch on the sunny side of the house, sparsely shaded by a straggling grapevine, I used to watch the evolutions of certain singular creatures, as deservedly earning the qualification of "swifts" as the chimney-swallows them-

selves. Half admired, half feared, these phenomenal apparitions darted back and forth, — rapid lines in darkest blue, cutting through the golden sunlight. Their name I did not learn until long afterward; and in a much later time, the mystery of their quick and furtive movements, with the entire pictorial setting, gave a vivid objective character to the lines in Shelley's Song: —

> "Like a lizard with the shade
> Of a trembling leaf,
> Thou with sorrow art dismayed."

II.

Along the bank of a little stream, whose gently sloping margin of umber sand and its inverted reflection in the water take on the guise of a closed mussel-shell, I used frequently to find, after the loosening of the ground in early spring, an osseous fragment, of a peculiar appearance. Some two or three inches in length, the breadth much less; oblong, the edges minutely serrate; furnished with a plainly marked midrib, and with a stem proceeding from the under-surface, this fragment strikingly suggested a leaf carved out of ivory. I am yet ignorant what intimate of the stream or of its pleasant banks had there laid down with its life this foliaceous souvenir which I so often found, and found increasingly invested with a certain pathos. Abstract Natural History allows little for sentiment in its student; but as I was not so much a student of Natural History as of Natural Romance in Nature, in my ignorant content I was permitted full enjoyment of the suggestion the bone leaf offered to my fancy. It seemed to speak of a subtle consent existing between animal and vegetable structures. Last year's outworn skeleton of a leaf and this leaf-resembling remnant of a more vital organism, found in the same spot, appeared to be there together not without intention to furnish some hint as to a coörigin of types. I thought, at least, that a student of Natural Romance has some privileges of construction as well as has the true *savant* who can rehabilitate the mastodon from the evidence of a tooth!

Deeply or lightly read in Nature's lore, the observer loses no opportunity, nor suggestion of opportunity, for gathering up any possible "connecting link" that may be lying about in those fields of fancy which border most closely upon fact. For instance, not long ago I was desirous of establishing some claim of kinship for the lowly children of the earth with the lovely broods of the air. Soon after, this claim was allowed in a most unexpected manner, and confirmed by a most creditable eye-witness. A rambler in Staten Island, in the month of November, wishing to possess himself of a fine bird's-nest which he observed in a young tree, easily climbed to the limb on which the nest rested. Reaching up for it, he was surprised to find the top covered over, and, further, that his hand came in contact with something warm and mobile. The next instant several mice ran down the tree, showing that if there are no birds in last year's nest, it is not, always, practically deserted on that account. On descending, the rambler made another interesting discovery. At the foot of the tree lay a snake awaiting its opportunity for a substantial meal, — too sagacious, it appeared, to accept implicitly the proverb just cited! While certain families of wild mice thus passively approve of the bird's architectural methods by occupying its abandoned home, the domestic mouse, in the *cunabula* which it constructs for its young, actually emulates the bird's beautiful ingenuity. Such a snuggery I found not long ago: exactly circular in shape, composed of fine bits of nibbled paper, with here and there a string or a straw intertwined, and with the addition of an occasional feather and scrap of bright cloth. An excellent bird's-nest, save that it was overspread by the same marvelously light covering

of paper. This covering, touched by my finger, fell off, and revealed five blind nestlings, at first uneasily stirring, but soon motionless, as though recognizing an alien touch, or as though they had received some sign of warning from the timid mother who had deserted them on the approach of danger. The chief wonder of this nest was that the surrounding spherical mass of light and loose paper could have remained intact, and not fallen away at the least motion of the inmates. If there could be any interchange of experience and wisdom between these two nest-builders, the bird, in this particular, might learn something of the mouse.

Is it not suggestive that while the rodent, who insists upon occupying our house and feeding from its stores, is looked upon with something akin to disgust, the wild cousin, who is capable of quite as much mischief, encounters no such shuddering aversion? The cinnamon-colored furry little colonists that run every way when, preparatory to husking, the corn-shocks are pulled down in the November fields, excite only one's tenderest sympathy, and an anxiety lest they become the victims of canine sport. Held in the hollow of the hand or laid against the cheek, the warm, throbbing little creatures make their mute appeal most forcibly. They have taken their quantum of corn, as the waste upon the ground testifies; yet somehow I am inclined to view the tearing down of the shock as a wanton sacking of a peaceful and happy village, whose charter has been destroyed or disregarded. The same spirit of protective sympathy for the wild is uppermost when I find my young neighbor, a good amateur "shot," turning an honest enough penny by defending a field of springing corn from the blackbirds: I am sorry or glad according as his aim hits or misses. Or rather, the case is one of mixed sympathies: on the one hand, solicitude for the Indian Ceres and the interests of her farmer guardian; and, on the other, anxiety that the black freebooters, who would carry her away, shall not forfeit their jovial lives. One can perfectly well understand the mood in which Thoreau pursued his solitary fox-hunt, when, to use his own words, "it seemed the woods rang with the hunter's horn, and Diana and all the satyrs joined in the chase and cheered me on." And yet the advantage of the fox was the paramount interest; for, adds the amateur huntsman, after duly practicing the vulpine neophyte up hill and down dale, "hoping this experience would prove a useful lesson to him, I returned to the village by the highway of the river."

It was but lately, and in a manner not to be anticipated, that the sense of compassion was stirred in behalf of one of Nature's dumb pensioners. Passing through Washington market, in New York, noting the kaleidoscopic coloring displayed by the stalls of fruits, foreign and domestic, of vegetables, of garnished meats, of birds of lustrous plumage, of fish, checkered or wave-marked, as becomes the herds of Proteus, I made a discovery that interested me more than aught else. This was a group of turtles, of great size, helpless, supine, showing the golden plastron; perhaps the only yet living victims in that place of sacrifice; perhaps, also, of a venerability exceeding the years of the eldest and gnarliest of the marketmen. The discomfort and ignominy to which these old autochthones were subjected should have moved any country heart; and I longed for the exercise of some necromancy which would have released and marshaled them all in slow saturnine procession, to take their way to freedom and the leisurely drawing out of another secular period.

In speaking of the tortoise, it seems to deserve mention as among the most filial of the rude sons of the earth herein considered. Was it not a giant of his kind, a cosmical tortoise, that, Æneas-like, bore on his broad and steady back

our common parent, until groping Science, by finding an effective substitute, released him from such service? Even yet, unless Botany errs and tells a mere fairy tale, the tortoise is the stable foundation whereon rests a minute portion of the vegetable world.

For beauty has our tortoise little care,
Who seeks but to supply his daily needs;
Yet on his rugged armor does he bear
A hanging-garden of fresh water-weeds.
(No more knows man what graceful whim of Fate
Man's rude and homely lot may decorate!)

As to the great age which this most deliberate of animals is said to attain, I can add no testimony except of the slight character contained in the incident subjoined: —

SAGES DISAGREE.

The ancient Crow bespake the Tortoise thus:
"What human generations born with us
Have we seen rise, and flourish for a while,
Then sink into a narrow dim defile, —
And all because so tardy is their pace,
Death can but overtake them in the race!"

"Nay, brother sage" (the Tortoise slowly spake),
"'T is rather that too rapid strides they make;
Too great their zeal, too soon they spend their breath, —
They fairly run into the arms of Death!"
Each thought upon the other's novel view
Some ten brief years, then spake his own anew!

III.

A lady of my acquaintance has her summer study in a breezy old barn, with wide doors opening upon the morning and the evening. She keeps a bribe for certain cunning genii of the place. Thus induced, the genii come and go, noiselessly, while she reads or writes, or pauses to observe their movements. They hastily fill the pouches they have brought with them with the nuts or grains of corn that form the bribe, and quickly disappear to add an increment to supplies subterraneously stored against the coming winter. Often there is sharp but mainly silent contention between two of these excellent "providers;" and sometimes the human umpire withholds the scattered harvest, and places a condition which insists upon more amenity of behavior. The genii are then compelled to search for the stores thus withdrawn from easy possession, at last finding that the treasured nut or kernel of corn lies on the palm of the gentle disciplinarian's hand; then, whichever is, at once, more tame or more courageous secures the coveted food. To this end there is a quick spring from the floor to a bench, from the bench to the tantalizing hand that holds the nut, an instantaneous seizure of the nut, and an immediate retreat, while the glance of the bright eye and every movement of the body are eloquent of desire, anxious speculation, resolve, desperate venture, triumphant possession. When more than one nut is to be disposed of, the adjustment to suit the capacity of the cheek-pouch becomes a matter of patient and almost ludicrously grave experiment. These chipmunks are in reality the genii of the place, abiding over winter, and on the return of their friend in the spring making it evident that they have not forgotten the bounty which lightened their labors. Very different, if we consider the accounts given in Natural History, is the disposition of the chipmunk's arboreal cousin, the gray squirrel. Like the ancient Gauls, who were desirous of new things, whole communities of gray squirrels have been observed in migration from one part of the country to the other. That they expedite the crossing of rivers by each extemporizing a raft in the shape of a chip, which has, for that purpose, been brought from the *débris* of some wood-lot, reads like a story from Herodotus! Yet the latter authority is constantly gaining in credit; and why should not the traveling squirrel look out for his safety and comfort? However, no conclusive theory has yet been offered in explanation of these migrations, which take place in the autumn,

and at a somewhat regular interval of years. What pied piper goes in advance, invisible and inaudible except to the marching legions that follow, must be left to conjecture.

As the squirrels swept down from the north,
A questioner stood in the way:
"Why thus go ye forth?
Is it peace, is it war, that takes ye so far?"
"Oh, that is our secret," said they,
"And we will not tell!"

As the squirrels swept on from the north,
Said one to the other, "Disclose
Why 't is we go forth."
Then answered the other, "Heav'n's secret,
my brother!
Not one of our company knows,
Heav'n keeps it so well!"

A Natural Romance sketch such as this, independent in its classification, may be permitted to range through genera and species widely dissimilar, so that it does not go far forth from the arms of the great mother whose home-staying children it celebrates.

The other day, opening the window, I put out my hand to pick up a bit of lichen-covered bark, grizzly-gray as the weather-beaten sill on which it rested. In so doing I involuntarily recoiled, for the supposed bark was soft, yielding, and unpleasantly cold, — in fact was a tree-toad, arrayed in what modern Science terms "protective coloring." A yard distant from my eyes, I yet could not see this creature's actual contours! This the voice, birdlike, shrill, heard chiefly at morning and evening, seemingly near, but the owner safely concealed in his cloak of chameleon magic! The hyla scarcely winced at my touch, scarcely twitched a diminutive eyelid; and so I made the acquaintance of the more ambitious member of an order whose other representatives I already knew: one in the uncouth but grateful individual whom I had pampered with impaled flies by the doorstep, and another in the musician of the pool, whose nocturne none dares to praise, although to me it suggests that

Some mighty sea-shell lost among the hills
The ear of Night with dim reverberance fills.

In the winter one comes across, near or within any woodland, what might be regarded as a vast leaf from the castaway Sibylline books. But the parchment is of the purest white; the cryptic characters are of recent inscribing, in which many and various individuals have joined to leave a record, telling you, in spite of the sheer silence of the woods, that the winter inhabitants thereof are not all house-bound. Social considerations, as well as concern for the table, induce activity. The many-tracked snow-carpet overlaying the broad level surface of some old chestnut stump bears suggestion of mysterious revelry but recently indulged in by the squirrel and his congeners. There is also a more serious view of the matter. As a cruelty superadded to the rigor of the winter, this same soft, white, echoless carpet of snow serves to betray the wild travelers that pass over it. The fox cannot "take a turn" for his health, the rabbit cannot visit our young fruit-trees to steal a lenten repast of bark therefrom, but the enemies of each are duly advised. Every step is a fatal index of the direction taken. Some gentle, oblivious spirit there should be who, with white eraser, should follow and blot out the telltale detective legend. Meantime friendly speculation endeavors to decide as to which wild foot this or that trail may belong: this, like the etching of a fine necklace in which the beads are strung at most regular intervals; or this, which, sharp in the inception, concludes with a blur, as though the traveler who made it had worn snowshoes. To Thoreau these hasty vestiges were themselves a sort of game, which he hunted with eager assiduity, and described often with minute precision. But not to go so far as the wild, — indeed, to go no farther than the lane leading from barn to pasture, — some curious, half-symbolic specimens in footmarks are to be observed.

CLASSIC GROUND.

Colin, how can your herds and your flocks
Be skilled in the letters of old?
And yet you shall see where the ox
Coming forth from the hay-littered byre,
And the sheep crowding forth from the fold,
Footprinting the plastic mould,
Have left on the ground,
(In a night, winter-bound,)
The one, a keen sketch of the lyre,
The other, *omega* (ω), behold!

IV.

These small four-footed children of the earth should be endeared to us for their all-the-year-round constancy, — a sort of poor we have with us always. The birds have wings, and, like riches, betake themselves away. Fitted for long and rapid journeys, they can easily pursue and find again the Summer who brought them hither, and who, departing, threw them a subtle clue whereby to follow her. But these poor *filii terræ* have no such recourse. Yet are they not altogether forgotten of Nature. Something is done for them, — very like what would happen should the patrons of a foundling asylum, finding supplies exhausted and the treasury low, cosily put to sleep all its young charges, waking them only when the prospect was improved.

CYBELE AND HER CHILDREN.

The Mother has eternal youth,
Yet in the fading of the year,
For sake of what must fade, in ruth
She wears a crown of oak-leaves sear.

By whistling woods, by naked rocks,
That long have lost the summer's heat,
She calls the wild unfolded flocks,
And points them to their shelter meet.

In her deep bosom sink they all:
The hunter and the prey are there;
No ravin-cry, no hunger-call;
These do not fear, and those forbear.

The winding serpent watches not;
Unwatched, the field-mouse trembles not;
Weak hyla, quiet in his grot,
So rests, nor changes line or spot.

For food the Mother gives them sleep;
Against the cold she gives them sleep;
To cheat their foes she gives them sleep, —
For safety gives them deathlike sleep.

The Mother has eternal youth,
And therefrom, in the wakening year,
Their life revives; and they, in sooth,
Forget their mystic bondage drear!

The trance which these passive creatures keep is a sort of equivalent tropics, one might say, reached without migration. It would not seem strange if these organizations that thus sleep the winter away, taking up their lives as though *de novo* each spring, should be found to be, on this account, somewhat less sensible of the actual stroke of death. When this comes, such semblance of thought as they possess may tell them that what they experience is only the old numbness and recession of force, so many times before undergone, and emerged from as many, in the mysterious reawakening of the spring. How can they guess that a spring will come which is unable to restore them?

Apropos of our much ignorance concerning most of the humbler Fauna, and of their probably overlooked wit and sagacity in many particulars, the Mole shall have the epilogue.

Tell all your wise men who pronounce me blind,
Mine eyes are good, though small and hard to find,
Yet, even so, serve better than their own,
Else they had *looked*, nor said that I have none!

Edith M. Thomas.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

THE author of Sam Slick has suffered some loss in fair appreciation by the very success of his best known book. The avidity with which readers of The Clockmaker adopted the central figure in that satirical work as a type of the Yankee people, and their enjoyment of his keen sayings, caused them to overlook the prime intention of his creator; and so thoroughly has Judge Haliburton been identified, in the minds of the reading public, with this typical character that his more serious work as a publicist has been disregarded by all but a few. Yet, of late, he has not been without honor even in his own country. In 1884, a society having for its object the development of Canadian literature was founded at the university town of Windsor, N. S., the birthplace of Judge Haliburton, and the seat of his Alma Mater, King's College, with which the society is affiliated. It was named The Haliburton in his honor, and its first publication was an essay on his works and characteristics, by the present writer, from which some quotations are made in this article. Of late years lectures upon the judge's works have not been uncommon in Canada, and some of his yarns have been republished in the newspapers, a *réchauffé* of one winning a prize in Halifax in 1885.

The existing biographical sketches of Haliburton are not only meagre, but also full of errors, some of which are actually grotesque. Allibone, following the British Annual Register for 1865, confuses the author with his creation, Sam Slick, and states that Haliburton, "in 1842, visited England as an attaché of the American Legation [!], and in the next year embodied the results of his observations in his amusing work The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England." The Encyclopædia Britannica says, and Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography follows it in both errors: "In 1840 he was promoted to be a judge of the Supreme Court; but within two years he resigned his seat on the bench and removed to England." His promotion was in 1841, his resignation in 1856. The sketch in Stephen's new Dictionary of National Biography avoids these blunders, and has an accurate list of his works, but contains one or two minor errors.

The comparative lack of appreciation for the judge in his native province, until recent years, has often struck American and British travelers. It was forcibly illustrated by a remark in the Bibliotheca Canadensis, that, while the great University of Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., *honoris causa*, in 1858, his little Alma Mater at Windsor, N. S., had thought him worthy only of an honorary M. A. One of his books, The Season Ticket, was not only unread, but apparently unknown, in Nova Scotia, a couple of years ago. Not one of his kinsfolk there was then aware of its existence; a near relation of his even doubted its authenticity. It was not in any of the then existing lists of his works, and had at first been published anonymously in the Dublin University Magazine in 1858–59; and it had been made into a book in London, with the name of "Sam Slick" as its author, about the time when the judge was most forgotten by his countrymen.

This past neglect of Haliburton in Nova Scotia was probably due in part to the distasteful truths he told its inhabitants, and in part to the fact that he left his native province to reside abroad. But the lack of due appreciation for the judge among his countrymen savored strongly of ingratitude; for he has advertised Nova Scotia widely and permanently. Charles Dudley Warner in his

Baddeck, Miss Marian Reeves and Miss Emily Read in their Pilot Fortune, Professor De Mille in his "B. O. W. C." and Grand Pré School, the Abbé Casgrain in his Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangéline, Miss Grace Dean McLeod in her Stories of the Land of Evangeline, Professor Roberts in several of his poems, have drawn more or less attention to Acadia. But Haliburton has done more to make it known than any writer except Longfellow, who was indeed largely indebted to Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia for his material when composing Evangeline. Besides writing the history of his country, Haliburton described her scenery, the features of her climate, and her natural resources faithfully and fully. He sketched her social life of half a century ago in The Old Judge and other works. Above all, he drew the attention of his countrymen to their remediable weaknesses. He found among them too much self-satisfaction and too much politics, and too little enterprise and industry. Too many of them were waiting inertly for political panaceas, or wasting their energy in clamoring for them. He strove, shrewdly, to cure these defects by the wholesome example and the caustic comments of a very live Yankee. As a politician, he thought it expedient to tell his countrymen unpalatable truths through the lips of a foreigner. For the clockmaker's satiric utterances — so often grotesquely and perhaps purposely exaggerated — his constituents could not hold him responsible. "A satirist," says Sam Slick, in Nature and Human Nature, speaking of his previously published sayings and doings, — "a satirist, like an Irishman, finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter."

That the judge's vicarious sarcasms bore some good fruit in Nova Scotia there can be little doubt. But they had not then, and they have not yet, produced the signal results which Sam Slick complacently notes in Nature and Human Nature. "I have held the mirror up to these fellows," he says, "to see themselves in, and it has scared them so they have shaved slick up and made themselves decent. . . . The blisters I have put on their vanity stung 'em so, they jumped high enough to see the right road, and the way they travel ahead now is a caution to snails."

As a humorist, Haliburton's chief qualifications were a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, an excellent memory for absurdities, the faculty of hitting off quaint and fancy-tickling phrases, and a most lively imagination. All these characteristics are copiously illustrated in the multitudinous yarns which his characters spin upon the smallest provocation. Indeed, it is evident that he often moots a subject merely to introduce an anecdote; and the very slight main plot of each of the four books narrating Mr. Slick's career is little more than a thread to string his tales and talks upon. The same may be said of The Old Judge and The Season Ticket.

Artemus Ward was not without warrant in terming Haliburton the founder of the American school of humor, for most of its forms and phases are illustrated in the pages of this pioneer humorist. Specimens of affected simplicity, Mark Twain's characteristic, occur in the second chapter of Nature and Human Nature, and elsewhere. Undeveloped prototypes of Mrs. Partington may be found in Mrs. Figg, in the female servant in the Letter-Bag, and in an old woman in The Season Ticket.

Several modern jests and jocular phrases were anticipated by Haliburton, if they have not been borrowed from him. In The Old Judge, an Indian explains to the governor, who expresses surprise at seeing him drunk so soon again, that it is "all same old drunk." "Fact, I assure you," the pet phrase of the liar in Brass, is often used by a character in The Old Judge, and by another in The Season Ticket. Mr. Locke

(Petroleum V. Nasby) told me that he made a hit in a stump speech by dividing his hearers into "men with clean shirts and Democrats." I wonder whether he had read the definitions quoted by Sam Slick of a Tory ("a gentleman every inch of him, . . . and he puts on a clean shirt every day") and of a Whig ("a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts on an unfrilled shirt every other day")? Fifteen years before Topsy's famous phrase appeared in Uncle Tom's Cabin, a country girl in The Clockmaker, being asked where she was brought up, replied: "Why, I guess I was n't brought up at all. *I growed up.*"

The temptation to distort words, which led the judge occasionally to perpetrate a *double-entendre*, also led him into endless punning. How strong this temptation must have been may be gathered from his making a speaker pun while earnestly protesting against the shabby treatment of the loyalists in the little Canadian rebellion of 1837–38, a subject on which Haliburton felt very deeply indeed, and to which he often recurs. "He who quelled the late rebellion amid a shower of balls," he makes a colonist complain, "was knighted. He who assented, amid a shower of eggs, to a bill to indemnify the rebels was created an earl. Now, to pelt a governor-general with eggs is an overt act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the *yolk!*" Punning, good, bad, and indifferent, was a feature of his conversation as well as of his anecdotal works.

Haliburton's sarcasm was usually pointed at types and classes, seldom at individuals. He saw an unoccupied field for a satirist at home, and he took possession of it. "The absurd importance attached in this country to trifles," one of his characters observes, "the grandiloquent language of rural politicians, the flimsy veil of patriotism under which selfishness strives to hide, . . . present many objects for ridicule and satire."

Haliburton used dialogue largely in his humorous books, with the definite object of making them popular. "Why is it," says Mr. Slick in Wise Saws, "if you read a book to a man, you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book, and the language ain't common. Why is it, if you talk to him, he will sit up all night with you? Just because it 's talk, the language of natur'." And written chat, Haliburton thought, was the next best medium to oral chat for holding the attention of all classes. His dialogue, however, is not always consistently suited to his characters, either in matter or in manner. Even the spelling which he uses to represent local mispronunciations is carelessly or capriciously varied.

The fame of Haliburton, as we have intimated, depends largely upon the freaks and tales of his most popular creation, Sam Slick of Slickville. This inconsistent personage is evidently meant to be a typical, wide-awake Yankee. Although not so uniformly representative of New England as Hosea Biglow, in many respects Mr. Slick corresponds to his type. He is full of shifts and dodges. He devises an effective lure to get a passenger on a steamer to leave a comfortable seat, and when the latter reclaims his chair he feigns ignorance of the English language. He has a fast horse in Boston, which will not cross a bridge because it has once fallen through one. He manages to sell it at a high figure, — advertising, with literal truth, that he would not sell it at all if he did not want to leave Boston. When there is a duty of thirty per cent on lead, and no duty on works of art, he makes a large profit by investing in leaden busts of Washington, and melting the Father of his Country after he has passed the custom house. Sam Slick loves to "best" anybody in a "trade," — particularly when the other party thinks himself knowing. To take in another smart "Down-Easter" is an intense joy

to him: he compares it to coaxing a sly fish to take the bait. He wants to turn everything to practical use: at Niagara, he is struck first by the water-power, and secondly by the grandeur of the falls. If he flatters and "soft-sawders" everlastingly, he cringes to no man. If he sometimes abuses his country himself, he never lets others do so with impunity. He is especially hard upon tourists in search of facts to verify their prejudices against America, and he loves to "bam" them by shocking tales of "gouging-schools" and "black stoles," — garments made of "nigger-hide," and used to punish refractory slaves, who are "etarnally skeered" at being dressed in dead men's skins, and can be heard screeching a mile away. Self-conceited, Mr. Slick is too sublimely so to be conscious of the failing. He boasts, of course, but sometimes with a peculiar object. "Braggin' *saves advertisin'*," he remarks; "it makes people talk and think of you, and incidentally of your wares. I always do it, for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, 'what 's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice?'" Mr. Slick is a cyclopædia of slang, and his sayings are widely quoted, to illustrate colloquialisms, all through Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms.

But in some of his characteristics Sam Slick is far from being a typical New Englander. He satirizes both abolitionists and prohibitionists. He believes that women require "the identical same treatment as horses." He has an extreme contempt for mock modesty or squeamishness, from which New Englanders, in his time, were not supposed to be specially exempt. He repeatedly casts ridicule upon it. He has little appreciation for Puritanism. "Puritans," he observes in Nature and Human Nature, "whether in or out of church, make more sinners than they save, by a long chalk. They ain't content with real sin. . . . Their eyes are like the great magnifier at the Polytechnic, that shows you awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope."

To believe that any human being, much less one who starts life under considerable disadvantages, could know all that Mr. Slick says he knows would tax one's credulity overmuch. He is equally at home in the politics of England, Canada, and the United States. He paints, he plays the piano and the bugle, he dances, he is skilled in woodcraft and angling, he rows and paddles neatly, he shoots like Leather-Stocking or Dr. Carver. He can speculate in all lines with equal success. He has a fair smattering of medicine and chemistry. He offers a hawker of patent cement a much better receipt, of his own invention. He has been in almost every country, including Poland, South America, and Persia. In the latter country he has learned the art of stupefying fishes and making them float on the surface. He dyes a drunken hypocrite's face with a dye which he got from Indians in "the great lone land;" and when the hypocrite repents he has a wash ready to efface the stain. "I actilly larned French in a voyage to Calcutta," he says, "and German on my way home." He knows a little Gaelic, too, which he has learned from a pretty girl, on a new and agreeable system.

At Rome, in Juvenal's time, it was the "hungry Greek," in Johnson's London it was the "fasting monsieur," who knew all the sciences; and let it be granted that the typical Jack-of-all-trades in this century and on this continent is the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee. Yet Sam Slick beats the record of his shifty countrymen. He has been wherever a lively reminiscence can be located, and he is endowed with any art or attainment which comes in handy "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to snub a snob or help a friend. He understands every phase of human nature, male and female,

black, white, and red, high and low, rich and poor. He is equally familiar with every social stratum. In Nature and Human Nature he minutely describes two picnics. At one the belles are Indian half-breeds; at the other they are fashionable Halifax young ladies. If the ex-clockmaker has obtained the *entrée* into the illogically exclusive society of Halifax, it is the first time that talent, unaided by modish manners or a scarlet uniform, has ever succeeded in doing so.

As an historian, Haliburton's style is generally clear and classical, although it has not the uniform polish of a master of style, and sometimes deviates into ponderosity. His reflections are mostly shrewd and philosophical, if sometimes biased by his strong conservatism and love for British institutions. All through his Bubbles of Canada he shows his fondness for the British connection, and points out the dangers that have threatened it in the past, and may threaten it in the future. In his Rule and Misrule of the English in America he labors to prove, and claims to have proved, "that American democracy does not owe its origin to the Revolution and to the great statesmen that formed the federal Constitution; but that . . . a republic *de facto* was founded at Boston in 1630, which subsisted in full force and vigor for more than half a century." He was not very painstaking or exhaustive in his researches. Most of his studies for the first of his books, An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia (Halifax, 1829), were made vicariously. His hasty statement that all records in Halifax relating to the expulsion of the Acadians were "carefully concealed" has been amply disproved by the finding of many such records without difficulty by the late Dr. T. B. Akins, while arranging the provincial archives, and by the latter's admirably chosen Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia, published in 1869. The judge himself does not seem to have thought very highly of his Nova Scotian history, some years after its publication. A character in The Clockmaker describes it as being, "next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cuttyhunk in five volumes, the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen."

Haliburton cut a still more disappointing figure than Macaulay in the British Parliament, where he represented Launceston from 1859 until within a few months of his death, in 1865; and his comparative failure in the House has most unfairly injured his reputation as a man of talent. Though he had made some impressive set speeches in the Nova Scotian Assembly, little, if any, of his fame had rested upon his oratory. Besides, when he entered the House of Commons, he was more than sixty-two years old, — an age at which most celebrities, having regard to their reputation only, would be wise to rest upon their laurels. And Haliburton had been too self-indulgent a liver to be exceptionally vigorous in mind or body at the beginning of his old age. His habitual proneness to wander from his subject had perceptibly increased. Commenting on a speech of his on the 5th of April, 1861, Bernal Osborne, "the wit of the House," observed that he had "touched upon nearly every topic except the issue which is immediately under our consideration. The honorable and learned gentleman," continued Mr. Osborne, "is a man famous for his literary ability, and as the author of works of fiction which are universally read; but I must say that, after the exhibition which he has made to-night, he had, in my opinion, better undertake another edition of The Rambler." It is quite likely that, at this time, Haliburton's success had made him so self-complacent that he thought it needless to give much care or study to his speeches. Only a few months before his election, he had made a gentleman in The Season Ticket speak of "such

men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens."

The mottoes of his Wise Saws and Nature and Human Nature avow that the author's study was mankind; that his subjects, like Juvenal's, were human joys, griefs, powers, passions, and pursuits. And in spite of the careless inconsistencies in Sam Slick, Haliburton was an apt student and sound judge of character. His knowledge of human nature is displayed in many of his aphorisms, and the sententious remarks, such as the following, which are made by several of his personages: "No man nor woman can be a general favorite and be true." "Nothing improves a man's manners like running an election." "There is a private spring to every one's affections." "A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy: the smile that accepts the lover before words are spoken, and the smile that alights on the first-born baby and assures it of a mother's love."

For a man who began life as a provincial lawyer and politician, Haliburton's horizon was remarkably, almost phenomenally wide. He intuitively recognized the tendencies of the age, noted all the currents of public opinion, and gauged their volume and force with approximate exactness. Indeed, the time may come when his fame as a political and ethical thinker, and forecaster of events and movements, may exceed his fame as a humorist.

He foretold the confederation of the British North American provinces, the building of a trans-continental railroad on Canadian soil, and the rise of a great metropolis at Vancouver, where "the enterprise, science, and energy of the West will require and command the labor of the East." His suggestion for a ship-way across the isthmus connecting New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is now being carried out. He foresaw that there would be a civil war in the United States on the question of States' rights. "General government and state government," Mr. Slick had observed, "every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genu-ine set-to."

Haliburton fretted under the cramping influence of belonging to an unrepresented dependency of the British Empire. He has compared the colonies to ponds which rear frogs, but want only outlets and inlets to become lakes and produce fine fish. He observed that the stanzas of Gray's Elegy beginning, "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid," might be aptly inscribed over the gate of any colonial cemetery; for to those who rested there, as completely as to the peasants who slept in the churchyard at Stoke Poges, "their lot forbade" either to "sway the rod of empire," or to "read their history in a *nation's* eyes."

It is a curious coincidence that his ablest depreciator, Professor Felton, of Harvard College, shared Haliburton's views on this subject. In his review of The Attaché, in the North American Review for January, 1844, Felton attributed what he terms "the antiquated political absurdities" of the judge to "the belittling effects of the colonial system on the intellects of colonists. A full and complete national existence," added the Harvard professor, "is requisite to the formation of a manly, intellectual character. What great work of literature or art has the colonial mind ever produced? What free, creative action of genius can take place under the withering sense of inferiority that a distant dependency of a great empire can never escape from? Any consciousness of nationality, however humble the nation may be, is preferable to the second-hand nationality of a colony of the mightiest empire that ever flourished. The intense national pride which acts so forcibly in the United States is something vastly better than the intellectual paralysis that deadens the energies of men in the British North American provinces."

To give Canadians full national life, with its wider horizon and more stimulating intellectual environment, Haliburton proposed an imperial federation, in which his country should be a full partner. The words "colonies" and "dependencies," he urged, should be disused; all the "British possessions" should be "integral parts of one great whole." He thought the time was already at hand when "the treatment of adults should supersede that of children," in the case of colonies possessing responsible government. But he was not of those who want to obtain all the privileges of manhood, and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities. He did not clamor for the right to make treaties and have them enforced by the imperial services without offering something in return. He did not desire representation without taxation, as some parasitic colonists do to-day. He wanted to see Britons and colonists "united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government." Professor Drummond has strikingly described the deterioration of the hermit crab resulting from its habitually evading the natural responsibility of self-defense. Haliburton evidently feared an analogous fate for a nation permanently evading the same responsibility; and he tried sarcasm as well as argument to rouse his countrymen from their ignoble content. "Don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," said the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, etc., and never strut under borrowed plumes."

But Haliburton advocated imperial federation not only to improve the status of the colonies, but also to strengthen the empire, which, in its present state, he aptly likened to a barrel without hoops, and to a bundle of sticks, which must either be bound together more securely or else fall apart. He was a little too sanguine in expecting an early change. "Things *can't and won't remain long as they are*," said Mr. Slick in Nature and Human Nature, which was published in 1855. "England has three things among which to choose for her North American colonies: First, incorporation with herself, and representation in Parliament. Secondly, independence. Thirdly, annexation with the States." There are, however, some quiet observers in England, and one or two even in Canada, who hold that the prophecy hazarded by Senator Sherman in 1887, that within ten years Canada would be represented at Westminster or Washington, may yet prove true; but that the longer she defers choosing her path, the more likely she is to decide upon independence.

Having so forcibly pleaded for imperial federation long before the modern movement was either named or started, Judge Haliburton has been erroneously credited with the fatherhood of the idea. A Canadian journalist, named David Chisholme, had published a book in 1832 on the Rights of British Colonists to Representation in the British Parliament. "We desire," he said, "to be put on the same footing with the other members of the family. . . . Being now of mature age, we desire that our leading-strings may be cut away from us." Even before the steam-engine or electric telegraph existed, Governor Thomas Pownall had proposed making of Great Britain and her dependencies "a grand marine dominion . . . united into a one empire, in a one centre, where the seat of government is." Twelve years before the American Revolution, Pownall had argued, in his thoughtful work on the Administration of the Colonies, that "the scheme of giving representatives to the colonies annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the unnatural artificial state

of being considered as external provinces; and they can become rivals only by continuing to increase in their separate state." During the Revolutionary War, and therefore a little too late, the great thinker, Adam Smith, suggested offering representation with taxation to each State detaching itself from the confederacy. He even contemplated the ultimate removal of the empire's capital to America. "In the course of a little more than a century," he observed, "perhaps the produce of American might exceed that of the British taxation. The seat of empire would then naturally remove itself to that part of the empire which contributed most to the general defense and support of the whole." The germ of the idea of imperial federation may be traced as far back as Francis Bacon. His letter to King James, On the True Greatness of the Kingdom of Britain, recognized the cardinal principle that the stability of a vast empire requires a reciprocity of rights, benefits, and obligations among its parts. The last of his four conditions under which alone "greatness of territory addeth strength" is "that no part or province of the state be utterly unprofitable, but do confer some use or service to the state." And, comparing an empire to a tree, Bacon observed that, "if the top be overgreat and the stalk too slender, there can be no strength. . . . Therefore we see that when the state of Rome grew great they were enforced to naturalize the Latins or Italians, because the Roman *stem* could not bear the provinces and Italy both *as branches;* and the like they were content after to do to most of the Gauls."

If Haliburton hoped to see the British Empire federated, and made what Professor James K. Hosmer gracefully calls "a great world-Venice, through which indeed the seas shall flow, — to unite, however, not to divide," — he anticipated Professor Hosmer's belief that this federation would probably lead to a greater fraternity between the two great English-speaking powers. He did not fear, like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, that imperial federation would arouse an implacable jealousy in the United States, but rather trusted that the increasing grandeur of both powers might enlarge their mutual respect and the pride of each in their common race. Indeed, Haliburton's imagination had conceived the very grandest of all the schemes propounded for the welfare and civilization of mankind, — an Anglo-American union or alliance, "dominating the world, and dictating peace to the too heavily armed nations." "Now we are two great nations," observed Sam Slick in Wise Saws, "the greatest by a long chalk of any in the world, — speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies, and millions. Single, we could n't stand against all; and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that helps to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on."

This warm utterance of Mr. Slick is a conclusive answer to Professor Felton's charge that Haliburton had conceived "the ingenuous purpose of exciting ill will between the two countries." The professor based this hasty accusation merely upon a little bit of satire upon Mr. Everett (in the person of Abednego Layman, in The Attaché), and upon an allusion to "American bad faith in the business of the Boundary question." It is strange that he should have thought this phrase a proof of the

author's dishonesty; for Haliburton was doubtless alluding to the silence of the United States plenipotentiary as to the existence of the "red-line map," — a silence possibly justifiable by the diplomatic code of morality, but concerning which there have always been two opinions. These are the words used by Mr. Webster, in his own justification, at a meeting of the New York Historical Society: "I must confess that I did not deem it a very urgent duty on my part to go to Lord Ashburton and tell him that I had found a bit of doubtful evidence in Paris, out of which he might perhaps make something to the prejudice of our claims."

The truth is that, though Haliburton sometimes satirized Americans as freely as he satirized his countrymen, he frequently and warmly referred to their good qualities; and it was principally by the notable example of New England energy and enterprise that he strove to reform Nova Scotians. For the Constitution of the United States he had the greatest admiration. "Nothing," he said of it in his Rule and Misrule of the English in America, "by any possibility could be devised more suited to the situation, feelings, wants, habits, and preconceived ideas of the people. It has conferred happiness and safety on many millions. *Esto perpetuo.*"

F. Blake Crofton.

THE AMERICAN PESSIMIST.

Pessimism is a philosophy greatly in repute just now. Schopenhauer and Hartmann are in the mouths of many people who have not read their works at all, and of some who have read them with very little understanding. Many people who call themselves pessimists, however, hardly go the full length, or are conscious what they are proclaiming. To believe deliberately that the whole universe exists for nothing but evil, misery, and suffering; that there is a power, or an unconscious force, which finds a pleasure, or follows a natural tendency, in the mere causing of destruction, is to believe something very contrary to the natural inclinations of humanity. For this is more, far more, than simple materialism; more than the mere belief that nature is a vast, inexorable machine, indifferent to the welfare of the sentient world. Materialism is consistent with a philosophy of great calmness and resignation, if not of joy. But to be a pessimist philosophically is to feel one's self in fierce and deadly antagonism with the universe, to hate with redoubled hatred all that is manifestly pernicious, and to see in all that is apparently alluring nothing but the hollow magic of a snare.

Nor is it easy to think that pessimism has ever been a prevalent system of philosophy, or indeed, until to-day, an elaborated system of philosophy at all, at least among Western peoples, and outside of some vast and shadowy dream-vision of Asia. A theory so enervating could not have flourished among the pushing and practical races of Europe: it is too inconsistent with all action, too blighting to force and vitality of will. But pessimism as a mood, not as a system, is as old as the world, and as lasting as the thinking animal itself. We are all optimists and pessimists by turns. We all have our after-dinner moods, when life is suffused with a glow of rose. We all have our moments of dejection and despair, caused perhaps at times by some great grief, but full as often the result of a little over-fatigue, a jarring of the nerves, an indigestion, and we become

temporarily as black pessimists as Leopardi.

Yes, it is coeval with the birth of thought itself, the wild and sobbing shriek of overburdened grief, the cold sigh of indifference and *ennui*. We hear it in Job with a burst of passion: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." We hear it in the terrible verdict of Ecclesiastes: "For who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow? for who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?" Lucretius overflows with it: —

"Surgit amari aliquid medio de fonte leporum."

Nor is this tone less familiar to the Christian than to the antique mind. Religious writers often dwell on the misery of this world to bring out the attractions of the next, but the misery of this seems the prominent feature.

Nor is the cry of agony confined to dark and melancholy souls. It is more frequent with them, but the great master spirits of the world give way at times. Even Shakespeare, bright magician, skilled in loveliness and charm, had his moments of despair, — moments unknown to us except for the sonnets: —

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

Even Emerson, most optimistic of men, has touches here and there, if one looks for them, of vast discouragement.

When the warm autumn evenings settle down, who can resist this mood; or in the first days of bursting spring, when the world is flooded, drenched, with vitality, and one asks one's self in terror, almost, For what is it all, for what, for what? — so resistless is the flow and tide of nature, so aimless and incomprehensible, so vast. The frail intelligence of man seems diluted in this wider element of semi-nothingness, of unprecipitated being. Again, on some clear October or January morning, it is as if the will of the universe were concentrated in the muscles of one's own right arm. Strange, uncontrollable shifting of our moods and purposes!

But there is a pessimism which is a matter neither of mood nor of theory, but of temperament. Most men are born with a moderate view, taking things as they come, but some with a natural tendency to see the world all white or all black. Who does not know the constitutional optimist, who is always well, always has been well, or always is going to be well; who is pleased with the present, satisfied with the past, full of gorgeous hope for the future; for whom it never rains, or shines, or blows, except for the benefit of some one; who sees what he calls the good side in all events, in all people; who makes one wish, sometimes, that some misfortune would befall him signal enough to make him "curse God and die"? Who does not know the constitutional pessimist, to whom the opposite of this description applies; who may not have intelligence or knowledge enough to accept the theories of Schopenhauer and Leopardi, but who carries them out in practice? Every inauspicious glance of Nature is especially for him. The dust flies for him, the frost bites for him, the whole planetary system revolves with the sole end of frustrating his purposes. One wearies, at times, of the optimist, but, except for those who are obliged to tolerate him, a prolonged cohabitation with such a pessimist becomes simply intolerable.

This is but a crude form of constitutional pessimism, however, — a form of indigestion, perhaps I should rather say, peculiarly attendant on the combination of a vigorous temperament with a lack of occupation. There is another manifestation of the tendency, infinitely finer and more subtle, — the only one, as I think, really worthy of the name. This species of pessimism is found, I sup-

pose, all over the world; most intellectual maladies are, though this may never have been so highly developed as in our nineteenth century. But it has especially come under my observation here in our own America; and it is as it exists here that I wish to describe it. Not that it is very common. Many of my readers will say they do not know such a person as I am portraying; but some will be able to lay their fingers on one instantly. The disease, too, is important, not from its quantity, but from its quality; it attacks some of the very clearest and richest and subtlest minds among us.

This pessimism is wholly different from the crude discontent and lack of harmony with surroundings that I have referred to above. Such a man as we are speaking of has too much philosophy, if I may call it so, too much pride, too large a view, to set himself in a pitiful and petty antagonism with the ample and eternal forces which go to make up what we call Nature. He has a suave indifference to small discomforts that at times leads superficial people to confound him with the optimist; for he has few of those turbulent and fleeting bursts of temper which overcome the serenest of us. He faces great misfortunes and even small annoyances with the same inexplicable, unalterable smile, — a smile more fitted to move the looker-on to tears than to any outbreak of accordant mirth.

No, the modern pessimist, the true, incurable pessimist, is not, perhaps, a pessimist at all. He does not rail, or curse God, or despise man. If his state of mind can be described, it is by saying that he has thought, not himself, but everything besides himself, into a shadow. He is a man who has embarked on the wide sea of intellectual discovery, and has found that for him it is a barren sea, blank, desolate, — a sea shoreless, where the traveler voyages on aimlessly forever in a misty void. He is a man for whom the fevered, passionate whirl of life, so fierce, so intense, so real, to other men, is but a disordered dream, — a dream of which no one knows the beginning, and no one can prophesy the end. He is a man to whom the present is a reality only in comparison with the utter darkness of the future and the past, — a man to whom faith and hope are shadows, and charity is the emptiest and vainest of superstructures, from which all foundation has been eaten away.

But, some one says, this is not pessimism. You are misusing the word, and disguising in flowery rhetoric something which should go by another name. But no other name will quite cover what I mean. Practical Epicureanism is a philosophy very popular among us, as indeed it has been popular at all times and everywhere, though not always so openly proclaimed and without veil as it is to-day. The practical Epicurean is quite as much without belief as the pessimist I speak of; he is quite as free from prejudices as to morals or religion, quite as ready to disclaim adherence to inherited ideas. But he simply flings all these things aside. From his want of belief, when he reasons at all, he draws a solid and comfortable conclusion: Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. That conclusion is the basis, conscious or unconscious, of a vast deal of American life to-day, modified only by the fact that the American has not yet really learned how to enjoy himself, and seeks distraction in endless and feverish mental excitement rather than in the subtle and judiciously husbanded pleasures of the senses.

Now, the life of our pessimist is as far from this as possible. It is true that he has lost all faith, if he ever had any. He has long ago recognized that the intellect is a will-o'-the-wisp, kindling its fitful gleam, now here, now there, in the vast plashy meadow of perceptive existence, but leading to no sure and solid foothold, drawing the weary wanderer only deeper and deeper in the mire. Yet, knowing this, he cannot resist the

fatal charm. He has tasted the alluring sweets of abstract reverie, and he can never give them up. Once caught in the toil of that enchantress, there is no escape, — she, the true Circe, who, instead of enslaving men to the joys of sense, turns those joys themselves into the shadow of a shade. Yes, even if the pessimist would shut up the cavern of his mind and strew it over with the roses and the charm of life, he cannot. Still, still he is haunted with the consciousness of the drear abyss beneath. It is true to him, too true, that to-morrow we die, and, in the face of that fact, how can he eat, drink, and be merry?

But am I not describing an agnostic? To a certain extent, yes. The pessimist, in this sense, does deny the possibility of real knowledge, cognition of the Absolute, as does the agnostic. Yet no! He does not deny or assert anything. He himself knows nothing about the Absolute, but others may. After all, the agnostic belongs to a sect, a dogmatic sect, a sect ready for the most part to decry what it calls the superstitions of other people. Now, to our pessimist, dogmatism is, of all things, hateful. Just because he believes nothing, he is alive to the possibility of believing anything or everything. The most monstrous superstition, except as it involves intolerance and cruelty, is to him as worthy of respect as the refined abstractions of the Hegelian. As faiths, they mean to him nothing; as phenomena of the human intelligence, they are alike curious objects for the ceaseless play of thought.

It is true that we might fall back on the term "skeptic." But that, also, implies a system, bears with it some inference of Pyrrhonism, and a hardened determination to question everything whatever. So natural are theory and a creed to humanity that it erects even its profoundest doubt into a dogma.

Therefore, until something better is suggested, we still must call the subject of our examination a pessimist. He is not a shrieking fanatic, like Leopardi or Schopenhauer, who parades his own despair in the eyes of an unsympathetic world. Such demonstrations seem to him crude and unwarrantable. The deepest mystery of things is too august to be hailed with such abuse as a fretful child showers upon its nurse. But his pessimism is rather an indefinable shade of gray which pervades his whole view of life, — silent, uncomplaining, but profoundly hopeless.

It is here that the peculiarity of the American type must be taken into account. Men such as I have been describing are to be found all over Europe, all over the civilized world. In France they are very numerous, and the great French literature of to-day is largely built up by them. Indeed, the tradition of the race began long ago in France, in more or less disguised forms; clad in gorgeous rhetoric in Châteaubriand, touched with fevered passion in Sénancour, nursed to his own destruction by Maurice de Guérin. It is the ground tone of the great French realistic novelists, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, the De Goncourts, Zola, the half-French Turgeneff; and, in the younger generation, of such men as Paul Bourget and Guy de Maupassant. But there is an immense distinction between these men and their American fellow. He is as profoundly and completely skeptical as they are; but, owing to a difference of race, or, it may be, to the traditions of Puritanism that still linger in his blood, he is less brutal than they, — is, in fact, as far as possible from brutality. From their complete disbelief in all moral law, they deduce a profound viciousness and uncleanness of tone and habit, not from any great pleasure in the enjoyments of the senses, but simply from hatred of the conventional, the *bourgeois*. To him such licentiousness is wholly repulsive, it offends his taste; he lives and thinks as purely as a fanatic.

Yes, he has inherited many things from his Puritan ancestors, this child of the nineteenth century, whom they would spurn and scorn more even than the fiercest heretic or the most godless debauchee. Their glowing love of a saintly ideal still lingers in his veins, possesses him at times with a wild desire for the beauty of holiness, making the void only blacker and bleaker when it fades away. He has inherited from them a fastidious scrupulosity of conscience, which haunts him in minute details, even when conscience itself has become to him an idle illusion. Vices he has none. Faults he may have, arising from indifference and lack of enthusiasm; but the more passive virtues, gentleness, tenderness, mildness, infinite toleration, — no one has them more than he. These things make him beloved in spite of the chill which he casts over everything, for he is ready to listen to other people's joys and woes, and not burden them with his own. Indeed, simply to meet him and talk with him, you would never become aware of the profound darkness at the bottom of his heart. You would think him ready to agree with your own Methodism, or Episcopalianism, or what not. Only rarely, if you are unusually penetrating, there would be a glance that would put you on your guard.

Is he then hypocritical, inconsistent? Inconsistent, yes. I have heard a Philistine described as one "who lives from convention, not from conviction." If the definition is accurate, our pessimist is a thorough Philistine; for he abhors convictions, and has none of any kind whatever. Yet the poor man must live.

And he does live. If you ask him, he will probably say that life brings him, on the whole, more misery than happiness, by far. Yet he lives, either because he is mistaken, or because the tremendous unreasoning instinct that makes us cry out for life — life, good or bad — predominates over him as over the rest of us. He lives, often, to a gray old age, and sees his children around him. There are bright spots, too, even for him, sunny nooks in an autumn day, where he can fly the cold north and dream that there is something that is not a dream; something stable, worth grasping, worth loving; something that will not fade away. But, for the rest, he bears his lot as he can, without murmur or complaint; looking on at the vast and varied banquet of the world, from which he alone goes away unsatisfied; gazing, an idle and yet not an uninterested spectator, at the curious and futile show which the vagaries of language and the traditions of our ancestors have taught us to call life.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

DOUBTS ABOUT UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

During the past year a step has been taken in American education which already excites the interest and hopes of us all. England has been our teacher, — England and a persuasive apostle from that country. A few years ago the English universities became discontented with their isolation. For generations they had been devoting themselves to a single class in the community, and that, too, a class which needed least to be brought to intelligence and power. The mass of the nation, those by whom its labor and commerce were conducted, had little access to Oxford and Cambridge. Poverty first, then social distinctions, and, until recent days, sectarian haughtiness barred them out. Their exclusion reacted on the training of the universities themselves. Conservatism

flourished. The worth of an intellectual interest was rated rather by its traditional character than by its closeness to life. The sciences, latter-day things, were pursued hardly at all. The modern literatures, English included, had no place. Plato and Aristotle furnished most of the philosophy. While the rest of the world was deriving from Germany methods of study, from France methods of exposition, and from America methods of treating all men alike as rational, English scholarship, based on no gymnasia, lycées, or high schools, went its way, little regarding the life of its nation or that of the world at large.

But there has come a change. During the last twenty-five years Professor Stuart and others have been endeavoring to go out and find the common man, and, in connection with him, to develop those subjects which before, according to university tradition, were looked at somewhat askance. English literature, political economy, modern history, have been put in the foreground of this popularized education. Far and wide throughout England, an enthusiastic band of young teachers, under the guidance of officers of the universities, have been giving instruction in these subjects to companies in which social grades are for the time forgotten. And since public libraries are rare in England, and among the poorer classes the reading habit is but slightly formed, an ambitious few among the hearers have prized their opportunities sufficiently to undertake a certain amount of study, and to hand in papers for the lecturer to inspect and to mark. In exceptional cases, as many as one third of the audience have thus written exercises and passed examinations. The great majority of those in attendance during the three months' term of course do nothing more than listen to the weekly lecture.

This is the very successful English movement which, for several years, has been exciting admiration the world over, and which it is now proposed to introduce into the United States. Rightly to estimate its worth, those aspects of it to which attention has just been directed should carefully be borne in mind. They are these: the movement is as much social as scholarly, and accompanies a general democratic upheaval of an aristocratic nation; it springs up in the neighborhood of universities, to which the common people do not resort, and in which those subjects which most concern the minds of modern men are little taught; in its country other facilities for enabling the average man to capture knowledge — public libraries, reading-clubs, illustrated magazines, free high schools — are not yet general; it flourishes in a small and compact land, where a multitude of populous towns are in such immediate neighborhood, and so connected by a network of railroads, that he who is busied in one place to-day can, with the slightest fatigue and expense, appear in five other towns during the remaining days of the week.

These conditions, and others as gravely distinctive, do not exist in America. From the first the American college has been organized by the people and for the people. It has been about as much resorted to by the poor as by the rich. Through a widely developed system of free public schools it has kept itself closely in touch with popular ideals. Its graduates go into commercial life as often as into medicine, the ministry, or the law. It has shown itself capable of expansion, too, in adjusting itself to the modern enlargement of knowledge. The rigid curriculum, which suited well enough the needs of our fathers, has been discarded, and every college, in proportion to the resources at its command, now offers elective studies, and seeks to meet the needs of differing men. To all who can afford four years (soon it may be three), and who are masters of about half as much capital as would support them during the same

time elsewhere, the four hundred colleges of our country offer an education far too good to be superseded, duplicated, or weakened. In these colleges excellent provision has been made, and has been made once for all, for everybody who has a little time and a little money to devote to systematic education of the higher sort.

But our educational scheme has one serious limitation, and during the last fifty years there have been many earnest efforts to surmount it. Not every man is free to seek a systematic training. Multitudes are tied to daily toil, and only in the evening can they consider their own enlargement. Many grow old before the craving for knowledge arises. Many also, with more or less profit, have attended a college, but are glad subsequently to supply those defects of education which the experiences of life relentlessly bring to view. To all these classes, caught in the whirl of affairs, the college does not minister. It is true that much that such people want they get from the public library, especially as our librarians of the modern type energetically accept their duties as facilitators of the public reading. Much is also obtainable from the cheap issues of the press, and from such endowed courses of higher instruction as those of the Lowell, Cooper, Brooklyn, Peabody, and Drexel institutes. But, after all, these supplementary aids, though valuable, are deficient in guiding power. Most persons, especially if novices, work best when under inspection. To learners teachers are generally important. There seems to be still a place in our well-supplied country for an organization which shall arouse a more general desire for knowledge; which shall stand ready to satisfy this desire more cheaply, with less interruption to daily occupation, and, consequently, in ways more fragmentary, than the colleges can; and yet one which shall not leave its pupils alone with books, but shall supply them with the impulse of the living word, and, through writing, discussion, and directed reading, shall economize and render effective the costly hours of learning. Unquestionably there is a field here which the colleges cannot till, — a field whose harvest would enrich us all. But can any other agency till it? To every experiment thus far it has yielded only meagre, brief, and expensive returns. A capital thing it would be to give to the busy that which normally requires time and attention; but how to do it is the question, — how to do it in reality, and not in mere outward seeming.

Chautauqua has not done it, impassioned though that rough and generous institution has been for wide and fragmentary culture. Its work, indeed, has had a different aim; and, amusing as that work often appears, it ought to be understood and acknowledged as of fundamental consequence in our hastily settled and heterogeneous land. Chautauqua sends its little books and papers into stagnant homes from Maine to California, and gives the silent occupants something to think about. Conversation springs up; and with it fresh interests, fresh hopes. A new tie is formed between young and old, as together they pursue the same studies, and in the same graduating class walk through the Golden Gate. Any man who loves knowledge and his native land must be glad at heart when he visits a summer assembly of Chautauqua: there listens to the Orator's Recognition Address; attends the swiftly successive Round Tables upon Milton, Temperance, Geology, the American Constitution, the Relations of Science and Religion, and the Doctrine of Rent; perhaps assists at the Cooking School, the Prayer Meeting, the Concert, and the Gymnastic Drill; or wanders under the trees among the piazzaed cottages, and sees the Hall of Philosophy and the wooden Doric Temple shining on their little eminences; and, best of all, perceives in what throngs have gath-

ered here the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, — a throng themselves, their wives and daughters a throng — all heated in body, but none the less aglow for learning and a good time. The comic aspects of this mixture of science, fresh air, flirtation, Greek reminiscence, and devoutness are patent enough; but the way in which the multitude is being won to discard distrust of knowledge, and to think of it rather as the desirable goal for all, is not so generally remarked by scholarly observers. Yet that is the weighty fact. The actual product in education may not be large; enthusiasm and the memory may be more stimulated than the rational intelligence. But minds are set in motion; an intellectual world, beyond the domestic and personal, begins to appear; studious thought forms its fit friendship with piety, gladness, and the sense of a common humanity; a groundwork of civilization is prepared. To find a popular movement so composite and aspiring, we must go back to the mediæval Crusades or the Greek Mysteries. In these alone do we observe anything so ideal, so bizarre, so expressive of the combined intellectual and religious hopes of a people. In many Chautauqua homes pathetic sacrifices will be made in the next generation to send the boys and girls to a real college.

Now, in proposing to transport to this country English extension methods, the managers have had in mind nothing so elementarily important as Chautauqua. They have felt the pity we all feel for persons of good parts who, through poverty or occupation, are debarred from a college training. They seek to reach minds already somewhat prepared, and to such they undertake to supply solid instruction of the higher grades. It is this more ambitious design which calls for criticism. Mr. R. G. Moulton speaks of extension education as "distinguished from school education, being moulded to meet the wants of adults." And again, "So far as method is concerned, we have considered that we are bound to be not less thorough, but more thorough, if possible, than the universities themselves." If, in the general educational campaign, we liken Chautauqua to a guerrilla high school, university extension will be a guerrilla college. Both move with light armor, have roving commissions, attack individuals, and themselves appear in the garb of ordinary life; but they are equipped for a service in which the more cumbrous organizations of school and college have thus far proved ineffective. It is a fortunate circumstance that, with fields of operation so distinct, no jealousy can exist between the two bands of volunteers, or between them both and the regular army. The success of either would increase the success of the other two. To Chautauqua we are all indebted for lessening the popular suspicion of expert knowledge; and if the plans of the extension committee could be carried out, college methods would have a vogue, and a consequent respect, which they have never yet enjoyed.

Every one, accordingly, civilian or professional, wishes the movement well, and recognizes that the work it proposes to do in our country is not at present performed. Its aims are excellent. Are they also practicable? We cannot with certainty say that they are not, but it is here that doubts arise, — doubts of three sorts: those which suspect a fundamental difference in the two countries which try the experiment; those which are incredulous about the permanent response which our people will make to the education offered; and those which question the possibility of securing a stable body of extension teachers. The first set of these doubts has been briefly but sufficiently indicated at the beginning of this paper; the second may, with still greater brevity, be summed up here in the following connected series of inquiries: —

With the multitude of other opportunities for education which American

life affords, will any large body of men and women attend extension lectures? Will they attend after the novelty is worn off, — say during the third year? Will they do anything more than attend? Will they follow courses of study, write essays, and pass examinations? Will the extension system, any better than its decayed predecessor, the old lyceum system, resist the demands of popular audiences, and keep itself from slipping out of serious instruction into lively and eloquent entertainment? If the lectures are kept true to their aim of furnishing solid instruction, can they in the long run be paid for? Will it be possible to find in our country clusters of half a dozen towns so grouped and so ready to subscribe to a course of lectures on each day of the week that out of the entire six a living salary can be obtained? Will the new teachers be obliged to confine themselves to the suburbs of large cities, abandoning the scattered dwellers in the country, that portion of our population which is almost the only one at present cut off from tolerable means of culture? If, in order to pursue these destitute ones, correspondence methods are employed, in addition to the already approved methods of lecture instruction, will lowering of the standard follow? In England three or four years of extension lectures are counted equivalent to one year of regular study, and a person who has attended extension courses for this time may be admitted, without further examination, to the second year of university residence. Will anything of the sort be generally attempted here?

These grave questions are as yet insusceptible of answer. Affirmative, desirable answers do not seem probable; but experience alone can make the matter plain. Of course the managers are watchfully bearing such questions in mind, and critical watchfulness may greatly aid the better answer, and hinder the less desirable. Accordingly, anything like a discussion of this class of practical doubts would be inappropriate here. Data for the formation of a confident opinion do not exist. All that can be done by way of warning is to indicate certain large improbabilities, leaving them to be confirmed or thwarted by time and human ingenuity.

But with the third class of doubts the case is different. These relate to the constitution of the staff of teachers, and here sufficient facts are at hand to permit a few points to be demonstrated with considerable certainty. When, for example, we ask from what source teachers are to be drawn, we are usually told that they must come from college faculties. If the method of the extension lecturer is to be as thorough as that of the universities themselves, the lecturers must be experts, not amateurs; and where, except at the colleges, does a body of experts exist? No doubt many well-trained men are scattered throughout the community as merchants, doctors, school-teachers, and lawyers. But these men, when of proved power, have more than they properly can attend to in their own affairs. It seems to be the colleges, therefore, to which the new movement must look for its teachers; and in the experiments thus far made in this country the extension lecturing has been done for the most part by college officers. A professor of history, political economy, or literature has, in addition to his college teaching, also given a course of instruction elsewhere. This feature of the American system, one may say with confidence, must prove a constant damage to the work of the colleges, and, if persisted in, must ultimately destroy the extension scheme itself.

In England the extension teachers are not university teachers. To have no independent staff for extension work is a novelty of the American undertaking. The very name, university extension, besides being barbaric, is, in its English employment, largely misleading; since neither the agencies for extending, nor

indeed, for the most part, the studies extended, are found at the universities at all. A small syndicate or committee, appointed from among the university officers, is the only share the university has in the business. The impression, so general in this country, that English university teachers are roaming about the island, lecturing to mixed audiences, is an entire error. The university teachers stay at home, and send other people — their own graduates, chiefly — to instruct the multitude. A committee of them decides on the qualifications for the work of such persons as care to devote themselves to itinerant teaching as a profession. For those so selected they arrange times, places, and subjects; but they themselves do not move from their own lecture rooms. Nor is there occasion for their doing so. In the slender development of popular education in England, many more persons of the upper classes become trained as specialists than can find places as university teachers. There thus arises a learned and leisured accumulation which capitally serves the country in case of a new educational need. On this accumulated stock of cultured men — men who otherwise could not easily bring their culture to market — the extension movement draws. These men are its teachers, — its permanent teachers, since there are not competing places striving to draw them away. In the two countries the educational situation is exactly reversed: in England there are more trained men than positions; in America, more positions than trained men. It seems probable, too, that this condition of things will continue long, so far as we are concerned; at least there is no present prospect of our reaching a limit in the demand for competent men. Whenever a college has a chair to fill, it is necessary to hunt far and wide for a suitable person to fill it. The demand is not from the old places alone. Almost every year a new college is founded. Every year the old ones grow. In twenty-five years Harvard has quadrupled its staff. Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Yale, the University of Michigan, the University of Pennsylvania, — indeed, almost every strong college in the country, — shows an immense advance. A Western State is no sooner settled than it establishes a state university, and each of the sects starts from one to three colleges besides. No such perpetual expansion goes on in England. The number of learned positions there is measurably fixed. If more experts than can fill them, or than care to enter political life, the liberal professions, and the civil service, are manufactured in the course of a year, the surplus stock is at the disposal of the extension syndicate. Many of these men, too, are persons of means, to whom a position of dignity is of more consequence than a large salary. The problem, accordingly, of organizing popular instruction out of such a body of waiting experts is a comparatively simple one; but it is not so simple here. In our country, any man who has a fair acquaintance with a special subject and moderate skill in imparting it, especially if he will be contented with a small salary, can be pretty sure of college appointment.

Naturally enough, therefore, the organizers of the extension movement, despairing of finding among us competent unattached teachers, have turned at once to the colleges; but the colleges are a very unsafe support to lean upon. A professor in a university where the studies are elective has no more superfluous time than a busy lawyer, or doctor, or business man. Merely to keep up with the literature of a subject, to say nothing of that research and writing which should enlarge its limits, is an enormous task. Teaching, too, is no longer an affair of textbooks and recitations. Leisurely days of routine ease belong to the past. A professor, nowadays, must prepare lectures incessantly; must per-

petually revise them; must arrange examinations; direct the reading of his students; receive their theses; himself read a large part of their voluminous written work; personally oversee his advanced men; gather them about him in laboratory, seminary, and conference; attend innumerable committee and faculty meetings; devise legislation for the further development of his college and department; correspond with schools and colleges where his students, after taking their higher degree, may suitably be placed; and if, at the end of a hard-worked day, he can find an hour's leisure, he must still keep his door open for students or fellow-officers to enter. So laborious have become the duties of a university teacher that few large staffs now go through a year without one or two of their members breaking down. With the growing complexity of work, it often seems as if the proper business of college officers, study and teaching, must some day cease altogether, crowded out by the multifarious tasks with which they are only indirectly connected. It is useless to say that these things are not necessary. Whoever neglects them will cease to make his college, his subject, and his influence grow. It is because professors now see that they cannot safely neglect them that the modern college differs fundamentally from its humdrum predecessor of a quarter of a century ago. Any movement which seeks to withdraw a professor's attention from these things, and induces him to put his soul elsewhere, inflicts on the community a serious damage. No amount of intellectual stimulus furnished to little companies here and there can atone for the loss that must fall on education when college teachers pledge themselves to do serious work in other places than in their own libraries and lecture rooms. To be an explorer and a guide in a department of human knowledge is an arduous profession. It admits no half-hearted service.

Of course, if the work demanded elsewhere is not serious, the case is different. Rather with benefit than with damage a college teacher may, on occasion, recast the instruction that was intended for professionals and offer it to a popular audience. In this way a professor makes himself known, and makes his college known. Many of the small colleges are now engaging in university extension as an inexpensive means of advertising themselves. But such lecturing is incidental, voluntary, and perpetually liable to interruption. Beyond the immediate series of lectures it cannot be depended on. There is nothing institutional about it. The men who undertake it are owned elsewhere, and a second mortgage is not usually a very valuable piece of property. A movement which places its reliance on the casual teaching of overworked men is condemned from the start. University extension can never pass beyond the stage of amateurism and temporary expedient until, like its English namesake, it has a permanent staff of instructors exclusively devoted to its service.

Where, then, is such a staff to be obtained? In view of the conditions of education in this country, already described, it is improbable that it can be obtained at all. But something may still be done, — something, however, of a more modest sort than enthusiasts at present have in mind. There issue from our great universities every year a number of men who have had two or three years' training beyond their bachelor's degree. Some of them have had a year or two of foreign study. They frequently wish to teach. Places do not immediately open to them. If the extension movement would set them to work, it might have all their time, at a moderate salary, for two or three years. Such men, it is true, would be inexperienced, and their connection with itinerant teaching could not be rendered lasting. As soon as one of them proved

his power as a teacher, some college would call him; and he would seldom prefer the nomadic and fragmentary life to an established one. Plainly, too, under the charge of such men, the grade of instruction could not be the highest; but it might be sound, inspiriting even, and it is in any case all that present circumstances render possible. We may mourn that those who are masters in their several provinces are already fully employed. We may wish there were a multitude of masters sitting about, ready for enlistment in a missionary undertaking. But there are no such masters. The facts are evident enough; and if the extension movement aims at a durable existence, it will respect these facts. The men it wants it cannot have without damaging them; and, damaging them, it damages the higher education of which they are the guardians. Teachers of a lower grade are at hand, ready to be experimented with. The few experiments already tried have been fairly successful. Let the extension leaders give up all thought of doing here what has been done in England. The principal part of that work is performed for us by other means. The wisest guidance, accordingly, may not lead the movement to any long success. If, however, university extension can keep itself clearly detached from other educational agencies and make a quiet offer of humble yet serviceable instruction, there is a fair prospect that, by somewhat slow degrees, a permanent new power may be added to the appliances for rendering busy Americans intelligent.

George Herbert Palmer.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

A ROARING, blustering beast of March,
Set free from out a cloud-hung arch
In pallid skies, as dim of dye
And cold as frosted violet's eye.

A lion March that shakes his mane
To fright those steeds of golden rein,
Whose charioteer drives on apace
With steady splendor, godlike grace.

For sand by sand, and hour by hour,
And day by day, Apollo's power
Repels the dark, encroaching night
With long and longer shafts of light.

The lion halts. His rolling eyes
Are fixed as with a spell's surprise;
For emerald grasses rock and rise
Beneath his feet like lullabies;
The soothing zephyrs charm his ear;
The Psyche butterflies appear
On restless wings aflame, and fain
To search for missing Love again;

The blossom-bells are swaying fine
To rhythms of some thought divine.

The lion in the path of Spring
Has couched, and low is listening
To melodies, like waterfalls,
Of choiring birds, whose crystal calls
Make herald's way before her feet
Who comes like Una, pure and sweet,
In bluish haze, — her lucent veil
And trailing garments virginal
Of green and white all blossom-wreathed, —
The fairest fancy heaven has breathed
Or earth has crowned. The lion dumb,
With desert vision, sees her come.

Beside him sweeps her fragrant gown;
Her hand is laid like thistle-down
Upon his head. Oh, wondrous sight!
His sulphurous mane to fleeces white
As those imparked in yonder blue,
New dipt in Flora's mountain dew,
Has changed; his eyes are mild and calm;
The lion stands confessed — a lamb.

Elizabeth Backus Mason.

A VILLAGE WATCH-TOWER.

It stood on the gentle slope of a hill, the old gray house, with its weather-beaten clapboards and its roof of ragged shingles. It was in the very lap of the road, so that the stage-driver could almost knock on the window pane without getting down from his seat, on those rare occasions when he brought "old Mis' Bascom" a parcel from Saco.

Humble and dilapidated as it was, it was almost beautiful in the springtime, when the dandelion-dotted turf grew close to the great stone steps, or in the summer, when the famous Bascom elm cast its graceful shadow over the front door. The elm, indeed, was the only object that ever did cast its shadow there. Lucinda Bascom said her "front door 'n' entry never hed ben used except for fun'rals, 'n' she was goin' to keep it nice for that purpose, 'n' not get it all tracked up."

She was sitting now where she had sat for thirty years. Her high-backed rocker, with its copperplate cushion and crocheted tidy, stood always by a southern window that looked out on the river. The river was a sheet of crystal, as it poured over the dam; a rushing, roaring torrent of foaming white, as it swept under the bridge and fought its way between the rocky cliffs below, sweeping, swirling, eddying, in its narrow channel, pulsing restlessly into the ragged fissures of its shores, and leaping with a tempestuous roar into the Indian Cellar, a deep wooded gorge cleft in the very heart of the granite bank.

But Lucinda Bascom could see more than the river from her favorite window. It was a much-traveled road, the road that ran past the house on its way from Liberty Village to Milliken's Mills. A tottering old signboard, on a verdant triangle of turf, directed you over Deacon Chute's hill to the "Flag Medder Road," and from thence to Liberty Centre; the little post office and store, where the stage stopped twice a day, was quite within eyeshot; so were the public watering-trough, Brigadier Hill, and, behind the ruins of an old mill, the wooded path that led to the Indian Cellar, a favorite walk for village lovers. This was all on her side of the river. As for the bridge which knit together the two tiny villages, nobody could pass over that without being seen from the Bascoms'. The rumble of wheels generally brought a family party to the window, — Jot Bascom's wife (she that was Diadema Dennett), Jot himself, if he were in the house, little Jot, and Grandpa Bascom, who looked at the passers-by with a vacant smile parting his thin lips. Old Mrs. Bascom herself did not need the rumble of wheels to tell her that a vehicle was coming, for she could see it fully ten minutes before it reached the bridge, — at the very moment it appeared at the crest of Saco Hill, where strangers pulled up their horses, on a clear day, and paused to look at Mount Washington, miles away in the distance. Tory Hill and Saco Hill met at the bridge, and just there, too, the river road began its shady course along the east side of the stream: in view of all which "old Mis' Bascom's settin'-room winder" might well be called the "Village Watch-Tower," when you consider further that she had moved only from her high-backed rocker to her bed, and from her bed to her rocker, for more than thirty years, — ever since that July day when her husband had had a sunstroke while painting the meeting-house steeple, and the baby Jonathan had been thereby hastened into a world not in the least ready to receive him.

She could not have lived without that window, she would have told you, nor without the river which had lulled her to sleep ever since she could remember. It was in the south chamber upstairs that she had been born. Her mother had lain there and listened to the swirl of the water, in that year when the river was higher than the oldest inhabitant had ever seen it, — the year when the covered bridge at the Mills had been carried away, and when the one at the Falls was in hourly danger of succumbing to the force of the freshet.

All the men in both villages were working on the river, strengthening the dam, bracing the bridge, and breaking the jams of logs; and with the parting of the boom, the snapping of the bridge timbers, the crashing of the logs against the rocks, and the shouts of the river-drivers, the little Lucinda had come into the world. Some one had gone for the father, and had found him on the river, where he had been since daybreak, drenched with the storm, blown from his dangerous footing time after time, but still battling with the great heaped-up masses of logs, wrenching them from each other's grasp, and sending them down the swollen stream.

Finally the jam broke, and a cheer of triumph burst from the excited men, as the logs, freed from their bondage, swept down the raging flood, on and ever on in joyous liberty, faster and faster, till they encountered some new obstacle, when they heaped themselves together again, like puppets of Fate, and were beaten by the waves into another helpless surrender.

When the jam broke, one dead monarch of the forest leaped into the air as if it had been shot from a cannon's mouth, and lodged between two jutting peaks of rock high on the river bank. Presently another log was dashed against it, but rolled off and hurried down the

stream; then another, and still another; but no force seemed enough to drive the giant from its intrenched position.

"Let it alone, Raish!" cried the men. "It 'll git washed off in the night!"

Then from the shore came a boy's voice calling, "There 's a baby up to your house!" And the men repeated in stentorian tones, "Baby up to your house, Raish! Baby up to your house!"

"Boy or girl?" shouted the young father.

"Girl!" came back the answer above the roar of the river.

Whereupon Raish Dunnell reached forward from the raft where he was standing and scratched a rude letter "L" with his pick upon the side of the stranded log.

"That 's for Lucindy," he laughed. "Now go 'long down to Saco to my wife's folks, you log, 'n' tell 'em the news."

There had not been such a freshet for years before, and there had never been one since; so, as the quiet seasons went by, "Lucindy's log" was left in peace, the columbines blooming all about it, the harebells hanging their heads of delicate blue among the rocks that held it in place, the birds building their nests in the knot-holes of its withered side.

Seventy years had passed, and on each birthday, so long as she was able to walk, Lucinda, even after she had become Lucinda Bascom, had wandered down by the river side, and gazed, a little superstitiously perhaps, on the log that had been marked with an "L" on the morning she was born. It had stood the wear and tear of the elements bravely, but now it was beginning, like Lucinda, to show age. Its back was bent, like hers; its face was seamed and wrinkled, like her own; and the village lovers who looked at it from the opposite bank wondered if, after all, it would hold out as long as "old Mis' Bascom."

She held out bravely, old Mrs. Bascom, though she was "all skin, bones, and tongue," as the neighbors said; for nobody went into the Bascoms' to brighten up Aunt Lucinda a bit, or take her the news; one went in to get a bit of brightness, and to hear the news.

"I should get lonesome, I s'pose," she was wont to say, "if it wa'n't for the way this house is set, and this chair, and this winder, 'n' all. Men folks used to build some o' the houses up in a lane, or turn 'em back or side to the road, so the women folks could n't see anythin' to keep their minds off their churnin' or dish-washin'; but Aaron Dunnell hed somethin' else to think about, 'n' that was himself, first, last, and all the time. His store was down to the bottom of the hill, 'n' when he come up to his meals he used to set where he could see the door; 'n' if any cust'mer come, he could call to 'em to wait a spell while he finished eatin'. Land! I can hear him now, yellin' to 'em, with his mouth full of victuals! They hed to wait till he got good 'n' ready, too. There wa'n't so much comp'tition in business then as there is now, or he 'd 'a' hed to give up eatin' or hire a clerk. . . . I 've always felt to be thankful that the house was on this rise o' ground. The teams hev to slow up on 'count o' the hill, 'n' it gives me consid'ble chance to see folks 'n' what they 've got in the back of the wagon, 'n' one thing 'n' other. . . . The neighbors is continually comin' in here to tell me things that 's goin' on in the village. I like to hear 'em talk, but land! they can't tell me nothin'! They often say, 'For massy sakes, Lucindy Bascom, how d' you know that?' 'Why,' says I to them, 'I don't ask no questions, 'n' folks don't tell me no lies; I just set in my winder 'n' put two 'n' two together, — that 's all I do.' I ain't never ben in a playhouse, but I don't suppose the play-actors git down off the platform on t' the main floor to explain to the folks what they 've ben doin', do they? I expect, if folks can't understand their draymas

when they 're actin' of 'em out, they have to go ignorant, don't they? Well, what do I want with explainin', when everythin' is acted out right in the road?"

There was quite a gathering of neighbors at the Bascoms' on this particular July afternoon. No invitations had been sent out, and none were needed. A common excitement had made it vital that people should drop in somewhere and speculate about certain interesting matters well known to be going on in the community, but going on in such an underhanded and secretive fashion that it well-nigh destroyed one's faith in human nature.

The sitting-room door was open into the entry, so that whatever breeze there was might come in, and an unusual glimpse of the new foreroom rug was afforded the spectators. Everything was as neat as wax, for Diadema was a housekeeper of the type fast passing away. The great coal stove was enveloped in its usual summer wrapper of purple calico, which, tied neatly about its ebony neck and portly waist, gave it the appearance of a buxom colored lady presiding over the assembly. The kerosene lamps stood in a row on the high, narrow mantelpiece, each chimney protected from the flies by a brown paper bag inverted over its head. Two plaster Samuels "praying" under pink mosquito netting adorned the ends of the shelf. There were screens at all the windows, and Diadema fidgeted nervously when a visitor came in the mosquito-netting door, for fear a fly should sneak in with her.

On the wall were certificates of membership in the Missionary Society; a picture of Maidens welcoming Washington in the Streets of Alexandria, in a frame of cucumber seeds; and an interesting document setting forth the claims of the Dunnell family as old settlers long before the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, — the fact being established by an obituary notice reading, "In Saco, December 1791, Dorcas, daughter of Abiathar Dunnell, two months old of Fits unbaptized."

"He may be going to marry her, and he may not," observed Almira Coffin; "though what she wants of Reuben Hobson is more 'n I can make out. I guess he 's ben lookin' around these six years, but could n't find anybody that was fool enough to give him encouragement."

"Mebbe she wants to get married," said Hannah Sophia Palmer, in a tone that spoke volumes for her opinion of the married state. "When Parson Perkins come to this parish, one of his first calls was on Eunice Emery. 'Have you got your weddin' garment on, Miss Emery?' says he. 'No,' says she, 'but I 've ben tryin' to these twenty years.' She was always full of her jokes, Eunice was!"

"The Emerys was always a humorous family," remarked Diadema, as she annihilated a fly with a newspaper. "Old Silas Emery was an awful humorous man. He used to live up on the island; and there come a freshet one year, and he said he got his sofy 'n' chairs off, anyhow! That was just his jokin'. He had n't a sign of a sofy in the house; 't was his wife Sophy he meant, she that was Sophy Swett. Then another time, when I was a little mite of a thing runnin' in 'n' out o' his yard, he caught holt o' me, and says he, 'You 'd better take care, sissy; when I kill you and two more, thet 'll be three children I 've killed!' Land! you could n't drag me inside that yard for years afterwards. . . . There! she 's got a fire in the cookstove; there 's a stream o' smoke comin' out o' the kitchen chimbley. I 'm willin' to bet my new rug she 's goin' to be married to-night!"

"Mebbe she 's makin' jelly," suggested Hannah Sophia.

"Jelly!" ejaculated old Mrs. Bascom scornfully. "Do you s'pose Eunice

Emery would build up a fire in the middle o' the afternoon 'n' go to makin' jelly, this hot day? Besides, there ain't a currant gone into her house this week, as I happen to know."

"It 's a dretful thick year for fol'age," mumbled Grandpa Bascom, appearing in the door with his vacant smile. "I declare, some o' the maples looks like balls in the air."

"That 's the twentieth time he 's hed that over since mornin'," said Diadema. "Here, father, take your hat off 'n' set in the kitchen door 'n' shell me this mess o' peas. Now think smart, 'n' put the pods in the basket 'n' the peas in the pan; don't you mix 'em."

The old man hung his hat on the back of the chair, took the pan in his trembling hands, and began aimlessly to shell the peas; while he chuckled at the hens that gathered round the doorstep when they heard the peas rattling in the pan.

"Reuben needs a wife bad enough, if that 's all," remarked the Widow Buzzell, as one who had given the matter some consideration.

"I should think he did," rejoined old Mrs. Bascom. "Those children 'bout git their livin' off the road in summer, from the time the dand'lion greens is ready for diggin' till the blackb'ries 'n' chokecherries is gone. Diademy calls 'em in 'n' gives 'em a cooky every time they go past, 'n' they eat as if they was famished. Rube Hobson never was any kind of a pervider, 'n' he 's consid'able snug besides."

"He ain't goin' to better himself much," said Almira. "Eunice Emery ain't fit to housekeep for a cat. The pie she took to the pie supper at the church was so tough that even Deacon Dyer could n't eat it; and the boys got holt of her doughnuts, and declared they was goin' fishin' next day 'n' use 'em for sinkers. She lives from hand to mouth, Eunice Emery does. I know for a fact she don't make riz bread once a year."

"Mebbe her folks likes buttermilk bread best; some do," said the Widow Buzzell. "My husband always said, give him buttermilk bread to work on. He used to say my riz bread was so light he 'd hev to tread on it to keep it anywheres; but when you 'd eat buttermilk bread he said you 'd got somethin' that stayed by you; you knew where it was every time. . . . For massy sake, there 's the stage stoppin' at the Hobsons' door. I wonder if Rube's first wife's mother has come from Moderation? If 't is, they must 'a' made up their quarrel, for there was a time she would n't step foot over that doorsill. She must be goin' to stay some time, for there 's a trunk on the back o' the stage. . . . No, there ain't nobody gettin' out. Ain't that a wash-boiler he 's handin' down? . . . Well, it 's a mercy; he 's ben borrowin' long enough!"

"What goes on after dark I ain't responsible for," returned old Mrs. Bascom, "but no new wash-boiler has gone into Rube Hobson's door in the daytime for many a year, and I 'll be bound it means somethin'. There goes a broom, too. Much sweepin' he 'll get out o' Eunice; it 's a slick 'n' a promise with her! She 's ben carryin' home bundles 'bout every other night for a month, but she 's ben too sly to buy anythin' here at the store. She had Packard's horse to go to Saco last week. When she got home, jest at dusk, she drove int' the barn, 'n' bimeby Pitt Packard come to git his horse, — 't was her own buggy she went with. She looked over here when she went int' the house, 'n' she ketched my eye, though 't was half a mile away, 'n' she never took a thing in with her; but soon as 't was dark she made three trips out to the barn with a lantern, 'n' any fool could tell 't her arms was full o' pa'cels by the way she carried the lantern."

"Eunice never had a beau in her life that I can remember of," said Almira Coffin, waving her palm-leaf fan. "Cyse Higgins set up with her for a spell, but it never amounted to nothin'. It seems

queer, too, for she was always so fond o' seein' men folks round that when Pitt Packard was shinglin' her barn she used to go out nights 'n' rip some o' the shingles off, so 't he 'd hev more days' work on it."

"Do tell!" "I want t' know!" "How you talk!" came from the lips of her enraptured auditors.

"I always said 't was she that begun on Rube Hobson, not him on her," remarked the Widow Buzzell. "Their land joinin' made courtin' come dretful handy. His critters used to git in her field 'bout every other day (I always suspicioned she broke the fence down herself), and then she 'd hev to go over and git him to git 'em out. She 's wed his onion bed for him two summers, as I happen to know. Diademy, don't you want to look out the back way 'n' see if Rube 's come home yet?"

"He ain't," said old Mrs. Bascom; "the curtains is all down. He 's gone up to the Mills, 'n' it 's my opinion he 's gone to speak to the minister."

"He hed somethin' in the back o' the wagon covered up with an old linen lap robe; 't ain't at all likely he 'd 'a' hed that if he 'd ben goin' to the minister's," objected Mrs. Jot.

"Anybody 'd think you was born yesterday, to hear you talk, Diademy," retorted her mother-in-law. "When you 've set in one spot 's long 's I hev, p'raps you 'll hev the use o' your faculties! Men folks has more 'n one way o' gettin' married, 'specially when they 're ashamed of it. . . . Well, I vow, there 's the Hobson children comin' out o' the door this minute, 'n' they 're all dressed up!"

Every woman in the room rose to her feet, and Diadema removed her murderous eye from a fly which she had been endeavoring to locate for some moments.

"I guess they 're goin' up to the church to meet their father 'n' Eunice, poor little things," ventured the Widow Buzzell.

"P'raps they be," said old Mrs. Bascom sarcastically; "p'raps they be goin' to church, takin' a three-quart tin pail 'n' a brown paper bundle along with 'em. . . . They 're comin' over the bridge, just as I s'posed. . . . Now, if they come past this house, you head 'em off, Almiry, 'n' see if you can git some satisfaction out of 'em. . . . They ain't hardly old enough to hold their tongues."

An exciting interview soon took place in the middle of the road, and Almira reëntered the room with the expression of one who had penetrated the inscrutable and solved the riddle of the Sphinx. She had been vouchsafed one of those gleams of light in darkness which almost dazzle the beholder.

"That 's about the confirmingest thing I 've heern yet!" she ejaculated, as she took off her Shaker bonnet. "They say they 're goin' up to their aunt Hitty's to stay two days. They 're dressed in their best clean to the skin, 'n' it 's their nightgownds they 've got in the bundle. . . . Mote has gone to Union to stop all night with his uncle Abijah, 'n' that leaves Rube all alone, for the Smith girl that does his chores is home sick with the hives. And what do you s'pose is in that pail? *Fruit cake*, — that 's what 't is, no more 'n' no less! I knowed that Smith girl did n't bake it, 'n' so I asked 'em, 'n' they said Miss Emery give it to 'em. There was two little round trycakes, baked in muffin-rings. Eunice hed took some o' the batter out of her big loaf 'n' baked it to see how it was goin' to turn out."

"There aint no gittin' round that," agreed the assembled company.

"I don't know what they 're goin' to live on," sighed Hannah Sophia Palmer. "Add nothin' to nothin' 'n' you git nothin', — that 's arethmetic! He ain't hed a cent o' ready money sence he failed up, four years ago; 'thout it was that fifty dollars that fell to him from his wife's aunt. Eunice 'll hev her hands full this winter, I guess, with them three

hearty children, 'n' him all wheezed up with phthisic from October to April! . . . Who 's that comin' down Tory Hill? It 's Rube's horse 'n' Rube's wagon, but it don't look like Rube."

"Yes, it 's Rube, but he 's got a new Panama hat, 'n' he 's hed his linen duster washed," said old Mrs. Bascom. . . . Now, do you mean to tell me that that woman with a stuck-up hat on is Eunice Emery? It ain't, 'n' that green parasol don't belong to this village. He 's drivin' her into his yard! Land o' liberty! it 's the school-teacher up t' the Mills that he 's married! He 's gone and brought another woman int' this village, 'stid o' weedin' one of 'em out, as he 'd oughter! Yes, he 's helpin' of her out, 'n' showin' her in. . . . Of all things!"

"See if he takes his horse out," said Hannah Sophia. "Mebbe he 'll drive her back in a few minutes. No, he 's onhitched! . . . There, he 's hangin' up the headstall!"

"I 've ben up in the attic chamber," panted Diadema; "she 's pulled up the curtains, and took off her hat right in front o' the winder, 's bold as a brass kettle! She 's come to stay!"

Almira drew on her mitts excitedly, tied on her Shaker, and started for the door.

"I 'm goin' over to Eunice's," she said, "and I 'm goin' to take my bottle of camphire. I should n't wonder a mite if I found her in a dead faint on the kitchen floor."

"I 'll go with you," said the Widow Buzzell. "I 'd like to see with my own eyes how she takes it, 'n' it 'll be too late to tell if I wait till after milkin'. If she 'd ben more open with me 'n' ever asked for my advice, I could 'a' told her it wa'n't the first time Rube Hobson has played that trick."

"I 'll go as fur as the bridge with you," said Hannah Sophia, "'n' then I 'll wait int' the store till I see you comin' out, 'n' then I 'll walk along back with you and hear what she says. . . . Good-by, Lucindy; glad to see how well you stan' this hot spell. You look slim, but I guess you 'll tough it out 's long 's the rest of us. I see your log was all right, last time I was down side o' the river."

"They say it 's jest goin' to break in two in the middle, and fall into the river," cheerfully responded Lucinda. "They say it 's jest hangin' by a thread. Well, that 's what they 've ben sayin' 'bout me these ten years, 'n' here I be still hangin'! It don't make no odds, I guess, whether it 's a thread or a rope you 're hangin' by, so long as you hang. . . . Remember me to Eunice, 'n' tell her I did n't take any stock in the reports 'bout her 'n' Rube Hobson."

The next morning, little Mote Hobson, who had stayed all night with his uncle in Union, was walking home by the side of the river. He strolled along, the happy, tousle-headed, barefooted youngster, eyes one moment on the trees in the hope of squirrels and bird's-nests, the next on the ground in search of the first blueberries. As he stooped to pick up a bit of shining quartz to add to the collection in his ragged trousers pockets, he glanced across the river, and at that very instant Lucinda's log broke gently in twain, rolled down the bank, crumbling as it went, and, dropping in like a tired child, was carried peacefully along on the river's breast.

Mote walked more quickly after that. It was quite a feather in his cap to see, with his own eyes, the old landmark slip from its accustomed place and float down the stream. The other boys would miss it and say, "It 's gone!" He would say, "I saw it go!"

Grandpa Bascom was standing at the top of the hill. His white locks were uncovered, and he was in his shirt sleeves. Little Jot, as usual, held fast by his shaking hand, for they loved each other, these two. The cruel stroke of the sun that

had blurred the old man's brain had spared a blessed something in him that won the healing love of children.

"How d' ye, Mote?" he piped in his feeble voice. "They say Lucindy's dead. . . . Jot says she is, 'n' Diademy says she is, 'n' I guess she is. . . . It's a dretful thick year for fol'age; . . . some o' the maples looks like balls in the air."

Mote looked in at the window. The neighbors were hurrying to and fro. Diadema sat with her calico apron up to her face, sobbing; and for the first morning in thirty years old Mrs. Bascom's high-backed rocker was empty.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

WHY THE MEN OF '61 FOUGHT FOR THE UNION.

"A historical student soon learns that a man is not morally the worse for being Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant, Royalist or Republican, Aristocrat or Democrat, Unionist or Confederate." — FREEMAN, History of Federal Government, Introduction, xi.

ONE of the familiar effects of good, honest fighting is the mutual respect of the combatants for each other. It was matter of every-day experience, during our civil war, that the place where prisoners captured in battle got best treatment was nearest the front. There the end of a desperate tussle brought a reaction of good feeling, such that the captor was ready to share his rations and his blanket with the man he had just been fighting. If he who had lost in the game of war met with bitter words or unhandsome acts, it was after he had passed to the rear. This was not because the physical combat changed men's opinions or diminished their ardor in the cause for which they were fighting. The truth is, rather, that the actual struggle with a man as ready as yourself to risk his life for something is a conclusive *argumentum ad hominem* as to his sincerity. His looking straight into the muzzle of your rifle, as he comes on, is a noble sort of demonstration of his honesty which the good soldier recognizes, without troubling himself to analyze the logical process. Of course this implies, also, that the cause for which he is fighting is not one of mere murder or robbery, but is a political struggle, in which, though penalties of treason and rebellion may be incurred, the actions of the participants are (to use the oft-quoted saying of Lord Coke) proofs that "those things which are of the highest criminality may be of the least disgrace." The absence of disgrace or infamy makes mutual respect possible, and admiration for heroic personal conduct, and so friendship may be built up on the wreck of the battlefield itself.

The conclusion which the generous combatants reach by a quick instinctive process is more slowly worked out by those who are far from the field, whether in space or in time; but they reach it, soon or late, if they are intelligent, and the student of history justifies the assertion of Dr. Freeman, which I have made the motto for this paper. The result comes more quickly when men of opposing views are brought into contact in any such manner as makes them recognize the pure purpose and high conscientiousness of their adversaries. The work of Lee among his college boys at Lexington, during the last years of his life, was a lesson of this sort that many a Northern man has laid to heart with pathetic and tender interest. I hope it is not improper to add that wherever, in all Christendom, there is hearty appreciation of profound learning allied to conscience

and to a refined life, the recent paper of the Johns Hopkins professor of philology will be taken as conclusive proof that good and true and able men could uphold the cause of the Confederacy even in arms, and never doubt in their hearts that they were right. Yet we of the North were equally undoubting as to our own duty and our own cause, and are to-day devoutly thankful for an unwavering faith that the great conflict was the introduction to a glorious chapter of our country's history, which shall lead into an equal faith the children even of those who honestly struggled for disunion. There are things in the past which we deplore; there are fearful problems in the future of which we cannot see the solution; but that the unity of the American people is the necessary condition of human progress on this continent is to us an indisputable truth.

As the story of the experience of an educated young Virginian in search of a political creed shows, in the true historical way, how such an one came to think it right to fight for secession, and as that of the equally earnest and intelligent young Kentuckian makes us understand the stress on the heartstrings which accompanied his decision to stand by the Union, so, perhaps, it may be worth while to follow the actual experience of one in the free States who learned to be active, yea militant, in nationalizing the free-state system.

It is natural that those who took the Confederate side in our civil war should strive to make the point of departure that of the passage of ordinances of secession in the South. They say: "We believed that, under the Constitution as it was, we might rightfully dissolve the Union when continuance in it seemed to us oppressive: you denied this, and we therefore appealed to arms. The whole question, therefore, is whether you or we were acting within the lawful right." They protest that the question of slavery was not the issue, and should not be made prominent in the discussion. It is, no doubt, true that this view was the one which influenced very many Southern men, and made it possible for them (especially in Virginia and North Carolina) to deprecate the dissolution of the Union, and yet conscientiously to "go with the South." I shall show, by and by, that there was a very different sentiment as to the real issue among the aggressive secessionists of the Gulf States; but it is enough now to say that, whilst this reasoning is good as explaining the morality of the conduct of those who acted upon it, it by no means covers the whole ground as it lay in the minds either of the majority of Northern men, or of the aggressive secessionists to whom I have referred. To these the question was distinctly the nationalizing of slavery or the nationalizing of freedom, and both classes accepted fully Mr. Lincoln's dictum that the Union could not exist half slave and half free. The "right" of secession has been a much-abused term. I never knew a Northern man refuse to admit the right of revolution when a people, or a considerable section of a people, found their political position intolerably and irremediably oppressive. I never knew a Southern man deny that such intolerable and remediless oppression must exist to justify secession. The controversy between the Confederate government and that of Georgia, during the war, was proof enough that no federal government could or would leave it to the whim or to the sole judgment of one State whether it should "nullify" or should "secede" as a mere act of sovereign will and pleasure. The distinction between secession and revolution vanishes in the presence of any grave conjuncture in practical statesmanship, and the fact is patent to him that runs that, except by mutual desire and consent, no "perpetual union" of modern states can be broken up by the forcible act of a part without making a *casus belli* under the law of nations. If

the government is ready to admit that it is oppressive, it will be ready to give redress. If it denies the wrong, the forcible rejection of its authority as tyrannical is a challenge to arms which will not be refused till its decadence has left it at the mercy of any invader. Revolution or secession, therefore, call it which we will, is never undertaken except at the peril of sustaining it by war, and whether successful or unsuccessful, the difference of name would count for nothing. Even if prearranged machinery of dissolution were provided in a constitution, it would not avoid the conflict, if either party thought its safety or prosperity imperiled by the change; for the loss of its safety or the destruction of its prosperity by the act of its neighbor will surely be a cause of war, even between independent states, till nations "learn war no more." It did not need our great conflict to teach this.

Whilst, therefore, an asserted right of secession may be fairly used to explain the moral attitude of men who honestly fought for the South although they did not regard themselves as champions of human slavery, the judgment of history as to the principles at stake in the revolutionary struggle of the seceders must ultimately be based upon the larger examination of the events which led to the attempt at secession. How did South Carolina and Mississippi justify to themselves and to the world the ordinances of secession and the acts of war which followed? That is the only important question. Whether the federal government had the right, under its Constitution, to fight in the war begun by the bombardment of one of its forts is a mere academic question, at which practical statesmen would smile. It required the weakness of a Buchanan, at the head of a cabinet of which half was secessionist, to give any practical importance to the discussion of the right to coerce a State. Our Northern people had accepted the Websterian doctrine of nationality, which left them in no doubt as to the theoretic question of power, but they did not fight for that. They elected Mr. Lincoln President with the avowed purpose of preventing the formation of another slave State from any of the Territories of the United States. In doing so, they reversed the decision of the majority of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, where the right to prohibit the spread of slavery had been denied, and the practice of our government from the free-territory ordinance of 1787 downward had been declared unconstitutional. That election, on that platform, was, beyond all quibbling or dispute, the overt act on which the States which led off in secession based their action. They resolved on revolutionary secession as soon as the election proved that the free-state movement was strong enough to accomplish its purpose. They chose to fight for secession rather than abandon the nationalizing of slavery, which had been their great victory in the Kansas-Nebraska legislation, and, like some other great victories, had been their undoing.

Here, then, the two opposing forces were in presence. On this great debate the seceders appealed to arms, and ordered an unnecessary attack upon Fort Sumter, to prevent retreat or compromise. On both sides there were auxiliaries who had their own reasons for action, and who came short of the sharply defined purpose and creed of the leaders. At the South, some, like most Virginians, asserted that there was no sufficient cause for secession, but found the federal government's acceptance of the gage of battle a good ground for joining the seceders. On both sides, many simply "went with their State," and accepted without reasoning the lot of their neighbors and their kin. History will not permit any of these side issues to be made the vital contention of the great struggle. It was, on the one side, slave property protected everywhere, North, South, and in the Territories, by the

mere force of the Constitution itself. It was, on the other, the absolute restriction of it to the States where it existed, at once and forever. The common sense of the combatants on both sides recognized this, and it passed into the homely slang of the time. I have it from an ear-witness that in the heat of a battle, when a South Carolina regiment broke, Longstreet exclaimed, with grim humor, "See those fellows getting their rights in the Territories!"

If it be worth while to clinch the statement I have made by the declarations of the seceding States themselves, the material is only too abundant. That officially adopted by the State of Mississippi has the merit of directness and clearness. It was reported by a committee appointed to draft it, and was adopted, apparently, without opposition. It begins thus: —

"A declaration of the immediate causes which induce and justify the secession of the State of Mississippi from the federal Union.

"In the momentous step which our State has taken of dissolving its connection with the government of which we so long formed a part, it is but just that we should declare the prominent reasons which have induced our course.

"Our position is thoroughly identified with the institution of slavery, — the greatest material interest of the world. Its labor supplies the product which constitutes by far the largest and most important portions [*sic*] of the commerce of the earth. These products are peculiar to the climate verging on the tropical regions, and by an imperious law of nature none but the black race can bear exposure to the tropical sun. These products have become necessities of the world, and a blow at slavery is a blow at commerce and civilization. That blow has been long aimed at the institution, and was at the point of reaching its consummation. There was no choice left us but submission to the mandates of abolition or a dissolution of the Union, whose principles had been subverted to work out our ruin."[1]

Continuing in imitation of the Declaration of 1776, it makes a schedule of grievances, every one of which directly relates to slavery, and at the head stand the Ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise of 1819–20.

To this issue, then, we had come in 1861. By what paths did we reach it? To answer fully would be to review at length the history of America; for Von Holst is right in treating the slavery question as the core of our national politics. But perhaps something may be learned from a sketch of the political education of one man among the millions; for the same environment was about us all and influenced us all, though each might show some peculiarities of development.

Among the very earliest of my remembrances of childhood in the city of New York, of which my father was a native, are two scenes. One is of a crowd lining the sides of Broadway, my father holding me upon a merchant's packing-box, that I might see Andrew Jackson, his political idol, pass up the street from the Battery, escorted by the light-horse. The other, not far from the same time, is of being led past Dr. Ludlow's church, which had been gutted the day before, as mob-punishment for antislavery teaching done there. The scenes stand, as childish memories are apt to do, as mere scenes. The before and after are lost; but there they have stood for half a century and more, as vivid and sharp as if of yesterday. There began my political education, — object lessons in the infant school, it is true, without reasoning, a vague admiration and a vague fright and wonder.

A little later came more definite mother's teaching in sympathy with what she held to be philanthropy, with the

[1] Journal of State Convention of January, 1861. Published by State Printer.

devout earnestness of her Plymouth and Old Bay Colony blood. Many a boyish lesson in reading I spelled out from the little tracts published by the American Antislavery Society, illustrated by rude woodcuts of slave auctions or coffle-gangs. I cannot remember the time, since I could think at all, when slavery did not appear to me a blot upon our country, and a national shame and disgrace. Growing older, the education of schoolboy debates and college associations strengthened these lines of conviction instead of obliterating them; for it was impossible for any Northern youth to make a serious argument in favor of slavery. We must remember that even in the South it took a generation after Washington and Jefferson to produce genuine advocates of the system. In the North, the antislavery arguments were commonly met by special pleas, — it was none of our business, the Union must be saved, the party must be kept in power, etc., — supplemented by the charge that abolitionists were incendiaries and amalgamationists.

As young men of that time matured, they were distinctly conscious of the influence of the public opinion of the civilized world. Away from the presence of slavery, there was nothing in our social surroundings or in local opinion to break the force of the judgment of Christendom. The example of England in West India emancipation, at great cost to the public treasury, made us blush for shame, and boasts of our superior progress in free government choked us while we uttered them. When we were reminded of Lord Mansfield's decision, in the Somerset case, that under Magna Charta a slave could not breathe the air of Britain, we became subtle in our inquiries whether an equally great judge could not find equal support for human liberty in our Declaration of Independence; and we asked when we had repealed Magna Charta! To look back candidly, it cannot be a wonder to any one that such minds, at such a time, in such circumstances, under such agitation, should reach such conclusions. The wonder would be if they had not, for it was a process almost as necessary as a chemical precipitation; certainly it would have been as wild to expect to turn back the tendency to receive the Copernican system in astronomy as to arrest this progress.

But was there not an analogous evolution, in an opposite direction, going on in Southern minds? Yes, to some extent, doubtless, and this made the collision ultimately certain. Exactly what it was must be told by those who experienced it. The change among us seemed to come to this: that there was a general conviction that the system of slavery was indefensible, that it was an incalculable misfortune to the country, that its perpetuation in the republic was an abhorrent thing, that it would be criminal to consent to its extension. Such, at least, may be taken to be the creed of the body of progressive and earnest young men who were to mould the thought and the policy of the Northern States during the critical era.

It would be nonsense to say that in such a movement all were equally advanced. From William Lloyd Garrison to Stephen A. Douglas was a long interval, and there were many in the march lagging far behind Douglas. A few stragglers at the rear were even making for the Southern camp. Others did not clearly know which way they were going, but they were either drifting with the general current, or were caught for a moment in some eddy which seemed to be moving backward. Leaving out of view the small body of radicals who followed Mr. Garrison, we were, about 1855, roughly divided into two groups: those who meant, by political methods, to stop the spread of slavery and so to secure its ultimate extinction, and those who had not yet formed this purpose. Everybody old

enough to recollect anything of that time must bear witness that, for ten years before the formation of the Republican party, the distinctions between Whigs and Democrats were of no political significance in the North, except as they indicated a yielding or a resistance to the antislavery tendency of the public mind. The consciousness that things were not yet ripe for more formal action kept men in the old parties in a sort of provisional way, awaiting events. The radical abolitionists had become non-resistants and disunionists, as a result of their despair of any decisive reform through political action. To preach what they believed, and to be unsparing in denunciation of wrong though martyrdom were the consequence, was then, as in former ages, a powerful propagandism of opinion, though indirect in its effect upon practical affairs. Non-resistance shielded them from the charge of plotting insurrection in either section of the country, for they limited themselves to appealing to the conscience alone. They were more powerful in enlightening men who meant to act than in gathering proselytes to a sect. Civil government is so essentially the application of force to redress wrongs and compel obedience to law that, to most of us, the logical result of non-resistance is anarchy, in the etymological sense, if not in the popular one. For myself, having made my home in the north Ohio district, represented in Congress by Joshua R. Giddings, I found a temporary political domicile among the antislavery Whigs, and cast my first presidential vote for General Scott in 1852. I was distinctly conscious of doing this, not because I was less earnest in opposition to slavery than my friends of the Free Soil party, but because I thus found myself in the group of men most likely to secure the desired result by peaceful means, if peace were possible. The progress of public sentiment was taking care of itself under the tuition of congressional legislation directed by such men as Davis and Toombs. The only remaining problem was whether men like Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Graham, of North Carolina, could lead Southern men to take a cooler and juster estimate of the future, and consent to some tolerable plan by which time would smooth the path to the inevitable result. We estimated the dashing courage of the South at its full value in either field, political or military, and hoped a conflict might be avoided by any means short of turning backward the wheels of American progress. We had the Anglo-Saxon willingness to wait which was shown from the days counted off by the curfew-bell to those when Charles Stuart faced his judges in Whitehall. We wished our onward steps to be sanctioned by the forms of law, as the Commons of England cared little what prerogative was claimed by the Crown, if the existing grievance which the people then felt galling them were removed at that Parliament. We meant to be friends with time, so sure were we that we saw the future. Looking back at the course of our mercurial brethren, we are fain to apply the words of the latest historian of the French Revolution: "A little gravity a few years earlier, a little well-timed concession to the oft-repeated call for reform, would have spared the *noblesse* the need for showing how courageously gentle blood could face trouble and disaster." [1]

I have tried to trace the natural process of evolution by which, in common with what proved to be the controlling element of our Northern people, I had come to the point where we clearly recognized the fact that we were shut up to a simple and single choice. Slavery must become dominant in the whole country, or it must be rigidly confined to the States where it already existed. We chose the second alternative, with full risk of consequences. The statement of this as an evolution does not exclude the

[1] Stephens, History French Revolution, ii. 512.

other truth, that, in reaching this conclusion, men felt themselves under the command of an imperative conscience, and divinely led as by a pillar of cloud or of fire. I have wished, however, not to lose sight of the conscientious purpose, and even religious earnestness, of men who reached an opposite conclusion. To reconcile these things, apparently so conflicting, we have only to remember that in the world of practical action, as in that of physics, the innocence, or even the rectitude, of our purpose gives us no immunity from the consequences of collision with universal law. If we in fact miss our path in the darkness and come to the verge of a precipice, no errand of mercy or of justice on which we are bent will insure us an interposing angel to save the fall. Special providences would not be special if they were the rule. With nations as with individuals, the condition of safety is that we really find and keep the right path. In a friendly review of past differences, we are not so much concerned, just now, with proving that either was right as in recalling and analyzing the conscious motives that brought us to the collision.

The general conviction that justice and right demanded a certain course would not in itself secure action in momentous affairs. Whether we shall submit to what we think a wrong may be a matter of prudent judgment; and even a State, acting as a unit, may reasonably decide that some of its citizens shall bear an injury rather than involve the whole in the consequences of attempting redress. The intellectual process is only a part: there must be motives which rouse the feelings and fire the heart before we come to the fighting-point. Besides the growing appreciation of human liberty, we must look back at the incidents of the long debate, and try to understand their effect upon those who witnessed them. I shall name only those which I myself recollect, and adhere to the plan of telling the effect upon me.

In 1844 South Carolina and some other States had laws imprisoning free colored sailors coming to their ports as part of the crews of Northern ships. The confinement lasted during the stay of the ships in port, and the vessels were made liable for the cost. Massachusetts sent Judge Samuel Hoar to Charleston as her agent and counselor at law, instructing him to make up a record in the United States Circuit Court of such a case in regard to one or two of her citizens, and, should the decision be adverse, take it on error to the United States Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the law. South Carolina, by formal action of its legislature, forbade him to make the case, and expelled him forcibly from the State. The manner of doing it tended to excite much feeling; but the thing which remained engraved on my own memory, in all the discussion of the years that followed, was the official and authoritative decision of that State that it not only would violate the plain provision of the Constitution guaranteeing the privileges and immunities of a citizen to the Massachusetts sailor, if black, but that it confessed its consciousness of the illegality by forcibly preventing the state agent from testing the matter in court. It ought not to be difficult for a Southern man, to-day, to see the effect this must have had in teaching us that the provisions of the Constitution were to be operative in behalf of one side only, in that controversy. That it should induce a disposition to hew to the line in interpreting counterdemands under the Constitution would be but natural. We were, in those days, making the world ring with our assertions in the Martin Koszta case that we would protect, at the cannon's mouth, the personal liberty of one who had only declared his intention to become an American citizen. Is there need to point out the galling humiliation of the Northern States in the contrast?

The Mexican war, following the annexation of Texas, brought a great con-

quest of territory on the south and southwest. Passing by the character of that transaction, let us only recall the fact that, in the foreign policy of the Polk administration, two exciting questions were coupled, — the annexation of Texas, and the claim to what is now British Columbia. The administration was vehement in asserting an equally clear right in both; but whilst the Southern claim was enforced by war, the protestations of the President that the Northern one was indisputable were actually accompanied by a diplomatic offer of the present boundary line, which was promptly accepted by England. The next editions of our school atlases showed the Southern line advanced to the Rio Grande, and the Northern one retracted so as to exclude a territory which Sir Charles Dilke says is equal to France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland united. We stuck another pin there, and learned that territorial acquisitions for slave States and losses for the North best suited those who ruled our national affairs by means of our political divisions.

The unexpected happened. The discovery of gold in California drew to the Pacific coast a great immigration, and California asked admission as a free State. It was opposed and delayed, until a price was extorted in the form of a fugitive-slave law, odious to us in the last degree, and enacted in spite of Northern public sentiment. If an enemy had been planning a scheme to make the South lose its Northern supporters, nothing more effective could have been devised. As the case of the sailors had been the denial of constitutional rights to citizens of one State when lawfully visiting another, this, as we earnestly believed, denied to our citizens at home the benefit of the constitutional right to the protection of life, liberty, and property by a jury trial. We asked ourselves, Have we any rights whatever which can be enforced, if they conflict with the supposed interests of slavery?

The answer was not long coming. The legislation of 1854 adopted the most radical doctrine of Calhoun, — that slaves are property, and must be recognized as such everywhere; and so completely that not the unanimous voice of the people of a Territory could prohibit slavery among them. We seemed absolutely prostrate, and yet we drew a great sigh of relief, and thanked God that the issue was squarely made up at last. The history of that time cannot be understood, there can be no approach to an understanding of it, without trying to realize the effect on Northern people of the absolute knowledge that the day of compromises was past. Up to that time, the votes cast for a distinctly antislavery party in any election precinct were hardly enough to take them out of the list of the "scattering." After it, the only party issue was the maintaining or reversing of the decree that slavery was nationalized.

I purposely omit the details of exasperating incidents, in order to bring out clearly the progress of Northern opinion, and the steps in the formation of an irrevocable purpose to tolerate slavery nowhere in the national domain except within the States where it was already established, and to give to freedom elsewhere all the benefits of the constitutional presumptions in its favor which belonged to the principles of the common law. We knew perfectly well that the Calhoun school drew sound logical conclusions from the doctrine that slavery was right and good for the country. We were equally sure that we were now on the proper line of action, if slavery were wrong and bad for the country. I shall not retract the admission that men might be conscientious in taking either side, even at this point: I will only insist that one or the other was grievously mistaken. Both might perhaps exclaim, in the words of Coleridge (whom I suspect we all read forty years ago more than we do now): "I know not what antidotes, among the com-

plex views, impulses, and circumstances that form your moral being, God's gracious Providence may have vouchsafed to you against the serpent fang of this error; but it is a viper, and its poison deadly, although through higher influences some may take the reptile to their bosom and remain unstung." [1]

The years from 1854 to 1860 were full of fierce political excitement, to say nothing of the bloodshed in the border war upon Kansas. At least two or three things were demonstrated. The most important was that, in spite of Kansas-Nebraska bills and Dred Scott decisions, the territorial question was settled in favor of freedom. The tide of westward migration from the North was large enough and courageous enough to take and hold Kansas. The Indian Territory filled the gap between it and Texas, and west of both these it was already apparent that mining industries were likely to be the dominant ones, and California had shown what class of settlers the mines would attract. It was also plain that fugitive-slave laws hurt the system of slavery more than they helped it. Lastly, it was proved that the North had both the ability and the will to make national legislation conform to the facts thus stated, by the repeal of obnoxious laws. This result the Calhounists themselves had brought about, and the amazement now is that they should not have known they were doing it.

Such was the situation when Mr. Lincoln was elected and when secession began. There was much noisy outcry about Northern aggression, but it is a curious fact that in the Mississippi declaration of independence, to which I have already referred, the schedule of grievances does not name a solitary act of either the executive, the legislative, or the judicial department of the federal government since 1820, and no act of a separate State except the personal liberty bills in two or three of them; and for each of these a dozen laws of Southern States, more injurious to the North, could be quoted. The grievances are all literally variations of one note, — the progress of public opinion in the North unfavorable to the slave system. The control of the federal government had steadily remained in Southern hands, and the South had the initiative in every piece of legislative, executive, or judicial action which was the subject of agitation or cause of excitement. It is still a mooted question whether the secession of the cotton States was a finality, or only a political move to force Northern consent to an amendment of the Constitution giving it the Calhounist interpretation. The latter was at the time the more common opinion among the supporters of Mr. Lincoln. The initiative of Virginia in calling the peace conference was interpreted as part of such a plan. The systematic absence of initiative on the part of Republicans in Congress, during the last winter of Mr. Buchanan's administration, was the result of this opinion. It was hard to believe that there was any other purpose than to produce a reaction in the North by a show of that secession which had been so often threatened. The common belief, South as well as North, had seemed to be that nothing was so likely to destroy slavery as war. The dread of negro insurrection had been chronic in the South, and the panic over the raid of John Brown and his dozen men proved that the apprehension was as great in 1860 as ever before. But suppose the separation had been peaceful and final (the most favorable view for the South), wherein would Southerners have been the gainers? They went out one by one, separately, leaving the corporate nation, the United States, still existing and powerful. They could have no territory for expansion, unless they meant to win it by war. No civilized nation would have made with them a treaty for the extradition of fugitive slaves. It was

[1] The Friend, Essay XIII.

so evident nothing could be gained which was not secure in the Union that we could not believe disruption was seriously intended. My belief still is that this diagnosis was right, and that the revolution ran away with its leaders, as has happened in other times and places.

Amongst Northern people, the secessionist leaders were at this manifest disadvantage, — that they had taught their sympathizers among us to denounce disunionism in antislavery men as a traitorous crime; and even among the unthinking, there was an attachment to the Union which became a contagion of patriotism when the struggle really began. Still, there was as yet no apparent unanimity nor visible promise of it, and the only thing that could be said was that we who had elected Mr. Lincoln were quietly but very seriously determined that he should administer the government under the Constitution as it was; reserving full freedom of decision and of action in the possible phases of secession after he should be peaceably inaugurated President. The contingency of war did not go undebated. We avoided public discussion of it as far as possible, but among ourselves it was often said that there might be worse things than war. The most active among us had accepted John Quincy Adams's doctrine, — that if the champions of slavery appealed to arms, the war powers of the government could deal with that system quite otherwise than under the limitations of peaceful legislation. We meant, even after secession began, to leave it to the secessionists to strike the first blow; but so much had been said about the supposed impossibility of kicking the prudent and thrifty North into fighting that many a peace-loving man, who felt a quiet assurance in his heart that he could fight if need be, was more than half persuaded that the fight was a necessary condition of future good neighborhood, whatever might be the outcome of it.

Our militia system, excepting in the way of independent uniformed companies in populous towns, had gone utterly to ruin. We did not keep up so much as an annual cornstalk muster and parade. In the powdery condition of affairs, it was not thought politic to agitate the question of a better military organization; but for more than a year before the war I had myself been giving such leisure as I could command to the study of tactics and military history, and I am sure many others had been doing the like. We pored over Napier, after our young families had gone to bed, trying to understand how Hill and Graham and Picton acted under the Iron Duke in the Peninsula. It was no cursory reading, but downright analytical study, map in hand, determined to find out something of the "why" and the "how" of it. In the pauses, when we thought of such scenes of horrid strife as possibly reproduced in our own land, faith pictured beyond the sulphurous war-cloud a country gloriously redeemed, and ready at last to command the admiration of the nations who had sneered at her pretense of liberty.

When the guns opened upon Sumter, it was a great shock, with all the effect of a surprise, in spite of our efforts to anticipate it. We could hear our hearts beat as if it were the echo of Anderson's replying cannon; but I think there was not one moment's hesitation as to our duty, or one doubt as to either the righteousness or the transcendent worth of our cause. So we of the North went into the fight, at least such of us as were antislavery men, bred in the bone. The grand outburst of devotion to the flag, from east to west, brought in hosts of men whose mental history would be quite different from that which I have drawn; but they came, led out of Egypt by "black John Logan," who had been Douglas's lieutenant, and out of Massachusetts by Butler, who had supported Davis in the Charleston convention.

That settled once for all the question whether we were strong enough to nullify the acts of nullification, and to restore the Union. The heroism of Southern men made the contest a long and an arduous one, and there were times when on-lookers might well think we had undertaken an impossibility; but "the stars in their courses fought" with us, and our success was a predestined page in the world's history.

When I was once permitted, good-humoredly, to rally the eminent historian of Federal Government upon the sub-title of his book, which runs "from the formation of the Achaian League to the disruption of the United States," he neatly turned the criticism by saying, "That your leg is reset does not prove it was not broken." True, and there were many sharp "knitting pains" for a long time, to remind us of the fracture. But we were young, as the lives of nations are counted, and the elastic recuperation of youth is such that we may hope, by God's blessing, we shall stump about as sturdily in coming centuries as if there had been no fracture; nay, may hardly be able to tell which leg was broken. An honest effort to understand each other will help, not hinder, the wished-for consummation, if we make it tolerantly, though we may have to admit, for a while at least, that we have not got beyond Coleridge's paradox in the essay from which I have already quoted, where he says "that the only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance." Even in that spirit, I venture to think it may be profitable to make the experiment.

It may possibly be worth while, too, for conscientious Southern men to revise, in the light of experience, their old judgment upon the social system which is gone. I make the suggestion with diffidence, not as questioning their former sincerity, but only by way of calling attention to the well-known fact in human nature that the complex character of our motives to action often makes us assume something to be proven because it is included in a larger belief or a more earnest faith. A hot and generous defense of a friend makes us the champion, for the moment, of even his errors. I have been told that the theoretic defense of slavery as a good institution, which found its way into so many public speeches and state manifestoes, was not so generally accepted by mothers of families, among the refined and Christian women of the South. This might result not merely from their instinctive sympathies and their lower estimate of commercial profit and loss, but from a deeper natural insight into the sacredness of family relations, and a perception of evils to both races, more easily seen from the standpoint of a matured and cultured woman. This idea has had force with me because of an incident in my own military experience.

In the campaign in middle Tennessee in the late autumn of 1864, my headquarters tents were pitched, for a day or two, upon the grounds of an ample mansion belonging to a widowed lady, a near kinswoman of a former President of the United States, and of several officers of rank in the Confederate army. I lived under canvas, in accordance with my habit, and saw little of the family, though I tried to make the military protection of my own little camp secure the safety and quiet of those, also, on whom I was a necessary intruder. We had to move, however, in the night; and late one afternoon I visited the lady to inform her of this, and to save her from some natural anxiety and fear which the movement of troops at such a time would excite, since the household was one of women, with only their servants about them. After explaining what would occur, and giving some advice as to the conduct of her household, the conversation turned upon the unfortunate condition of non-combatants in her situation; but I gave such comfort as I could

by the assurance that her son — whom I knew to be in Hood's army, in front of us — would understand her situation, and would be watchful to protect her as soon as we were known to be gone. The sincerely friendly tone of the personal discussion led, perhaps, to greater frankness than she at first intended; but as I rose to leave, with some hearty words of grief at the woes "this cruel war" was bringing to her, and which were sadly apparent in her tone and manner, she surprised me by replying, "General, I am unwilling you should go away without knowing my belief that what we are suffering is the judgment of God for the sin of slavery." The courteous note which her son sent to me in Nashville, when a flag of truce came to our lines, and in which he thanked me for what he generously called my kindness to his mother, did not prevent either of us from doing our military duty in the hot fight when Hood's lines were stormed, a few days later; but I have loved to believe that the influence of that stately lady made more easy the work of reconstruction for at least one family, when the cruel war was over. I do not say *ex uno disce omnes*, yet the gleam of such a light out of the darkness of conflict is persuasive evidence that this was not the only beacon on the Southern shore.

Our retrospect will prove useful only so far as it shall indicate a basis for mutual help in the future, by means of a better mutual understanding of our past. I venture to add some suggestions on two or three points wherein the present attitude of Northern men seems to be misunderstood.

It is often said by Southern men that, by the war, we were committed to the complete centralization of the government. I think this a mistake. An indissoluble federal union seems to many of us entirely consistent with decentralization of practical power. Even in the separate States it may be, and I think is, desirable to bring responsibility and power as closely home to the people as possible, in the counties and in the towns. When the essentials are settled which fix the character of our national republicanism, it is entirely safe to say that home rule in all local matters will not be met with prejudice on the part of intelligent Northern men. Within such limits, the "non-interference theory" of government, of which Charles Astor Bristed once wrote, is not unpopular; and whether they would think us consistent or not, our Southern brethren might be surprised to learn how many of us still claim to be "strict constructionists."

The great problem of the future for the whole country is, of course, the race question. That emancipation came by the violence of war implied the absence of opportunity for considering all the embarrassments and dangers which should follow. It boots little to-day to debate upon which side was the greater ignorance of the conditions of the tremendous problem; but we may hope that a rational study of its actual elements will develop earnest effort to make true freedom harmonize with true progress. No intelligent Northern man can desire a relapse of any Southern State into a less civilized and enlightened rule. No intelligent Southern man can desire to destroy the new foundations laid in universal liberty. The world has seemed, of late, to appreciate as never before the persistence of race tendencies and characteristics, and to acknowledge that they must be taken account of wherever large bodies of different stocks are in presence of each other, mutually interacting in political organizations. German and Czech, Magyar and Slav, Turk and Bulgarian, Englishman and Irishman, each and all are wrestling with the practical question as well as we. We cannot look to political parties for help, because, by the law of their existence, such parties follow, and do not create, the progress of enlightened public opinion.

The work must be done by earnest and right-minded people who will investigate and agitate, and so instruct the intellect and the conscience of the nation. Let it be understood that there are millions of people willing to learn. Who will teach us? Social evils of so large a kind can be explained and described only by those who experience them. There is no "high *priori* road" to their comprehension. They who find a system working badly can point out its faults and suggest reasonable remedies. Both sides must be heard, and out of the discussion may come intelligence as to the true situation and practical remedy. In our dealings with the Indians, we have judged always from the standpoint of our own covetousness, with scarcely an effort worthy of the name to understand them, or to make our expansion accord with their continued existence. They have simply disappeared before our advancing frontier. The shameful story ought not to be repeated in the case of the negro; and who can find a solution of the difficulty, unless the *élite* of the South, in cultivation and in conscience, apply themselves to the task?

There is one other cause of discontent which ought not to go unmentioned. No one could observe without admiration the quiet and uncomplaining way in which the Southern people endured the enormous losses of the war, and applied themselves to rebuilding their ruined fortunes. In addition to the devastation of the land, and the loss of property given or loaned to the Confederacy, their paper currency lost its value in a day, and added hundreds of millions at a stroke to the debit side of an account already frightful with the array of former riches that had taken wings. All this, however, was the natural result of such a conflict, and could be accepted with the patience with which brave men meet the inevitable. This actual situation included obedience to the laws which were the guarantee for the national debt, and for those pensions which were pledged to the soldiers of the national army during the progress of the war. But many a Northern man and many a Northern soldier has felt that the extensions of the pension system since that time, by national legislation, could justly be regarded as ungenerous by the people of those States which had their own long lists of maimed and crippled and broken-down, for whom provision could not, in the nature of the case, be made. Had we done it by taxing ourselves in the several States, it would only have been a question of statesmanship and of local finance for ourselves. It became something quite different when the burden was put upon the national treasury, to which, under our system of indirect taxation, the reconstructed States contribute their full share.

The providential compensations which balance the good and the ill in this world may here be found curiously exhibited. For if disinterestedness in patriotism, sturdy self-reliance and thrift, honest personal pride, temperance, and industry are the wealth and glory of a people, then these lavish extensions of a reasonable system of public bounty have done harm, and not good, and have lowered the tone of the appeal which, in any future crisis, the government may have to make to its citizens. Would it not be a strange logic of events if those who have had the Spartan training to undergo, and have had to give and not receive, should outstrip us in the noble education of patriotism?

Peace societies may also see some compensation in our policy, and other nations may look on with complacency, if not with pleasure; for if ever heavy bonds were given to abstain from war, they are surely given by a people which has, for an indefinite time, adopted the system of paying nearly twice as much per annum for its disbanded armies as the greatest military power of Europe pays for its standing ones.

Jacob Dolson Cox.

A POLITICAL PARALLEL.

To one who studies the present political situation so far as it relates to the preliminary canvass for the presidency, many points of close similarity to the condition of things prior to the nominations in 1844 will present themselves. In the subjoined attempt to institute an historical parallel between the two periods, it is our purpose to avoid a discussion — even a consideration — of political principles as such. They will be referred to only as it becomes necessary to introduce them, in alluding to the position of parties with regard to them, as elements of the situation itself. That is to say, the point of view here taken is, as far as possible, that of a foreigner studying the political problems of this country without being interested in them, unable to see that moral questions are involved, and treating them, as well as the candidates who profess or reject these principles, simply as pawns in the game. It will be well, in order to avoid confusion, first to present in some detail the history of the preliminary canvass of 1844, and then to call attention to the points of its resemblance to the present situation.

Van Buren had been defeated in 1840. Log cabins and hard cider, the Democrats thought, had been more interesting and attractive to the people than the principle of the sub-treasury. The defeat had mortified the Democrats as much as it had amazed, distressed, and annoyed them. They could not find words to express their contempt for the victorious Whig canvass. They well-nigh lost faith in the infallibility of the people, which had been a cardinal point of their doctrine so long as the people returned Democratic majorities. That doctrine was to be saved as an article of faith only by holding that the people had been seized with a temporary madness, and that they would fully recover their senses before the next election. Like the good political fighters the Democrats were, they were determined not only to win the election of 1844, but to win it with the candidate who had suffered by the humiliating defeat of 1840. It was a favorite expression — one of which Mr. Ritchie, editor of the Richmond Enquirer, a leading Democratic newspaper of the day, was the author — that the party had been "wounded" in the person of Mr. Van Buren, and that it could vindicate itself fully only by replacing him in the presidential chair.

The canvass of 1844 began before Harrison had taken the oath of office. When Mr. Van Buren declared, after his defeat, that he could not consent again to be a candidate, there was a loud and apparently unanimous chorus of disapproval and dissent. He was assured that he had no right to refuse the Democratic party the privilege of vindicating itself by reëlecting him, and he withdrew his refusal. In doing so he seemed to be yielding to the wish of a united party.

Even when mutterings of dissent showed that all Democratic leaders were not ready to admit that Mr. Van Buren was the inevitable candidate of his party for 1844, the movement was apparently of little consequence. At that time South Carolina was expected to do things that would be called, in the slang of the present day, cranky. When South Carolina presented Calhoun for the nomination in 1844, no one supposed that it signified anything important; it was merely a manifestation of South Carolina's persistency in never falling in with plans which she did not make. Colonel Johnson, of Tennessee, fancied himself to be a candidate, but scarcely any one else took him seriously. Up to a short

time before the convention, no one ventured to put his advocacy of the nomination of some other than Van Buren on the ground of opposition to the ex-President. Though hints were occasionally thrown out that Van Buren was less "available"— that is, that he would get fewer votes — than some other candidate, it was evident to all observers that among the Democratic people, everywhere except in the narrowest circle of the Washington leaders of the party, the defeated candidate of 1840 was not merely the favorite candidate, but the one for whom, above all others, they wished to record their votes. Moreover, they were decided in their preference, and held to it firmly, until their wishes were overruled by the men whom they had trusted to carry out their plans.

Meantime, however, three things were working against the success of Van Buren. The first was the willingness of other men to supplant him in the candidacy. Calhoun was ambitious, and was confessedly a candidate for the nomination. As such he declined formally to make a public tour, and gave as a reason that it might be interpreted as a movement to further his own interests as a candidate. Besides the candidacy of Colonel Johnson, to which reference has already been made, there were what would now be called little "booms" for Buchanan, Cass, and others. Except Calhoun, no one of these gentlemen was hostile to Van Buren; they probably expected that he would be nominated, and in that event they would support him; but they put themselves in a position to profit by any turn events might take. Mr. Tyler must not be forgotten, for he, too, had a few friends who urged his claim to the gratitude of the Democratic party.

The second of the elements of opposition to Van Buren was the strong feeling in the minds of some sagacious leaders that he was not available, — that he was doomed to certain defeat if he were again to be a candidate. The Whigs, no doubt, — unwisely, as the event proved, — sowed the seeds of distrust of Mr. Van Buren's strength. They were sure that he would be nominated, and exultingly declared, "We have beaten him once, and can do it again." Not a few of the Democratic leaders reasoned that a candidate who had been once defeated on a plain issue would be defeated again on the same issue. They were in favor of shifting the ground and of changing leaders. This view of the matter was not often presented, but those who held it advanced their idea with great boldness, persistency, and plainness of speech. Finally, there was a decided disposition, in some parts of the South, to distrust Mr. Van Buren. Calhoun frankly did not have confidence in him. Yet, for the most part, the South was ready to accept him once more, and he had no more unwavering champion than Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer. In spite of the efforts made by the friends of Mr. Calhoun, and by the ultra-Southern party generally, the delegations from many of the slaveholding States went to the convention under instruction to vote for Mr. Van Buren.

Mr. Benton, whose devotion and loyalty to his friends, through disaster as well as in victory, sometimes blinded his judgment, and who adhered to the fortunes of Van Buren as sturdily as to those of General Jackson, has massed all the evidence that he could collect that there was a long-maturing plot and intrigue to cheat Van Buren out of the nomination. Beyond all doubt there was a plot, but it may well be questioned if it was so deep laid or so malicious as Mr. Benton represents it. There is little reason to think that personal hostility to Van Buren — outside of the Calhoun coterie, be it remarked — entered into it. The Democrats wished to win, they meant to win. With most of those who plotted the defeat of Van Buren it was merely a question with what man they

could win most surely. The rank and file of the party answered promptly that Van Buren was that man; most of the leaders made the same answer; a few, and they the most pertinacious and determined, thought differently; and some men added that, since the party was resolved to win, it would be best to have the victory under a candidate of whose readiness to meet the demands of the real leaders of the party — those, namely, of the South — there could be no question.

Apparently the opposition was to be all in vain. The voices of the few were drowned in the general shout in favor of Van Buren. State after State, with almost wearisome uniformity, appointed as delegates to the Baltimore convention men who were known to be friendly to Van Buren's candidacy, and instructed to support him. At that time, the systems of choosing delegates to national conventions were various, but, whatever the system, Van Buren was successful. The number of States at this time was twenty-six. The delegates from sixteen of them were instructed, more or less positively, to support the defeated candidate of 1840; and these States included not only every New England State, Ohio, and New York, — Van Buren's own State, — but also Pennsylvania, the home of Buchanan, and Michigan, the home of Cass. In December, 1843, Buchanan withdrew from the candidacy, and in the following month Calhoun refused to have his name presented to the convention. South Carolina, by the way, chose no delegates, and was not represented in the convention. Colonel Johnson did not withdraw, but his candidacy was about as serious a matter as was that of General Butler before the Democratic convention of 1884, or that of General Alger before the Republican convention of 1888.

So the contest seemed to have been decided, and Van Buren's triumph appeared to be secure. Cass was the only candidate of any prominence who had not withdrawn, and he was not supported by his own State. The name of Levi Woodbury was brought forward, in a tentative way, but the suggestion did not meet with an enthusiastic response. Thus, two or three months before the time of the convention, the opposition had, to all appearance, exhausted itself, and it was given out that there was no longer a doubt that Van Buren would be nominated.

Nevertheless those who were parties to the "plot" had not given up their cause, hopeless as it seemed. Just at the last moment they found the vulnerable point of the candidate who had up to that time been assailed in vain. Rarely has there been, even in the history of that most fickle of people, the French, such a sudden revulsion, such a rapid downfall, as when the Democrats turned against Van Buren in the spring of 1844. Exactly one month before the Baltimore convention was to meet, Niles's Register remarked, in its issue of April 27, "That ex-President Van Buren will be the nominee of this convention is as confidently expected as that Mr. Clay will be the nominee of the Whig convention." After what has already been said of the constitution of the convention this does not seem to be a rash statement. Yet, on May 11, the same paper reported that, "notwithstanding the apparent certainty three weeks ago that Van Buren would be the nominee, there is now great uncertainty of the result."

What had happened meantime? The question of the immediate annexation of Texas had all at once been cunningly thrust forward as the controlling political issue of the day. A chronology of the Texas question, far from explaining how it became so suddenly the most momentous issue in American politics, only causes wonder that the plotters succeeded in raising an excitement over it. Texas had been conceded to Mexico by the treaty of 1819, against which Clay had protested as the "alienation" of

American territory. In 1827, and again in 1829, Clay and Van Buren, each as Secretary of State, had made offers to buy Texas. In 1836 Texas declared its independence, and after a short war secured it. In 1837 Texas made application to the United States for annexation; but a proposition looking toward annexation was defeated in the Senate by a nearly two-thirds vote. The matter rested until 1843, when the subject of annexation was revived by American politicians, and the matter was declared to be one of great urgency, because, as it was represented, Great Britain was planning to make Texas British territory. No evidence of this assertion was ever furnished; and it was no doubt as untrue as it is incredible. Yet, even after this "scare" had been sprung upon the country, the people did not become excited about it until the anti-Van Buren managers were ready to act. Indeed, not all the Democrats who might have been expected to support a measure of annexation — its advocates called it "reannexation" — were in favor of it. Benton and other Democratic Senators were loud in their opposition. So little did it seem a measure upon which the Democratic party would insist to such an extent as to render a candidate ineligible unless he were warmly in favor of it, that there were rumors afloat in April, 1844, that Calhoun, who had recently become Tyler's Secretary of State, would not sign the treaty of annexation. These rumors found believers. Of course they were untrue; but they came from such sources that an unwary candidate for the Democratic nomination might easily take them as an indication that it would be safe to oppose the treaty. Nevertheless the treaty had been made and signed by Calhoun on April 12.

The time had now come to turn the South against Van Buren. The plans were most shrewdly laid, and they worked to a charm. The acquisition of Texas would give the South room for expansion, and it would be an easy task to persuade the slaveholders that any man who objected to the annexation was an enemy. It only remained to entrap Mr. Van Buren, who might be expected both to be opposed to the scheme and to be wholly unaware of the disposition of the South. A neutral nobody, who represented himself as an unpledged delegate to the Baltimore convention, was selected to write to Mr. Van Buren to ask his views on the question of "the immediate annexation of Texas." The instigator of the inquiry was an opponent of Van Buren, Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, who became Polk's Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Van Buren replied. He was not in favor of immediate annexation. He was in favor of annexation at the proper time; but the absorption of Texas, under the circumstances then existing, involved war with Mexico. This is not the place to discuss the question whether this reply was the word of a statesman so faithful to his convictions that he would not recant his faith even to secure the highest honor his country could bestow, or the attempt of a politician to concede much to the South for the sake of its support, and to withhold a little in order to retain the support of the North. Whatever may have been its purpose, the publication of the letter ruined Mr. Van Buren's prospects for the candidacy.

The change of feeling was almost as sudden as the shifting of the wind when a tornado is approaching. All at once, men who had been warmly in favor of Van Buren devoted themselves energetically to his defeat. The South, at this moment, was well-nigh frantic. The cry of "Texas or Disunion!" was raised. Even the few who still clung to their old candidate could not help seeing that the men who had declared Van Buren not to be strong enough to carry the election had made their assertion come true by introducing a wholly new issue into politics.

The account need be carried no further. The plot succeeded all too well. Van Buren went into the convention with a majority of votes, but not the two thirds which Democratic custom — not then very long established — required. The opposition insisted on the two-thirds rule, and enough of Van Buren's supporters yielded to the demand to insure its adoption. Since they could not help seeing that the adoption of the two-thirds rule put Van Buren's nomination out of the question, some of them, at least, must have voted for the rule in order to assist in his defeat, while seeming to follow out their instructions. On any other theory it is difficult to account for their course. At all events, the two thirds for Van Buren were not to be had; and after the convention had begun to flounder and become confused, the name of Polk was brought forward, a "stampede" was cleverly managed, and in a few moments the great object of the plotters had been fully accomplished.

A few words only are necessary to tell the story of the Whig canvass. From the moment when it became evident that Tyler was to disappoint the expectations of those who had selected him, Clay had been the recognized leader of his party. Even those who had effected his defeat in the convention of 1836 acknowledged and regretted their mistake. During the three years preceding the election no candidate save Clay was even considered. He, too, was asked his opinion regarding "reannexation," and expressed views that differed not very much from those of Van Buren. But this caused no diminution of his popularity, and he was nominated as the spontaneous and unanimous choice of the Whig convention.

There were "mugwumps" in those days. One thing presented itself to their minds as the great object of statesmanship in their time, — to prevent the further encroachment of slavery. While they sympathized rather with the Whigs than with the Democrats on other issues, they would not be partners with either Clay or Polk, because they trusted neither of them on the one paramount question. They followed their consciences resolutely, although their doing so gave the victory to the party which was bent upon carrying the very measure to which they were most strenuously opposed, and although the election of 1844 ushered in sixteen years of increasing arrogance and mischief-making on the part of the slave power.

We turn now to consider the situation during the past three years. At the outset, some of the main facts are strikingly similar to those observed during the years succeeding the "log-cabin campaign." Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884, was a candidate and was defeated in 1888, and since that time has been, by all odds, the most prominent man of his party, and universally regarded as being more likely than any other man who can be named to lead that party in 1892. Against Mr. Clay's popularity among the Whigs in 1841–44 may be set that of Mr. Blaine among the Republicans. When the examination is made more in detail the parallel is still quite close.

Let us take first the attitude of the Republicans toward Mr. Blaine, and observe how remarkably his standing in his party corresponds with that of Mr. Clay forty-eight years ago; for, while it is not known whether or not Mr. Blaine would be willing to accept a nomination, it is probably not an over-statement to say that nine men of every ten who call themselves Republicans would rejoice at an opportunity to vote for him again, and three quarters of the rest would support him willingly. To put it in another way, were President Harrison to decline emphatically to be a candidate, and were Mr. Blaine simply to refrain from declining, not a delegate would be chosen to the Republican National Convention who would not be a cordial sup-

porter of Blaine after the nomination; and there would not be more than a handful of delegates who would go to Minneapolis to support any other candidate as his "first choice." It is by no means the intention to represent Republicans as disloyal to President Harrison, or as dissatisfied with him. They regard him as an able, safe, and judicious chief magistrate, fully in sympathy with their own political aims. They have not been affected or influenced by the studied attempts to belittle him. They are in no sense ashamed of him, or of themselves for having elected him. They admire the tact and grace of his bearing, and his facility and felicity of speech on occasions when he is brought in close contact with the people, as on his California journey. They will vote for him again, in case he shall be the nominee, with satisfaction alloyed only by their strong wish to vote for Mr. Blaine. But this exception simply emphasizes the fact that Mr. Blaine is almost universally the real first choice of his party.

How have the Democrats been disposed toward Mr. Cleveland, and how are they disposed toward him to-day?

In a general way, it may be answered that the rank and file of the Democratic party have been as favorably affected toward their last President and their last defeated candidate as were the Democrats of 1842 toward Van Buren. At the same time we discover three elements of opposition to him, answering closely to the three heretofore mentioned as having existed against Van Buren in the canvass preliminary to 1844, namely: first, the ambition of other men to become the candidate in 1892; secondly, the suspicion that Mr. Cleveland may not be the most available candidate; thirdly, a distrust of his willingness to carry out one part of the policy on which the controlling leaders of the Democratic party seem to have resolved.

As there was very little in Van Buren's personal qualities to correspond with the attractiveness people found in Henry Clay, so Mr. Cleveland has little or none of the "magnetism" which is attributed to Mr. Blaine. Democrats do not stand by Mr. Cleveland from motives of personal affection, but because they find in him qualities of political courage which they admire. That most Democrats do adhere to his fortunes is perfectly apparent to every observer. They think that he gave the country not only a good administration, but a good Democratic administration. They supported him in 1888 with perfect good faith, and regretted his defeat as well as that of the Democratic party. They have all along — of course there are exceptions to all these statements — regarded him as the probable candidate in 1892; and, if one may judge from observation where exact information is wholly unobtainable, they are much more than passively willing that it should be so. At the same time, as was the case in 1844, they would not mourn long over the defeat of their favorite, provided the convention were to give them another candidate who could be elected. It is necessary to observe that we are speaking now of Democrats born in the party, and of those who joined it before 1884; not of those who in that year seceded from the Republican party, and who then and since, whether they call themselves Democrats or Independents, have regarded Mr. Cleveland as the best if not the only Democrat who could command their suffrages.

The existence of an opposition to Mr. Cleveland, a persistent and resolute opposition, is a fact quite as apparent as is the hold which that gentleman has upon his party. The opposition concentrates to a large extent upon another citizen of New York. Only once since the close of the war have the Democrats taken their candidate for the presidency from any other State than New York. Seymour, Greeley, Tilden, and Cleveland (twice) have been candidates in five of the six

elections. Governor, now Senator, Hill has been able to turn the tendency of the party to seek its candidate in New York to his own advantage. To say that Mr. Hill is not merely ambitious on his own account, but hostile to Mr. Cleveland, that he is extremely desirous of obtaining the nomination, that he has intrigued and pulled the wires to get and hold control of the "machine" in New York, and that he has to-day the power to send to the convention a unanimous delegation in his own favor is but to say what every one knows.

But Mr. Hill could make no headway outside of the State where he exercises the powers of reward and punishment were there not other elements of opposition to Mr. Cleveland than a rival ambition. Van Buren, as President, staked his political fortunes on the sub-treasury policy, was defeated, and was then opposed, as we have seen, on the ground that it would be bad policy to go before the country with a defeated candidate standing on a rejected platform. Mr. Cleveland risked all on a measure of tariff reform. He was defeated, and now we hear — not from the body of the voters of the party, but from some of the cold-blooded leaders — suggestions that to make the issue and the candidate the same would be "to repeat the folly of 1888." The contest for the speakership did not turn on the tariff nor on the question of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy, yet every one was conscious that when Mr. Mills was defeated, and Mr. Crisp chosen, tariff revision lost some of its prominence as an issue, and Mr. Cleveland's cause was perceptibly weakened. All those who helped to bring about the result were not opposed to Mr. Cleveland; perhaps very few of them were or are so; but the fact remains that all who wish to compass the defeat of the ex-President also opposed Mr. Mills, worked night and day to prevent his success, and contributed the margin of votes that decided the result. Yet it may be said with much confidence that, outside of a very narrow circle, there is no Democratic hostility — that is, personal hostility — to Mr. Cleveland. So far as the speakership contest had a bearing upon the presidential canvass, the outcome meant certainly no more than that there exists within the Democratic party a more or less serious doubt if it will be wise to risk success upon the single issue of the tariff, and to place on that platform the candidate who, as President, distinguished himself as the great champion of a reform, and who has once suffered defeat as its champion.

Where then is the weapon, to correspond with the issue of "reannexation," with which the leading candidate can be deprived of the two-thirds vote now, by well-established usage, required to effect a nomination by a Democratic National Convention? Do we not find it in Mr. Cleveland's attitude on the silver question? It would be absurd to suggest that the Democratic statesmen of the South are as deeply interested in the matter of free coinage for silver as their fathers were in the extension of slavery; but we do find that almost every Democratic Representative and Senator from the South and West favors the measure, and that, one and all, they believe their constituents to be with them on that issue. Moreover, while they stand sturdily by the cause of tariff reform, they seem not to be willing that the silver question shall be forgotten or neglected. But Mr. Cleveland has more than once placed himself in direct antagonism to the silver movement. His more immediate followers and his most prominent advocates are all against free coinage, or at least are on record as urging that the present time is inopportune for bringing the currency question to the front. Most of the members of the party in New England are against free silver; so are Mr. Bayard and Mr. Vilas, of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Mr.

Carlisle and Mr. Mills, who have voted for free silver, now wish the question not to be an issue.

To continue the parallel further would lead us into the domain of prophecy, which we must not enter. The situation during the two periods, forty-eight years apart, has been shown to be strikingly similar, and it now remains for the next few months to reveal whether the parallel is to be complete to the end. What must happen to complete it? A sudden blazing up of excitement in the Democratic party, and the hardening of a resolution that one who is not with the Southern wing of his party on the silver question must not be nominated; the defeat not only of Cleveland, but of Hill; the nomination of a "dark horse," — Senator Gorman, Governor Boies, or some one else who favors free coinage for silver; the nomination of Blaine by the Republicans; the election of a Democratic nobody whose strength is derived from his obscurity. All very improbable, you say? Yes. Sometimes the expected happens in politics; sometimes the unexpected.

RECENT FRENCH ESSAYS.

THREE centuries — the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth — find their representatives in the latest volume [1] of M. Brunetière's Critical Essays on the History of French Literature; but the larger proportion of space is given to the seventeenth century, and the most interesting essays are those on the Provinciales of Pascal, on Jansenism and Cartesianism, and on the Philosophy of Molière.

The faith of Pascal has almost as many apologists, in France at least, as the Christian religion; and the slender rivulet of his text meanders, at this date, through a meadow of marginal notes, in a ratio of author to commentator which is not far from Shakespearean. The task of deciphering the real meaning of an author is, by St. Augustine, very aptly declared to be a more difficult, or rather a more impossible one, than the discovery of truth itself. "But which of us shall, among those so many truths, which occur to inquirers in those words, as they are differently understood, so discover that one meaning as to affirm, 'This Moses thought,' and 'This would he have understood in that history,' with the same confidence as he would affirm respecting a self-evident truth, 'This is true,' whether Moses thought this or that?" For he cannot, he goes on to say, see into the mind of Moses to discern his intention in writing as clearly as he can perceive the certainty of an abstract truth. And finding, by rare critical insight, in this very obscurity an element of vitality and duration in a work, he exclaims: "I should have desired, verily, had I then been Moses (for we all come from the same lump, and *what is man, save as Thou art mindful of him?*), and been enjoined by Thee to write the book of Genesis, such a power of expression and such a style to be given me that neither they who cannot yet understand how God created might reject the sayings as beyond their capacity, and they who had attained thereto might find what true opinion soever they had by thought arrived at not passed over in those few words of Thy servant; and should an-

[1] *Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* Par FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE. Quatrième Série. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1891. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

other man, by the light of truth, have discovered another, neither should that fail of being discoverable in those same words."

Many truths are to be found in the works of Pascal, to say nothing of the verities or errors which may have been sown as well as reaped there by his critics. There are two circumstances that give rise to this variety of interpretation; one being the narrow and accidental origin of his writings, the other the wide scope of his thought. The Lettres Provinciales is a polemical work, written in response to the immediate demands of a violent controversy. Its very title requires an explanatory note. The works which it answers are forgotten, or remembered only by the answers; it remains the one active fire in a region of extinct volcanoes. The Pensées is a handful of fragments intended to go toward an apology for the Christian religion; how far representative of any such work, or how far only of the author's mood and the thought uppermost in his mind at the moment, is, of course, not wholly determinable. Hence the textual difficulties. Now, men have believed or doubted in divers ways and from various impellent motives, — some led by reason and the logical faculty, others by sentiment and intuition, others by suffering; but Pascal both reasoned and divined, affirmed, doubted, and suffered, affording to intelligences variously predisposed different points of contact, of sympathy or repulsion. Hence the differences in critical interpretation.

As part of a theological discussion, the Provinciales was not only assailed on its first appearance, but has marked a line of separation between two theological parties ever since. The questions stirred by Pascal are not, however, merely technical or dialectic; they are universal and profound. His work has long stood outside of circumstance, as one of the great contributions to human thought, but, being controversial and apologetic in character, it has always been placed under fire; for Jansenist and Jesuit stand for two elements of human life, and their quarrel is not confined to the Church.

In his own age Pascal was persecuted as the exponent of the strictest of theological schools. Voltaire's attacks were directed against him for his superstition. It was reserved for Cousin and the nineteenth century to brand him as a skeptic, and to write books and articles upon his Pyrrhonism in place of discussions of his credulity. This accusation, founded upon Pascal's denial of the worth of reason, together with his accumulation of reasons, seems to have been formulated on the plan of the celebrated refutation of Schopenhauer's pessimism, which argues that, if everything is bad, Schopenhauer's philosophy must be bad; and if this be the case, the world, which is proved bad by a bad philosophy, may, after all, be a very good one. Joseph de Maistre found Pascal guilty of skepticism, but on a different indictment, namely, his concessions in argument to the unbelief of others, and his apology for Christianity, which, according to De Maistre, could make no concessions and needed no apology.

In fact, the history of Pascalian criticism would in itself afford suggestive material for study, so strongly does it bring into relief not alone the opinions, but the individuality of his critics; and nearly every man of note in French critical literature has had somewhat to say of him. Sainte-Beuve, discarding any ideas of Pascal's skepticism, and looking upon him as "a reservoir of high thought," especially needed for refreshment and inspiration in an age when the tenor of his thought has become obsolete, speaks of his books as having brought about the result which their author would least have aimed at, in helping to establish, through their tone of anti-scholasticism, that reflection of Christianity in the world which he terms the "*morale des honnêtes gens.*"

Edmond Scherer comprehended the positive nature of Pascal's faith, his "reasons of the heart that the reason knows not," through personal experience as well as critical insight. In truth, the arguments against the Pyrrhonism of Pascal must by this time have equaled in number, as well as surpassed in weight, the accusations; and M. Brunetière, though he lifts his voice as one crying in the wilderness, is not as solitary in his convictions as his phraseology would sometimes lead us to suppose.

What his book gives us is a careful study of the influence, in their own day and later, of Jansenism and Cartesianism. With a thorough knowledge of the epochs of which he treats, and an historical sense which is a just perception of the relation of one fact to another, and of the dependence of thought on thought, rather than a formulated theory of mediums, he seeks to disentangle the two threads of thought in the seventeenth century (we might say three, for Jesuitism also is taken account of), and to show their relative success and failure, and the nature of their hold upon France. He considers that the influence of Descartes upon his own century has been greatly exaggerated, the classical spirit of the Renaissance having been opposed to a philosophy which would lessen the authority of the past, as the religious pessimism of Pascal and the Jansenists was against the doctrine of the sovereignty of human reason. The date fixed by M. Brunetière as that of the apotheosis of Cartesianism is that moment in the eighteenth century when Descartes's name was still held in slight esteem as that of a "visionary," but when his ideas of the solidarity and unity of science and the sovereignty of reason, his belief in universal progress, had become the predominating thought of the day. Descartes is therefore held responsible by M. Brunetière alike for the materialism of Diderot and the sentimentalism of Jean Jacques. M. Brunetière leaves Cartesianism at this point, making no attempt to follow it into the optimistic science worship of the present day, or that scientific pessimism, in which its influence is no less clearly traceable, physiological automatism. Pascal also grants to Descartes his automatic theory,— we are automaton as well as mind, in recognition of the dependence of thought upon custom; but he will have the automaton treated as such, and the individual impose a religion upon his habits of thought as the Church imposes one upon the ignorant masses.

In regard to the relations of Pascal to Cartesianism, M. Brunetière not only finds the tenor of the Pensées antagonistic to that philosophy, quoting the note in the manuscript in which Pascal expressed his intention of refuting it, but he traces further in the book a categorical refutation of all the fundamental Cartesian ideas, and is inclined to think that Pascal had in his mind, as he wrote, a Cartesian interlocutor as well as a *libertin*. Possibly criticism has insisted a little too strongly on the fragmentary character of the Pensées; but we doubt if the intended edifice can be reconstructed from the plans quite so completely as this.

In the personality and moral teaching of Pascal, what Sainte-Beuve most dwelt upon was his holiness, his spirit of love toward God and man. Edmond Scherer saw most vividly the anguish of doubt and passionate need of belief struggling together toward an unshakable conviction. M. Brunetière takes Pascal's Jansenism, his conception of the depraved nature of man and the necessity of grace, together with his insistence upon conduct, as the central feature of his study. He points out that Jansenism and Port Royal should be sacred to students of French thought as having, for a period of more than fifty years, incarnated the French conscience, and helped it to make, "against the natural frivolity of the race, the greatest

effort that it had made since the early days of the Reformation and Calvinism." Far from agreeing with Sainte-Beuve that the writings of Pascal have led to the establishment of a "morale des honnêtes gens," M. Brunetière holds that, if such a standard of morality exists, in regard to which he seems needlessly skeptical, it has been brought about by the triumph of Pascal's enemies and the spread of Jesuitism; for the influence of Jansenism, preponderant in the seventeenth century, was, he considers, overcome first by the visible triumph of Cartesianism in the eighteenth, and later by the sure, gradual progress of the spirit of accommodation and religious worldliness.

With Cartesianism and Jesuitism both victorious, what becomes of the influence of Jansenism? Did it belong entirely to one period? The highest tides of thought are rare, and human conduct scarcely maintains itself long in a whole society at a high level. M. Brunetière finds in the humanitarian and socialistic tendencies of to-day, in realism, altruism, naturalism, even, the elements most nearly corresponding in later French thought to the Jansenism of Pascal, — the elements of renunciation, of sacrifice, of individualism, and something corresponding to Pascal's pessimism; for this pessimism, consisting as it does in a sense of the nothingness of man, the loneliness of space, and the failure of unassisted human effort, constitutes, to him, a part of Pascal's religion which is no more to be regretted than his use of irony and logic as weapons of religious argument is to be deprecated. The vein of irony has penetrated so far into French life and into all modern life, its action upon faith and vigor of thought has been so corroding, that the more earnest of the younger French writers turn from it altogether, as disintegrating and belittling to the mind. It is well to be reminded that the greatest of French religious writers used it, as other great religious thinkers have done, as a scourge, and that there is a vast distinction between irony of this sort and that which chains men's minds to the trivial and ignoble aspects of life.

In his essay on the philosophy of Molière M. Brunetière gives the results of a systematic investigation into the nature of that philosophy which has always been discerned as a flavor in the plays of Molière, and reconstructs, both from the plays themselves and from the influences amid which they were produced, a systematic philosophy of nature, in obedience to the dictates of which Tartuffe would appear to have been written, not only as a satire of hypocrisy, but as an attack upon religion, and all that in the religious ideal opposes the natural current of life. Here, again, we suspect a little too much critical zeal, and, what is of more consequence, we fail to find in M. Brunetière's essay an adequate appreciation of that unformulated philosophy which makes Molière a perennial delight to the soul.

M. Brunetière is by no means an easy or graceful writer, and he is often a dry one. In intelligence and in conscientiousness he stands nearer to Edmond Scherer than to any other critic, and, like Scherer, he has a literary standard which is an intellectual one as well. He is at his best in the discrimination of influences of thought and the characterization of historical epochs; he has clearness of argument and a fund of good sense. If he is less distinctly clever than M. Faguet, as he certainly is, he is also less paradoxical; in fact, now and then he seems to have a special mission in bringing criticism back from its excursions into the region of paradox, for instance, from its assertions of the skepticism of Pascal to the starting-point of good sense and the obvious, and he sometimes displays a little of that courage in making evident statements on which Edmond Scherer congratulated M. Nisard.

M. Édouard Rod has produced a very well written book on Stendhal,[1] a book which serves excellently the purpose of the series for which it was written; giving in a small compass, with great clearness and proportion, a sketch of the life of an author, a study of his work, and a sufficient account of the judgments upon him of his contemporaries and successors to mark the extent of his influence and his place in literature. The making of such a book calls for judgment and independence of thought, and affords room for sincere and tolerably extensive analysis, while at the same time it is not an independent work, and a too arbitrary or too personal criticism would be out of place in it. M. Rod has kept this balance, on the whole, very well. He has depicted Stendhal carefully after the document, and if the conception of his personality and writings on which he has proceeded is a personal one, it is not aggressively so, and is carefully compared with the judgments of others as well as with the facts. The book gives very distinctly M. Rod's impression of Stendhal, but the reader may gain from it a clear idea of the subject without necessarily sharing the impression.

M. Rod cannot be accused of overstating the case in Stendhal's favor. In estimating his work he never quite grasps the qualities which have made that work an inspiration and an influence; he is not himself under the spell, and he shows no indication of having felt its potency to the degree to which a critic ought to feel, or at the very least to have felt, his author, in order to comprehend rightly even his fallacies. It is not that M. Rod's criticism is incorrect so much that it is incomplete. He measures out all the qualities of Stendhal, but he does not feel them sufficiently to make them felt. He considers that M. Bourget read into his author the charm which he celebrates in those glowing pages of the Psychologie Contemporaine, that he was intoxicated with his own idea of Stendhal, whereas it would perhaps have been more just to say that M. Bourget had felt the effect of the wine, but exaggerated its quality. "But after all," asks M. Rod, "are authors greater by the absolute merit of their work or by the interpretations of which they are susceptible, by their power of execution or by their power of suggestion?" We would answer the question only by the remark that the latter trait is as fully their own and as much to be accredited to them as the former.

The reason of M. Rod's want of sympathy with Stendhal is that Stendhal was an ironical writer, — an ironist, if we may attempt to define thus his adaptation of that mode of viewing life; and M. Rod is one of the writers, of whom we have spoken above, to whom irony is repellent. It not only offends his earnestness, it wounds his sentimentalism; and he is a sentimentalist as well as an idealist, though he has done some good analytical and critical work. Stendhal had prophesied to the moment the date on which posterity would place the laurel upon his work. "I shall be appreciated," he said, "in 1880;" and the writers of the last decade have obeyed the summons, and have, with few exceptions, whether grudgingly like M. Zola, or loyally like M. Bourget, proclaimed him their master. In this movement M. Rod perceives the fact that, under M. Zola's demand for a larger geniality, and M. Bourget's "phrases garlanded with idealism," there is the same indication that "dryness and irony are at their highest quotation." There is much truth in this; nevertheless let us give merit its due, and acknowledge that, amid all the aridity of Stendhal's mind, his worldliness of tone, there existed an imagination, and that this imagination gave to the Chartreuse de Parme a certain breadth and inspiration, and made

[1] *Stendhal.* Par Édouard Rod. (Les Grands Écrivains Français.) Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1892. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

the mordant and disintegrating ideas of Le Rouge et le Noir kindling to the imaginations of others, perhaps because they had their origin in divination rather than in observation of life, and were thus imaginative products.

No, we do not agree with M. Faguet that Stendhal lacked imagination, but we would unhesitatingly subscribe to his assertion that he was essentially an unintellectual writer, with no power of generalization. The weakest point of M. Rod's psychological anatomy, in his generally excellent analysis of his author, and it is a very common looseness of thought, is his defining him as a man whose will was early paralyzed by his intellect, rendering him, with all his sensibility and imagination, incapable of any achievement adequate to his powers. Was not the result due rather to his enormous self-consciousness, and would not a greater intellectual force have assisted Stendhal in freeing himself from that dilettanteism and dryness of mind which M. Rod depicts; from those narrow lines of thought which he engraved with such force and precision, and kept to with such monotony; from that chain which bound him to self as a prisoner to his pillar? Stendhal generalized directly from his impressions, and these were purely and intensely personal. A resentment was elaborated by him into a system; a pleasure became a cult. He was not intellectual, but he was clever; and when he turned this exaggerated vividness of personal impression to the purposes of fiction, joining to it the results of his minute self-analysis and his acuteness of observation, he produced something that was interesting as a psychological document, if not as an achievement of psychology.

French electors and critics have often found M. Jules Simon a somewhat difficult subject to handle and define, not so much on account of any violent changes in his views as by reason of subtile modifications which they have undergone in passing through the medium of his oratory, or in obedience to the dictates of circumstance. It must be acknowledged that the difficulties have been coped with, and all the supple, insinuating traits of M. Simon's statesmanship and oratory have been often and impartially recorded. The fact of his having succeeded M. Guizot at the French Academy was only an accidental excuse for parallels which would hardly have failed to be drawn between the two men, yet in which the resemblances to be discovered belonged rather to circumstances than to nature, and were less important than the differences. M. Simon is not a second Guizot, governed and governing by a formulated programme of ideas, although he has been in a certain obvious way the successor to that *politique du juste milieu* which M. Faguet notes as the peculiar invention of M. Guizot. We should be more inclined to define M. Simon as a statesman after the order of Mr. Gladstone. The analogy is more difficult to trace, consisting, as it does, not in the general career or avowed sources of inspiration, but in what we may call political temperament, and in a certain habit of mind. Both base their political influence upon an elevated and clearly proclaimed public morality, an adroit political piety, not too lofty in its standard to be a popular cult, which the political and moral philosophy of M. Guizot, though it had nothing transcendental in it, was not. Both are hard workers, zealous for the welfare of the public, especially so for its moral and educational welfare, bringing gifts of persuasion and pose to the reinforcement of their patient activity and of their zeal.

That each bears the stamp of his race strongly marked upon the methods and the details of his achievement is another trait of resemblance. M. Simon has greater dexterity of mind and ingenuity of phrase, and has had more occasion to use such weapons, than Mr. Gladstone;

while, the advertisement being less supreme in France than in England, his opportunities in the employment of that tool have been necessarily more limited.

Both are primarily men of action, and secondarily of letters, although M. Simon began his career as a professor, and laid the foundations of his philosophical popularity before achieving his political successes. He has not yet been elected reader in chief of the new novels, though if the number of French critics were smaller, and if the blessing of statesmen and other notabilities were in France essential to the circulation of novels and of soap, there could be no better candidate for the position than M. Simon, and no one more admirably qualified to deal with the philosophical aspects of new books, and to bestow justice upon the work of the sex which, in the department of fiction, is not always the weaker one.

In La Femme du Vingtième Siècle[1] M. Simon seeks to define the nature of the place which women are fitted to occupy, the number of employments open to them, and the probabilities of their success in each. He considers that women have not only no practice in political affairs, but no natural aptitude for politics; pointing out that in the one department of this science which has always been open to them, political writing, Madame de Staël is the only one who has achieved success, "and her politics are above all a philosophy," as indeed the politics of thinkers are apt to be, and perhaps are better for being, outside the arena of active affairs. In philosophy, on the other hand, M. Simon recognizes a distinct natural gift on the part of the female sex, a superior subtlety of intelligence, but an intelligence which succeeds rather in comprehending ideas than in weighing or originating them. Women are discouraged from attempting law, notwithstanding the prowess in argument conceded to them, by the example of a lady who made her husband's life a burden to him by her legal attainments. The chapter is a very creditable novelette, showing the danger of a little knowledge, and the inconvenience of mere brightness usurping the place of power.

All sorts of questions of administration which bear in any way upon the position of women are treated in the book, — education, public worship, laws of marriage and divorce; and the collaboration of M. Gustave Simon allows the able discussion of these points to be supplemented by a number of details in relation to food, medicine, and the physical conduct of life, making the work a complete manual of the public and private aspects of the woman question. It is an appeal to the women of this century so to order their lives and those of their offspring that the women of the next century (and incidentally, we hope, the men) may be better and happier; and if the sex were, to a woman, thirsting for improvement and amenable to advice, it could hardly find for its guidance a more compact or safer collection of precepts than in the volume of MM. Simon.

[1] *La Femme du Vingtième Siècle.* Par Jules Simon, de l'Académie Française, et Gustave Simon, Docteur en Médecine. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1892. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

THE FIGURE OF COLUMBUS.

Nearly a score of years ago the study of American history received a singular impetus through the series of centennial celebrations which then began. There can be no question that not only were popular conceptions of the men and events connected with the War for Independence readjusted and greatly enriched, but the scientific pursuit of American history, especially the history of institutions, received an emphatic impulse. It is easy to believe that the same sort of influence is now at work to quicken the interest of the American people in the general subject of Spanish discovery and settlement, and in the particular subject of the character and career of Columbus. If it be said that in the case of the War for Independence we were dealing with a subject more closely connected with our historic consciousness, and not so far removed but that a moderately lively imagination could compass it, and that the series of anniversaries extended over a long enough time and had a sufficiently varied character to make the impression thorough and abiding, while we are called on now to celebrate a single event, four hundred years distant, and centring about persons of another race, whose influence over our destiny has not been continuous, it will not do to be hasty in concluding that this new anniversary will have insignificant influence upon our scientific and popular historical studies. On the contrary, we are disposed to think the present opportunity one of profounder significance.

We have the very great advantage of the training which both students and the general public have received through the researches and discussions of the past twenty years. If we were to sum the results in a single sentence, we should say that Americans had been emancipated from the crude belief that American civilization was a plant of absolutely native growth, and had also come into a larger freedom of belief regarding the stability of that civilization. We are not likely to overlook the Teutonic origin of much of this civilization, and we understand far more clearly the development which has taken place upon American soil and under the impulse of civic freedom. But an intelligent perception of the relation of the United States to England and Germany, historically, is but one step in that world knowledge which this nation must apprehend if it is to rise consciously to the dignity of its great inheritance. One further step is needed, and we are on the threshold.

It may be that we shall have to reëstablish our connection with Latin Christianity in all its forms through the sharp teaching of war, but that is not a means to be sought. Whether through war or through the more amiable ways of commerce and social intercourse, it is clear to most observers that the United States is to renew with Spain on this side of the Atlantic a connection which was broken off between England and Spain on the other side of the Atlantic more than three centuries ago, largely through the discovery and settlement of this continent. The era of industrial possession of our own domain has not closed, but the era of continental relations has opened, and this nation is destined to be affected strongly in its future development, not merely by entering into relations with the rest of America, but by the extension of its relations through this medium with contemporaneous Europe, and by contact in the realm of the spirit with ideas which are neither Anglican nor Teutonic.

It is for this reason, and because the four hundredth anniversary of the land-

ing of Columbus upon an island of the West Indies coincides with the beginnings of this enrichment of the United States, that we believe we shall see a great impetus given to historical studies having for their end, wittingly or not, the maturing of the consciousness of the American people, so that the nation will be more distinctly than it now is an integral part of Christendom, and something more than a member of English-speaking races. A part of the process in this slow enlargement will be found to consist in the direction of historical studies toward points heretofore somewhat neglected by American students. We look to see scholars follow the lead of Dr. Lea in an examination of ecclesiastical history. There will be a greater eagerness to comprehend the state of Europe just previous to the discovery of America. The study of antiquities as bearing upon the natives of America will not be neglected, but the same regions of Central America, Mexico, and South America which have attracted men of science searching for America before Spain wrote on the palimpsest will be sought by students of the memorials of the Spanish occupation, and little by little the veil will be lifted which now conceals much of the life led contemporaneously with that freely recorded of the English occupation of the northern country.

It is to be supposed that the first, most immediate attention will be directed toward Columbus; and it is a signal service which Dr. Winsor has rendered at the outset by his minute array of all the facts clustering about the achievement of the great discoverer, and his cartographic and bibliographic summaries. His book [1] is a storehouse for students and an index to the accumulated literature upon the subject, as well as a contribution to the fuller knowledge of the conditions under which Columbus wrought, and to the conception of the character of Columbus himself.

Dr. Winsor's historical habit is that of the man of science, who subjects all his material to a close scrutiny, that he may reach definite and well-authenticated results. He is a student at first hand, but he has also the constructive faculty, and is not content unless he can see his subject in its relations. Mr. John Fiske, as we have more than once had occasion to remark, has his distinction in a power of correlating facts after they have for the most part been collected by others. He is by no means without the power of original research; he shows this by his admirable insight, and his almost instinctive sense of what is to be relied upon in his authorities; but his strength lies in his synthetic power, in his broad yet not vague generalizations, in the skill with which he puts two and two together and always makes the sum four. In his new work [2] he has had a large field for the display of the sweep of his pen; for there is no one fact in modern history so momentous as the opening of a new world to human endeavor. In Mr. Fiske's book the voyages of Columbus form an incident in a whole drama; in Dr. Winsor's plan the narrative centres upon the personal history of Columbus: yet in the former case Columbus is treated as the central figure in the drama; in the latter he is regarded, one might almost say, as an accident.

The same authorities are used by both writers, and each is armed with the caution which leads them to avoid reading the nineteenth into the fifteenth century. Yet there is a marked difference in the

[1] *Christopher Columbus, and how he Received and Imparted the Spirit of Discovery.* By Justin Winsor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *The Discovery of America.* With some Account of Ancient America and the Spanish Conquest. By John Fiske. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

outcome of their studies as regards the person of Columbus. An acute thinker once observed: "If I have so much difficulty in understanding myself, how can I expect satisfactorily to account for other people?" And if, in addition to other difficulties, one is obliged to take into account conditions of another age, another nationality, and another religious belief, the task of apprehending a strange personality may well seem at first glance impossible. On the other hand, the judgment of men upon historic characters of whatever age is based upon the assumption of common elements in humanity. The face which looks upon us from a portrait by Velasquez is intelligible to us because of the likeness which it bears to the faces of men we meet on Broadway; the humanity which is enshrined in the statue of a Greek divinity is the key to our understanding of the god for which it stands.

It cannot be wholly impossible to reconstruct the figure of Columbus out of the material furnished in these two books, and that material is to be found in the words of Columbus himself, in the estimates of his contemporaries, — after we have first determined roughly the character and credibility of these witnesses, — in the deeds recorded of him, and, finally, — for this is the crucial test, — in the controlling ideas of the man.

Columbus was a visionary, and this temper of mind makes one a target for ridicule to his contemporaries, and throws an air of unreality over his actions when viewed by posterity. He was no less a visionary that his dreams looked for their fulfillment in the conquest of nature, and promised him great personal wealth and honor. His whole career witnesses to this element in his character. His unshaken belief in the verity of his notions; his readiness to jeopardize all his venture rather than abate a jot of his pretensions; his intoxication at apparent success; his inability to cope with practical men; his very meanness when he seeks to use the weapons of ordinary mortals; his miserable failure to help himself to the results of the fulfillment of his dreams; his dignity in the hour of his fall; and, finally, the blur which gathers over his eyes in the last days, so that he now sees visions only, and sees everything distorted, — all these things explain and are explained by this fundamental characteristic of the man. The saving quality which forbade the visionary to be a mere crank — to use the expressive modern term which his neighbors would have applied to Columbus, if they had spoken American-English — lay in the concentration of purpose which solidified ideas, notions, dreams, into action. It is not at all difficult to show that many more than Columbus, in his age, perceived *a priori* the evidence of a Cathay lying to the westward, to be reached by sailing in that direction. But Columbus put the evidence to the test; and the very obstacles which he overcame, both by his lofty assurance, in which his enemies could see only the arrogance of an overweening vanity, and by his persistence until his faith had overcome mountains, raise him above the ranks of common men. Granting all that one may assert of the selfishness or meanness of Columbus in his dealing with men, this lower nature was not the power which prompted the man in the one great act of his life, — an act which was the incarnation of an idea held in common with others, but carried to its practical consummation only by himself.

It is in the light of this controlling idea that we must measure many of the recorded acts of Columbus. The deceptions which he practiced on the voyage were the devices of a man who had gone too far in the achievement of a lifelong purpose to see that achievement thwarted by ignorant men. He was as ready to resort to a manœuvre like two reckonings as the general of an army is to keep his

camp-fires burning while his troops are silently retreating before the deceived enemy. It would have read finely in the history of this great enterprise if Columbus had waived his claim to the king's reward for the first sight of land in favor of the sailor who had seen the solid earth a few hours after the admiral had seen, or thought he had seen, a light moving on the land; but magnanimity of that sort belongs to another order of heroes. Columbus was not a self-renunciatory hero; he was not bred to a sense of chivalry; he was of the imperial order, a man who, from brooding over a great idea, identifies himself with it, and, so far from renouncing anything, grasps at whatever comes within the reach of his purpose. He died without the knowledge that his discoveries had opened the way to a new continent. Had he known this, it is safe to predict that he would have gone stark, staring mad over such an aggrandizement of his name.

There was a close connection between a temperament of this idealistic sort and a religious fervor. It must be remembered that at this time the notion of religion which was uppermost was not that of service, but of rule, and that the church militant was closely connected with the church regnant. Christendom was confronted by Islamism, and there was not yet a sense of confident supremacy, though the external foe had done much to weld into a mass the opposing forces of the church. The church stood for whatever was worth holding in this world and in the world to come, and a nature like that of Columbus, who saw as in a vision the subjugation of the pagan East to the dominant West, could not possibly separate the church idea from the imperial idea. The day had not yet come for the growth of individualism in religion, and though there were never wanting witnesses to the truth of a life hid with Christ in God, as the wonderful phrase has it, the hieratic interpretation of the gospel was the prevailing one, and the loyalty of Columbus to the church was a far more masterful sentiment than his loyalty to the sovereign lord and lady. With them he was, as it were, on a level, as a son of the church. When, therefore, he dreamed of being a viceroy, he dreamed equally of honor through his power to enlarge the domain of the church. The avenue to greatness lay this way, also.

It is by no means impossible that a spirit like that of Columbus should be ill adapted to deal with those affairs of life which call for sagacity, prudence, patience, and that power of control which springs from self-control. The restless desire for further conquest impelled Columbus far more than the desire to hold what he had gained. The enlargement of his domain, not the government of his possessions, inspired him, and he brought to the task of ruling dusky natives an experience which was born of dealing with mutinous sailors. Did he know men as a born ruler knows them? It is doubtful. His solitary life, when brooding over his ideas, had developed a strength of will and a belief in himself which carried him against the resistance of others through self-assertion, not through a diplomatic undermining of his adversaries. Yet it must be remembered that the nature of Columbus was eminently adapted to the cultivation of enemies. He had been laughed at, and now he had set Europe agog with his discoveries. The realities which those saw who followed eagerly in his footsteps to avail themselves of his good luck were not the realities he saw. They found a barbarous, mild-mannered, and physically weak race, living indolently in a region which smiled to the eye, but yielded very little in the way of portable property. Columbus transmuted every petty chieftain into a king of Cathay, and every grain of gold was to him the symbol of vast wealth. He was forever obeying his illusions; they were forever suffering disenchantment.

But a man must be known by his friends, not by his enemies. That Las Casas believed in Columbus and was his firm friend; that, with his gentle nature, he looked up in admiration at the figure which was close enough for inspection, and gave in his hearty witness to the admiral's character, is more in the court of public opinion than the hatred borne toward Columbus by the malignant Fonseca; yet only more, for the tortuous persecution aimed at the explorer becomes an exposition of the nature of the enmity, and by so much a vindication of the man persecuted.

It is no doubt true that the vast results which have flowed from the momentous first voyage of Columbus have served to obscure the real character of the man. The connection of a deed with a name is pretty sure to enlarge the notion of a name, and convey to it not only the greatness of the deed, but the greatness of the consequences. Nor is the common acceptation of a man's personality dependent upon a very subtle analysis. The law by which reputations are established *de minimis non curat.* Nevertheless, in process of time a closer inspection brings out with greater precision the actual facts upon which reputation rests. The loose statement, "Columbus discovered America," becomes resolved into a more exact statement as to the relation which the deeds of Columbus bore to that discovery. As the student is driven out of loose notions into more precise intelligence, the figure of Columbus becomes more sharply outlined. Some of the nobility, as the sensitive man conceives nobility, disappears; a glamour vanishes. But this figure is set against a background of another age, another faith. Studied in relation to its times and viewed in the light of its actual achievement, its greatness does not pass off in vapor; it becomes more real because conceived more truthfully. It is by the aid of these fearless and searching studies of Dr. Winsor and Mr. Fiske that the public will be instructed in the facts of the life of Columbus, and gradually construct a figure in stone when before they had one in clay.

OLD FURNITURE IN NEW ENGLAND.

Forty years ago, Mr. J. B. Felt, the antiquary, published his desultory little work Customs of New England, and led the way in the study of domestic life. Other scholars have recognized the value of the material which lay hidden in inventories and wills, and Mr. William B. Weeden has made most admirable use of such documents in his Economic and Social History of New England, scattered through which work may be found references to furniture and interior arrangements of the New England colonial house; but the first thoroughly scientific examination of one interesting corner of this field is in the attractive and rich volume, Colonial Furniture of New England, by Dr. Lyon.[1] Even in this work there is no attempt made at a complete treatise. Dr. Lyon calls his book a study, and he confines himself to an examination of chests, cupboards, chests of drawers, desks, chairs, tables, and clocks; passing by sofas, bedsteads, wash-stands, wardrobes, bookcases, carpets, and only glancing at table furniture and house-

[1] *The Colonial Furniture of New England.* A Study of the Domestic Furniture in Use in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By Irving Whitall Lyon, M. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

hold utensils. The satisfaction which the reader gets is in the evident caution of the author, and in his clear determination not to lose himself in speculation, or to allow his strong enthusiasm to lead him into rhetorical extravagance. Everything is set down with deliberation, and as the result of personal investigation. The history of each class of furniture is briefly traced, and the evidence gathered as to the forms in use in England or Holland chiefly; then the subsequent history in New England is taken up, and nice questions are raised as to the priority of forms. One hundred and thirteen heliotype illustrations of pieces of furniture referred to in the text serve to make the author's meaning clear and to establish his points.

One admirable feature of Dr. Lyon's book is the good taste which governs in the selection of objects presented thus to the eye. The authenticity of the several objects is well determined, but we are by no means sure that Dr. Lyon could not have presented equally authentic objects in the several groups which would not have been nearly so interesting nor so beautiful. He shows pretty conclusively that a great deal of the furniture found in New England was the work of native cabinet-makers; is it possible that they followed good models exclusively? The architectural forms of the same period forbid this inference; for though these forms were very often dignified and in good proportions, this was not universally the case.

Nevertheless, we have in this book abundant examples of the best furniture of New England, just as we have in such books as Mr. Little's capital views of the best specimens of New England domestic architecture. And just as our architects to-day are going back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for models, especially in the details of their work, so our cabinet-makers who have the furnishing of our houses could not go astray if they were to study the examples given in Dr. Lyon's book; they can do this intelligently, since he has in many instances been at pains to give careful measurements.

There is one characteristic about the furniture here presented which can hardly escape the observer. It is the dignity which marks the several pieces, and the intimation which they give of reserve in house-furnishing in olden times. That is, one can hardly think of rooms being crowded with furniture of this sort. Each piece represents individual worth, and seems to hold a sort of reproof for the clutter, the miscellaneousness, of our modern interiors. Fancy throwing a scarf over the back of one of the tall chairs figured here! How impertinent would be a lot of bricabrac on one of these stately tables! The very provision made by means of "steps" for the grouping and display of choice china upon one of the chests of drawers or cupboards hints at dignified order and reserve. But to look for a return to the same simplicity and fine distinction in our modern houses is to expect something little short of a revolution in our habits of life. Our only hope is that, as hygienic science gets firmer hold of us, it will form an alliance with good taste, and banish our upholstery and hangings, and a large part of the dust-gathering and light-excluding paraphernalia of our nineteenth-century houses, to some vast valley of Gehenna where their fires will go up perpetually; for the supply of such fuel must be illimitable.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Books of Reference. We cannot welcome the sixth and final volume of The Century Dictionary (The Century Co.) without expressing again our admiration at the administrative skill which has accomplished the great feat of carrying out the enterprise within the time set for it. In this respect it should be honorably bracketed with the English Biographical Dictionary. The present volume, which runs from Strub to Zyxomma, clearly closes the list of words, unless some one shall invent a word of which the first three letters shall be *z y z*. Now we look at it, we are not sure but this is a word itself. It looks as if it meant something. We present it to The Century Co. There is, besides, a List of Amended Spellings recommended by the Philological Society of London and the American Philological Association; also a List of Writers Quoted and Authorities Cited in the Dictionary, — a very interesting list, and really serving quite well the needs of a brief biographical dictionary of authors, since each writer is characterized, and the date of birth and death given, or of birth alone. We are rather surprised to see references made to The Atlantic, when the name of the author of the article cited could readily be ascertained. With good judgment, a long list is given of the words beginning with *un*, which require no further elucidation. — Now that The Century Dictionary is completed, the reader who likes to take his dictionary serially, in order to linger over its attractions, may congratulate himself that the Oxford or New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Macmillan) still continues, and is likely to satisfy him for some time to come. Part VI., Clo–Consigner, is the latest to appear. Dr. Murray writes an interesting prefatory note, calling attention to the more important features of this particular part, such as the space occupied by the verb "come," which fills twenty-three columns, the largest space yet claimed by any word in the dictionary (The Century has six columns on the same word); the derivation and form-history of cockatrice, cockney, congeon, closh, clough, clow, comely; the sense-development of such words as clerk, cloth, club, coal, coat, cock, cock-a-hoop, cock-sure, etc.; the origin and early history of words lately incorporated in the language, as coach, coco, cocoa, coffee, colonel, cornet, communism. But these are features which characterize the entire work, and the reader never wearies of turning the pages of this dictionary, for it is at once an armory and a museum. — Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) Those who have read, or, what is still better, used Mr. Hutton's Literary Landmarks of London will feel great confidence in the painstaking thoroughness of his Edinburgh researches, as well as in the accuracy of the notes gathered therefrom. In tracing the haunts and habitations of the writers of a period extending from Drummond of Hawthornden to Carlyle, the author must have been greatly aided by the pride and interest in their literary as well as their historic landmarks felt by all sorts and conditions of Scottish men. Mr. Pennell's drawings really illustrate the work; but the many portraits could well have been spared, as most of them only disfigure an otherwise attractive book. — The eighth volume of Chambers's Encyclopædia (Lippincott) confirms our judgment that the plan adopted is resulting in an admirably proportioned work, midway between the treatise-cyclopædia and the dictionary-cyclopædia. The range of this volume is from Peasant Proprietorship to Roumelia, and, as before, subjects of peculiar value in the United States are treated freshly and carefully. Such are Rocky Mountains, Phonograph, Protection, which is from a friendly hand. Indeed, the conductors appear throughout to have pursued the policy of having a subject treated from the point of view of one who believes in it, with only now and then an adverse note. Thus, the article on Mormons was written by a Mormon; and in this volume Roman Catholic Church is by a temperate priest of that church, and is revised by Cardinal Manning. It is a little surprising that the last named should have assented to the prefix "Roman." — A Dictionary of Thoughts, being a Cyclopædia of Laconic Quotations, from the best Authors, both Ancient and Modern, by Tryon Edwards. (Cassell.) The

work is alphabetically arranged by subjects, and the compiler, besides bringing out subjects one would expect to find, has a knack at selecting some which were suggested, probably, by the quotations he had in hand, like Intentions, Vicissitudes, Suretyship. Apparently he collected his thoughts, sometimes from authors, sometimes from other collections, and then indexed them by the most readily suggested word. The book is a convenient one to have, and some of the thoughts from obscure authors are just as good as those from well-known ones.

Theology, Religion, and Ethics. In that important undertaking, the International Theological Library, edited by Professors C. A. Briggs and S. D. F. Salmond (Scribners), the first volume is An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament, by S. R. Driver. The author calls attention to the limits set to his task, since he is not dealing with the theology, or the history, or even the study of the Old Testament. The brevity of the papers on the separate books, also, was the result of spatial limitations. It should be said that the literature is treated from a scholar's point of view, and there is scarcely any æsthetic consideration. The book will be found a succinct aid to the student through its close analyses and its bibliographical suggestions. — Sermons, by Frederic Henry Hedge. (Roberts.) Though most of these sermons are independent of time and place, it would have added to the interest of the volume if they had been dated. The sermon, for instance, on The Gospel of Manual Labor, — when was it preached? Was Dr. Hedge an early advocate of training to manual labor, or a tardy prophet after the fact? Everywhere there is a note of freshness, of vigor, of comprehensiveness, which we do not doubt characterized Dr. Hedge in his early as in his later days, yet we wish The Broad Church had been dated. — The Supreme Passions of Man, or The Origin, Causes, and Tendencies of the Passions of the Flesh: Setting forth the Results of Scientific Inquiries into the Appetites of Mankind, and the Passions which they Excite; a Study of the Crimes of the Flesh and the Efforts of Christianity to Maintain Purity; an Essay on the True Causes of Drunkenness, and the only Way to Prevent this Evil; Observations on the Relation of Vice to the Laws of Nations; and Existing Educational Systems. By Paul Paquin. (The Little Blue Book Co., Battle Creek, Mich.) So far the title page of this little paper-covered book. The circus hardly corresponds to the poster. After so loud a promise, it is a little disappointing to find the main performance in the injunction, Eat less. — Application and Achievement, Essays, by J. Hazard Hartzell. Edited by his Sons. (Putnams.) Nine essays with Emersonian titles, Genius, Character, Manners, Adversity, and the like. There is a rhetorical showiness about the essays which gives them the air of having once been declaimed with considerable energy. Amid the din of the resounding words we detect the sound of excellent sentiments, but we think there would be more force if there were less racket. — The Natural History of Man, and the Rise and Progress of Philosophy, by Alexander Kinmont. (Lippincott.) The reissue of a volume of lectures delivered fifty years or so ago by a Scotchman who came to this country as a young man, embraced the doctrines of the New Church, and established himself as a teacher and preacher in Cincinnati. He was a vigorous thinker and speaker, and his writings show a singular admixture of shrewdness and mysticism. — The Business of Life, by the Author of How to be Happy though Married. (Scribners.) A series of inexpugnable moral observations on conduct, made lively reading by the pepper of anecdote. Let the world resolve itself into a mammoth Sunday-school concert and listen to this easy talker. — Evolution, its Nature, its Evidences, and its Relation to Religious Thought, by Joseph Le Conte. (Appleton.) A new edition of a striking book which appeared three years ago. The chapter on the relation of God to nature viewed in the light of the evolution doctrine is especially interesting. — Mind is Matter, or The Substance of the Soul, by William Hemstreet. (Fowler & Wells.) The author hopes by his work to strengthen faith in immortality, but he stands upon a risky platform when he asserts: "On the materiality of electricity stands or falls the immortality of the soul. Within two years this will be universally accepted." — Thomas Carlyle's Moral and Religious Development, a Study, by Edward Flügel. Translated from the German by Jessica Gilbert Tyler. (M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.) A mosaic

of Carlyle's utterances, systematically arranged and consistently connected by the essayist. — The Crisis in Morals, an Examination of Rational Ethics in the Light of Modern Science, by James Thompson Bixby. (Roberts.) Mr. Bixby spends his strength mainly in controverting the views of Mr. Herbert Spencer; but he does not confine himself to destructive criticism, for he essays a more constructive statement, which is interesting and effective. The conception which he presents of man as a conscious part of the universal organism is far more stimulating than the individualism which lies at the basis of Mr. Spencer's creed. — The Story of the Childhood and Passion of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour, in the words of the Evangelists and Traditions, by John M. Klüh. (2112 La Salle Street, Chicago.) The peculiarity of this little work, apart from the fact that the compiler has picked and chosen from the apocryphal gospels to suit himself, lies in its typography, which is in an "alfabet of forty-five letters," and looks as if there had been a bad case of pi. — A Treatise on Wisdom, by Pierre Charron, paraphrased by Myrtilla H. N. Daly. (Putnams.) A reproduction, in convenient shape, of the substance of a famous work by a contemporary of Montaigne, in which the attempt was made to reduce the conduct of life to a systematic form, in which religion should play the part of an arc light, illuminating, but not warming. — Gambling, or, Fortuna, her Temple and Shrine, the True Philosophy and Ethics of Gambling, by James Harold Romain. (The Craig Press, Chicago.) First the publisher says he himself is no gamester, but he is greatly impressed by the author's sincerity. Then the author dedicates his book to the Hon. John Cameron Simonds, but hastens to relieve the dedicatee of any opprobrium; "that gentleman is not a gamester, nor in sympathy with the pursuit." A Preface follows, then an Introduction, and now the author sounds a trumpet note and marshals all the worshipers of Fortuna, from Great Cyrus, who founded the Persian monarchy, to a host of votaries in America, including Jerry McKibben and the lamented Broderick. At last he settles down to his task, which is to prove that gambling is an ineradicable, fundamental trait of human nature, which may be regulated in its expression by the laws of the state, but must not be condemned by the moralist as wrong. The author's logic and rhetoric perform some surprising feats.

Education and Textbooks. The Modalist, or The Laws of Rational Conviction, a Textbook of Formal or General Logic, by Edward John Hamilton. (Ginn.) The author adopts the title which he gives his book on the ground that the reintroduction of modality is characteristic of the new logic, which he upholds. It will be seen, therefore, that he is not content with the limitations of pure logic, but undertakes to include the processes of thought which follow the relations of contingency and of necessity. Dr. Hamilton's metaphysical studies have predisposed him, we think, to a greater refinement of terminology than is quite desirable in a college textbook. — A Short History of German Literature, by James K. Hosmer. (Scribners.) A revised edition of a well-accepted book. Professor Hosmer's catholicity of taste and his strong active interest in the heroic element give his book at once a wide range and a hearty personality, which take it out of the class of mere compendiums. — A Primary Word Book, embracing Thorough Drills in Articulation and in all the Difficulties of Spelling and Sound to be met with in Primary Reading, by Sarah E. Buckbee. (Heath.) It strikes us that there are two capital faults in this book: one that it proceeds too rapidly for the ready intelligence of children, the other that it pursues too closely an analytic method. We suspect that not enough is made, in our earliest primary books, of the child's interest in his work, and that many difficulties could be overcome if they were incidental to the subject matter, and not made too absolute. — The third book of Harper's School Speaker, edited by James Baldwin (Harpers), contains miscellaneous selections in verse and prose, grouped under the heads of Life, Nature, Labor, Recreation, Duty, Aspiration, Retrospection, and Resignation. The editor has aimed, apparently, at variety, without much regard to the declamatory element, and with no special consideration for the literary value of his selections. The sentiments are all fine, however, and there is a dash of fun in the book. — Elementary English, prepared with Reference to the Regents' Examinations in the State of New York, by John D. Wilson. (Bardeen.) So

far as conventional forms are treated, this handbook is well enough; but as a text-book dealing with principles, and intended to give the elements of English grammar, it appears to be an offering on the altar of Cram. — The Study Class, a Guide for the Student of English Literature, by Anna Benneson McMahan. (McClurg.) An interesting and sensible little book, since its author is strongly possessed with the notion that the most important thing in the study of English literature is to know, not to know about, books; and she studiously bears in mind that knowledge is power only so far as through it the mind is trained to use. The practical service of the book is in the outlines which it offers for the study of the English drama, Shakespeare, Browning, English poetry, and the English essay. It ought to be of special value to literary clubs which intend honest work. — Manual of Plane Geometry on the Heuristic Plan, with Numerous Extra Exercises, both Theorems and Problems, for Advance Work, by G. Irving Hopkins. (Heath.) — Dr. Pick's Method Applied to Acquiring the French Language, by E. Pick. (Bardeen.) Dr. Pick relies chiefly on association of ideas for getting the student along; his scheme being to introduce him to French words and forms chiefly through the association with the corresponding English words and forms. After eight lessons of picked-up language there is an exercise in grammar, and then a parallel version of Charles XII. in French and English. The method supposes an express train of thought. — Introduction to Modern French Lyrics, edited, with notes, by B. L. Bowen. (Heath.) Besides national and revolutionary songs, Béranger, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, Gautier, furnish most of the material. — Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea has been edited for school use by Professor W. T. Hewitt, of Cornell. (Heath.) The introduction is especially helpful, and there is a well-studied bibliography, as also notes. — A Brief Spanish Grammar, with Historical Introductions and Exercises, by A. Hjalmar Edgren. (Heath.) — The Antigone of Sophocles, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendix, for the Use of Students in Colleges, by Milton W. Humphreys. (Harpers.) Seventy-eight pages of introduction, forty-eight pages of text, two hundred pages of notes. — Handbook of Psychology, Feeling and Will, by James Mark Baldwin (Holt); completing the author's work, the previous volume having taken up Senses and Intellect. There is a physiological basis, but the author by no means confines his discussion to this side, and, in his orderly way, constantly rises to the consideration of ideal conditions. — The Province of Expression, a Search for Principles, underlying Adequate Methods, of Developing Dramatic and Oratoric Delivery, by S. S. Curry. (School of Expression, Boston.) A freely written, suggestive, and sound book, which ought to do much toward preventing the mistaking one form of art as art exclusively. The remarks of the author on reading aloud are admirable. — A series of University Extension Manuals, edited by Professor William Knight, of St. Andrews (Scribners), has been projected, of which four volumes thus far have been issued. It is a little hard to find a common character, and this we think is due to the somewhat varied nature of university extension work. Thus, The Use and Abuse of Money, by W. Cunningham, is a well-thought-out scheme for presenting to the mind the problems of society as they are grouped about the industrial life of man. It is not a manual of political economy so much as a study of capital and labor, from the point of view of the man who looks about him in the community, and seeks to resolve the complex relations into some definite, intelligible law which shall be in accord with human nature. It is a book full of suggestiveness, by an open-minded man. The Philosophy of the Beautiful, by the editor of the series, bears the sub-title Outlines of the History of Æsthetics, and the subject is treated with such careful chronological regard that the last chapter, on The Philosophy of America, has three sub-divisions: 1815 to 1849, 1867 to 1876, 1880 to 1890. The book is scarcely more than a *catalogue raisonné* of the literature of the subject, and would, we should think, be almost useless to any ordinary student, except as a convenient work of reference. The Fine Arts, on the other hand, by G. Baldwin Brown, shows a studied attempt to bring the development of the arts into obedience to the laws of the mind as systematized by psychology. The concrete examples save it from a too abstract and remote interest, and there are passages full of interest which appear to be taken

from the author's lectures to his classes. The book ought to be of service in giving students a notion of the essential in the fine arts. English Colonization and Empire, by Alfred Caldecott, is more in the nature of an analysis of history. It is an essay, expanded by specific examples, and furnished with summaries and systematic statements. We should say of all these books that they do not especially lend themselves to what is known as the seminary system, but are the individual persuasions of the writers set forth systematically for the benefit of their disciples. The bibliographical apparatus is not extensive. — The Volta Bureau of Washington sends us an interesting brochure on Helen Keller. It is further described as a souvenir of the first summer meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. The most noticeable feature of this somewhat ungainly quarto is the reproduction of the girl's letters. Taken with the narrative of her brief education, they are simply wonderful ; and one almost hesitates to draw the inference that what was possible in her case is possible generally with blind deaf mutes. It would seem as if this child were exceptionally gifted ; yet the record is one of immeasurable encouragement.

History and Biography. The third volume of John Bach McMaster's A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War (Appleton) is especially interesting from the period it covers ; for it treats of Burr's intrigue, of the embargo, and of the beginning of the war of 1812. Following his well-determined plan, Mr. McMaster devotes much space to a pictorial view of Louisiana, and in particular New Orleans, and to a summary of commercial, industrial, and social growth in the early years of the century. He draws his material from a great variety of sources, and, by his rapid transitions, whisks the reader from one interesting scene to another. We are glad to see that he has suppressed to a considerable extent his tendency to rhetorical antithesis, and gets rid of his unfortunate habit of mere verbal transition and connection. The book is a storehouse of curious facts, and gives an interior view of our history vouchsafed nowhere else so fully. — The History of Modern Civilization, a Handbook based upon M. Gustave Ducoudray's Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation. (Appleton.) The translator, whose name is not given, advises the reader that the book is rather an adaptation than a translation, since it was necessary "not only to omit much and to correct freely, but also to fill numerous and extensive gaps in" the author's "knowledge of England and other countries." With a free hand, the author seeks to give a rapid survey of the great national, religious, industrial, and social forces which have changed the face of Europe since the advent of Christianity. It appears to us that too little stress is laid upon the enormous change brought about by the addition of a new continent to the habitable globe. — Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy. (Houghton.) We have delayed too long in calling attention to this remarkable book ; but it is one which must continue to be an inspiration to all who would apprehend anything of that spirit which makes Christianity something more than a religion of Western races. The story of this young Japanese is like a romance in its early passages ; like the tale of a hero and great patriot in its close. It throws light upon the fundamental qualities of the Japanese character, and gives a foretaste of the addition which Japan is to make to the conception of a universal faith. — History of the People of Israel, from the Time of Hezekiah till the Return from Babylon, by Ernest Renan. (Roberts.) The third in the series, to be followed, in the author's plan, by a fourth, bringing the history up to the appearance of the Christ. Under his handling, Judaism becomes the protest of the spiritual forces in men against the material, and the hope of humanity is found imbedded in the lofty utterances of the prophets. The poetic in Renan becomes thus interpretative of a nation which, in spite of the arrest of its continuity, indeed because of it, is one of the distinct forces in current history. His search for the elemental principle makes his history, therefore, something more even than a philosophical study ; it is itself a piece of poetizing, the record of insight ; and, with something of the prophetic impulse, he is constantly seeing the past in the present. — The Swiss Republic, by Boyd Winchester. (Lippincott.) It is the institutions rather than the history of Switzerland, except as contained in them, that engage Mr. Win-

chester's attention, and naturally he views his subject somewhat in comparison with our own public life. He brings into convenient form much interesting information respecting the political situation in Switzerland, but his historical judgments appear not to be the result always of close study of authorities. — Historical Essays, by Henry Adams. (Scribners.) Nine papers covering a tolerably wide range of topics in American, English, and French history. Mr. Adams writes always with a confidence which springs from close acquaintance with his authorities and a positive temper. It is to be regretted that men of his equipment and capacity are not more frequent, both in administrative circles and in the scarcely less formative positions offered by the higher journalism. — Phillips Brooks, Bishop of Massachusetts, by Newell Dunbar. (Cupples.) An enthusiastic, hearty little book, written *calamo currente* apparently, but not lacking in discrimination and clearness of judgment. The author seems to have caught something from his subject. There are several views of Trinity Church, exterior and interior, as well as a vignette portrait.

Books for Young People. The Cruise of a Land Yacht, by Sylvester Baxter. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. (Authors' Mutual Publishing Co., Boston.) Under this title Mr. Baxter has given a lively and interesting narrative of a trip to Mexico in a private car. He has devised a party of young people with pretty clearly marked surface peculiarities, but the substance of his book is in the description of life in the southwest. Mr. Bridgman has drawn a number of sketches, and altogether the book affords young readers a very agreeable introduction to Mexican scenery, life, and antiquities. — The Story of the Odyssey and The Story of the Iliad, by Alfred J. Church. (Macmillan.) Each of these stories occupies a volume. Mr. Church has told them with a directness and straightforwardness which show that he has read his Homer to good purpose. Perhaps it is inevitable, indeed we are not sure that we would wish it otherwise, but he has given a touch of remoteness, not by the use of archaisms, but by a certain formality of English. — Chatterbox for 1891, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) The great characteristic of this work is that, though called an annual, it is a perennial. It makes no possible difference whether this conglomeration of picture and moral anecdote is read in one year or another, or not at all.

Sociology and Political Economy. The Corporation Problem; the Public Phases of Corporations, their Uses, Abuses, Benefits, Dangers, Wealth, and Power, with a Discussion of the Social, Industrial, Economic, and Political Questions to which they have given rise. By William W. Cook. (Putnams.) Mr. Cook draws his illustrations largely from the history of railroads, and seeks to show the relation of corporations to politics. Although he discusses at some length the subject of state socialism in its relation to corporations, especially railroads, he appears to ignore the more pressing problems of municipalities and corporations closely connected with them as tested by socialistic theories. — The Divine Order of Human Society, by Robert Ellis Thompson. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) In eight lectures, Professor Thompson treats, under the light of existing problems, of the family, the nation, the school, and the church. There is a unity in his conception and a logic in his method which give his book an unwonted value; for he is possessed by a large idea, and the practical character of his mind leads him to apply this idea in a way to correlate many facts which are liable to an isolated and fragmentary treatment. — Mr. John Rae's Contemporary Socialism (Scribners) has passed into a second and revised edition, in which he has taken the opportunity afforded to bring the subject as nearly up to date as may be, though Socialism, like Electricity, makes history faster than historians can record it. The enlargement is seen particularly in the chapters on Russian Nihilism and The Progress and Present Position of Socialism. The book is now unquestionably the most comprehensive and intelligible analysis of the subject at the disposition of the English-reading student. — A Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston, together with Legal Suggestions, etc., prepared by the Associated Charities. (Damrell & Upham, Boston.) A most thoroughly prepared book, and surprising, to any but the few initiated, by its revelation of the intricate network of aid in which society stands enmeshed. Indeed, a careful examination of the book furnishes a cross-section of the

city life of the greatest service to the student of contemporary conditions. The work is of first importance to any one who is bewildered by applications for aid which lie beyond his personal power to satisfy. — Principles of Political Economy, by Charles Gide. Translated by E. P. Jacobsen. (Heath.) Professor Clark, of Smith College, who introduces this book briefly to American readers, calls attention to the interest which attaches to a book written in France, translated in England, and published in America. It may be added that the notes supplied by James Bonar, of England, contain references to American writings on the subject. Mr. Gide has an open mind and a judicial temper, so that the reader comes to listen to him with close attention ; for he sees that he is in the hands of an impartial student, and not of a doctrinaire or special pleader.

Nature, Science, and Travel. Geodesy, by J. Howard Gore, in the Riverside Science Series (Houghton), is a compact statement of a subject which, under its title, is less likely to attract readers than when this title is expanded. In brief, then, Mr. Gore, starting with an account of some of the primitive notions regarding the earth, and the crude measurements of the size of the globe, proceeds with a good historical sketch of the successive scientific processes by which accurate measurements were obtained, and gives finally a rapid survey of the present operations in the great nations of the world. He writes out of a full knowledge, and yet with a clear conception of masses as well as details, so that the reader has to thank him for an admirable and readable summary. — The fourth volume of Garden and Forest (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York), covering the year 1891, has the same high character as its predecessors. The magazine meets the needs of an increasing number of persons, those who have not only a love of nature, but leisure to cultivate their affection. The work is of peculiar interest to those who are so fortunate and so wise as to have a summer home in the country. The correspondence is often very suggestive, and there is a refreshing absence of petty personalities. Public action bearing upon the preservation or the destruction of forests is carefully watched, and the journal has thus a very distinct value. — Schliemann's Excavations, an Archæological and Historical Study, by Dr. C. Schuchardt. (Macmillan.) The translation of a German work which sets forth in orderly fashion the latest results of Schliemann's excavations, as well as condenses and systematizes the accounts of the earlier explorations. There is an introduction by W. Leaf, and a brief but interesting chapter devoted to a sketch of Schliemann's life. Maps, plans, and woodcuts furnish the book fully, and the general reader will find the work a convenient *résumé* of excavations which practically inaugurated a new era of Hellenic study. — Annual Report of the New York Forest Commission for the Year ending December 31, 1890. (James B. Lyon, printer, Albany.) About half this volume is taken up with a catalogue of maps, field notes, surveys and land papers of patents, grants, and tracts situate within the counties embracing the forest preserve of the State, and there are other documents pertaining to the work of the commission ; but there is beside much interesting reading for all who are concerned in forestry. A force of firewardens has been established, with good results, and special attention is given to the really national subject of the preservation of the Adirondacks. — The Story of the Hills, a Book about Mountains, for General Readers, by Rev. H. N. Hutchinson. (Macmillan.) The author assumes an ignorance of geologic terms on the part of his readers, and seeks to translate a scientific description of mountain form and mountain building into familiar language. He has in his mind travelers in Switzerland or the Scotch and English mountain districts, and undertakes to make intelligible to them the movements of nature which have resulted in the objects they see. The book is liberally illustrated.

Literature and Criticism. The twentieth volume of The Century covers the months from May through October, 1891 (The Century Co.), and reminds one anew of the admirable work which the magazine is doing in familiarizing multitudes of homes in America with forms in pictorial art which lie beyond the scope of common experience and observation. We doubt not that every great work of the Italian masters which Mr. Cole has engraved is looked upon in the original, and will continue to be looked upon in the future, by many Americans with

an interest greatly exceeding that produced by other works of art not thus made familiar. This is but one feature in the humanizing work which this great magazine is accomplishing. — A graceful paper on James Russell Lowell was read at the eighteenth annual dinner of the Harvard Club of San Francisco, by George B. Merrill. The writer takes the diplomatic correspondence of the government and draws off some juicy sentences from Mr. Lowell. — In McClurg's tasteful reprints (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) we note, in addition to those heretofore mentioned, Moore's Lalla Rookh, Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Carlyle's On Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. The special merit of these editions, aside from the graceful form of the books, lies in the editor's reserve. Wherever the author has provided a preface or notes, this apparatus is given, and thus some interesting matter is revived; but the editor himself refrains from loading the books with his own writing. — The Uncollected Writings of Thomas De Quincey, with a Preface and Annotations, by James Hogg. (Macmillan.) Mr. Hogg, who was De Quincey's publisher at one time, has collected in two volumes considerable matter not to be found in the latest edition, that by Masson. The papers sometimes complete articles already published in the American (Riverside) edition, as in The English in China; but sometimes the same matter reappears under another title, as in Suetonius Unravelled, which in the Riverside edition is Ælius Lamia. To the lover of De Quincey there is little in these two volumes which will not be welcomed. — In the neat little Knickerbocker Nuggets Series (Putnams), three volumes are devoted to Stories from the Arabian Nights, selected from Lane's version by Stanley Lane-Poole. To our surprise, we find that Ali Baba, though included, is not properly a portion of the real Arabian Nights. The scholarly spelling fiend has invaded this sacred inclosure, also, with his 'Alā-ed-dīn and his 'Efrīt, and other severe orthographic prigs.

Art. A book well worth reissuing was Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, and the reprint is in excellent style (McClurg), with Notes and an Historical and Biographical Introduction by Edward Gilpin Johnson, and copies, of varying degrees of excellence, from Sir Joshua's portraits. The discourses themselves are full of strong sense, and an insight which sometimes struggles against English insularity. The introduction is interesting and discriminating. — Recent numbers of L'Art, semi-monthly (Macmillan), have etchings after Carolus Duran, L. J. R. Collin, J. Trayer, an interesting series of charcoal sketches by Charles Jacque in a paper devoted to him, a well-illustrated continued paper on the Spitzer Museum, notes on recent public sales in London and Paris, and the customary chronicles. The standard of L'Art is that by which one must measure most publications of its class.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Dakota's Climate.

It matters little how hot or cold, wet or dry, a climate is; the people who live in the country are ready to claim many advantages for the place which they have chosen for their home. The solitary exception to this statement is Dakota. During a residence there of fourteen months — parts of two winters and one summer — not a word was said in my hearing on the subject of the climate, except to relate some new horror of it.

The Indians, it was averred, went to Dakota because they thought that no white man would follow them to such a place. The bitterness of the cold of the winters, the torrid heat of the summers, the well-nigh ceaseless wind, the violent storms of thunder and lightning and rain, the long droughts, the duststorms, the hailstorms, must be experienced to be appreciated. Everything seems to be on an excessive scale in Dakota. The velocity of the wind, when the mercury is standing at 40° below zero, if one is out in it, will take the animal heat out of one in a few minutes. No amount of clothing can prevent intense

suffering. One feels as if one had forgotten to put on clothes, and were encountering that cruel wind naked. Perhaps the wind is the worst feature of the climate. When it is blowing on a cold night, people who live out on the prairies frequently do not go to bed. They sit all night as close as they can to a red-hot stove. Even then the side that is turned from the stove is cold.

One day, when the mercury was 25° below zero, and the wind was high, the thermometer where I sat by the stove indicated 115° above zero, and eight feet off the thermometer on the bureau stood at 20°, — a difference of 95°. It was necessary, on winter nights, to get up at least once to put wood in the stove ; but in what was called bad weather this had to be done several times during the night. Of course everything freezes, — the eggs within a few feet of the hot stove, the kerosene oil in the corner, the cabbages and turnips and potatoes and meat in the hole in the ground under the house. Every night an iron bucket of live coals is put down into this six-foot hole, to save part of the winter stores from being destroyed by freezing. One hears that people take things into their beds with them, when they want to save them ; for it will not do to let things run out in winter. It would be impossible to transport many of them across the prairies, as they would be frozen. All windows and all unnecessary doors are nailed up and chinked as closely as possible before this weather sets in ; an embankment of earth is thrown up round the house to keep the wind from coming up under the floor ; four or five furrows are run with a plough round the house, at a sufficient distance to save it from prairie fires ; and wood for a two weeks' siege, when going out-of-doors will be well-nigh unendurable, is piled high against the wall, and stored under the bed and wherever else space can be found. In this weather, if one winks out-of-doors, the eyelash freezes to the cheek, and has to be thawed out before the eye can be opened. One would scarcely be tempted to relate a second joke, where a wink was necessary to call attention to the point.

The blizzards of Dakota have given her a more widespread fame than any other feature of the climate. Reaching that country at the tail end of winter, and living on the prairie far from neighbors who could have enlightened us, my sister and I were under the impression that we saw blizzards pretty often. We saw what would go by that name elsewhere. But when we met a Dakota blizzard in the height of the season, we knew that all the other storms were as nothing in comparison. The mercury was far down. The wind caught up the accumulated snows of weeks from the rolling prairies, and lifted them up to meet the descending snows of heaven. The wind beat like waves. The sound was as the roar of a mighty ocean. As it went on, it was as though the solid earth had hurled herself headlong from her moorings, and were rushing with immeasurable velocity through unexplored space.

One hears that many women become insane in Dakota. Some say it is the lonely life ; but lives as lonely are borne cheerfully elsewhere. My theory is that insanity is caused by the wind, which intensifies the loneliness. The moaning and wailing, the lashing and swishing, the rushing and roaring, the howling and surging, of the wind go on night and day for weeks at a time, without a moment's lull. It becomes maddening. One feels as if it were beating on the brain. One longs for even one moment of rest from that eternal sound that seems to fill the universe. It is in vain to put one's fingers in one's ears, for the timbers of the little house are creaking ; the house itself is swaying on its foundations.

It is not women alone who are depressed by some influence in Dakota. This influence, whatever it may be, seems to extend to the lower orders of creation, also. We had heard that no hen cackled there. This was true of my sister's and mine, but I recall hearing a little cackling at the Agency. There the force of the wind was broken by the stockade and the buildings. A friend at the Agency made us a present of a handsome cock, and we heard his cheerful announcement, on the morning after his arrival, that he was the cock of the roost. We enjoyed the crow from our point of vantage in bed ; it was the pleasantest and most homelike sound that had greeted our ears for some time. But it did not last. That day he must have reconsidered things. At any rate, he did not crow the next morning, nor the next, nor ever again, except on one or two rare occasions, when for a brief

moment he forgot that he had resolved that there was nothing in this world worth his while to crow about. Gradually he joined the army of the silent ones; no shrill clarion was heard in that hen-house thenceforth. I think that if Gray had lived in Dakota, or Shakespeare, or John Milton, we should never have heard of the "clarion," nor of the "bird of dawning," nor of the "trumpet of the morn," nor of the rear of darkness thin being scattered by any "lively din" made by cock stoutly strutting or otherwise. Our cock's dames felt as he did about life, and took it *au grand sérieux*. What was there in laying an egg that was worth making a fuss about? So, when they laid an egg, they walked silently from the nest; not a cheery note was heard on that subject or any other from them, except very occasionally a faint chirp, as they stepped about looking for food.

There are many dogs in Dakota, but I had been there some months before I heard one bark. I feel sure that great numbers are born and live out their lives and die without ever a bark. Horses and Indian ponies abound, but I never heard a sound from one of them except once, when a pony gave a little whinny to a large drove feeding on a hillside. They lifted up their heads for a moment, and looked in the direction of the unwonted sound, but they made no response. I think the whinnying one could not have been bred in Dakota.

We heard from neighbors that, terrible as winter was, the summer was worse. They did not exaggerate. The sun bounds up from the level prairie as a flame, and as the day wears on the heat grows more and more intense. When this hot air gets in motion, it is worse than a calm. I thought the house was afire, the first time this hot wind burst up through the floor; it was in the middle of the night. People close windows and doors to keep it out as much as possible, but even under these circumstances the heat is scorching. The earth cracks open on the treeless prairie in rifts; one almost believes the crust separating the surface from the internal fires cannot be thick here.

But the hailstorms are the ruinous feature of the climate. These are of frequent occurrence, and destroy a crop or a garden so completely that they may be said to be annihilated. Hailstones as large as apples sometimes fall, and have been known to go through a wooden door, and to kill calves six months old with a blow. We saw none so large as that, but all the crops for hundreds of miles round us were destroyed that summer. The oats and little gardens of the Indians were almost wiped out of existence; our small patch was reduced nearly to ribbons; and the only market garden on the Agency, with its hundreds of heads of cabbage, the largest and best that I ever saw, beets as large as hams and sweet as sugar, pumpkins, watermelons the hugest and most delicious that one ever tasted, potatoes, turnips, — all was a wreck.

These storms in summer come, like the blizzards in winter, with hardly a moment's warning. The clergyman's wife went out one day, for a moment, to her kitchen, which was a separate building, leaving two very young children alone in the house. A sudden storm caught her there, and all the strength that she had could not force the door open against the wind. She was held fast prisoner in the kitchen through one of the worst hailstorms that she ever encountered. Fortunately, no harm came to the baby in the cradle or the wee tot on the floor.

The thunderstorms are appalling even to one who has known storms in the tropics. The lightning is one blaze on three sides of the horizon at once, in some of the storms, and the thunder is awful to hear. One seems in the vortex of the clouds and electrical currents.

Duststorms, like Death, claim all seasons as their own. In winter the snow-banks are strewn thick with dust, and in the burning heat of summer one is blinded, and house, furniture, eyes, mouth, are full of it. These are the storms that throw a tidy housekeeper into despair.

I had almost forgotten that one good thing is said of Dakota, — malaria is unknown there. And the hardest thing said of her is that not a rat is to be found within her borders. Wise little folk!

De Absentibus nil nisi Bonum.

— "You are absent-minded."

"Very likely. Perhaps I was thinking about the absent; and in thinking about the absent, naturally one grows absent-minded."

"I have a theory, — that the absent are always forgotten."

"Not quite always. They are occasion-

ally remembered ; but if so, it is by a few absent-minded ones who in any company are themselves (like the absent-bodied ones) liable to be forgotten, unless their absent-mindedness, by causing some annoyance in the conversation, brings them up roundly."

"The *judicious* pleader for the absent is a rather uncommon person. I have sometimes thought silence the best kindness. Possibly, we never speak of the absent without some subtle effect of disparagement, however unconsciously produced. Indeed, when least intended, this is often the case."

"I understand. You mean praise. The modest man (absent as he is) suffers through not being on hand, to temper by his characteristic demeanor the effect of injudicious laudation on the minds of those who are treated to his praises."

"Yes, that is it, exactly. If I don't know Pythias, and do know Damon, Damon sits down before me with a catalogue of the virtues of Pythias, whom it is desired that I should know. I exclaim, 'Don't say anything more in his praise, or I shall hate him in advance!' This really happened in my experience, very lately."

"Is it not a curious fact that our friends' friends turn out so little like the presentments that have been given us? I suppose it is because some detail of appearance or of character, especially fascinating to the promoting friend, has been so dwelt upon that, perforce, we go to building up the whole man on the one emphasized detail."

"We are quite as much to blame for our haste in construction as is the 'promoting friend' for this partiality and inaccuracy in the matter of description. We are bound to have character-gauges. For instance, if I am told of a stranger whom I am to meet that his laughter is of the most hearty and infectious nature, it is quite impossible for me to see mentally a Master Slender ; or if I am told that the stranger is of a sentimental and romantic turn of mind, I could not readily project the image of one in Hamlet's habit of 'too too solid flesh.' Yet these contradictions are often realized. . . . But you are again absent, — farther away than ever!"

"I was thinking of what you said about silence being the 'best kindness.' There is such a pathos in the mere fact of absence, and in the implied helplessness of the absent to affect in the least current opinion regarding himself, or the expression of current opinion. But I would make a distinction in the quality and degree of absence, as affecting the interests of the absent one."

"What is the distinction?"

"It is this, — whether the absence is remote, necessitated, and covering a long interval, or whether it is transient, with an easy accessibility of persons separated. You may think it altogether a paradox, but true it is that the warm and felt presence of a person and that person's remote absence are almost equally a vantage-ground to the absent one. Temporary absence is different ; while it lasts, others are allowed to throw the weight of their personalities against the person in question, and there may even be moments of undervaluing his merits ; but remote and prolonged absence is a kind of illuminated presence-in-memory, in which undervaluing is an impossibility, and in which intervening events and actors count for nothing. When some strict and bitter necessity is involved, then there is a certain sacredness about long absence, as though it were a lighter phase of death, in which, as in actual death, nothing but good is to be said, or even thought."

"A test, certainly, of the quality of affection in the one who remembers, and perhaps of the deservingness of the one remembered. Would that I might be thus" —

"It is something more. Such absence sometimes clears a perverse vision. Long range with a good glass is better than the nearer-at-hand view, when the nearer-at-hand view is still too far for the naked eye's perfect discernment of the object of one's regard."

(*Mentally.*) "She is using the glass now, and I am too near at hand. The absent are *not* always forgotten!"

An Hour with Signor Blitz.

— About the year 18— I was in Philadelphia, and, seeing a poster declaring the wonders to be exhibited that evening by Signor Blitz, the prestidigitator, I decided to go. Arriving, I found myself in a large room, among four or five hundred others, and witnessed many curious illusions or tricks of sleight of hand. But what most interested me were his cages of wonderful little canary birds, that seemed endowed with marvelous intelligence, and I concluded to wait until the

crowd dispersed, and have a little chat with the signor, privately. So I sat in my seat, and when the last one had gone I walked down the aisle to the platform.

Signor Blitz eyed me a trifle suspiciously, perhaps, but my first question arrested his attention and interested him, for he loved to talk of his little friends. I said, "Signor, I should like very much to have you tell me how you ever managed to teach these little chaps such wonderful tricks."

He turned about and opened a small cage, and the bird within hopped out upon the floor. "There," he said, "is my most intelligent bird." I looked at him. He was apparently a common canary with black wings, but he seemed a very vigorous fellow. The signor remarked, "I have had much trouble in teaching him, but when he once learns his lesson he never forgets it; and this," he added, "is generally true of all the family of canaries. But the teaching must be continued from day to day, and, if possible, at the same hour each day; above all things, it requires patience, patience. You must be mild, but firm and exacting, with the little chaps. Now, Dicky, here, was an apt scholar, bright, quick, and knowing, more so than many others, but determined he would not learn his lesson. I began by grasping him in my hand and laying him upon the table on his back. Of course he flew away. I caught him, and did with him just as before. Again he flew away. I caught him, and once more placed him upon the table on his back. Again he flew; but his lesson continued, until the hundredth time he lay gasping on his back, quite still, and looking at me intently. I took him gently in my hand, and, pleased as I was, I pressed him to my face and caressed him for a moment, then returned him to his cage. The next day Dicky maintained his unteachable conduct until about the fiftieth or sixtieth trial, when he lay still. Again I caressed him and made much of him, gently returning him to his cage. The third day he yielded at about the twenty-fifth trial, when I gave him some sweetmeats for reward. In a week's time I could pick him up anywhere and lay him on his back, and he would lie there while I walked about the room engaged in other duties, his beady black eyes following me all the time."

You may be sure I was much interested in the signor's story, and I wish I could recall all his delightful talk; for he sat with me until midnight, telling of his experience with birds. Among other things, he spoke of the training required in teaching canaries to sing. "Suppose," he said, "I desire to teach Dicky a new song. I decide carefully, first, just what I wish to teach him, not making it too difficult, but measuring his ability as I would a child's. I whistle the tune over softly to myself for days, or perhaps take my violin and play five or six bars of it. When I have so trained myself as to be sure of my own tone and continuance, I take the little chap in his cage into my parlor (and that means a talking or gossiping room), and quietly setting him on the table and darkening the room, so that nothing shall distract his attention, I whistle or play the notes I have myself first learned, gently and with but little sound. Then, waiting a moment, I repeat the notes. So I go on, quietly, persistently, for a half hour. The bird, in the mean time, hops about a little in the semi-light, or perhaps sings a short note or two. But before I am through my lesson he sits quite still. I put up the curtain, hang him up in his place, and go about my affairs. The next day, at the same hour, I repeat exactly the lesson of the day before, and quietly remove him again to his place. After a month of instruction, I hear, among his other notes, a new effort, and recognize it at once as part of his lesson. I am very patient with the little fellow, and repeat daily this same strain, until he has adopted the notes and tone of his lesson, and sings them as joyously as if born with no other song. But this one thing must be remembered: during all the time that he is under training he must be kept where he can never even once hear the song of another bird."

Up a Bridle-Path. — I do not remember whether Darwin, in his study of the forms of expression in the lower animals, mentions the suggestive play of a mule's ears. But I was much impressed by the eloquence of the long appendage on each side of the head before me when, early one July morning, at Zermatt, I mounted a mule to go up to the Schwarz-See. They easily displayed every phase of feeling, as they cocked or drooped, twitched or flapped, — surprise,

curiosity, disgust, rebellion, whim, obstinacy, placid contentment. My guide led the animal by the bridle with one hand, while in the other he carried my umbrella, with which, at any sign of refractoriness, he thumped the creature. But the hardest knock did not close the question. The beast had likings and dislikings of his own, and even when seemingly acquiescing in his master's decrees, it was not that he surrendered his individual opinions ; only that, schooled by experience, he gave in to "man dressed in a little brief authority." The guide recognized the just claims of a mind of opposite conclusions and convictions, and conceded not a little, consulting the animal's wishes, even reasoning with him. His comprehensive word of direction, "Gi," ran through the entire gamut in key and intonation, and took on every possible phase of meaning. "Gi!" "Gi?" "*Gi-i-i-i?*" "Gi." A favorite expostulation when the mule halted was, "Wer still steht kommt nicht vorwärts" (Who stands still does not go on); thus formulating an experience world-wide and world-deep. But by the time the real ascent began, when we had left the village of Zermatt behind us, and the rush and roar of the Visp, swirling and eddying in rapids and leaping in cascades, were no longer at our left hand, the way grew steeper, and my mule, adjusting himself to the necessities of the situation, showed that he could climb bravely. Occasionally, it is true, he stopped to nibble at the herbage, and again, as if discerning some invisible danger ahead, he would balk, planting himself stubbornly ; but I reflected that what one wants in a mule is patience, and not enthusiasm, and that an attitude of reluctance on the ridge overhanging a precipice is preferable to one of slippery ease and indifference to results.

Of course the best way to go to any place, where scenery is the object, is to walk. But ascents exhaust me, although I can make descents on foot as well as most people. I have never heard of any one's piquing himself on having made a descent. All the world ascends, and boasts of it. Yet, after all, one must have ascended in order to descend, and the important point is that one shall somehow have the chance to linger on a bridle-path ; for very much of the wonder and the charm of Switzerland consists in what one must miss in a swift transition from valley to mountain top, or from mountain top to valley. Already so many of the holy mounts where angels might almost fear to tread have been taken possession of by the funicular monster, which creeps up the perpendicular rock as the fly up the window pane, that one trembles to reflect what Switzerland is likely to have become twenty years from now. Modern inventions flatter the instincts of the practical man, who has a dislike of all that makes him feel his own feebleness ; the eternal, the infinite, — heights he cannot climb and abysses he cannot plumb, — are something to be defeated, if possible. Thus a railroad up the Rigi or the heights of Glion is a feat delightful to contemplate. I do not intend to affirm dogmatically that all such innovations are absolutely to be condemned ; only to beg that as long as possible we may loiter along the bridle-path.

The very zigzags of an Alpine ascent are an advantage, shifting the views, and never offering two precisely alike. At one time snow peaks are shining above frowning gorges sentineled by pines and larches ; next you see the sweep of the cascade, or come upon a little circle of soft green meadow, the grass nearly hidden in its embroidery of pansies, forget-me-nots, and campanulas. One would be almost dazzled and oppressed by the continuous sight of snow-fields and glaciers alone. The mass of wild flowers, the mountain cattle, sheep, and goats, the glancing streams, help to complete the symphony. Two sounds are rarely lost in Switzerland : the voice of the innumerable waterfalls and the foaming torrents in their rocky beds, and the tinkle of the bells at the throats of the pretty, tame creatures, who raise their soft eyes to look at you from every turn of the path, then move on with a sweet clangor at every step. Once, after a rainy day at Les Plans-sur-Bex, I strolled up the road to see the fresh snow on the mountains glowing rosy-pure in the sunset, when I was startled by the sound of music. In another moment round the curve came a little goatherd,

"Piping down the valley wild"

on a long pewter horn, almost as large as himself, which probably dated back to an early century, while he drove before him a flock of fifty or sixty goats, each with a bell at its throat, which chimed in harmoniously with the horn. The instrument had

not an extended compass, but its few notes were very melodious heard in those solitudes. The boy played to keep his flock in the path, but it was easy to see that he also played from the love of it. I have liked since to think of him tending his goats in those green upper valleys through long solitary summer days, blowing the pewter horn and rousing echoes from the far heights above him, where the splendors of glacier, snow peak, and dashing torrent shone. Goats have evidently a rhythmical ear, and readily obey a musical call. In certain streets of Paris, one hears at a regular hour each morning the sound of a flute played by a dark-skinned peasant in a blouse, as he leads a flock of a half dozen from house to house of his customers who drink goat's milk. They are sleek, black, pretty creatures, and walk along sedately, lending to the conventional streets that touch of picturesqueness rarely wholly wanting in any Continental city.

Another incident on the bridle-path is the greeting of peasants, ascending or descending, with *hottes* on their backs; some seamed and wrinkled old men and women, and others of every age down to mere children. A child hardly runs alone in Switzerland before a tiny hotte is strapped to its back as a plaything. It probably helps to form the straight, steady gait of the mountaineers. The children all have the footing of chamois. The prettiest picture I ever saw in my life was at Mürren, where, on a narrow rocky path of the utmost steepness and difficulty, where I had to pick my way slowly and warily, I met a little girl of three or four, or rather stood aside to let her pass, as she ran down at full speed, laughing as she went, while her yellow hair floated in the wind.

He is a wise guide who can predict infallibly about Alpine weather. The weather was charming when we set out, and, although the Matterhorn was hidden in mists, the chain below floated pure and clear in dazzling sunshine. The guide was certain the day would be fine, but now, halfway up, he begins to shake his head. Still, among the mountains, one learns to expect only the miraculous. Vapors have so often obscured peaks I saw shining, or dissolved and let the glory of heaven through mist, I have felt sure the Matterhorn would presently emerge grand and serene in its unclouded splendor, as I saw it yesterday at Zermatt, which it faces in the attitude of the Sphinx rearing its indomitable head, disdaining even the snow. It may very well be compared to the Sphinx: it fascinates and it kills. Almost every year adds to its death-roll; a recent victim being an English clergyman, who made the ascent safely, then was blown from the summit.

The Matterhorn is individual, unique; it dominates the whole chain. Other peaks need to be pointed out. "That is Mont Blanc!" "That is the Jungfrau!" No danger of confounding the Matterhorn with the Breithorn, Dent Blanche, or Monte Rosa, or any of the needles, teeth, pyramids, obelisks, horns, which, sharpened and cleft into a thousand different forms, are limned against the azure of the sky. It rears its crest almost threateningly above the great sunny amphitheatre, and it offers a fit and magnificent climax to the weird scenery of the Rhone valley. For after one leaves the Rhone, which seems to have sullied the strange, eerie landscape with its olive-gray tints, and follows up the Visp through its deep gorges, one feels like quoting: —

> "This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
> For the fiend's glowing hoof — to see the wrath
> Of its black eddy bespate with flakes and spumes."

But to-day, although we feel the presence of the Matterhorn, so far we see only the veil it wears. Everywhere else the mists part, rise, wreathe upwards, and the sun breaks through with almost intolerable radiance. But round the Matterhorn they cling, they cling like imperishable regrets, and ever and anon they surge down and threaten to engulf the whole landscape: the valley vanishes; one hears the cowbells ringing, and the forms of goats and cattle loom up like giants on the alp where they are feeding. Then, with ghostly suddenness, the mists roll away, and the picture emerges from the curtain which concealed it like the slide of a magic lantern. Yet cloud and mist bring their own beauty, and one has but half seen the mountains who has seen them only in sunshine, for they bear the half veil like other lovely things. A magical transformation scene goes on in cloud and rain which is worth studying. Every gorge, every ravine, becomes a veritable witch's caldron, from which swirl up vapors that twist, and curl, and stalk on like gray phantoms.

Now, as we rise higher and higher, although the vast circle of snow peaks above, save the Matterhorn, are flooded with sunshine, we ourselves are alternately in foul and clear weather. Mists envelop us ; a light rain falls ; then the vapors part, disperse, and we are once more under a dome of gold and azure, while the vistas down the valley open with fresh iridescence of hue. When everything is shut out except the dripping rocks on either side, we have time to study the beauty of the flowers which issue from every crack and cranny of every ledge, and fill all the interstices with delicate color. The edelweiss is the accepted Alpine flower, but I love the little campanula better, which blossoms from base to snow limit of the mountain, nods over the brink of appalling cataracts and along the bed of rivulets, disdains no waste, and carries a bit of heaven's blue into the dreariest places. I admit, however, that my favorite little campanula has so large a family of near relations that it loses distinction. One easily loves the forget-me-not, wherever found, but it is never so blue as near the glaciers, while the pansies which grow in profusion near the Schwarz-See have an air of being found at home in sober purple attire. There are few of our favorite garden flowers which in some shape or tint do not make a part of the delicate splendor of Swiss mountains and valleys. They are, perhaps, too well beloved ; and when one beholds the sheaves of them with which women and children come back laden from an afternoon ramble, one trembles lest, after a few years, no summer flowers will be left except in inaccessible places. Already in places most overrun by tourists, like Chamonix and Glion, there is a noticeable scarcity of wayside blossoms. Round the Schwarz-See there is a marvelous profusion of the loveliest flowers. The Hörnli is a perfect carpet of pink and blue. For here we are at the end of the bridle-path. All about us is the giant assemblage of snow peaks and glaciers, and far above, to a sublime height, looms the Matterhorn ; to-day, alas, like a gray apparition.

The Fatal Effects of False Voice-Training.

— Apropos of the comments on the old Italian method of training the voice, made by a member of the Club at the meetings in November and December, 1888, one of the principal music directors of Vienna, Joseph Hellmesberger, declared recently, in discussing the death by suicide of the once celebrated singer, Marie Witt, that in his opinion her insanity was caused by her false method of singing. She sang entirely from the chest, a practice extremely fatiguing to the whole system, and involving a dangerous excitement of the cerebellum. In the same way and for the same reason, the singers Standigl, Scaria, and Frau Stöcke lost their voices and their health, and died insane. Whether Director Hellmesberger's conclusions are correct or not, this declaration shows his strong disapproval of the prevalent mode of voice-training, and deserves earnest consideration, inasmuch as he is a thorough musician, and a man of large experience in his observation of the career of singers.

But even when the so-called "chest tones" are used with moderation, and may never develop into so tragical a result as in the extreme cases above cited, the practice should be discouraged, because the tones thus produced are not agreeable. They suggest an entirely different quality of voice from that heard in the middle and upper range, and thus mar the unity of sound, wherein lies the greatest charm of artistic singing. Yet almost all pupils of the present generation are trained in this false and hurtful way. Of the large company belonging to the Munich stage, not one of the younger singers holds the voice aright in this particular ; while the older artists, with a few exceptions, show their correct training in the continued conservation of their admirably developed powers. Almost all the prominent artists who travel about as "stars" help to perpetuate this fundamental fault, from the very fact that their performance is otherwise excellent, and they have not sung long enough to show the break in their voices which is sooner or later inevitable. Marcella Sembrich and Alice Barbi, who are just now the favorites of the concert stage in Europe, injure the effect of their fine voices by a total change of register in the lower notes. Patti and Nikita among sopranos, Madame Joachim among contraltos, and Mierzwinski among tenors, are almost alone in their adherence to the old and the only right way.

It is high time that teachers and pupils should stop talking about "chest," "middle," "falsetto," and "head" tones, and

give their attention to developing the voice in the natural manner, — that is, as one and the same voice throughout; continued practice giving gradually the desired extension of compass and fullness of tone. Herein lies the secret of success, — long-continued practice by the right method. It is the only way to make the voice even, and evenness of tone is the highest achievement. It was the distinguishing characteristic of Jenny Lind's surpassingly beautiful singing, and the principal cause of her unique and enduring fame.

The Revenge of the Sexes.

— When Æsop's lion hinted to Praxiteles that if the leonine mind had been given to the carving as well as to the eating of the human form divine, the canons of art might have been somewhat modified, he only expressed a sentiment not restricted to the tribe of Felis Leo. There runs through the whole range of folk lore, myths, and popular stories the same temper of retort. The man is ever ready to say to the woman, "You 're another," as he feels the sting of her setting forth of his delinquencies. The woman is none the less ready to tell the story in her way, to the seeming disadvantage of the male version.

Thus, the romance of Bluebeard is the countercharge to that of the third one-eyed Calendar in the Arabian Nights. Widely as the action, time, and scenic accessories of the two tales differ, the cardinal point of each is curiosity, — the opening of a forbidden chamber by an entrusted key. In the same way, the modified idea appears in the story of Cupid and Psyche, and in that of Pandora. Female curiosity is offset by male inquisitiveness.

There is a like antithesis in the tale of Beauty and the Beast, and in that of the Wedding of Sir Gawaine and "the lothly ladye." In each of these there is a marriage, the result of an extorted promise. In each there is the same victory of matrimonial duty over repugnance at physical deformity, and the same reward in after-happiness; but in one it is the bride, and in the other it is the groom, who is repaid for the sacrifice of self.

On the same line is the legend of the daughter who falls in love with a foreign adventurer, and betrays the secret of her father's device for the destruction of strangers; but the result is given differently. The lover is constant in the one case, in the other is fickle. Jason carries off Medea, but Theseus deserts Ariadne.

There is a marked case of retort in the twin myths of Comus and of Circe. The same spells are wrought in the same way. The same imbruting chalice is given, with the same conversion of the drinkers into beasts; but the worker of the spell is in one case a male, in the other a female magician.

Again, the story of Undine is set off against that of the Lorelei. The moral of both is the unhappiness of love outside of mortal conditions; but in the one the penalty falls on the water-nymph, in the other upon the human lover. It is "*lui et elle*" and "*elle et lui*" told from the differing points of view.

Somewhat the same idea appears in the fairy tales of the mermaid, the swan princess, and the like, where the woman of another sphere is caught by hiding the magic sealskin, swanskin, cap or other garment. The bride of the earthly lover accepts the situation, but one day discovers the robe, or whatever it may be, put away in her husband's dwelling. She cannot resist the impulse to put it on and go back to her kindred. The countercharge to this is given in the stories of Little Tamlin, Thomas of Ercildoune, Tannhäuser, and so on. Here the man wearies of elfin happiness, and gets back to earth and the joys of the tax-collector and family doctor when the chance opens to him.

It is hard to say which is the more common case, that of the lover of high estate who marries the lowly maiden, or that of the princess who condescends to the fortunate adventurer. But King Cophetua and the beggar maid may be balanced by Aladdin, the tailor's son, who wins the Sultan's daughter, or, better yet, by the Countess of Cassilis and Johnny Faa, the gypsy.

Modern literature, with its "all-round" leanings, is inclined to take both sides of the same situation. This is very noteworthy in Shakespeare. Lady Macbeth is the tempter and upholder of her husband, while Gertrude's sin is the work of the stronger will of the usurping king. In the one case it is the man, in the other the woman, who drifts powerlessly into evil. Both Rosalind and Viola put on male attire to win their lovers, but they match, one

below, the other above, her degree. Orlando, the younger son of a country gentleman, and Orsino, the duke regnant of Illyria, stand at quite opposite ends of the social scale. So, again, while Desdemona and Imogen are equally victims of the jealousy of their husbands, wrought almost by the same treachery, Othello suffers, while Leonatus Posthumus is delivered from the consequences of his error.

Tennyson is inclined to show this disposition to try both sides of the same issue. Perhaps it is fairer to say that he reopens the old case for a second hearing. Enoch Arden is the set-off to Penelope, and King Arthur's forgiveness of Guinevere is the reversal of the story of Othello.

But in spite of the effort of modern novelists to find situations outside of established lines, there is a certain tendency which betrays the influence of sex. The woman's heroine and the man's hero are apt to mate above their conditions. Thus, of Scott's heroes, the greater part aspire. Henry Bertram is supposed to be an orphan adventurer, a subaltern who falls in love with his colonel's daughter. Lovel supposes himself to be illegitimate. Frank Osbaldistone is of the younger branch of the Yorkshire family, and is supposed to be disinherited by his wealthy father. Halbert Glendinning is a peasant by birth. Roland Avenel is believed to be a foundling. Henry Morton is below the rank of Edith Bellenden. Edgar Ravenswood is penniless. Sir Kenneth of Scotland wins the heart of Edith Plantagenet as a simple knight of the crusading army. Alan Fairford is only a Scotch lawyer of *bourgeois* extraction, while Lilias Redgauntlet is of the *noblesse*. Quentin Durward is a soldier of fortune, and far beneath the Burgundian heiress he wins. Arthur de Vere is, indeed, the heir of the earldom of Oxford, but, as an exiled Lancastrian, with no hope of regaining his rank, he is beneath the Countess of Geierstein. Ivanhoe is held by his own father as unworthy to mate with Rowena, the heiress of the Saxon royalty; and Damian de Lacy is only a squire, while Evelyn Berenger is the heiress of an earl; and Mordaunt Merton is clearly below the social rank of the daughters of Magnus Troil, the Udaler and Jarl of Zetland.

This, it will be seen, covers the greater part of the Waverley heroes. One ought, perhaps, to add Francis Tyrrel, who is held to be illegitimate, and Markham Everard, who is, if anything, under the rank of Alice Lee. That leaves, on the other side, Captain Edward Waverley (whom old Bradwardine considers to be hardly his daughter's equal), Julian Peveril, and Lord Glenvarloch; and both of these latter young gentlemen are, in point of fortune, inferior to their brides.

But, on the other hand, Miss Austen's heroines approach life from the side of good match-making. Fanny Price, Anne Eliot, Catharine Morland, the Bennet girls, — Jane and Elizabeth, — Jane Fairfax, and the Dashwood sisters, all wed above their position. They are, of course, gentlewomen, but without expectations, and are wooed and won for their own sakes. Emma as an heiress is the single exception.

So it is with Miss Brontë's heroines. Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe are governesses. Caroline Helstone is a portionless dependent. Shirley Keeldar is indeed an heiress, but she is not the leading character, though she gives her name to the novel.

Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. The male mind dwells on the thought that his hero should win by doing. The lady of masculine regard is *ex officio* a goddess, a princess, a prize to be fought for. The thought of the feminine mind is to picture its ideal as being worth the fighting. She must show herself a heroine as well as be entitled one. The masculine thought is to win; the feminine is to reward. When this was managed in the simple old fashion of knight-errantry, by sheer fighting on the one side, and interested looking-on on the other, matters adjusted themselves with ease. But the complications of modern civilization have brought in all manner of modifying considerations, and the society novel of to-day greatly turns upon the adjustment of these. It deals with the questions of mutual surrender, and this ever-fluctuating balance makes the subject of the fiction of the present. Family opposition, religious incompatibilities, conflicts of temperament, — all these have to be considered between Caius and Caia, and the point of dispute is what substantial justice to the rights of each requires of each. Authors of either sex will unconsciously take their own side, and hence it is very rare

that sex in authorship does not betray itself. No man has as yet succeeded in passing for a woman, and no woman has remained undetected under a male pseudonym. It is true that, in case of felicitous authorship, the writer is most likely to disclose the secret and claim the renown, but it is not probable that it would remain unsuspected. It is not that male or female author could not, by abnormal cleverness, accomplish the task, but that neither would do it. When it comes to the point, both desire to do that which belongs to their own province; and the greater the genius, the more it is constrained by its own special limitations.

A Hint from Lavater.

— Lavater has stated his sincere conviction that no man can be a good physiognomist unless he is comely and well formed; intimating that the presence of deformity or ugliness is liable to warp the judgment, as asymmetrical eyes might distort the eyesight. Passing over the obvious compliment to his own good looks, which the learned professor implies with the deliciously conscious simplicity of true genius, we might well pause to consider how much of a man's personality is liable to pass into his artistic work, — even at times to the extent of absurd reminders of the creator's lines and colors.

A very successful portrait painter of our own day carries so much of his own contours into his portraits that shrewd observers pretend to be able to say at what exact period of evolution the artist took his eyes off the subject to rivet them on an adjacent mirror; just as subtle critics pretended to discover in that masterpiece of Mozart, the overture of Don Giovanni, admittedly written under pressure and punch, the passage which followed each draught of elixir. Fortunately for the fidelity of this worthy painter's portraits, his own face is of that composite order which would look well with some stronger individuality grafted upon it. The amazing ductility of this adaptable face, indeed, reminds one of those old-fashioned woodcuts which, ready made and easily altered, used to be sold by the bushel to the cheaper illustrated papers, some years ago. One of these cuts, representing Bonaparte Crossing the Alps, could, by a few strokes of the engraver's instrument, be transformed into Washington Crossing the Delaware, Ben Butler at Bull Run, or any popular equestrian idol.

A certain resemblance between the artist and his work may often be observed, when it is none of the artist's seeking, and again when he would be most indignant at any such suspicion. Ole Bull's remarkable resemblance to a violin may be mentioned in connection with this, as also the well-known simian features and movements of a certain successful comedian, who, it was said, originally came over to this country in charge of a troupe of monkeys for Barnum's Museum. This gentleman was wont to relate of himself that he was usually discharged at the end of a season, for clear-cut incapacity, till one day the unctuous Stuart, prince of managers, took him aside, and said, with the frank condescension of his kind: "Ned, my dear boy, you can never act any part but your own. Why not go upon the stage in that part?"

"What part is that?" queried the crest-fallen star.

"Why, the greatest fool in Christendom," drawled Stuart. "Get some one to write it up for you; play it, and your fortune is made."

The result showed the sagacity of the wily manager, for no impersonation of recent years has been nearly so popular or brought such profit.

To such as can recognize the fitness of things in the above grotesque illustration there will be no difficulty in following the analogy to higher realms, say even the highest. Those whose privilege it has been to

> "wonder at madonnas,
> Her San Sisto names, and her Foligno,
> Her that visits Florence in a vision,
> Her that 's left with lilies in the Louvre,"

must surely have remarked the one characteristic which, more than any other, groups them as the work of one master hand; not the exquisite drawing whereof every line is a poem, not the inspired tinting, — "hues which have words and speak to us of heaven," — not alone the tranquil calm which is their common lot, but the fact that each picture is its own metaphor, that one and all bear the closest resemblance to Raphael Sanzio, and in that fact bear out Lavater, lending countenance also to the present writer's theory of auto-portraiture.

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AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

I.

HOUSE-HUNTING AND HOUSEKEEPING IN BRITTANY, PARIS, AND THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

In the next place, — for the prejudice against going back to the beginning of the world to tell how it all came about is well founded, — in the next place, then, we landed at Cherbourg the last of July. It is no "editorial we" here employed: my pronoun refers to our family of two, and this family, if I recollect aright, had been married just two years to a dot. We by no means hold up our modest housekeeping and house-hunting experiences abroad as a model; indeed, I fear we shall too often prove "the horrible example." When we spoke of being gone two years, our friends in America thought it a long time, and we ourselves hardly believed in it; but nearly four years have rolled away. Our experiment extended its proportions, and, so far as I can see, we do not seem even yet disposed to go back, and leave this pleasing Nice, this warm, sunny, fragrant, friendly Riviera, which became our chosen harbor of refuge after many wanderings, and from which I write.

We had no set destination. We did not want a great many practical things that other people want; we were not in search of good schools, musical advantages, improving society, in the usual sense, nor a climate to restore our shattered health. We wanted to gratify to the full that taste for antiquity and romantic tradition which is so American, though it is the way to represent us as only modern and practical; and at the same time to test personally the cheapness of foreign living, of which we have all heard so much. Our theory was that, being a man of letters, I could write as well, or as ill, on one side of the water as on the other; and it appeared, too, that the sound advice to reduce your divisor, if you can't increase your dividend, could not be carried out under such favorable circumstances by any other plan. When it comes to figures, it will be seen that this promise was justified, and notable economies were possible. Indeed, I am afraid our figures are of such a character that anybody who may be looking for a hint of practical advice herein must take these prices "and upwards," as hotel-men and storekeepers are wont to advertise; for I think it would be very difficult to depart much from our prices downwards.

Other people simply traveled; we meant to go to housekeeping in romantic places, and see the life in them through and through. I think we had an idea that we might even seek some French village, and find entertainment enough in the quiet life to be found there. There would be certain to be some good architecture, for it is scattered everywhere, and plenty of history; perhaps for the American habit, which is used to making much of a little, there would even be too much history. We would go one day to the local *fête*, another to see the

administration of justice, another to a marriage at the *mairie*, and the like; we should probably come to know the mayor, the doctor, the *curé*, and other local dignitaries, and, in short, study the place in complete detail. What is the matter with such a programme as that? If it be true, as our romancers so largely incline to represent, that the choicest material for fiction is in the few vestiges of foreign life lingering about our outskirts at home, why should it not be infinitely more interesting to plunge over head and ears into foreign life itself, — foreign life entire and free from admixture? Remark how I say, very skeptically, *if* it be true. Our plan had really no need of any such argument; it had plenty without it. So, then, I begin.

It almost seemed at first as if Cherbourg itself might do. There at once was all the traditional French atmosphere: the silvery-gray and warm tones; the uniforms; the peasants, — the men in Millet-blue blouses, and the women in white caps fresh as so many snowflakes. And there was Napoleon prancing on horseback in a wide paved square, promising to renew in the great navy yard before him the marvels of Egypt. There was a beach with a pretty Casino, too; but this was suffering, as were all the bathing-beaches along the coast, from an exceptionally cold summer. Brittany with its neighborhood is a rainy country, and this peculiarity was made unusually apparent that year. It did not rain all the time, it is true, and the gleams of sunshine gave charming effects of broken light; but no sooner was your umbrella down than you must put it up again, and that finished by becoming *embêtant*, as you would say on the spot.

Cherbourg was not even a very good place to rest in. We connect with it an uncommon clatter of wooden shoes over the stones, a booming of heavy carts and cabs, a shrieking of whistles in the port, a piping of bugles and trotting along of troops, very early in the morning, at that double-quick which has become the pace of the modernized athletic French soldier. We did not ask the price of any houses at Cherbourg, but we first became acquainted there with the Saint Michel whose name figures so prominently on all bills of houses to let. I believe we had, for a moment, an amusing idea that the various places billed "*pour le jour de Saint Michel prochain*" (for the Saint Michael's day next coming) were for some possible fine street procession then to come off, of which their windows might afford an exceptionally good view. But the phrase stands simply for the beginning of the October term, — "the Michaelmas term," as they say in England. From that day principally, and the 1st of April secondarily, the renting of houses and apartments begins; and if you are not on hand to share in the general movement, you may expect to put up with rather poor leavings.

We took our few days of needed rest at Mont Saint Michel; and from that island rock, all one prodigious abbey, so curious and so good after its kind that the government has made a national monument of it, we looked back across miles of wet shining sand to Avranches. One would not exactly live at Mont Saint Michel, but it would be most charming to have it within a stone's-throw, its fascinations added to those of Saint Malo, Cancale, Concarneau, and all the rest, if one chanced to live in that part of the world. To note a practical detail, there were beds in the old-fashioned room they gave us, up among the ramparts, which shut into large alcoves, or closets, with folding doors. We thought the plan quite worthy of American invention, at first, but finding it adopted also in our modern Paris apartment, later on, we fell out of conceit with it; those perverse doors were forever in the way, — always open when they should be shut, or shut when they should be open.

We cherished the idea of passing the

hot weather at one of the little Brittany bathing-stations before actively beginning our campaign; but the hot weather obstinately declined to appear. Dinard, the most considerable of these stations, seemed much too modern to our eyes. The same reproach could not be made against fine old Saint Malo, well walled in on its promontory, and with the genial clumsiness about its marine life that painters like. To me there has always been something in a bit of battlemented wall on a height that nearly dispensed with all further recommendation; but do you know that this taste is not shared by all the world? Can you conceive of there being people who do not like walled towns? Prepare to be not a little astonished, then, when I tell you that even a person very near to this expedition, that "Madame," that "S——," that — that — in short, the other half of the expedition, whose opinion in the matter of home-making was naturally of high importance, found, on trial, that they gave you a "shut-in feeling." Shall I dwell here upon the want of logic in this view, since their whole theory and reason for existence were rather to give other people a shut-out feeling? However, it is a taste that can be acquired, — as well, let me say, as abated, — and we came in our time to live in a walled town that would have warmed the heart of Sir Walter Scott or of Froissart.

Some strangers live in Saint Malo, and a habitation there, though dear if taken only for the summer season, would be reasonable enough for all the year round. It was the recollection of Victor Hugo's grandiose fiction, The Toilers of the Sea, and of the melancholy harmonies of Châteaubriand, who is buried there, that chiefly led us to Saint Malo. It was Feyen-Perrin's poetic picture, at the Luxembourg, A Return of Oyster-Catchers, that led me personally to Cancale — and a disappointment. Oysters are a controverted point internationally, and I do not enter upon that; the cliffs and the limpid greenish-blue water are lovely, but the Cancalaise women, instead of being the dream-maidens of the picture, balancing their nets against the sky like a beauteous procession with banners, are plain, and even squalid, to a degree.

These earlier wanderings were but a preliminary to Dinan, eight or ten miles back in the country, south of Dinard. We knew of Dinan before leaving America; the romancers have dealt with it, and we had heard pleasant things said of it by a group of artists and their friends who used to go there to sketch. The prettiest way thither is up a little sylvan river, the Rance, which narrows into a still more sylvan canal. The steamboat, running you aground a few times incidentally, as it works its way up the exiguous channel, lands you under a fine high stone viaduct, at a point where, in climbing a moderate steep to the town, you will pass through the old portcullised gateway of Jersual. It is part of the mediæval defenses left behind them by the dukes of Brittany; for the bastions, the crenelations, the donjon keeps, exist here, too, in imposing prominence. Only, let it be said at once, in the interest of such as might dread gloomy impressions, that the greater part of the old fortifications has been turned into a charming green promenade. This is a plan you frequently find adopted as a happy compromise, where such antiquities are not swept out of sight altogether.

Dinan seems larger than its population of eight or nine thousand would appear to warrant; perhaps the cobblestones, set with their thin edges upwards, which early begin to make a sort of penance of your walking about in exploration of it, have something to do with the illusion. It is gray and ivy-grown, plentifully supplied with old arcaded houses, quaint shop-fronts, and the graver architectural monuments of the most interesting sort.

The English colony have built a quarter of their own, spick-and-span-new houses, very little in keeping with the old town. There are an English church, tennis courts, a circulating library, and an English club. At the latter I found myself, though a stranger, heartily entertained by one who insisted that he must pay off to me an old favor he had received from some other American. The climate cannot be very severe in winter; the character of the vegetation shows this. Indeed, I heard of two persons who had kept a record of temperature respectively at Dinan and Cannes, and had found it not to vary greatly, — though I should be inclined to doubt this unless in some exceptional season. There are similar English settlements scattered everywhere over the Continent. Each has its peculiar local reason for existing. Those throughout northern France have the standing advantage of nearness to England. If you have occasion to run over to London, it is a very slight matter, and you do not impair your economies by the cost of long journeys. Although these settlements have been begun, almost as a rule, by artists and literary men, who had found something that especially pleased them, yet this modest class of people have an involuntary way of creating publicity, and they find themselves followed, in course of time, not merely by the well to do, but by the great of the world, who want to try for themselves the localities that have become so famous. Thus, there were major-generals, bishops, and titles of note among the frequenters of Dinan; and going, one day, on foot, to see the Renaissance *château* of La Conninais, down in the valley by the mineral spring, I found it occupied by a great parliamentary leader. The seeming check proved to be only one more occasion for an experience of English kindness; for, although the occupants of an historic monument are by no means held to be agreeable to the clients of an over-zealous guidebook, I was courteously shown all that was important to see.

I went further, on this same jaunt, to the ruins of La Garaye, a château of the gay, elegant Francis I. period, looking like an abandoned fairy palace in a lonesome wood. I should not otherwise have acquired that intimate idea of the country which it is desirable for one to have of the country surrounding the place he may think of choosing for an abode. I should not have known, for instance, that system of sunken roads which take you across the land without being visible from its surface. They are often ten or twelve feet deep, — deep enough to hide not only a pedestrian, but a whole farm wagon with its load; and in their sunless depths linger clayey mire and standing pools. There is a mystic solemnity about the country, as if the spirit of its old Druids hovered over it still; it would require plenty of sunshine to brighten it, but sunshine, unfortunately, it does not get. The peasants are silent and solemn, too, in keeping with the tone of the place. A Brittany school of painters have shown us all this, but somehow there is such a decorative quality in the pottery, embroideries, furniture, and even the costumes of sombre dark blue and black, relieved by the sparkling white caps, that you do not bring yourself to believe in so much solemnity till you have seen it for yourself.

The very first house we looked at, at Dinan, was charming. It seemed to be a prosperous grange made over into a villa. The approach was through a farm garden, and thence, by a green door in a wall, through a flower garden. It had pleasant nooks, blue and white wall papers and chintzes, and many of the old oak Breton wardrobes with rich brass mountings, which the English proprietor had picked up in the peasant interiors of the district. But it was much too large; it was furnished, and we were already coquetting with the idea of buying our

own furniture, for the pleasure of artistic "finds" and bargains; the rent, too was something like a thousand dollars a year. I was already carrying in mind, as a sort of basis, a taking old manor house, halfway between Trouville and Honfleur (of course far too large for us), for which, rather meagrely furnished, an American family we had known had paid four hundred dollars a year. Of unfurnished habitations there was a dearth, as there is apt to be. The foreign colony would not be likely to have them; and the truth seems forced upon you that if you want something attractive and hygienic, among the older residences, in these small places where there is little moving about, it must be a matter of long previous search and negotiation. Perhaps you might pay somebody handsomely to turn out for you, but this would take both time and money, even if it could be done at all. A small apartment, that would not have been bad after you once got there, might have been had in a sculptured old hotel near the Place des Cordeliers for three hundred francs, but the entrance was vilely impossible. In the Place Saint Sauveur, facing close up to the buttresses of the gray old church, with a view of the sylvan valley, near by, over the parapet, there was vacant a small stone house for five hundred francs. Here we could drink our deep draught of mediævalism; but the house faced due north; it was in a condition to need cleaning with shovels rather than with brooms, and water trickled in rivulets down the natural rock of its foundations.

An uneasy feeling all the time that it was necessary to wait for the rain to stop, and to see how the places would appear under settled daylight, impeded all this house-hunting. But the rain did not stop; it only increased. The destiny of men is dependent, after all, upon small circumstances. Brittany was not down on the cards for us. We left damp, gray, dripping Dinan behind us, and set out directly for Paris. In a great capital distractions can be found even in the rain.

On the way it perversely turned hot and dusty, and our suddenly formed resolution was shaken. We looked with a certain longing at Chartres, then at Rambouillet, but did not really yield to temptation till we reached Versailles, which had been on our vague mental list. Captivated by the great park of Le Nôtre and the fine traditions of the court of Louis XIV., we left the train at Versailles, and went to housekeeping there for a month. Our lodging was on the Rue de la Paroisse, and we used to go through the Gate of the Dragon, opening just at the end of it, past the Basin of Apollo, and so up to the esplanade in front of the palace. The Basin of Apollo is where the best of the fountains play, in the grand monthly exhibition of the spouting waters; but in our day it was torn up for wholesale repairs, and we used to hurry by it as rapidly as possible. We tired ourselves — an agreeable, well-paid fatigue, I am sure — in the endless galleries of the palace, but there were few days when the weather allowed us to enjoy the yet more enticing park. Finally there came one such, a perfect summer day, so delightful among those vast alleys and other vagaries of sculptured foliage, with their quaint population of statues, as to wipe out the memory of a multitude of disappointments. We took our lunch with us, and spent a long day at the further end of the park. It is a point so remote that it used to seem as if nobody else had ever been there. The hasty bands of tourists from Paris scurry about the palace and nearer alleys, and rarely go beyond the Trianons. We rested in the shade, under the high railing that cuts off the royal domain from the farming country towards Saint Cyr. There are vast carpet stretches of greensward; the roads between the noble straight avenues there are greensward, too, hardly

broken by a wheel-track. You see an ancient woman gathering fagots, like a witch, or a solitary officer trying the paces of a new charger, preparatory to going down to command his men, who are practicing throwing pontoon bridges over the neglected southern arm of the great fish-pond. The palace is much better from that interminable distance than near by, since its slope of ground serves as a sort of pedestal; and, with the play of light and shade upon it, at the end of its long vista, you do not mind so much its monotonous drab and total lack of sky-line. The formal park has here relapsed into nature again, like some fine gentleman of the old *régime* who has abandoned the artificial court, and taken to a life of philosophy and simple rural tastes. There is something extremely grateful, restful, and pensive about these noble alleys of green, going on and on and on in unbroken directness. I should think one might be very happy who had the chance to walk in them often; and we still think the choice of Versailles a good one, and look back to it as the pleasantest of all the suburbs around Paris, though the exceptional season still pursued us, and ended by driving us away.

The town itself was silent, without gayety, sunk in slumber soon after nightfall. Even the tramway seemed to steal away to Paris, on its wide shaded avenue, with a discreet, hushed air. A certain Hortense, a nice-looking young servant, reticent and with a sad expression, as if she had some history to conceal, did our first cooking for us, and gave us our first acquaintance with the useful *femme de ménage* system. The femme de ménage comes to do your day's work, or any part of it you like, for about six cents an hour, and returns to her home to sleep. It is a recognized thing, like going to a trade or other occupation. By this system, you do not have to provide a chamber for her in your apartment, and if she comes only a part of the day you do not even have to feed her. I mention for the moment only the advantageous side of the system.

At Versailles, too, S——, flanked by Hortense as chief of staff, after a first attempt alone, did her earliest marketing. It is a veritable ordeal, as she represents to me, and the worst of it is that it is one that has to be renewed in each foreign country, and, to some extent, always continues. Shrewd insidious or crabbed old women stare hard at you, to throw you into confusion, if possible, by their appreciation of the fact that you are a novice and a stranger. They practice extortion on all hands, and return impudence, or affect to toss back their lettuce or plums into the basket in disdain, if you attempt to bargain. I think no masculine mind, in superior pride of intellect, will be much inclined to smile at the difficulties of mastering all the new qualities and quantities of the received kinds of provisions, and keeping a proper eye out for taking novelties. To estimate in kilogrammes and litres instead of pounds and quarts, and in francs and centimes instead of dollars and cents, is simple enough, I grant you, in cold blood; but to do it under fire, as it were, and know where you are in your economies, is a matter of long and serious practice. Suppose it is suddenly sprung upon you, for instance, that you have eggs to the amount of *soixante-dix* centimes, mushrooms for *quatre-vingt-quinze*, and four hektos of butter at *trente-huit* the hekto, will you remember instantly that these are simply fourteen, nineteen, and seven and three fifths cents respectively, and that four hektos is four tenths of a kilo, which is two and one tenth pounds? I should very much doubt it. Then, too, the difficulties of language come in. However glib you may be with it, it will not always serve; for the lower order of people, the world over, have a way of mouthing or chopping their words, or changing them into a *patois* of their own,

which renders them all but unintelligible.

"Even if you get them to send a written account, it is n't much better," S—— was given to complaining, in these days. "They make their figures all alike, and nothing is in the least distinct but the sum total."

However, this is one of the conditions of the problem; it is an ordeal to be met, — the earlier and more bravely, the better. A personal acquaintance with prices is indispensable as a check, even if the marketing is afterwards to be committed to another. Surely, some of the hardships of the campaign are offset, too, by the never-failing supply of humorous episodes that arise, and the bright, bustling character of these market scenes, in which a good part of foreign picturesqueness resides.

When the rain came down and dampened the gayeties of a gingerbread fair, and put out its strings of paper lanterns, it dampened anew our fancy for rural life, and again we turned our attention to Paris. I went in to see what could be done in the way of permanent quarters there, and, finding something to our liking, we soon took possession. Among vague plans we had contemplated in advance was one that would be a pleasant thing, if feasible, — to live a year in each of the great capitals of Europe in turn. Paris proper had entered no more into our scheme than this, but now many considerations, not necessary to set down here, made it seem the best thing to do. In Paris we must expect to live rather high up, as the houses run six and seven stories into the air, and, except in the most expensive, there are no "lifts," or elevators. But how often you hear it said by artistic people at home, enthusiasts for foreign life, that in Paris you do not mind all those stairs, as you would elsewhere! — they are the custom; and then there are so many distractions that all drawbacks are swept away. We came to have a somewhat different opinion on this subject, later, but we had no great prejudice, for the moment, against a *quatrième* or even a *cinquième*.

We ruled out the quarter about the Arc de Triomphe, the colony of the wealthy strangers, and plunged into the midst of more thoroughly French surroundings. That exception apart, I trust it will be seen that we were governed by no narrow exclusiveness, for we searched in sites so far apart as the hill of Montmartre; the Place des Vosges, in the Marais, with the house of Madame Sévigné; the Luxembourg; and the Invalides. Montmartre is the most picturesque thing in all Paris; and, as it is a landmark from every side, it repays this prominence by returning a wide view over the city and the country beyond. I recollected visiting there, years before, a young American literary man and painter, not a little known to fame, who, with the aid of a Greek servant brought back from his campaigning in the Russo-Turkish war, led a charming family life in a small house of his own. I remember it was entered through a green door in a garden wall. What is the standing fascination of a green door in a garden wall, and do others share it with me? Well, the studios were still there along the boulevards below; the view was as fine as ever from the windmills above; the great votive church, building ever since the war, was finished; but, whether I had forgotten the address or the small house itself had disappeared, it could not be found. The quarter itself had grown even more shabby and less reputable than of old, and we were told afterwards that it was not pleasant at all times, for ladies especially, to pass along through its teeming and noisy life.

On the whole, the staider portion of the Latin Quarter, under the shade of the university and schools, seemed the most promising for our case. Away from the dazzle of the great shops and the mighty rush of the central boulevards, it would naturally, we said, have

the habit of dealing with frugal-minded people, and looking with content upon moderate prices. There are some houses along the Rue Madame and the Rue du Luxembourg giving, either front or rear, into the Luxembourg garden. That seemed a particularly attractive point. We had not been satiated with clipped vegetation and statuary at Versailles, — only tantalized; and if we could have had the ancient domain of Catherine de Médicis under our eyes, it would have been worth while indeed. The sign "To Let" was hung out on a fresh-looking house in the Rue du Luxembourg. There was only a cinquième to be had, however. It was large enough, consisting of a *salon*, dining-room, three principal bedrooms, and the rest.

"And the price?" we asked the beaming *concierge*. A concierge, on first and brief acquaintance, is always beaming.

"Two thousand francs, m'seu et 'dame," she replied.

"That is the lowest price?"

"Mon Dieu! one can always see the proprietor; there is no harm in that. There may be a small diminution."

Generally there is a small diminution on seeing the proprietor in person, but not very much. We thought two thousand francs for a fifth story too high in several senses, though I dare say, considering the accommodation, the rate was not excessive.

Accident led us into the pleasant quarter of the Invalides, which I doubt if we should ever have thought of looking up expressly. It remains a sort of still-water point, — tranquil, roomy, healthy, and reasonable in prices, with all Paris about it, — the rich, fashionable district one way, overcrowded, grimy outskirts the other. I don't quite understand it, but fancy that another tramway line or two will finish it, and set it swirling with the general movement. It is a precinct where people tell you, as in America, that they recollect well when there was nothing but gardens where you now see solid blocks of houses. The gilded dome of the Invalides presides over it, like a fine local planet, to take the place of the sun when that is missing, which is often. Numerous wide avenues, planted with quadruple or octuple rows of trees, cross at obtuse angles and make a sort of continuous garden. They abound in the names of heroes of the old régime, as the stout admirals Duquesne and De Suffren, the marshals De Villars and De Saxe, and keep the Invalides in general view as their objective point. It is a part, too, of the stately Faubourg Saint Germain, and there still remain a number of the fine old residences of great families of the faubourg, standing free in their own grounds. When we were settled, we were fortunate enough to have those of the Prince de Léon and the Count de Chambrun quite under our eyes, — both real châteaux.

In the Place Saint François Xavier there was a ground floor for fourteen hundred francs. The rooms were large and fine; there was gas for cooking, as well as a range, and the house was exceptionally handsome. The entrance hall, for instance, was fifteen or twenty feet wide, and in tessellated marble. We should surely have made a good impression on our friends, in that house; but we agreed that there was something gloomy about a ground floor, no matter how many stories of basement might be under it, and nothing else was vacant there except at the very top, — I have noted it down as a seventh story, — which was to be had for twelve hundred francs. In another handsome house, just around the corner, on the Avenue de Villars, was a fifth story for eleven hundred and fifty francs. There were, naturally, more of these apartments than any others to rent. My impression, too, is, that the exposure of all these was rather northerly.

We found our affair at last about the corner of the Avenue Duquesne and the Avenue de Breteuil. It was an *entresol*

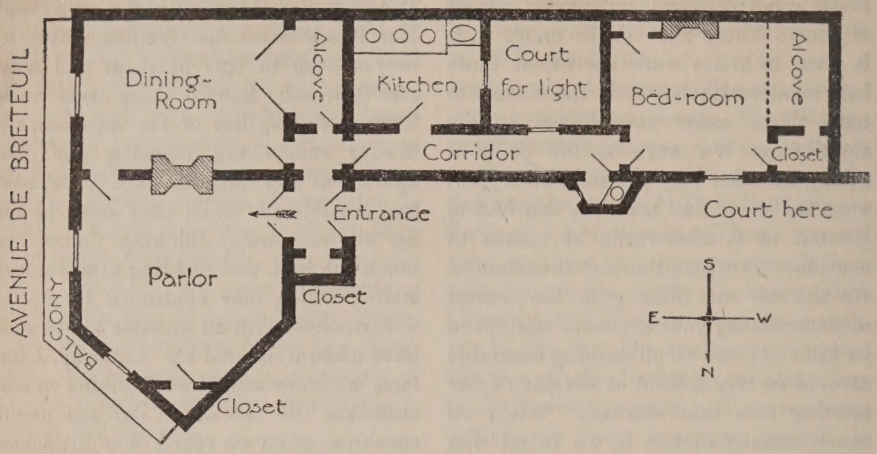
that caught our eye, — that is to say, up only one pair of stairs, — and for no more than eight hundred francs. The house was fresh, and sufficiently *comme il faut*. There were shops under it, it is true, as there were not under those last mentioned; but it is the custom to have shops under your house, on the Continent. We were on the point of taking it. But why put too fine a point upon it? — we *had* taken it, and had to get out of it afterwards by means of considerable negotiation and an exchange. As the day was often gray, the matter of determining your exposure was apt to be difficult; and an unblushing concierge assured us that a flood of sunshine came pouring into that entresol. When we came actually to test it, we found that no ray of sun could ever reach it except in midsummer.

The alternative was a cinquième; the price the same. We climbed to it up a neat, well-kept staircase, waxed and polished. It cannot be gainsaid that it was a long pull, but it would have been impossible, I should think, not to be delighted with the brightness there, the quite remarkable view. There were the Place, the fine church, and the châteaux in front; the long lines of trees on the boulevard; the Invalides to the left, the artesian-well tower to the right, and notable monuments in the distance, even off to the dome of the Pantheon and the Tower of Saint Jacques. A balcony ran past our windows. It is the custom, in a great Paris house, to give a balcony only to the fifth story, partly out of compensation, I suppose, and to the first; the latter probably on the principle of overloading him that already hath. The morning sun came in, and was well reflected from the polished parquetry floors; the wall papers were in good taste; the dining-room was wainscoted; the little kitchen, which had half the look of an alchemist's laboratory, was tiled with blue tiles. When you were once there, nothing could be more cheerful. We took it, and as often as we went out among our various friends, now to spick-and-span-new Rue de Bassano, now to dark and narrow old Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and even — yes, even to Rue Marbeuf and Avenue Marceau, though these were pure luxury, and so out of the question, we always came back thinking our own apartment was much the best. No doubt, too, our friends, when they came to see us, all went away thinking theirs was much the best, and scolding at us for our stairs; which they continued to climb, nevertheless, with an amiable kindness I have often wondered at. Later on, I believe we were sometimes inclined to ask ourselves the use of all our stir about sunshine, when we found how little sun there really was in a Paris winter.

The rent did not include ten francs to the concierge, which it is necessary to pay to bind the bargain, twenty francs for water, sixteen francs for door and window tax, etc., nor fifty francs for a house tax, which we did not know about till the end of the year; so that the total was nearly nine hundred francs instead of eight hundred. But think what you would get for that sum, say one hundred and eighty dollars, in any American city! To be sure, the difference carries with it the sacrifice of various conveniences: you have the high staircase, the cooking is done by charcoal, you must burn lamps instead of gas, and you have no fixed bath-tubs, but must have recourse to portable bath-tubs of your own. On the other hand, it is accompanied by respectability, whereas at home such a rent would mean impossible squalor. You pay a quarter's rent in advance, and, if you wish to go away, you are held to give a *congé*, or notice, of three months. Our quarter began the 15th of October, but, as the lodging stood vacant, we were allowed to take possession long before that time without extra charge.

One often admires the ingenuity of

design in the Paris apartments. They are adapted to every variety of size and space, yet are almost always compact, well arranged, and sightly. A little diagram of ours will be clearer than a description.



The salon was about fifteen feet in width; the other dimensions can be judged of from that. The principal bedroom was well lighted from a large court, the kitchen and corridor from a small one. In the dining-room is seen the curious closet alcove for a bed, mentioned above. The three charcoal holes in the kitchen, to which various odd contrivances for roasting, etc., were adapted, proved insufficient for cooking, and we put in a small portable range, called, I may patriotically mention, a *fourneau Américain*.

The furnishing of our new domain, modest as it was, took more than a month, principally because we insisted upon picking up each piece separately, and trying to get pieces with something of a history. There were dealers, on the Avenue de Lamotte Piquet, about the Military School, and elsewhere, who rented furniture to officers, students, and others; but this plan, on examination, did not seem a cheap one. Our total outlay for furniture might have been something like four hundred dollars. This would have been high for, say, a single year, but, spread over all the years of our stay, it has been, even with expenses of moving it about from to place, an economy as well as a comfort. May I state in a word my theory of furnishing? It might be called an impressionist theory. It is that the most really satisfactory result is the broadly decorative effects produced by color, contrast, general mass, and form, irrespective of the value of the materials. Beautiful textures and quality are so much the better if you can have them, but they are not necessary. This is an especially good traveling theory. So a considerable part of the expense went into stuffs, *voiles de Gènes*, etc., easy to roll up and carry along; into a lot of the fine large photographs of the Brogi collection, after the Italian galleries; and into Breton and other faïence, to put upon the wall, — all of which, too, might well enough go back to America, one day. The salon was in white and yellow, with large-flowered chintzes of cheerful rosy hue; the picture frames were all made of the simplest and lightest wood, flat, and covered with the same chintzes, which warmed the grave tones of the photographs, and carried the colors well into the walls. Chintzes in a tapestry pattern, none over sixteen sous a metre, went well with the greenish paper and redwood wainscot of the dining-room; and Louis XVI. chintzes, blue

and white, draped the alcove of the bedroom.

I obtained two good carved armchairs of the last century, *style* Jacob, from our upholsterer, who had them on sale. A harp-backed chair in nutwood came from a second-hand dealer near the ancient Hôtel Rambouillet, scene of famous literary and worldly reunions. Another honest dealer trundled over in a large handcart, from the Boulevard Henri Quatre, all across Paris, an Empire table and console, brass-mounted and gilded. He told us he had heard Americans never bargained. While he mopped his heated brow he related the experience of his shop in the day of the Commune. The windows were barricaded with mattresses, which became riddled with balls. The shop was finally burnt, and the government allowed him an indemnity of a third its value, which he discounted one half further, to have the money in a reasonable time. I shall not unfold all the secrets of our prison-house, but the effect of the furnishing was thought to be good by some who prided themselves on their taste in such matters.

The care of all this magnificence and of the household as described was entrusted to one Josephine, a femme de ménage. She lived near at hand, and had a husband, a cab-driver, and a small son of five, Eugène, who used to play below on the boulevard, as much as possible under her eye. We have seen her descend, in a fury, all the steep flights of stairs, to shake her finger at one Louis Morel, a bold playmate, who had given the small Eugène a *claque*, and then mount them again, with a healthy air of duty performed. The weak point with the femme de ménage is that she is a woman of family. Although she always declares in the beginning that her family is of such a sort as never to be seen or heard, it presently becomes an occasion for continual humoring, and the overshadowing interest in life. It soon transpired, for instance, that little Eugène had nobody satisfactory to take care of him during his mother's absence, so she brought him with her, and kept him in the kitchen. We often used to hear him advising her, in an old-fashioned way, about the cooking; and sometimes the poor little chap was there till ten o'clock at night, and fell off his chair, dead beat with sleep. It was half pathetic, of course, but not in the least convenient for us; and every femme de ménage we tried or heard of had some impediment of that kind.

There were butchers, bakers, and grocers, all near at hand, who mounted the long staircase with our supplies and made nothing of the ascent. Twice a week, moreover, a regular market was pitched under a continuous light shed all along the Avenue de Breteuil, holes being left in the asphalt for its posts. The wagons and mules that brought it were parked along each side. It presented a novel and animated spectacle, well worth looking down upon, especially when S—— and Josephine, with the small Eugène in his blouse always in their train, could be discerned moving about there, sagaciously making their purchases. At three o'clock precisely it must disappear; after that hour, to buy or sell was an indictable offense. There was a *filet*, or net with handles, for carrying the marketing, which we thought another thing worthy to be of American invention, since, while carrying as much as a market basket, it could be rolled up when out of use and put in the pocket. Similar ambulant markets are set up in different parts of Paris, according to the days of the week, and it is well to note if you are going to have one at hand. I do not quite know how near S—— was once to incurring the majestic displeasure of the two promenading *sergents de ville* for buying something after three o'clock.

"Put it down," said the market woman, coming to the rescue with a deft suggestion. And so the small object

was dropped back upon the stall as if no purchase had been thought of, and justice was hoodwinked.

A large saving in rent seemed evident, but we feared this might be counterbalanced by a greater cost of provisions. America is an agricultural land of plenty, and food would naturally be dearer in the countries to which it is forever exporting its surplus. On the contrary, we could not find that the cost of the necessaries of life here went much, if any, on the whole, above the range of New York prices. As there are few remarkable persons or astonishing adventures in this account, let us at least try to be useful. S—— informs me that good beef, mutton, and veal are at the rate of about twenty-two cents a pound; the choice *filet*, or tenderloin, being twice that. Butter is forty cents a pound, but it is always delicious fresh butter, and never the salted kind we have at home, which is not made here. Eggs are three sous apiece, but this when at their dearest, and every one perfect. Poultry is apt to be dear, but you have some new kinds of food as a resource in excellent rabbit and hare. One of the first dishes our Hortense made for us at Versailles was *lapin sauté*. The meat was white, resembling chicken; it was cooked in hot butter and bits of bacon, with a glass of red wine and fresh mushrooms in the sauce. When this was flanked by crisp fried potatoes and tender green beans, and followed by a delicious heap of red raspberries that cost comparatively nothing, treated with red wine and sugar, we thought that foreign life was opening auspiciously. Fruits of that sort and exquisite Reine Claude plums are plentiful and cheap. As much cannot be said of apples and peaches, and the latter, though alluring to the view, are almost always unripe. Salads and green vegetables generally, owing to the milder climate, are much longer in season, always cheaper, and frequently so low that you long for a capacity to consume unheard-of quantities, for fear such an occasion should never offer again. Milk is six cents a litre, a little more than a quart; only, in spite of the laws against adulteration, it is always of a thin quality, and you can hardly get it with the cream remaining, no matter how much you are willing to pay for it. Wine — ah! but is it wine in our days? Since the phylloxera ruined the vineyards, the problem of what to drink is a serious one, the water being esteemed bad. Every American family resolves it in its own way.

So here we have a certain basis for comparison. S——, in summing up the general subject, calls attention to two characteristic things of important bearing. The first is the absence of ice, which is so indispensable in America; you soon begin not to give it even a thought, and to feel better without it. The absence of ice and ice-boxes for preserving provisions brings it about that these are purchased in much smaller quantities. It is the received thing to buy only enough for the day's use, and buying in small quantities is a distinct advantage and economy for small families, since it gives them plenty of variety without extravagance. The meats are cut differently, and everything else is adapted to this system. You can buy excellent juicy roast beef to the value of a franc and a half, if you like, whereas the very smallest piece two people could buy at home, without being ridiculous, would have to keep reappearing in various forms for several days.

"On the servant question," S—— says, "you may put in that, though Josephine would get no more than forty francs and her board if we kept her altogether, — that is, though servants' wages are much lower over here, — one good servant in America would do as much as two or three here. It would not be all her own merit, either, for the houses in America are better arranged for housekeeping. For instance, there is

no place here for washing or drying clothes; you are expected to give the washing to the *blanchisseuse*, and the charge for it makes an important addition to the item of wages."

"On the other hand," I suggest, "you have so much more of your servant's time to yourself, and none of the traditional miseries of washing-day."

"You can't turn that into money. Perhaps you would like to see the last bill?" is the effective reply.

In summing up the pros and cons on living abroad, I find S——, who was no strong enthusiast for the scheme at first, is apt to argue as follows: vastly cheaper rent; provisions and servants' wages not any dearer, and probably, on the whole, less; a brighter, freer life in an agreeable climate, — this when we had succeeded in finding one, — and improving surroundings.

"Put in," she adds, "that if even rich people, with everything to make life enjoyable at home, like to come over, it ought not to be at all surprising if some in less fortunate circumstances should. No, don't put that in; it might tend to bring over others with very different tastes, who would get into difficulties; who would n't want to give up the friends, local interests, and duties to which they are attached; who would n't like it at all."

So I don't put that in — any further.

Winter came early; it was cold by the 1st of October. We met the question of fire most successfully with a cylindrical air-tight rolling stove, a modified form of the characteristic Choubersky, the real Choubersky being supposed infallibly to poison you while you sleep. Yet another invention worthy of introduction into America: such was our highest form of praise. It could be lightly rolled about from one room to another, if you wished, so as to heat all in turn; and, with a single charging, I really think it could have been made to keep the fire alive three days.

Why had no one told us what to expect of a Paris winter? Travelers come and go in the bright summer days, and know nothing about it. One is not much better off than in London, these late years. A depressing gray sky hangs overhead; for ten days at a time you don't see the sun; the morning is about over before it has begun, and it is night by three o'clock. Do you ever conceive that the knights in armor, and the chevaliers of the old régime in their silks and velvets, went slopping about in the snow and rain and viscous mud, which must have come to the knees then, though it cómes only to the ankles now? No, I should think not; no American, at least, ever realizes that the winter climate of the greater part of Europe is not very unlike his own. It would be interesting to have the history of our ancestors' gallant pageants rewritten from that point of view. The men in armor must have got extremely rusty at times. The worst day we knew was one of such genuine London fog that people carried lanterns and got lost in the street. And yet this was not the worst, either, for it was original, and it made us the more content with our balcony; for thence we looked down upon the fog billowing like a murky lake in the Place, and up to the moon and stars shining clearly overhead.

Our balcony, with its varied views of the life below, and of the soldiers who often came to drill under the trees, was a standing pleasure to us. We did not often go to the Louvre. We had thought in advance we should spend almost all our time there; but somehow, when you are a householder, you put those things off; it is the travelers who do them conscientiously. We saw a little of foreign family life, but not much. It is not altogether the fault of Americans, or other strangers, who are often reproached with coming abroad only to herd together and see none but themselves, — not altogether their own fault that they do this. Even

with the most admiring sentiments towards the country they visit, there are few points of community, and the opportunities to meet its refined class of people in a familiar social way are rare. It would be too much to expect, perhaps, that those who are at home should listen with much pleasure even to expressions of good will from strangers, in the halting, imperfect language in which they are apt to be framed. So I fancy the exiles more often think their friendly interest repulsed, and form their cliques with a sigh rather than narrow-minded disdain. And yet these foreign colonies are a sort of *élite*, even after ample allowance is made for the ridicule often justly heaped upon many eccentric specimens among them. Their very coming abroad for improving opportunities shows it, and their social equals in other lands might well find their account in cultivating an acquaintance with them.

With the view that all means to become glib in the language quickly were justifiable, I fear we talked so much to our Josephine at first that we helped to spoil her. She little knew that it was the adjectives and idioms we found the most interesting, in her long narratives of personal experience, and the warmth of her colloquialisms that reconciled us to the coldness of many a dish she would hold absently in her hand, or forget to serve us, while she talked. I personally broke away from household matters, and managed to hear some of the lectures by men of great names at the Sorbonne and the College of France. A son, our first child, was born to us in the apartment described, and illness followed. I really think I could make a most exciting chapter on Getting Born in Paris. On the whole, the winter was gloomy; the circumstances were not favorable, and so my impressions of Paris are hardly just. I only give them for what they are worth.

Thus it was that, with the approach of spring, the desire for something warmer, pleasanter, freer, our old ideal of country life in fact, revived with great force. I began a comprehensive exploration of the suburbs; I went out on all the great lines leading from Paris in search of a house with a garden. To take the north first, Saint Denis was impossible: it is a mere grimy manufacturing quarter; the tombs of the kings of France are smudged with foundry soot, the chimes of the fine old abbey keep up a losing competition with factory-bells and steam-whistles. One might go farther on, of course. At Ecouen, for instance, a quiet little hamlet, once the site of the school of Frère, I saw a fine large house, — so large we should have been wholly swallowed up in it, — and partly furnished at that, for twelve hundred francs a year. Better still, in the same grounds, was a pretty pavilion for no more than four hundred francs. There was a chance of its being vacant in July, when a young girl, who lived there with her father, a retired officer, had completed her studies at the school into which the old château on the hill above has been turned for daughters of the Legion of Honor; but we never went back to see.

Southward I explored Bourg-la-Reine, and walked thence over to Sceaux and Fontenay-aux-Roses, in a driving snow-storm; for I had not waited for winter to end. The rolling country, its bold fort of Châtillon frowning down over it, looked bleak enough under that aspect, and even the more luxurious villas stiff and conventional, as villas under the wing of a great city are apt to look. On the Grande Rue at Bourg-la-Reine, not far from an old hunting-lodge of Henri IV., now a deaf-mute school, were a small first-story apartment and a small house, both with gardens: the latter at six hundred and fifty francs, the former at four hundred and fifty. Here I first discovered a characteristic and very unpleasant feature of French suburban gardens. In the first case, a small plot of ground was allotted to each tenant in a general inclosure, as gardens are often

allotted to children, "to call their own;" in the second, the ground was separated from that of the neighbors only by a slight lattice barrier about three feet high: so that in neither case was there any privacy whatever. The practice may be adopted because of limited amount of sun; the shadows cast by really effectual walls would take too much away from the scant space open to cultivation at best. It may be an enforced choice of evils; but at any rate, in the more modest Parisian suburban dwelling, one is not *chez soi*, not in his own home. At Sceaux, where vestiges of great Colbert and the Duchess of Maine still linger, a second-story apartment, all in Louis XVI. white, high, paneled wainscoting, a Grinling Gibbons sort of carving, the rooms large and fine, and all the windows south, and looking upon a slope which dropped rapidly to the valley, had no small attraction. All things considered, it seemed well worth the eight hundred francs asked for it; but there was a pestilential odor in the house, as from defective drainage. I went back again with S——, and it was still there, so it could have been no mere accident. The station for this odd little circular line of Sceaux is in quite a remote part of Paris, a point to be taken into account; for it would be much more convenient to be on a line that would bring you into the heart of the vast city.

It was still winter in town, but spring was already abroad in the country, on the 20th of March, when I took the line eastward for Vincennes. At the Saint Mandé, three miles from Paris, where two trains recently collided, making one of the most dreadful railway accidents on record, the small apartment I saw looking directly out into a park, at two minutes from the station and at one thousand francs, was not at all bad. Nor was another, at the same price, with two principal bedrooms and a servant's room, on the broad, pleasant Avenue Victor Hugo. Both had only the usual conventional *petit jardinet* belonging to them. In the park of Vincennes gardeners were comfortably burning stubble, sheep were browsing upon the beautifully green new grass, military buglers were piping in the copses, and soldiers — mere dots and lines on the vast parade ground — were firing at iron targets, which responded, when hit, with a sharp ring. It would have been pleasant to be near that, but houses did not offer. Joinville-le-Pont, again, theatre of picnics and pleasant strolls in earlier days, seemed merely shabby. That was a long day's wandering, not fruitful with regard to the object in view, but improving as a glimpse of realistic suburban life. An omnibus goes from Joinville-le-Pont to Saint Maur, but I made the journey on foot instead. The region is pervadingly commonplace and bare of interest. It appears to have been originally a sort of prairie of scrub oak, resembling those about Chicago. The streets and parcels of ground, though but freshly made, are as irregular as in Paris. Land was everywhere for sale; to each person taking as much as six hundred square metres on a certain avenue a yearly commutation ticket on the railway was given. I paused to look at some little houses in a block, for sale, perhaps to minor clerks or superior mechanics. They cost seven thousand francs. I compared them with some of the clerks' houses, put up by the building societies, which one sees around Washington. An enormous pair of Percherons, kicked and dragged at by a driver who wore a scarlet cap and a blouse of Millet blue, were delivering building material in the petty street. They looked as if they belonged in Brobdingnag, and had dropped down upon Lilliput. The houses were built of black and red bricks. Their design was better than that of some of a more pretentious sort, which had glaring stringcourses of bright tiles relieved with bosses of rough glass, and very crude roofs in green and yellow. Have I explained that all houses in the land are of the more solid mate-

rials, mainly rubblestone cemented over? No? Then it is an important omission, to be repaired; there is never one of them all in wood. At last I got down to the Marne. It was in freshet, running over a half-submerged island. It looked as if it might be pleasant in summer time. There was an inn offering *friture* and like hospitality for canoeists, and there were some small villas, red and striped in the Italian fashion, that half made you think of the Brenta; but none of them were vacant.

I can only touch lightly upon a few typical bits. We did not go back again to Versailles. I have known of Americans living there pleasantly for a long stretch, but then we had brushed off its novelty; and they tell you the stately fish-ponds in the park are unhealthy, as they are certainly sometimes malodorous. Saint Germain is, next to Versailles, the suburb of Paris uniting the greatest number of fine old traditions. Though I have left that scene of the glories of Francis I. and home of the exiled Stuarts to the last, we visited it more than once, and were on the very point of taking up our abode there.

I got off first at Nanterre, where a *rosière* is annually crowned, and Rueil, full of traditions of the Bonapartes. All the streets there are named after them, and Josephine and Hortense are buried in the church. The surface thereabout is divided into verdant strips of market garden, and the fort of Mont Valérien looks down upon it from its bold hill, as does the fort of Châtillon upon Fontenay-aux-Roses. The idea of the crowning of the rosière casts over Nanterre in advance a pleasant glamour, which its commonplaceness does not justify. The wide grassy Avenue de Paris at Rueil had a nice rural look, but its villas were closed. In general it would take all the summer foliage to make those places agreeable, and we were looking for a place where we could live all the year round. There were long streets of peculiarly cold, depressing, detached houses, boxlike and uniform, that recalled too much the tombs in a French cemetery.

All the country between Rueil and Saint Germain is sown with villas and chalets; an American activity all about, a prodigious amount of building going on. Lands were advertised for sale in the stations; ancient estates and woods were being cut up into building lots at Chatou, at Le Vesinet, and even in the historic park of Malmaison. The same things have to be done in much the same way the world over. The Seine was in flood, turbid and violent, and had submerged the long island at Croissy, the bare trees of which projected from it like the masts of a foundered vessel.

Saint Germain is hardly as popular a resort as it once was; it is rather the way now to call its situation exposed, and to pretend that you get a peculiar sort of cold there even by a day's jaunt. Saint Germain is a city of sixteen thousand people; Versailles has near fifty thousand, Bourg-la-Reine twenty-seven hundred, Nanterre five thousand. The things to "do" are to walk in the large forest, look down upon the views of the valley from the grand terrace, and study the collections in the ancient château of Francis I., which has been turned into a museum of national antiquities. The museum is most improving, but the château itself suffers from having been so immensely smartened up and put to such practical use. A first view of it and of the famous terrace was rather disappointing, yet here at last was a place where the house-hunter might take heart. The town has a pleasant, ancient, comfortable look, and it seemed worth while to search.

The American painter Hennessy has for many years occupied, at Saint Germain, a quaint old low dwelling, once the property of a morganatic wife of Louis XIV., and called for her the Pavillon Montespan. It is exactly the thing in its way, so charming a picture that it tends

to make one who has seen it unsatisfied to take anything less. For the time being nothing at all comparable offered; what there was was modern, gardenless, or in various other ways devoid of interest. A rather attractive apartment in the Rue Voltaire was to be had for nine hundred francs; one in the Rue de Mareuil for one thousand; another in the Rue de la République, opposite the ancient Hôtel de Longueville, for eight hundred. These were larger, and none were higher than a second story; otherwise, the prices, as will be seen, offered no great advantage over those in Paris. Our friends knew of an American family who had found a charming pavilion, in a garden, for three hundred francs; but these opportunities are always heard of when just too late; they are never overtaken. We coquetted with a two-story house in the Rue de Pologne, fairly good in itself, but the outlook not very good, and especially with another in the street descending towards the Pavillon Montespan; each, I think, with a rent of about twelve hundred francs. That last one was in some respects *pas mal du tout.* I tremble when I think how near we were to going there. The proprietor would not allow the overrank foliage to be pruned, and there was but a single room which the sun penetrated freely; it must have been damp and chilly even in summer, and in winter — br-r-r!

There was apparently considerable perversity in all our objections; we seemed to find fault with the city for not being the country, and with the country for not being the city. We considered that if we lived in one of the surburban towns we should be forever yielding to the temptation to run in to the various attractions of Paris, and so fatigue ourselves by trying to do too much. Paris itself now began to have some charming days, when the flower-venders perfumed the air around the Arc de Triomphe, and all the world was going to the Bois on foot or on wheels. Nothing was more delightful than when, in April, the young girls, who wore white for a long time apropos of their first communion, began to trip, vaporous and sylphlike, about our little square of Saint François Xavier. The truth was, we had not chanced to hit upon the fascinating spot that might have retained us. Then, too, more important still, there had begun to arise the idea of a radical change, of more distant, entirely new horizons; we began to meditate the plan of a bold migration southwards.

William Henry Bishop.

A DRIVE THROUGH THE BLACK HILLS.

It is five o'clock A. M. as we pass through Buffalo Gap and swing up Fall River Cañon. The walls of the cañon are steep; the sky is like a gray awning stretched from cliff to cliff. The old moon worn to a thin crescent drops an occasional spangle into the river, which goes tumbling from us, first on one side of the track, then on the other. Every now and again the noise of the locomotive is drowned by the roar of a waterfall, a roar which is half echo, and the falls assume strange breadths and elongations in the half-light. We leave a trail of curling white smoke behind us, which pulls itself out into a long swirl and hangs like mist over the water. The atmosphere is peculiarly clear. Gradually the sky turns a whiter gray, and seems to rise slowly and majestically beyond the reach of the crags; things begin to take individual forms; the pines loosen themselves from the black mass of the walls; the boulders assert their curves;

the river is turning a nacreous pink, because of a great blush that has risen from the east and swallowed the pale slip of the old moon. As we ascend, the sky steadily rises and broadens above us. Then the pink blush gives way to a luminous blue, and the world seems suddenly to have broken into color. We shoot a long, shrill whistle at a little white town at the head of the cañon and slacken our pace. We have reached the Minnekahta Hot Springs. We are at the threshold of the Black Hills.

Minnekahta Hot Springs, October 1. It is a day all of light, — one of those dazzling days of Indian summer when one can find stars in the atmosphere. The season is over, and the hotels begin to look like dance-halls by daylight. The towns supported by tourists, agricultural or stock interests, could come only with the reflux from the mining districts, and are consequently of a more recent date.

Minnekahta Springs is three years old. The rheumatic ranchman of early days, or the cowboy who first took a run this way to soothe the exasperation of the Texas distemper, had his bath in an Indian tub hewn out of stone, shaped like a moccasin. This tub was the nucleus of a little thermal town of tepees, which soon melted away before a claim cabin; and then this claim cabin, constituting to itself what might be called the old quarter, was put on wheels and unceremoniously trotted off to the far end of the town, to make way for the stone hotel at which we are stopping. There are a few persons here who, like ourselves, are about to take a driving tour; others who, relieved of a slight touch of rheumatism, linger on to follow up their cure with the tonic of long walks; and after them the invalids. The real invalids, with the gleam of faith in their eyes, — one meets them everywhere: on their crutches, in their roller chairs, on the porches in the sunlight, in the ambulances on their way to the baths. They tell their story with febrile enthusiasm every time the trains bring them a fresh audience. It is always the same story, to be sure, — how they were brought here upon a stretcher, how much worse they felt at first, then how the congealed sap in their limbs seemed to thaw in the soft warm water. Now they can go about; they are born anew; and they smile that wan, beatific smile which painters draw on the lips of the resurrected. They are familiar with the properties of all the thermal waters of the country. They know the analysis of the springs by heart. Peroxide of iron, calcium sulphate, magnesium sulphate, are words which, on their lips, assume the significance of a litany. One might fancy one's self at Lourdes, listening to the hallelujahs of the paralytic restored to flexibility by a miracle. A sad little world this, half concealed, during the summer months, among Saturday evening hops and outdoor concerts by the band, but exposed now in all its naked sadness, — a world in which pain has exhausted every idea but one, and from which the mind carries away pictures of an indescribable pathos: disconnected visions of the stoop of a back, the rigidity of a neck, a knitted shawl pinned with a woman's brooch around the shrunken shoulders of a man still young.

From Hot Springs we turn our horses' heads toward Custer. We drive under a sky that seems to twinkle with electric flashes, and over a rolling prairie covered with yellow buffalo grass. At the end of two hours we reach Wind Cave, where we make a halt to explore its recesses. The old Custer stage road, as we find it again, after leaving the cave, leads us up through a region so totally different from that which we have left behind us that it would seem as though the world had been transformed during the five hours we spent underground. We drive through an arroyo inclosed between rugged gray palisades surmounted by

pines which are extremely tall and rich in color. The hollow of the arroyo is filled with the quivering gold of the cottonwood. Every now and then the eye is caught and held by the intense tone of a scarlet vine flung around the trunk of a tree, or creeping among mosses, over gray rocks. The walls of the cañon broaden and rise, the palisades disappear, and we drive on for several miles between thickly wooded parks, strangely wild and lonely. The hush of the wood is occasionally broken by a startled deer that goes bounding from us and loses himself in the colonnade of pines. Chipmunks, with erect tails, skim like exhalations along the fallen trees, and flights of belated bluebirds, that seem unusually blue, rise with a whir and vanish in the velvet tops of the pines. As we emerge upon a height, we are suddenly confronted by imposing masses of granite bearing the eccentric name of Calamity Jane Peaks. These masses are the southern portals of the granite region of the Hills. It is difficult to put into words the impression that these strange uplifts produce. They are massive enough to create the impression of squarely seated, immovable weight, and yet they are high enough to be bold. The vegetation at their base is luxuriant, and still they have expanse enough of bare gray rock to be dreary. The Jane of the terrible epithet who gave her name to these heights was the first to ascend them, and is said to have celebrated the event by tossing up her cap and riddling it with bullets, in full view of the troops below. This extraordinary product of frontierism made her appearance in the Hills in 1875 with the troops accompanying Professor Jenney's scientific expedition. The people of Custer remember her in buckskins, six-shooter in belt, riding among the soldiers, and answering the roll call, to the mystification of the officers. Her feats of valor and misdeeds filled this wild region with anecdotes. After having carried a woman's caprices through all the most reckless phases of a man's life, she fell a victim to the tender passion, and is now leading an existence of conjugal felicity somewhere in Montana. "Of woman flesh and horse flesh," the Arabs say, "one can predict nothing."

Pushing on through Custer, and leaving the stage road, we find ourselves again immersed in a forest of wonderful beauty. The ground is covered with a thick carpet of k'neck-k'neck green, with the green of the holly, and bearing berries like a thick sprinkling of coral beads. Here we find spruce, some fir, clumps of willows with a feathery Japanesque effect, and a young growth of birch and aspen, a tangle of wire limbs from which the round yellow leaves dangle like gold coins, whiffed off by the first cold winds in little dancing oblique showers. Great granite masses hump their backs above the trees. This beautiful wood is called Custer Park. The centre of the park forms a bed of about ten acres inclosed between granite palisades, which is to be filled, I believe, and converted into a lake. At the far end from Custer, and overlooking what is known as Sunday Gulch, the granite piles rise to a height of three and four hundred feet. They are broad and massive, or cut into sawteeth and slim needles of a most toppling effect. Down the almost vertical cañon of which these are the walls comes what would seem like a cataract of boulders suddenly stopped in their course. Beneath them is a thin stream fighting its way to the valley. Each step down these boulders changes the scene as if by magic. The needles present different shapes and poses at every angle; they seem to rise, bend, and execute all manner of ponderous movements. In the far distance of peaceful blue the Castle Creek divide is stretched across the narrow horizon, restful and dreamy in contrast with the tormented foreground.

We return to Custer by the same road, which we scarcely recognize. While we

were in the cañon a snowstorm swept the forest, and transformed it. It is not earnest snow, however. The flakes are small and light. They have merely thrown a sheen upon the pines and powdered the willows. The sky is gray, but very soft. The sun looks down upon us like a luminous wafer. This is the first of those mock storms of early October that brush the sky and leave it pure and blue until Christmas.

Harney Peak, October 9. We are, in reality, only eighty-two hundred feet above the sea, but we are on the pinnacle of the Black Hills, and, as all things are relative, we seem to be standing on the summit of things, with the world rolling from us to the horizon in great circular waves.

According to Professor Henry Newton, the geology of the Black Hills is simply and generally as follows: "Around a nucleal area of metamorphic slates and schists containing masses of granite, the various members of the sedimentary series of rocks — the Potsdams, carboniferous, trias or red beds, Jura, cretaceous, and tertiary — lie in rudely concentric belts or zones of varying width, dipping on all sides away from the elevatory axis of the Hills. From the Hills outward the inclination of the beds gradually diminishes, until all evidence of the elevation is lost in the usually rolling configuration of the Plains. . . . Separated as they are by more than one hundred miles from the nearest spur or subrange of the Rocky Mountains, they are a complete study in themselves. Exhibiting in the strata exposed and in the general character of the elevation most of the principal features of the geology of the Rocky Mountains, they are a geological epitome of the neighboring portions of that great range." It has elsewhere been said, very graphically, that the central nucleus has been thrust up through the different sedimentary formations much as one could thrust his fist up through the layers of a very large jelly cake. If the Hills were shorn of their timber, we could almost realize, from the summit on which we stand, that the bedding planes that dip from us are nearly perpendicular. As it is, what we really see is a wilderness of wooded peaks encircled by a broad valley, the Red Valley, which the Indians call the Race Course, in turn inclosed by a wall of foothills. It is all curiously symmetrical, — a castle of geologic dimensions, with domes and turrets and a broad moat within its ramparts. Among the domes and turrets rise the innumerable streams that scar the mountain sides with cañons and gulches, and then disappear before reaching the valley wherever the limestone deposits open for them a subterranean passage.

Of the snow that fell a few days since the sun has left but a delicate arabesque upon the granite cap of this pinnacle. Double rows of enormous needles radiate from us to the foot of the mountain like great causeways, which the pines seem to be climbing in solemn, star-gazing files. I can find no word luminous enough to qualify the atmosphere. It is literally of light, of that intense light which cheats distances and draws the horizons nearer together. We look through our eyelashes over the heads of mountains, and see the far-off plains and the snow-covered ranges of other States. Nebraska lies south of us, flat and yellow, like a great ripe cornfield. Wyoming ends in an undulating line of blue, the Bighorn, touched here and there with a glint of snow. To the west we look into the accursed region of the Bad Lands, redeemed and transfigured by the glory of the sun into a broad plain of pure gold. Then there is the unidentified distance, the most beautiful of all, — the vaporous blue country of dreams, in which we loosen our fancies, and which send us back a peaceful mood.

On our way down we go winding about the great causeways, from the

heights of which we should look like a hurrying procession of ants, if there were any one there to look at us. But we are sure of being entirely alone on the mountain. The mountain sheep-trail loses itself constantly among the low-limbed spruce, under the moss, or around the huge piles of granite. There is something delicious in this loneliness and silence, — not a sound but the forest sounds, which come to be other forms of stillness, a breath of wind in the trees, the trickling of a spring. We realize the grade of our trail as we reach the foot of the mountain. We have been less than two hours covering a course which it took us over three hours to ascend.

As we travel to Deadwood from Hill City, which is the nearest neighbor of importance to Custer, we leave the granites behind us. The deep cañons through which we pass are inclosed within flaky heights of slate rock. We are traversing another geological zone. We are gradually losing the pines, too. Within some twenty miles of Deadwood the Hills are entirely bare, shorn to supply the great reduction works with fuel. The streams that come tumbling toward us are all of a reddish-brown, like liquid clay. They have been interrupted in their course, and this is the way they have returned to their beds, after a whirl through the great mills and a close contact with gold.

Deadwood, the great mining centre of the Hills, lies in the deep gulches of the Whitewood and the Deadwood creeks. It has been twice destroyed: once by fire in 1879, when property to the extent of a million and a half is said to have evaporated in pine smoke; then again in 1883, when abnormal snows and rains sent the mountain streams down the gulches in torrents; and, strange to say, it was both times rebuilt upon its original site, with the main street running down the gulch, and the cross-streets scrambling up the hillsides, over the very ground where the miners of 1876 staked their claims and panned out their gold. The wild days of the history of Deadwood are included between 1877 and 1885, the days of "excitements," of "hurdy-gurdies" and the hazing of the "tenderfoot;" for, although the town was incorporated as a city in 1880, its mining-camp character disappeared totally only several years after that time.

From 1876 to 1877 the pioneers may be said to have fought the grizzly and the elements. The striking feature of Deadwood to-day is its decorousness, at least its outward decorousness. It is, perhaps, that of the *blasé*, who has had his fill of the kind of excitement which finds a vent in noise and broils. Be this as it may, the streets of this town of men, and of men more or less bent on the same pursuit, and breathing an atmosphere avowedly intoxicating, are as quiet by night as they are by day. The advent of two railroads, with their narrow gauges to Lead City and Bald Mountain, their spurs up every gulch and to the very dumps of nearly every mine, absorbing all the traffic formerly done by ox-teams, drays, and stages, has cleared the streets of much noise and incumbrance, but also of much local color. In such towns as this the typical disappears with the lawless.

From Deadwood to Bald Mountain, by the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley narrow-gauge railroad. Another blue day. This is the 12th of October, and the air is almost balmy. The scenery is full of beauty, and even of grandeur at certain points. Our train, which looks like a toy, is running up impossible heights and describing impossible curves, skirting precipices and skimming over trellises, leaving its tracks below in a tangle of loops and bends. A wonderful piece of engineering, the construction of this road, — attacking a grade of 4.30 feet to the mile in some

places, and describing a curve of 38°. After an hour's ascent, the heights that close us in seem suddenly to drop away, and we look over an immeasurable expanse of dark blue hills and yellow prairies. Our car is wedged in between ore cars and flat cars. Our fellow-passengers consist of a German family of well-fed rotundity, and a stubby little pigeon-toed Chinese woman, whose wrists are covered with bangles, and whose shining chignon is bristling with brass pins. On the flat car behind us is a group of an equally foreign appearance, — two middle-aged men, a boy, and a young woman. They have strong faces of a pronounced northern type. They do not seem to feel the necessity of conversation. The woman sits with her chin in her hand, her almost colorless gaze fixed on some point in the horizon. The boy holds a puppy in his arms, which he strokes now and then very soberly. The train stops in the midst of what would seem a wilderness. Our neighbors climb down, and unload the car with strong agility. They have lumber, a case of window panes, boxes and bags of groceries, bags of utensils and tools, bedding and clothes tied in a horse blanket, and a small stove, — an embryo home. The things are heaped on either side of the track, and as the train pulls off they stand amid their household goods, screening their eyes from the sun, and watch us disappear around a curve. As we lose them, I feel as though I had peeped into the first chapter of a story and dropped the book by the wayside.

From Bald Mountain we make one of the crossings and catch the Black Hills and Fort Pierre narrow gauge, which takes us down to Piedmont. This ride is, perhaps, more beautiful than the one up Bald Mountain, with all the effects reversed. We spin down grade, and the hills and high masses of rock seem to be climbing over each other and flying from us in a panic. We pass great fields of glistening stubble; stacks of harvested grain of a duller gold; peaceful nooks sheltered by high hills, where trim little cabins have been built in the centre of cabbage-planted stretches; soft pastures where cows are browsing. Then we drop suddenly into a wild cañon inclosed between great cliffs of limestone, full of sombreness and echoes. At Piedmont we find our horses, and, resuming our drive, we reach Sturgis in the full glow of sunset. Sunset in these Hills is an hour of transfiguration. The little towns which we come upon then may have a prosaic side, but they are very apt to carry this halo with them in our memory.

The horizon is of a complex, bewildering order of beauty. If the colors on birds' wings, the varying tints of shells, and the lights that opals catch could be blended and vaporized, they might produce something of this effect. Sturgis, like a little dreamland town, lies in a valley with a slight inclination toward a creek that looks as if it were a rainbow lying on the ground. This valley is the Red Valley, the Indian Race Course, the great agricultural zone of the Hills. Although it completely encircles the Hills, it is not everywhere so fertile as it is in this eastern portion; for, the slope of the country being east, all the streams rising in the central and western Hills drain these regions on their way to the Cheyenne. The heaviest rainfalls, too, occur here, enabling the farmer to dispense with irrigation to a great extent.

All the winds that blow over the Black Hills have swept the plains for great distances, and bring what moisture they have gathered to these peaks to be condensed into rain. These Hills, therefore, manufacture their own climate, and manage to keep their vegetation green and fresh when the plains are parched with thirst. Some localities do more condensing work than others, however, for the contributions vary with the different winds. Those from the north bring little moisture with them from the cold

Canadian regions; the cargo of the southern winds is intercepted long before reaching these latitudes; the Pacific winds, depositing almost all their moisture in rain and snow along the Rocky Mountains, give the Hills only that which they may have collected on the intervening plains; and so it happens that the eastern winds, sweeping up from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, in spite of all they deposit along the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Valley, bring the heaviest freight of moisture with them for distribution along these eastern slopes.

The great product of these valleys is wheat; that is, more attention has been given to its cultivation, and Black Hills wheat has a higher grade in the market to-day than that of northern Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, or Iowa. But the growth of all small grains is equally luxuriant, and corn, heretofore supposed to require totally different conditions, is now beginning to prove a sure crop. The similitude between the flora of the Hills and that of southern Maine and New Hampshire in the same latitude, as determined by late scientific explorations, would indicate that the fruit and vegetables of those States must also flourish here. These things will be verified as soon as agriculturalists shall have entirely supplanted the farming miners, attracted to the country by gold, and who turned to land claims only as a makeshift, when mining claims were not within reach.

Ascending the foothills that overlook Sturgis, one comes suddenly in view of Bare Butte. Unlike the usual Western formation called "butte," this particular Indian watch-tower is a rock with evidences of erosion, what the miners call float. It is difficult to form an idea of a butte, if one has never seen one. Buttes are usually formations of yellowish clay, bare of vegetation, and strangely suggestive of a construction, — a fortress, or a town of queer roofs huddled together within a stuccoed wall. They are a great relief to the eye and the mind, breaking as they do the horizontal monotony of the plain. There is an indescribable lonesomeness about them, — that lonesomeness which gives personality to an inanimate thing. To the early explorers the coming upon a butte must have been like the first sight of a caravan to a man who is crossing the desert. Bare Butte, being of rock, differs widely from the usual butte. In the golden air of Indian summer it seems translucent. The projections that are licked by the sun are of various degrees of golden brown, and their shadows are a deep purple. It lies like a great camel carved out of rough topaz and amethyst, looking over a yellow desert.

It was in the shadow of this butte that the military camp which eventually became Fort Meade was located. It was then known as Camp Sturgis, in honor of Lieutenant "Jack" Sturgis, who was killed at the Custer massacre. The present position of Fort Meade was determined by General Sheridan in 1876. The site is a superb one, both from a scenic and a strategic standpoint. This ten-company post means much to the little town of Sturgis, and in fact to the whole county in which it is situated. The quantity of supplies consumed by its men and horses is enormous.

Our route to Spearfish takes us along the Race Course through cultivated lands, by thriving farms, well-built farmhouses, fenced fields filled with the gleaming stubble of oats and timothy. From Spearfish to the Bear Gulch we drive sixteen miles through a dense pine forest, the air saturated with a resinous smell. By the ups and downs of the road we perceive that we are traveling west, but the great wall of pines never once opens a breach. Within this pine forest is a young forest of oaks, and, further up, a forest of aspens, leafless now, like trees of silver wire, delicate and fragile, shrouding the body of pines in a haze of vaporous gray. We dine deliciously on grouse

and fresh vegetables at the lonely Bear Gulch camp, and turn our horses' heads eastward again.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the valley drive between the Spearfish and the Belle Fourche. We have two hours, at least, before we strike the rolling stock range. The Belle Fourche River, the beautiful fork of the Cheyenne, gives its name to a little town opened on the 1st of last June, and now a shipping point of no small importance. From June to October sixty thousand head of cattle were taken from here by the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley railroad. This is essentially the cowboy's *pied-à-terre*. With its floating population it counts about two hundred and fifty souls. Almost half as many again are in the place to-day, for it is fair-day, and the ranches within a radius of twenty-five miles have emptied themselves here to witness the races. Ponies are anchored by their hanging bridles in a line along the row of stores and cabins that constitute the town. Vehicles of every imaginable sort, from sulkies to hayracks, stand outside, tilted forward, with their shafts and poles on the ground. Flaring bills, tacked up on every available background, proclaim the attractions of the race course. Besides the usual trotting, pacing, and running races, there are to be steer-roping contests, ladies' races, and finally, as a bouquet, a purse of twenty-five dollars for the cowboy who will start his pony, mount, light a cigar, open an umbrella, dismount, mount again, and be back at the stand in a given number of minutes. In the parlor of the hotel, where we stop for an hour, that our horses may be fed, we find numerous other evidences of the fair. The walls are hung with much elaborate fancy-work: satin banners painted to represent embroidery, embroidered banners made to represent painting, — all more or less awry on brass rods, — many species of crochet, and every variant of the tidy. A number of women sit here while their husbands go out to "hitch." Two girls are talking over their winter's course at the Spearfish normal school. A small bony German woman and a ponderous American in sealskin and black plumes are excitedly discussing a conjugal problem which refers to the question whether milking the cow is the duty of the man or the woman.

Our horses being ready, we push on toward Sundance, over miles of stock range. This grass land, sweeping off to the horizon in every direction, has some of the grandeur of the desert with all the cheerful beauty of fertility. In the summer this is a vast, many-colored meadow. Now it is all gold; the frost has gilded it. There is a fascination in looking over the wheels at the ground running from under us, and noticing the infinite variety of grasses that go to make a prairie, — the short copper-tinted blades, the greenish-yellow frizzles, the silky meshes with all the lights and shadows of golden hair, the stretches that are like a pale haze powdered with fine seeds. It is like the fascination of looking over the side of a ship into the blue and green lights of the sea.

The stockman in these parts has indeed little expense, and less care. The cattle and horses roam over the range all winter. The grasses, which cure into rich hay on the ground, give them a pasture as nutritious in January as it is in June. All that is required of the stockman is that he know his own stock. "The Black Hills are gold from the grass roots down, but there 's still more gold from the grass roots up," is perhaps the wisest remark ever attributed to "California Joe."

As we approach Sundance a broken line of hills rises along the yellow horizon. The sun is setting without a cloud to catch the colors. The hills assume metallic tints, like the blues and greens of verdigris. The west is all of a reddish copper glow, which shoots over the dome of the sky and hangs over the

east in a faint pink, — so faint that it is like a blush in the air. The disk of the sun is blood-red and enormous. A little bunch of horses, startled at our appearance, stop for a second on the summit of a mound directly in front of us, and stand, with flying manes, in strange black foreshortenings, against the sun. In the pink blush of the east a star of silver filigree is taking to itself light.

In the heart of the cattle country rises Sundance Mountain, an almost isolated elevation, rock-flanked and level-topped, like a great stage, upon which one can fancy the Indians performing their religious dance, with the witness of the horizons. In its shadow is the white town of Sundance, evolved out of a road ranch and a saloon as soon as farms began to spring up in the valley, and the rising stock industry had begun to sprinkle the range with horses and cattle. It is now an agricultural as well as a stock centre. We are within near sight of the Bear Lodge range and Inyan Kara ("the peak which makes stone"). Inyan Kara stands about six hundred feet out of an encircling rim that suggests the throat of a crater. It is so abrupt that it seems perpendicular at some angles. The igneous rocks of which it is composed, like Bare Butte, have all the deep, gorgeous tones of rough jewels. Warren's Peak, the crowning peak of the Bear Lodge range, though some two thousand feet higher, is less prominent for being set in the centre of others which diminish gradually and reach the valley by rounded grass-covered steps. From these heights one looks out upon an infinite space of blue, and down upon Mato Tepee, the Bear Lodge which gives its name to the range. Mato Tepee is generally known as the Devil's Tower; for it seems that, among the Indians, it is more commonly spoken of now as "the Tower of the Bad God." At this distance it looks like an obelisk of basalt on a plain. The current hypotheses are in favor of its being the core that was left standing when a cataclysm had torn open some great volcano by the mouth and scattered its flanks, or of its having been ejected with great violence when in a liquid state, and solidified by sudden cooling. But the geologists who have studied this region believe that the tower was forced up "through the sedimentary strata under great pressure, and at such a temperature as to make it plastic rather than fluid;" that, had it been otherwise, the sedimentary rocks tilted around it would have been more metamorphosed than they are by igneous heat. Approached from Sundance, it presents a number of varied aspects, according to the different angles from which it is seen: now a great fluted column, a tall black truncated cone; again a tremendous organ, whose pipes shoot out of a hill and converge at the top. It is gray, or black, or purple, in sympathy with the clouds or the sun, and as one draws nearer the great pipes seem to pull themselves out indefinitely toward the sky. Standing at its base, one realizes that these columns are triangular or hexagonal crystals, of a yellowish-drab delicately tinted with green. They are, as it were, the fibres of the obelisk, and rise over six hundred feet perpendicularly out of a massive base. The entire tower is over eleven hundred feet high from the Belle Fourche, on the bank of which it stands. The hill which forms its pedestal is a mass of huge rocks, parts of the crystals fallen from time to time. The impression produced by this isolated and mysterious structure is one of amazement. It has never been scaled, and adventurous tourists must ever stand hopeless at its base, with all the longing which is bred of prohibition.

From Sundance to Newcastle, October 20. It is a typical Wyoming day. The sky is of indigo. A moon of thin white lace is setting amidst gauzy swirls of wind clouds. There is a fierceness in

the light which strikes blinding flashes from the ploughshares, and makes the streams look like polished steel. The land is of every tone and quality of gold, from the metallic glitter of the wheat stubble to the dull haze of the wild grasses upon which the wind makes little shadowy eddies. Bunches of horses with flying manes are herded past us. It is astonishing how long we can see them. Their forms and movements are perfectly distinct when they have dwindled to the size of dogs. Then we lose the motion, they appear to be standing still, till they suddenly seem to shrivel and be dissolved in light.

At the end of about thirty miles our road begins to climb the side of a densely wooded hill; we go down into ravines, then up again, higher each time, the horizon expanding and sinking around us. At a sharp turn we leave the trees, and find ourselves on the top of an immense grassy mesa, looking out in every direction over a boundless expanse of blue. The impression is startling and wonderful. It is as though we were crossing a great yellow island all at once emerged from out of a turquoise sea. This fantastic impression lasts for several miles; then we begin the descent, receiving at the edge of the mesa the first announcement of the Cambria coal mines in great columns of black smoke. In a sudden transition from this dreamy height we drop into a cañon with a black atmosphere, where locomotives are whistling and switching, and cars are being loaded from a chute with a noise as of a hailstorm on a tremendous scale. We pass immense smokestacks, coke ovens smoking quietly, substantially built offices, stores, eating-houses, cabins and cottages, around which children, with facial lines comically emphasized by coal dust, run about and play. At the mouth of the cañon we are stopped by the town of Newcastle, which surprises us with a certain air of being a miniature metropolis.

Our hundred-mile drive across country from Newcastle to Rapid City is a grand epitome of all our previous drives through the Hills. We continue for scores of miles among ranches, farms, cattle ranges, and as many again over divides, from the height of which we get wonderful panoramas of distant hills and gleaming plains; then down the divides we go over slopes of rich grass into glens and shaded parks full of grouse and red squirrel. We enter cañons that are lonely and resonant like seashells, then emerge upon grass land which makes the world seem like a yellow floor under a blue canopy. The horizon is constantly contracting and expanding around us. The sun rises and sets with extravagant splendor for our particular delectation. This is what Maupassant would call a wedding journey with the earth. The towns where we spend the night, or through which we drive, become mere incidents of the great mysterious life whose real features are dream hills and sunsets.

Somewhere in the last half of this hundred-mile drive we come upon the source of Rapid River, the largest and most impetuous stream of the Hills, and one of the few which carries its waters overground all the way to the Cheyenne. For a considerable distance it sings along quietly enough, picking up the contributions that trickle down side gorges, until its bed begins to tilt, and it is sent hurrying down a wild cañon to the valley. As our road climbs over its last divide, we can look down and see it describing shining curves through great flats of grass sprinkled with trees. Here the foothills open a wide gate, and on the very threshold, among these shining curves, lies Rapid City. No situation could be more favorable for a manufacturing post. Besides the advantages of the Rapid River as a water power, it affords a natural channel through which much that the Hills produce in minerals and agricultural products must pass and

be transformed before it goes out to the plains.

The history of Rapid City in no way differs from that of the other valley towns of the Hills region. We have the same type of pioneers detaching themselves from the ebbing and flowing tide of miners; exploring the valleys in search of a spot upon which to build a home; and, with that human aspiration for stability which manages to fraternize with the spirit of migration, taking care that the chosen spot is an advantageous site, foreseeing that their homes may become the nucleus of a large settlement. The town is staked out with no more pretentious instruments than a tape-line and a pocket compass. One square mile is divided into lots, the lots are numbered, and the numbers are shuffled in a hat and passed around, and a new town is born. Rapid City is an ambitious, busy little place of four thousand souls; grinding the wheat from the valleys, shipping the stock and packing the beef from the ranges, manufacturing brick, and supplying the farmers with cash.

We leave the railroad at Rushville, and find our horses here again for a twenty-six-mile drive across prairie to the Sioux Agency at Pine Ridge. We are reminded of the Hills only by an occasional bare ridge crested with a bristling fringe of pines which cuts the land into sections. Between long intervals of prairie we come upon the stricken-looking farm of a half-breed, or a lonely log cabin with the accompanying tepee standing beside it like a reminiscence. An Indian boy, with a half sheet of cotton thrown around him in lieu of a blanket, goes by on his pony, herding three or four bony steers. At a little distance, as he kicks his pony into a run, and sits with outspread arms yelping to his herd, one might take him for a diminutive Moor with a flying bournous. After a while the log cabins give way to board cabins; then, further on, these are grouped together in a manner somewhat suggestive of a frontier military post. This is the agency. The agent's office is in a low frame building, with benches in front of it, where blanketed forms congregate for a lounge, a gossip, a smoke, or a redress of grievances. Here the agent sits at his desk for eight hours a day, and listens to complaints of all sorts, from the most tragic to the most trivial. He listens to an old man whose son has returned from Carlisle with an education so admirably calculated to open his eyes to the condition of his race and its need of civilization that, after lounging for some time in the paternal tepee, drawing his rations and meditating upon life, he finds that his "heart is bad," wanders off to a lonely spot and shoots himself. He listens to a squaw whose steer is sick; to an old chief who has a one-acre farm, and thinks that the great father should furnish him with a horse plough, which might in a measure mitigate the hardships of a life of labor. An endless litany of miseries and absurdities, the daily rehearsal of a tragic farce.

This morning there is a great stir in the waiting-room adjoining the office. Indians are pouring in and forming animated groups about the room. We learn that our visit coincides with that of a senatorial commission. We discover friends among the commissioners, and find that we shall have the pleasure of attending a council.

We have seen the Omaha. The true name of this dance is the "grass dance." Its origin dates back to an incident which took place during one of the protracted tribal wars of the Indians of the lower Missouri. Both armies were encamped on the grass flats of the river. The Crows, if I mistake not, conceived the stratagem of rising in the night, tying grasses around themselves until they looked like sheaves, and then making their way, in a squatting posture, along

the treeless plain to the enemy's camp. The enemy were either asleep, or saw nothing in the swaying of the grasses that struck them as unusual. The Crows, accordingly, fell upon their foes and massacred them; and there, among the dead, and still representing sheaves, they improvised a dance so spirited, so beautiful, in their conception of beauty, that it has been transmitted from tribe to tribe. The Sioux call it the Omaha, after the tribe from which they received it. It has been permitted to survive the Sun dance, because it is unaccompanied by physical torture. To the minds of educated Indians, however, its moral influence is far worse. They contend that it stirs the savagery in their nature, and that there lies much coarseness concealed to us under its grace and picturesqueness.

The Omaha House, in which the dance is to be celebrated, is an octagonal log house, some fifty feet in diameter. It is situated about five miles from the agency. We start after moonrise. The night is clear and white, the air deliciously cool without being sharp. We have an escort of Indian police riding on either side of us like phantoms. We go swiftly and noiselessly over the prairie, as though driving over a well-kept lawn. There is a group of buttes in the distance, lighted in white from behind, touched with silver along the top, and casting a great black shadow clearly defined on the ground. It has the appearance of a lonely Moorish town of white domes and minarets. Lights are moving about from tepee to tepee, forming queer constellations. The tepees themselves, lighted from within, glow like night-lamps of fine porcelain. The Omaha House is sending out of the opening in its roof a column of yellow sparks. As we draw near we find the building surrounded by a large crowd of women, many of whom are draped in white sheets, which cover their heads and are drawn up over their mouths with a decidedly Oriental effect. The shorter ones are looking in between the cracks, with their faces flattened against the logs; the taller ones lean over their shoulders, or crane their necks to strike the level of a higher crack. From within one sees an unbroken line of eager black eyes along the open space between the logs. In the centre of the house is a roaring log fire, which finds a glimmering reflection in all these eyes. The musicians are stationed in a corner. The orchestral instrument consists of a large drum suspended from sticks that are driven in the ground so as to insure the greatest possible amount of vibration. Twelve men sit around it and beat time to a spirited *motif* in a minor key, which is repeated without the slightest variation during the entire entertainment. The dancers are nude but for their breech-cloths; and here one comes to a full realization of the injustice of the modern dress to these superb bronze bodies. They are brilliantly painted in reds, yellows, and blacks, the yellows being singularly effective. Their heads are bristling with eagle feathers variously tinted. Their ears are pierced all along the rim with as many as ten or twelve holes, from each of which hangs a silver ring and a pendant. Anything in the way of a long beaded tab, or a war-bonnet with great streamers of eagle feathers, is attached at the back of the waist, — a reminiscence of the grasses of the lower Missouri, no doubt, — and trails on the ground, emphasizing those movements of the dance which are entirely from the hips. At their knees and their ankles are strings of sleigh-bells, which form something of a self-acting tambourine accompaniment.

A tin clothes-boiler and several covered pots stand around the fire. In the clothes-boiler a fatted dog is simmering quietly. Every now and then the tin lid trembles with the faint sound of a cymbal, and from under the edges come fumes as of animal decay, made more

sickening by being heated. There is also a large box of hard-tack, which is the agent's contribution to the entertainment.

We are the only guests admitted into the house. As soon as we have taken our places one of the musicians thumps the drum; then all twelve start in unison, with a wild yelp, on a high note in a minor key. The rhythm is marked by the most vigorous thumping, and the dancers spring to their feet.

My attention is particularly attracted to a very old Indian, the most conspicuously bedecked, and by no means the least spirited of the dancers. His dancing consists chiefly of a prancing *sur la place*, like a race horse before the signal for starting is given. He is tall and gaunt, with a face like the antique mask of Tragedy painted a deep red. His lips move in an incessant muttering, and when he breaks into a yelp his expression is singularly savage. The interpreter tells me that he is Iron Hawk, and that he played an important part in the Custer massacre. The Indians, usually reticent, it seems, in their references to that event, have frequently spoken of his splendid "boast" made on the battlefield strewn with the unfortunates of the Seventh. He could be heard, they say, within a radius of a mile, as he walked about among the dead and recounted his experiences of the day.

When the dancers stop to take breath the yelping and thumping grow louder and faster, urging them on into a frenzy. Their muscles become tense, drawn along their thighs and under their knees like cords; their yelps become more and more strident; they prance and quiver, until the musicians finally call a halt of their own accord. Some squat along the walls and resume their pipes; others throw themselves down in superb reclining poses, resting on their elbows, and screening their faces from the fire with their curved hands.

From this reclining group a figure rises suddenly and begins to pace the length of the building, turning on his heel with the swaying movements of a lion in a cage. After the first turn or two he begins his soliloquy, punctuated by light taps of the drum. The tones of this Sioux language are wonderfully impressive. It has the full vowel sounds of the old Spanish, all the strength of its gutturals, and much of the pompous grandeur of its inflections. This particular "boast" must refer to great achievements, if we are to judge by the grunts of both musicians and dancers, and the twinkling along the line of black eyes peeping in between the logs.

The soliloquy finished, the music begins with redoubled violence. The dance now takes the form of a pantomime, something that seems to indicate adoration, ecstasy, which would do well as an expression of sun or fire worship. It is all directed to the clothes-boiler where the dog is cooking, and means, in this case, that the choice morsel is done to a turn. Tin cups are distributed among the guests and the dancers; but the atmosphere, warm and heavy with tobacco smoke and the fumes from the boiling dog, has become unendurable, and we are glad to get out into the fresh night.

The moon is directly overhead. The Moorish town of white domes and minarets is drenched with light. Our escort of phantom horsemen is again with us. The noise of our wheels and of our horses' hoofs is inaudible. We lose the last sounds that float from the Omaha House, and become submerged in that peculiar stillness which is of the plains and the desert. The whole world seems wrapped in a vaporous white dream.

October 29. It is a chilly twilight. We have left the Hills far behind us. Our train is streaking eastward through the farms of Nebraska. Our fellow-travelers are for the most part farmers, conversational and self-congratulatory. Beyond the car window the land lies in gentle undulations, which now and again

stiffen into a straight line rimmed with red along the horizon. Here we find the tumbleweed again, the little lacelike bush with weak roots which the lightest wind dances over the ground like a puff of smoke, forever taking root and being uprooted, — curious prototype of the migratory spirit of the Great West.

Antoinette Ogden.

THE WIND'S SUMMONS.

THE Wind came whining to my door,
Across the uplands from the sea,
With plaintive burden o'er and o'er,
"Oh, will ye roam the world with me?"

The wintry skies were all too chill,
The wintry lands too stark and gray:
I would not do the wild Wind's will;
I barred the door and said him nay.

But when the Night crept, vast and black,
Up the long valleys from the sea,
The cold Wind followed in his track,
And swift and stealthy followed he.

. . . . . .

The mad Wind clamored at my door;
His voice was like the angry sea
That breaks in thunder on the shore,
And still he cried, "Come forth to me!"

The casements shook and shuddered sore,
He ranged the high walls round and round;
My chamber rocked from roof to floor,
And all the darkness throbbed with sound.

The wintry dawn rose faint and slow.
He turned him to the frozen lea,
And aye he moaned and muttered low
Along the uplands to the sea.

Sullen and slow the Sea-Wind sped;
"Oh, never doubt the day shall be
When I shall come again," he said,
"And you come forth and follow me.

"The lair of Night shall be your bed,
And fast and far your ghost shall flee,
When you are one with all the Dead
That roam the wide world round with me."

Graham R. Tomson.

THE PRIVATE LIFE.

We talked of London, face to face with a great bristling, primeval glacier. The hour and the scene were one of those impressions which make up a little, in Switzerland, for the modern indignity of travel — the promiscuities and vulgarities, the station and the hotel, the gregarious patience, the struggle for a scrappy attention, the reduction to a numbered state. The high valley was pink with the mountain rose, and the cool air as fresh as if the world were young. There was a faint flush of afternoon on undiminished snows, and the fraternizing tinkle of the unseen cattle came to us with a cropped and sun-warmed odor. The balconied inn stood on the very neck of the sweetest pass in the Oberland, and for a week, there, we had had company and weather. This was felt to be great luck, for one would have made up for the other, had either been bad.

The weather, certainly, would have made up for the company; but it was not subjected to this tax, for we had, by a happy chance, the *fleur des pois:* Lord and Lady Mellifont, Clare Vawdrey, the greatest (in the opinion of many) of our literary glories, and Blanche Adney, the greatest (in the opinion of all) of our theatrical. I mention these first, because they were just the people whom in London, at that time, people tried to "get." People endeavored to "book" them six weeks ahead, yet on this occasion we had come in for them, we had all come in for each other, without the least wire-pulling. A turn of the game had pitched us together, the last of August, and we recognized our luck by staying on, under the protection of the barometer. When the golden days were over — that would come soon enough — we should wind down opposite sides of the pass and disappear over the crest of surrounding heights. We were of the same general communion, we participated in the same miscellaneous publicity. We met, in London, with irregular frequency; we were more or less governed by the laws and the language, the traditions and the shibboleths, of the same dense social state. I think all of us, even the ladies, "did" something, though we pretended we did n't, when it was mentioned. Such things are not mentioned, indeed, in London, but it was our innocent pleasure to be different here. There had to be some way to make it different, inasmuch as we were under the impression that this was our annual holiday. We felt, at any rate, that, for the hour, it was more human than London, or that at least we ourselves were more human. We were frank about this, we talked about it; it was what we were talking about as we looked at the flushing glacier, just as some one called attention to the prolonged absence of Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney. We were seated on the terrace of the inn, where there were benches and little tables, and those of us who were most bent on proving that we had returned to nature were, in the queer Germanic fashion, having coffee before meat.

The remark about the absence of our two companions was not taken up, not even by Lady Mellifont, not even by little Adney, the fond composer; for it had been dropped only in the briefest intermission of Clare Vawdrey's talk. (He was "Clarence" only on a title page.) It was just this revelation of our being, after all, human that was his theme. He asked the company whether, candidly, every one had n't been tempted to say to every one else, "I had no idea you were really so nice." I had had, for my part, an idea that he was, and even

a good deal nicer, but that was too complicated to go into then; besides, it is exactly my story. There was a general understanding among us that when Vawdrey talked we should be silent, and not, oddly enough, because he at all expected it. He did n't, for of all abundant talkers he was the most unconscious, the least greedy and professional. It was rather the religion of the host, of the hostess, that prevailed among us; it was their own idea, but they always looked for a listening circle when the great novelist dined with them. On the occasion I allude to, there was probably no one present with whom, in London, he had not dined, and we felt the force of this habit. He had dined even with me; and the evening of that dinner, as on this Alpine afternoon, I had been at no pains to hold my tongue, absorbed as I inveterately was in a study of the question which always rose before me, to such a height, in his fair, square, strong stature.

This question was all the more tormenting that he never suspected himself (I am sure) of propounding it, any more than he had ever observed that, every day of his life, every one listened to him at dinner. He used to be called "subjective" in the weekly papers, but in society no distinguished man could have been less so. He never talked about himself; and this was a topic on which, though it would have been tremendously worthy of him, he apparently never even reflected. He had his hours and his habits, his tailor and his hatter, his hygiene and his particular wine, but all these things together never made up an attitude. Yet they were the only ones he ever adopted, and it was easy for him to refer to our being "nicer" abroad than at home. He was exempt from variations, and not a shade either less or more nice in one place than in another. He differed from other people, but never from himself (save in the extraordinary sense which I will presently explain), and struck me as having neither moods, nor sensibilities, nor preferences. He might have been always in the same company, so far as he recognized any influence from age, or condition, or sex; he addressed himself to women exactly as he addressed himself to men, and gossiped with all men alike, talking no better to clever folk than to dull. I used to feel a certain despair at his way of liking one subject — so far as I could tell — precisely as much as another; there were some I hated so myself. I never found him anything but loud and cheerful and copious, and I never heard him utter a paradox, or express a shade, or play with an idea. That fancy about our being "human" was, in his conversation, quite an exceptional flight. His opinions were sound and second rate, and of his perceptions it was too mystifying to think. I envied him his magnificent health.

Vawdrey had marched, with his even pace and his perfectly good conscience, into the flat country of anecdote, where stories are visible from afar like windmills and signposts; but I observed, after a little, that Lady Mellifont's attention wandered. I happened to be sitting next to her. I noticed that her eyes rambled a little anxiously over the lower slopes of the mountains. At last, after looking at her watch, she said to me, "Do you know where they went?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Adney and Lord Mellifont?"

"Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney." Her ladyship's speech seemed — unconsciously, indeed — to correct me, but it did n't occur to me that this was because she was jealous. I imputed to her no such vulgar sentiment: in the first place, because I liked her; and, in the second, because it would always occur to one quickly that it was right, in any connection, to put Lord Mellifont first. He was first — extraordinarily so. I don't say greatest, or wisest, or most renowned, but essentially at the

head of the table. That is a position by itself, and his wife was naturally used to seeing him in it. My phrase had sounded as if Mrs. Adney had taken him; but it was not possible for him to be taken — he only took. No one, in the nature of things, could know this better than Lady Mellifont. I had originally been rather afraid of her, thinking her, with her stiff silences and the extreme blackness of almost everything that made up her person, somewhat hard, and even a little saturnine. Her paleness seemed slightly gray, and her glossy black hair metallic, like the brooches and bands and combs with which it was inveterately adorned. She was in perpetual mourning, and wore numberless ornaments of jet and onyx, a thousand clicking chains and bugles and beads. I had heard Mrs. Adney call her the queen of night, and the term was descriptive if you understood that the night was cloudy. She had a secret, and if you did n't find it out as you knew her better, you at least perceived that she was gentle and unaffected and limited, and also rather contentedly sad. She was like a woman with a painless malady. I told her that I had merely seen her husband and his companion stroll down the pass together about an hour before, and suggested that Mr. Adney would perhaps know something of their intentions.

Vincent Adney, who, though he was fifty years old, looked like a good little boy on whom it had been impressed that children should not talk before company, acquitted himself with remarkable simplicity and taste of the position of husband of a great professor of comedy. When all was said about her making it easy for him, one could not help admiring the charmed affection with which he took everything for granted. It is difficult for a husband who is not on the stage, or at least in the theatre, to be graceful about a wife who is; but Adney was more than graceful — he was exquisite, he was inspired. He set his beloved to music; and you remember how genuine his music could be — the only English compositions I ever saw a foreigner take an interest in. His wife was in them, somewhere, always; they were like a free, rich translation of the impressions she scattered. She seemed to pass laughing across the scene, as one listened. He had been only a little fiddler at her theatre, always in his place during the acts; and she had made of him something rare and misunderstood. Their superiority had become a kind of partnership, and their happiness was a part of the happiness of their friends. Adney's one discomfort was that he could n't write a part for his wife, and the only way he meddled with her affairs was by asking impossible people if they could not.

Lady Mellifont, after looking across at him a moment, remarked to me that she would rather not put any question to him. She added in a moment, "I had rather people should n't see I 'm nervous."

"Are you nervous?"

"I always become so if my husband is away from me for any time."

"Do you imagine something has happened to him?"

"Yes, always. Of course I 'm used to it."

"Do you mean his tumbling over precipices — that sort of thing?"

"I don't know exactly what it is; it 's the general sense that he 'll never come back."

She said so much and kept back so much that the only way to treat the condition she referred to seemed the jocular. "Surely he 'll never forsake you!" I laughed.

She looked at the ground a moment. "Oh, at bottom I 'm easy."

"Nothing can ever happen to a man so accomplished, so infallible, so armed at all points," I went on encouragingly.

"Oh, you don't know how he 's

armed!" she exclaimed, with such an odd quaver that I could account for it only by her being nervous. This idea was confirmed by her moving the next minute, changing her seat rather pointlessly, not as if to cut our conversation short, but because she was in a fidget. I did not know what was the matter with her, but I was presently relieved to see Mrs. Adney come toward us. She had in her hand a big bunch of wild flowers, but she was not visibly attended by Lord Mellifont. I quickly saw, however, that she had no disaster to announce; yet as I knew there was a question Lady Mellifont would like to hear answered, but did not wish to ask, I expressed to her immediately the hope that his lordship had not remained in a crevasse.

"Oh, no; he left me but three minutes ago. He has gone into the house." Blanche Adney rested her eyes on mine an instant — a mode of intercourse to which no man, for himself, could ever object. The interest, on this occasion, was quickened by the particular thing the eyes happened to say. What they usually said was only: "Oh, yes, I'm charming, I know, but don't make a fuss about it. I only want a new part — I do, I do!" At present they added, dimly, surreptitiously, and of course sweetly — for that was the way they did everything: "It's all right, but something did happen. Perhaps I'll tell you later." She turned to Lady Mellifont, and the transition to simple gayety suggested her mastery of her profession. "I've brought him safe. We had a charming walk."

"I'm so very glad," returned Lady Mellifont, with her faint smile; continuing vaguely, as she got up: "He must have gone to dress for dinner. Is n't it rather near?" She moved away, to the hotel, in her leave-taking, simplifying fashion, and the rest of us, at the mention of dinner, looked at each other's watches, as if to shift the responsibility of such grossness. The head waiter, essentially, like all head waiters, a man of the world, allowed us hours and places of our own, so that in the evening, apart under the lamp, we formed a compact, an indulged little circle. But it was only the Mellifonts who "dressed," and as to whom it was recognized that they naturally would dress: she in exactly the same manner as on any other evening of her ceremonious existence (she was not a woman whose habits could take account of anything so mutable as fitness); and he, on the other hand, with the most selected picturesque propriety. He was almost as much a man of the world as the head waiter, and spoke almost as many languages; but he abstained from courting a comparison of dress coats and white waistcoats, analyzing the occasion in a much finer way — into black velvet and blue velvet and brown velvet, for instance, into delicate harmonies of necktie and subtle informalities of shirt. He had a costume for every circumstance, and an idea for every costume; and his circumstances and costumes and ideas were ever a part of the amusement of life — a part, at any rate, of its beauty and romance — for an immense circle of spectators. For his particular friends, indeed, these things were more than an amusement; they were a topic, a social support, and of course, in addition, a subject of perpetual suspense. If his wife had not been present before dinner, they were what the rest of us probably would have been talking about.

Clare Vawdrey had a fund of anecdote on the whole question; he had known Lord Mellifont almost from the beginning. It was a peculiarity of this nobleman that there could be no conversation about him that did n't instantly take the form of anecdote, and a still further distinction that there could apparently be no anecdote that was not on the whole to his honor. If he had come into a room at any moment, people might

have said, frankly, "Of course we were telling stories about you!" As consciences go, in London, the general conscience would have been good. Moreover, it would have been impossible to imagine his taking such a tribute otherwise than amiably, for the simple reason that no one had ever heard of his meeting anything save in this spirit. His amiability was the point of all the stories, and his urbanity was the ornament of his time. For myself, when he was talked about, I always had an odd impression that we were speaking of the dead — it was with that peculiar accumulation of relish. His reputation was a kind of graceful obelisk, as if he had been buried beneath it, and no man, *de son vivant*, had ever become so legendary.

This ambiguity sprang, I suppose, from the fact that the very air of his name was an appearance, a performance, a happy effect — something too exalted for verification. The verification, of course, always came later; the imitation, the legend, paled before the reality. I remember that on the evening I refer to the reality was particularly brilliant and complete. The handsomest man of his period could never have looked better, and he sat among us like a bland conductor controlling by a harmonious play of arm an orchestra still a little rough. He directed the conversation by gestures as irresistible as they were vague; one felt as if without him it would n't have had anything to call a tone. This was essentially what he contributed to any occasion — what he contributed, above all, to English public life. He pervaded it, he colored it, he embellished it, and without him it would scarcely have had a vocabulary. Certainly it would not have had a style; for a style was what it had in having Lord Mellifont. He was a style. I was freshly struck with it, as, in the *salle à manger* of the little Swiss inn, we resigned ourselves to inevitable veal. Confronted with his form (I must parenthesize that it was not confronted much), Clare Vawdrey's talk suggested the reporter contrasted with the bard. It was interesting to watch the shock of characters from which, of an evening, so much would be expected. There was, however, no concussion — it was all muffled and minimized in Lord Mellifont's tact. It was rudimentary with him to find a solution for such a problem in playing the host, assuming responsibilities which carried with them their sacrifice. He had, indeed, never been a guest in his life; he was the host, the patron, the moderator, at every board. If there was a defect in his manner (and I suggest it under my breath), it was that he had a little more art than any conjunction — even the most complicated — could possibly require. At any rate, one made one's reflections in noticing how the accomplished peer handled the situation, and how the sturdy man of letters was unconscious that the situation (and least of all he himself as part of it) was handled. Lord Mellifont poured forth treasures of tact, and Clare Vawdrey never dreamed he was doing it.

Vawdrey had no suspicion of any such precaution even when Blanche Adney asked him if he saw yet their third act — an inquiry into which she introduced a subtlety of her own. She had a theory that he was to write her a play, and that the heroine, if he would only do his duty, would be the part for which she had immemorially longed. She was forty years old (this could be no secret to those who had admired her from the first), and she could now reach out her hand and touch her uttermost goal. This gave a kind of tragic passion — perfect actress of comedy as she was — to her desire not to miss the great thing. The years had passed, and still she had missed it; none of the things she had done was the thing she had dreamed of, so that at present there was no more

time to lose. This was the canker in the rose, the ache beneath the smile. It made her touching — made her sadness even sweeter than her laughter. She had done the old English and the new French, and had charmed her generation; but she was haunted by the vision of a bigger chance, of something truer to the conditions that lay near her. She was tired of Sheridan, and she hated Bowdler; she called for a canvas of a finer grain. The worst of it, to my sense, was that she would never extract her modern comedy from the great mature novelist, who was as incapable of producing it as he was of threading a needle. She coddled him, she talked to him, she made love to him, as she frankly proclaimed; but she dwelt in illusions; she would have to live and die with Bowdler.

It is difficult to be cursory over this charming woman, who was beautiful without beauty, and complete with a dozen deficiencies. The perspective of the stage made her over, and in society she was like the model off the pedestal. She was the picture walking about, which to the artless social mind was a perpetual surprise and miracle. People thought she told them the secrets of the pictorial nature, in return for which they gave her relaxation and tea. She told them nothing and she drank the tea; but they had, all the same, the best of the bargain. Vawdrey was really at work on a play; but if he had begun it because he liked her, I think he let it drag for the same reason. He secretly felt the atrocious difficulty — knew that, from his hand, the finished piece would have received no active life. At the same time, nothing could be more agreeable than to have such a question open with Blanche Adney, and from time to time he put something very good into the play. If he deceived Mrs. Adney, it was only because, in her despair, she was determined to be deceived. To her question about their third act he replied that, before dinner, he had written a magnificent passage.

"Before dinner?" I said. "Why, *cher maître*, before dinner you were holding us all spellbound on the terrace."

My words were a joke, because I thought his had been; but for the first time that I could remember I perceived a certain confusion in his face. He looked at me hard, throwing back his head quickly, the least bit like a horse who has been pulled up short. "Oh, it was before that," he replied, naturally enough.

"Before that you were playing billiards with me," Lord Mellifont phrased.

"Then it must have been yesterday," said Vawdrey.

But he was in a tight place. "You told me this morning you did nothing yesterday," the actress objected.

"I don't think I really know when I do things." Vawdrey looked vaguely, without helping himself, at a dish that was offered him.

"It's enough if we know," smiled Lord Mellifont.

"I don't believe you've written a line," said Blanche Adney.

"I think I could repeat you the scene." Vawdrey helped himself to some *haricots verts*.

"Oh, do — oh, do!" two or three of us cried.

"After dinner, in the salon; it will be an immense *régal*," Lord Mellifont declared.

"I'm not sure, but I'll try," Vawdrey went on.

"Oh, you lovely man!" exclaimed the actress, who was practicing Americanisms, being resigned even to an American comedy.

"But there must be this condition," said Vawdrey: "you must make your husband play."

"Play while you're reading? Never!"

"I've too much vanity," said Adney.

Lord Mellifont distinguished him. "You must give us the overture, before

the curtain rises. We must do it *dans les formes.*"

"I sha'n't read — I shall just speak," said Vawdrey.

"Better still, let me go and get your manuscript," the actress suggested.

Vawdrey replied that the manuscript did n't matter; but an hour later, in the salon, we wished he might have had it. We sat expectant, still under the spell of Adney's violin. His wife, in the foreground, on an ottoman, was all impatience and drapery, and Lord Mellifont, in the chair — it was always *the* chair, Lord Mellifont's — made our grateful little group feel like a social science congress or a distribution of prizes. Suddenly, instead of beginning, our tame lion began to roar out of tune: he had forgotten every blessed word of his scene. He was very sorry, but it absolutely would n't come to him; he was utterly ashamed, but his memory was a blank. He did not look in the least ashamed — Vawdrey had never looked ashamed in his life; he was only imperturbably candid and amused. He protested that he had never expected to make such a fool of himself, but we felt that this would n't prevent the incident from taking its place among his jolliest reminiscences. It was only we who were humiliated, as if he had played us a premeditated trick. This was an occasion, if ever, for Lord Mellifont's tact, which descended on us all like balm: he told us, in his charming artistic way, as if it had been rehearsed in advance (he had a *débit* — there was nothing to approach it in England — like the actors of the Comédie Française), of his own collapse on a momentous occasion, the delivery of an address to a mighty multitude, when he found he had forgotten his memoranda; fumbled, on the terrible platform, the cynosure of every eye — fumbled vainly in irreproachable pockets for indispensable notes. But the point of his story was finer than that of Vawdrey's pleasantry; for he sketched with a few light gestures the brilliancy of a performance which had risen superior to embarrassment; had resolved itself, we were left to divine, into an effort recognized at the moment as not absolutely a blot on what the public was so good as to call his reputation.

"Play up — play up!" cried Blanche Adney, tapping her husband, and remembering how, on the stage, a *contretemps* is always drowned in music. Adney threw himself upon his fiddle, and I said to Clare Vawdrey that his mistake could easily be corrected by sending for his manuscript. If he would tell me where it was, I would immediately fetch it from his room. To this he replied, "My dear fellow, I 'm afraid there is no manuscript."

"Then you have not written anything?"

"I 'll write it to-morrow."

"Ah, you trifle with us," I said, in much mystification.

Vawdrey hesitated an instant. "If there is anything, you 'll find it on my table."

At this moment one of the others spoke to him, and Lady Mellifont remarked audibly, as if to correct, gently, our want of consideration, that Mr. Adney was playing something very beautiful. I had noticed before that she appeared extremely fond of music; she always listened to it in a hushed transport. Vawdrey's attention was drawn away, but it did n't seem to me that the words he had just dropped constituted a definite permission to go to his room. Moreover, I wanted to speak to Blanche Adney; I had something to ask her. I had to await my chance, however, as we remained silent awhile for her husband, after which the conversation became general. It was our habit to go to bed early, but there was still a little of the evening left. Before it quite waned I found an opportunity to tell the actress that Vawdrey had given me leave to put my hand on his manuscript. She adjured me, by all I held

sacred, to bring it immediately, to give it to her; and her insistence was proof against my suggestion that it would now be too late for him to begin to read; besides which the charm was broken — the others would n't care. It was not too late for her to begin; therefore I was to possess myself, without more delay, of the precious pages. I told her she should be obeyed in a moment, but I wanted her first to satisfy my just curiosity. What had happened before dinner, while she was on the hills with Lord Mellifont?

"How do you know anything happened?"

"I saw it in your face when you came back."

"And they call me an actress!" cried Mrs. Adney.

"What do they call me?" I inquired.

"You 're a searcher of hearts — that frivolous thing, an observer."

"I wish you 'd let an observer write you a play!" I broke out.

"People don't care for what you write: you 'd ruin any theatre."

"Well, I see plays all round me," I declared; "the air is full of them to-night."

"The air? Thank you for nothing! I only wish my table drawers were."

"Did he make love to you on the glacier?" I went on.

She stared; then broke into the graduated ecstasy of her laugh. "Lord Mellifont, poor dear? What a funny place! It would indeed be the place for our love!"

"Did he fall into a crevasse?" I continued.

Blanche Adney looked at me again as she had done for an instant when she came up, before dinner, with her hands full of flowers. "I don't know where he fell. I 'll tell you to-morrow."

"He did come down, then?"

"Perhaps he went up," she laughed. "It 's really strange."

"All the more reason you should tell me to-night."

"I must think it over; I must puzzle it out."

"Oh, if you want conundrums, I 'll throw in another," I said. "What 's the matter with the master?"

"The master of what?"

"Of every form of dissimulation. Vawdrey has n't written a line."

"Go and get his papers, and we 'll see."

"I don't like to expose him," I said.

"Why not, if I expose Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, I 'd do anything for that," I admitted. "But why should Vawdrey have made a false statement? It 's very curious."

"It 's very curious," Blanche Adney repeated, with a musing air and her eyes on Lord Mellifont. Then, rousing herself, she added, "Go and look in his room."

"In Lord Mellifont's?"

She turned to me quickly. "That would be a way!"

"A way to what?"

"To find out — to find out!" She spoke gayly and excitedly, but suddenly checked herself. "We 're talking nonsense," she said.

"We 're mixing things up, but I 'm struck with your idea. Get Lady Mellifont to let you."

"Oh, she has looked!" Mrs. Adney murmured, with the oddest dramatic expression. Then, after a movement of her beautiful uplifted hand, as if to brush away a fantastic vision, she exclaimed imperiously, "Bring me the scene — bring me the scene!"

"I go for it," I answered; "but don't tell me I can't write a play."

She left me, but my errand was arrested by the approach of a lady who had produced a birthday book — we had been threatened with it for several evenings — and who did me the honor to solicit my autograph. She had been asking the others, and she could n't de-

cently leave me out. I could usually remember my name, but it always took me some time to recall my date, and even when I had done so I was never very sure. I hesitated between two days, and I remarked to my petitioner that I would sign on both if it would give her any satisfaction. She said that surely I had been born only once; and I replied, of course, that on the day I made her acquaintance I had been born again. I mention the feeble joke only to show that, with the obligatory inspection of the other autographs, we gave some minutes to this transaction. The lady departed with her book, and then I became aware that the company had dispersed. I was alone in the little salon that had been appropriated to our use. My first impression was one of disappointment; if Vawdrey had gone to bed I did n't wish to disturb him. While I hesitated, however, I recognized that Vawdrey had not gone to bed. A window was open, and the sound of voices in the open air came in to me: Blanche Adney was on the terrace with her dramatist, and they were talking about the stars. I went to the window for a glimpse. The Alpine night was splendid. My friends had stepped out together. The actress had picked up a cloak; she looked as I had seen her look in the wing of the theatre. They were silent awhile, and I heard the great tumble of a neighboring torrent. I turned back into the room, and its quiet lamplight gave me an idea. Our companions had dispersed — it was late for the Alps — and we three should have the place to ourselves. Clare Vawdrey had written his scene — it was magnificent; and his reading it to us there, at such an hour, would be an episode of the highest refinement. I would bring down his manuscript, and meet the two with it as they came in.

I quitted the salon for this purpose. I had been in Vawdrey's room, and knew it was on the second floor, the last in a long corridor. A minute later my hand was on the knob of his door, which I naturally pushed open without knocking. It was equally natural that, in the absence of its occupant, the room should be dark; the more so as, the end of the corridor being at that hour unlighted, the obscurity was not immediately diminished by the opening of the door. I was only aware at first that I had made no mistake, and that, the window curtains not being drawn, I was confronted with a couple of vague starlighted apertures. Their aid, however, was not sufficient to enable me to find what I had come for, and my hand, in my pocket, was already on the little box of matches that I always carried for cigarettes. Suddenly I withdrew it with a start, uttering an ejaculation, an apology. I had entered the wrong room; a glance prolonged for three seconds showed me a figure seated at a table near one of the windows — a figure I had at first taken for a traveling-rug thrown over a chair. I retreated, with a sense of intrusion; but as I did so I became aware, more rapidly than it takes me to express it, in the first place that this was Vawdrey's room, and in the second that, most singularly, Vawdrey himself sat before me. Checking myself on the threshold, I had a momentary feeling of bewilderment, but before I knew it I had exclaimed, "Hullo! is that you, Vawdrey?"

He neither turned nor answered me, but there arrived just then a practical reply to my question in the opening of a door on the other side of the passage. A servant, with a candle, had come out of the opposite room, and in this flitting illumination I definitely recognized the man whom, an instant before, I had, to the best of my belief, left below in conversation with Mrs. Adney. His back was half turned to me, and he bent over the table in the attitude of writing, but I was conscious that I was in no sort of error about his identity. "I beg your pardon. I thought you were down-

stairs," I said; and as the personage gave no sign of hearing me, I added, "If you are busy, I won't disturb you." I backed out, closing the door. I had been in the place, I suppose, less than a minute. I had a sense of mystification, which, however, deepened infinitely the next instant. I stood there with my hand still on the knob of the door, overtaken by the oddest impression of my life. Vawdrey was at his table, writing, and it was a very natural place for him to be; but why was he writing in the dark, and why had n't he answered me? I waited a few seconds for the sound of some movement, to see if he would n't rouse himself from his abstraction — a fit conceivable in a great writer — and call out, "Oh, my dear fellow, is it you?" But I heard only the stillness, I felt only the starlighted dusk of the room, with the unexpected presence it inclosed. I turned away, slowly retracing my steps, and came confusedly downstairs. The lamp was still burning in the salon, but the room was empty. I passed round to the door of the hotel and stepped out. Empty, too, was the terrace. Blanche Adney and the gentleman with her had apparently come in. I hung about five minutes; then I went to bed.

I slept badly, for I was agitated. On looking back at these queer occurrences (you will see presently that they were queer), I perhaps suppose myself more agitated than I was; for great anomalies are never so great at first as after we have reflected upon them. It takes us some time to exhaust explanations. I was vaguely nervous — I had been sharply startled; but there was nothing I could not clear up by asking Blanche Adney, the first thing in the morning, who had been on the terrace with her. Oddly enough, however, when morning dawned — it dawned admirably — I felt less desire to satisfy myself on this point than to escape, to brush away the shadow of my stupefaction. I saw the day would be splendid, and the fancy took me to spend it, as I had spent happy days of youth, in a lonely mountain ramble. I dressed early, swallowed the matutinal coffee, put a big roll into one pocket and a small flask into the other, and, with a stout stick in my hand, went forth into the high places. My story is not closely concerned with the charming hours I passed there — hours of the kind that makes intense memories. If I roamed away half of them on the shoulders of the hills, I lay on the sloping grass for the other half, and, with my cap pulled over my eyes (save a peep for immensities of view), listened, in the bright stillness, to the mountain bee, and felt most things sink and dwindle. Clare Vawdrey grew small, Blanche Adney grew dim, Lord Mellifont grew old, and before the day was over I forgot that I had ever been puzzled. When, in the late afternoon, I made my way down to the inn, there was nothing I wanted so much to find out as whether dinner would not soon be ready. To-night I dressed, in a manner, and by the time I was presentable they were all at table.

In their company again, my little problem came back to me, so that I was curious to see if Vawdrey would n't look at me the least bit queerly. But he did n't look at me at all; which gave me a chance both to be patient, and to wonder why I should hesitate to ask him my question across the table. I did hesitate, and with the consciousness of doing so came back a little of the agitation I had left behind me, or below me, during the day. I was n't ashamed of my scruple, however — it was only a fine discretion. What I vaguely felt was that a public inquiry would n't have been fair. Lord Mellifont was there, of course, to mitigate, with his perfect manner, all consequences; but I think it was present to me that with these particular elements his lordship would not be at home. The moment we got up, therefore, I approached Mrs. Adney, asking her

whether, as the evening was lovely, she would n't take a turn with me outside.

"You 've walked a hundred miles; had you not better be quiet?" she replied.

"I 'd walk a hundred miles more to get you to tell me something."

She looked at me an instant, with a little of the queerness that I had sought, but had not found, in Clare Vawdrey's eyes. "Do you mean what became of Lord Mellifont?"

"Of Lord Mellifont?" With my new speculation I had lost that thread.

"Where 's your memory, foolish man? We talked of it last evening."

"Ah, yes!" I cried, recalling; "we shall have lots to discuss." I drew her out to the terrace, and before we had gone three steps I said to her, "Who was with you here last night?"

"Last night?" she repeated, as vague as I had been.

"At ten o'clock — just after our company broke up. You came out here with a gentleman; you talked about the stars."

She stared a moment; then she gave her laugh. "Are you jealous of dear Vawdrey?"

"Then it was he?"

"Certainly it was."

"And how long did he stay?"

"You have it badly. He stayed about a quarter of an hour — perhaps rather more. We walked some distance; he talked about his play. There you have it all; that is the only witchcraft I have used."

"And what did Vawdrey do afterwards?"

"I have n't the least idea. I left him and went to bed."

"At what time did you go to bed?"

"At what time did you? I happen to remember that I parted from Mr. Vawdrey at ten twenty-five," said Mrs. Adney. "I came back into the salon to pick up a book, and I noticed the clock."

"In other words, you and Vawdrey distinctly lingered here from about five minutes past ten till the hour you mention?"

"I don't know how distinct we were, but we were very jolly. What are you coming to?" Blanche Adney asked.

"Simply to this, dear lady: that at the time your companion was occupied in the manner you describe, he was also engaged in literary composition in his own room."

She stopped short at this, and her eyes had an expression in the darkness. She wanted to know if I challenged her veracity; and I replied that, on the contrary, I backed it up — it made the case so interesting. She returned that this would only be if she should back up mine; which, however, I had no difficulty in persuading her to do, after I had related to her, circumstantially, the incident of my quest of the manuscript — the manuscript which, at the time, for a reason I could now understand, appeared to have passed so completely out of her own head.

"His talk made me forget it — I forgot I sent you for it. He made up for his fiasco in the salon; he declaimed me the scene," said my companion. She had dropped on a bench to listen to me, and, as we sat there, had briefly cross-examined me. Then she broke out into fresh laughter. "Oh, the eccentricities of genius!"

"They seem greater even than I supposed."

"Oh, the mysteries of greatness!"

"You ought to know all about them, but they take me by surprise."

"Are you absolutely certain it was Mr. Vawdrey?" my companion asked.

"If it was n't he, who in the world was it? That a strange gentleman, looking exactly like him, should be sitting in his room at that hour of the night, and writing at his table, *in the dark*," I insisted, "would be practically as wonderful as my own contention."

"Yes, why in the dark?" mused Mrs. Adney.

"Cats can see in the dark," I said.

She smiled at me dimly. "Did it look like a cat?"

"No, dear lady, but I 'll tell you what it did look like — it looked like the author of Vawdrey's admirable works. It looked infinitely more like him than our friend does himself," I declared.

"Do you mean it was somebody he gets to do them?"

"Yes, while he dines out and disappoints you."

"Disappoints me?" murmured Mrs. Adney artlessly.

"Disappoints me — disappoints every one who looks in him for the genius that created the pages they adore. Where is it in his talk?"

"Ah, last night he was splendid," said the actress.

"He 's always splendid, as your morning bath is splendid, or a sirloin of beef, or the railway service to Brighton. But he 's never rare."

"I see what you mean."

"That 's what makes you such a comfort to talk to. I 've often wondered — now I know. There are two of them."

"What a delightful idea!"

"One goes out, the other stays at home. One is the genius, the other 's the *bourgeois*, and it 's only the *bourgeois* whom we personally know. He talks, he circulates, he 's awfully popular, he flirts with you" —

"Whereas it 's the genius you are privileged to see!" Mrs. Adney broke in. "I 'm much obliged to you for the distinction."

I laid my hand on her arm. "See him yourself. Try it, test it, go to his room."

"Go to his room? It would n't be proper!" she exclaimed, in the tone of her best comedy.

"Anything is proper, in such an inquiry. If you see him, it settles it."

"How charming — to settle it!" She thought a moment, then she sprang up. "Do you mean now?"

"Whenever you like."

"But suppose I should find the wrong one?" said Blanche Adney, with an exquisite effect.

"The wrong one? Which one do you call the right?"

"The wrong one for a lady to go and see. Suppose I should n't find — the genius?"

"Oh, I 'll look after the other," I replied. Then, as I had happened to glance about me, I added, "Take care: here comes Lord Mellifont."

"I wish you 'd look after him," my interlocutress murmured.

"What 's the matter with him?"

"That 's just what I was going to tell you."

"Tell me now; he 's not coming."

Blanche Adney looked a moment. Lord Mellifont, who appeared to have emerged from the hotel to smoke a meditative cigar, had paused, at a distance from us, and stood admiring the wonders of the prospect, discernible even in the dusk. We strolled slowly in another direction, and she presently said, "My idea is almost as droll as yours."

"I don't call mine droll; it 's beautiful."

"There 's nothing so beautiful as the droll," Mrs. Adney declared.

"You take a professional view. But I 'm all ears." My curiosity was indeed alive again.

"Well, then, my dear friend, if Clare Vawdrey is double (and I 'm bound to say I think that the more of him the better), his lordship there has the opposite complaint; he is n't even whole."

We stopped once more, simultaneously. "I don't understand."

"No more do I. But I have a fancy that if there are two of Mr. Vawdrey, there is n't so much as one, all told, of Lord Mellifont."

I considered a moment, then I laughed out. "I think I see what you mean!"

"That 's what makes you a comfort. Did you ever see him alone?"

I tried to remember. "Oh, yes; he has been to see me."

"Ah, then he was n't alone."

"And I 've been to see him, in his study."

"Did he know you were there?"

"Naturally; I was announced."

Blanche Adney glanced at me like a lovely conspirator. "You must n't be announced." With this she walked on.

I rejoined her, breathless. "Do you mean one must come upon him when he does n't know it?"

"You must take him unawares. You must go to his room — that 's what you must do."

If I was elated by the way our mystery opened out, I was also, pardonably, a little confused. "When I know he 's not there?"

"When you know he is."

"And what shall I see?"

"You won't see anything!" Mrs. Adney cried, as we turned round.

We had reached the end of the terrace, and our movement brought us face to face with Lord Mellifont, who, resuming his walk, had now, without indiscretion, overtaken us. The sight of him at that moment was illuminating, and it kindled a great backward train, connecting itself with one's general impression of the personage. As he stood there smiling at us, and waving a practiced hand into the transparent night (he introduced the view as if it had been a candidate, and patronized the very Alps), as he rose before us in the delicate fragrance of his cigar and all his other delicacies and fragrances, with more perfections, somehow, heaped upon his handsome head than one had ever seen accumulated before, he struck me as so essentially, so conspicuously and uniformly, the public character that I read, in a flash, the answer to Blanche Adney's riddle. He was all public and had no corresponding private life, just as Clare Vawdrey was all private and had no corresponding public one. I had heard only half my companion's story, yet as we joined Lord Mellifont (he had followed us — he liked Mrs. Adney; but it was always to be conceived of him that he accepted society rather than sought it), as we participated for half an hour in the distributed wealth of his conversation, I felt, with unabashed duplicity, that we had, as it were, found him out. I was even more deeply diverted by that whisk of the curtain to which the actress had just treated me than I had been by my own discovery; and if I was not ashamed of my share of her secret, any more than of having divided my own with her (though my own was, of the two mysteries, the more glorious for the personage involved), this was because there was no cruelty in my advantage, but, on the contrary, an extreme tenderness and a positive compassion. Oh, he was safe with me, and I felt, moreover, rich and enlightened, as if I had suddenly put half the universe in my pocket. I had learned what an affair of the spot and the moment a great appearance may be. It would doubtless be too much to say that I had always suspected the possibility, in the background of his lordship's being, of some such beautiful example; but it is at least a fact that, patronizing as it sounds, I had been conscious of a certain reserve of indulgence for him. I had secretly pitied him for the perfection of his performance, had wondered what blank face such a mask had to cover, what was left to him for the immitigable hours in which a man sits down with himself, or, more serious still, with his lawful wife, that intenser self. How was he at home and what did he do when he was alone? There was something in Lady Mellifont that gave a point to these researches — something that suggested that even to her he was still the public character, and that she was haunted by similar questionings. She had never cleared them up: that was her eternal trouble. We therefore

knew more than she did, Blanche Adney and I; but we would n't tell her for the world, nor would she probably thank us for doing so. She preferred the relative grandeur of uncertainty. She was not at home with him, so she could not say; and with her he was not alone, so he could not show her. He represented to his wife and he was a hero to his servants, and what one wanted to arrive at was what really became of him when no one was there. He rested, presumably, but what form of rest could repair such a plenitude of presence? Lady Mellifont was too proud to pry, and as she had never looked through a keyhole she remained dignified and unassuaged.

It may have been a fancy of mine that Blanche Adney drew out our companion, or it may be that the practical irony of our relation to him at such a moment made me see him more vividly; at any rate, he never had struck me as so dissimilar from what he would have been if we had not offered him a reflection of his image. We were only a concourse of two, but he had never been more public. His perfect manner had never been more perfect, his remarkable tact had never been more remarkable. I had a tacit sense that it would all be in the morning papers, with a leader, and also a secretly exhilarating one that I knew something that would n't be, that never could be, though any enterprising journal would give one a fortune for it. I must add, however, that in spite of my enjoyment — it was almost sensual, like that of a consummate dish — I was eager to be alone again with Mrs. Adney, who owed me an anecdote. It proved impossible, that evening, for some of the others came out, to see what we found so absorbing; and then Lord Mellifont bespoke a little music from the fiddler, who produced his violin and played to us, divinely, on our platform of echoes, face to face with the ghosts of the mountains. Before the concert was over I missed our actress, and, glancing into the window of the salon, saw that she was established with Vawdrey, who was reading to her from a manuscript. The great scene had apparently been achieved, and was doubtless the more interesting to Blanche from the new lights she had gathered about its author. I judged it discreet not to disturb them, and I went to bed without seeing her again. I looked out for her, however, the next morning, and, as the promise of the day was fair, proposed to her that we should take to the hills, reminding her of the high obligation she had incurred. She recognized the obligation and gratified me with her company; but before we had strolled ten yards up the pass she broke out, with intensity: "My dear friend, you 've no idea how it works in me! I can think of nothing else."

"Than your theory about Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, bother Lord Mellifont! I allude to yours about Mr. Vawdrey, who is much the more interesting person of the two. I 'm fascinated by that vision of his — what-do-you-call-it?"

"His alternative identity?"

"His other self: that 's easier to say."

"You accept it, then, you adopt it?"

"Adopt it? I rejoice in it! It became tremendously vivid to me last evening."

"While he read to you there?"

"Exactly then: it simplified everything, it explained everything."

"That 's indeed the blessing of it. Is the scene very fine?"

"Magnificent, and he reads beautifully."

"Almost as well as the other one writes!" I laughed.

This made my companion stop a moment, laying her hand on my arm. "You utter my very impression. I felt that he was reading me the work of another man."

"What a service to the other man!"

"Such a totally different person," said Mrs. Adney. We talked of this difference, as we went on, and of what a wealth it constituted, what a resource for life, such a duplication of the character.

"It ought to make him live twice as long as other people," I observed.

"Ought to make which of them?"

"Well, both; for, after all, they're members of a firm, and one of them could n't carry on the business without the other. Moreover, mere survival would be dreadful for either."

Blanche Adney was silent a little; then she exclaimed, "I don't know — I wish he would survive!"

"May I, on my side, inquire which?"

"If you can't guess, I won't tell you."

"I know the heart of woman. You always prefer the other."

She halted again, looking round her. "Off here, away from my husband, I can tell you. I'm in love with him!"

"Unhappy woman, he has no passions," I answered.

"That's exactly why I adore him. Does n't a woman with my history know that the passions of others are insupportable? An actress, poor thing, can't care for any love that's not all on her side; she can't afford to be repaid. My marriage proves that: marriage is ruinous. Do you know what was in my mind, last night, all the while Mr. Vawdrey was reading me those beautiful speeches? An insane desire to see the author." And, dramatically, as if to hide her shame, Blanche Adney passed on.

"We 'll manage that," I returned. "I want another glimpse of him myself. But meanwhile please remember that I 've been waiting more than forty-eight hours for the evidence that supports your sketch, intensely suggestive and plausible, of Lord Mellifont's private life."

"Oh, Lord Mellifont does n't interest me."

"He did yesterday," I said.

"Yes, but that was before I fell in love. You blotted him out with your story."

"You 'll make me sorry I told it. Come," I pleaded, "if you don't let me know how your idea came into your head I shall imagine you simply made it up."

"Let me recollect, then, while we wander in this grassy valley."

We stood at the entrance of a charming crooked gorge, a portion of whose level floor formed the bed of a stream that was smooth with swiftness. We turned into it, and the soft walk beside the clear torrent drew us on and on; till suddenly, as we continued, and I waited for my companion to remember, a bend of the valley showed us Lady Mellifont coming toward us. She was alone, under the canopy of her parasol, drawing her sable train over the turf; and in this form, on the devious ways, she was a sufficiently rare apparition. She usually took a footman, who marched behind her, on the highroads, and whose livery was strange to the mountaineers. She blushed on seeing us, as if she ought somehow to justify herself; she laughed vaguely, and said she had come out for a little early stroll. We stood together a moment, exchanging platitudes, and then she remarked that she had thought she might find her husband.

"Is he in this quarter?" I inquired.

"I supposed he would be. He came out an hour ago to sketch."

"Have you been looking for him?" Mrs. Adney asked.

"A little; not very much," said Lady Mellifont.

Each of the women rested her eyes, with some intensity, as it seemed to me, on the eyes of the other.

"We 'll look for him for you, if you like," said Mrs. Adney.

"Oh, it does n't matter. I thought I 'd join him."

"He won't make his sketch if you don't," my companion smiled.

"Perhaps he will if you do," said Lady Mellifont.

"Oh, I dare say he 'll turn up," I dropped.

"He certainly will if he knows we 're here!" Blanche Adney retorted.

"Will you wait while we search?" I asked of Lady Mellifont.

She repeated that it was of no consequence; upon which Mrs. Adney went on, "We 'll go into the matter for our own pleasure."

"I wish you a pleasant expedition," said her ladyship, and was turning away, when I sought to know if we should inform her husband that she had been seeking him. She hesitated a moment; then she jerked out oddly, "I think you had better not." With this she took leave of us, floating a little stiffly down the gorge.

My companion and I looked after her, then we looked at each other, while a light ghost of a laugh rippled from the actress's lips. "She might be walking in the shrubberies at Mellifont!" Mrs. Adney exclaimed.

"She suspects it, you know," I replied.

"And she does n't want him to know it. There won't be any sketch."

"Unless we overtake him," I subjoined. "In that case we shall find him producing one, in the most graceful attitude, and the queer thing is that it will be brilliant."

"Let us leave him alone, and he 'll have to come home without it."

"He 'd rather never come home. Oh, he 'll find a public!"

"Perhaps he 'll do it for the cows," Blanche Adney suggested; and as I was on the point of rebuking her profanity, she went on, "That 's simply what happened to me."

"What are you speaking of?"

"The incident of the day before yesterday."

"Ah, let 's have it at last!"

"That 's all it was — that I was like Lady Mellifont: I could n't find him."

"Did you lose him?"

"He lost me — *c'est comme ça que ça se passe.* He thought I was gone."

"But you did find him, since you came home with him."

"It was he who found me. That again is what must happen. He 's there from the moment he knows you are."

"I understand his intermissions," I said, after a short reflection, "but I don't quite seize the law that governs them."

"Oh, it 's a fine shade, but I caught it at that moment. I had started to come home. I was tired, and I had insisted on his not coming back with me. We had found some rare flowers — those I brought home — and it was he who had discovered almost all of them. It amused him very much, and I knew he wanted to get more; but I was tired, and I quitted him. He let me go — where else would have been his tact?— and I was too stupid then to have guessed that from the moment I was not there no flower would be culled. I started homeward, but at the end of three minutes I found I had brought away his penknife — he had lent it to me to trim a branch — and I knew he would need it. I turned back a few steps, to call him, but before I did so I looked about for him. You can't understand what happened then without having the place before you."

"You must take me there," I said.

"We may see the miracle here. The place was simply one that offered no chance for concealment — a great gradual hillside, without obstructions or trees. There were some rocks below me, behind which I myself had disappeared, but from which, on coming back, I immediately emerged again."

"Then he must have seen you."

"He was too utterly gone, for some intrinsic reason. I suppose he was unusually weary of his part, and that, with the sense of returning solitude, the reaction had been proportionately great, the extinction proportionately complete. At any rate, he was n't there."

"Could he have been somewhere else?"

"He could n't have been, in the time, anywhere but where I had left him. Yet the place was utterly empty — as empty as this stretch of valley before us. He had vanished — he had ceased to be. But as soon as my voice rang out (I uttered his name) he rose before me like the rising sun."

"And where did the sun rise?"

"Just where it ought to — just where he would have been and where I should have seen him, had he been like other people."

I had listened with the deepest interest, but it was my duty to think of objections. "How long a time elapsed between the moment you perceived his absence and the moment you called?"

"Oh, only an instant. I don't pretend it was long."

"Long enough for you to be sure?" I said.

"Sure he was n't there?"

"Yes, and that you were not mistaken, not the victim of some ocular deception."

"I may have been mistaken, but I don't believe it. At any rate, that 's just why I want you to look in his room."

I thought a moment. "How can I, when even his wife does n't dare to?"

"She wants to; propose it to her. It would n't take much to make her; she does suspect."

I thought another moment. "Did he seem to know?"

"That I had missed him? So it struck me, but he thought he had been quick enough."

"Did you speak of his disappearance?"

"Heaven forbid! It seemed to me too serious."

"Quite right. And how did he look?"

Trying to evoke again all the circumstances of her miracle, Blanche Adney gazed abstractedly up the valley. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Just as he looks now!" and I saw Lord Mellifont standing there with his sketch-block. I perceived, as we met him, that he looked neither conscious nor guilty: he looked simply, as he did always, everywhere, the principal feature of the scene. Naturally he had no sketch to show us, but nothing could better have rounded off our actual conception of him than the way he fell into position as we approached. He had been selecting his point of view; he took possession of it with a flourish of the pencil. He leaned against a rock; his beautiful little box of water-colors reposed on a natural table beside him, a ledge of the bank which showed how inveterately nature ministered to his convenience. He painted while he talked, and he talked while he painted; and if the painting was as miscellaneous as the talk, the talk would have equally graced an album. We waited while the exhibition went on, and it seemed indeed as if the universe waited; no interference with the occasion would have been possible. All at once, within half an hour, the weather had darkened, but there would be nothing to fear from it till Lord Mellifont's sketch should be finished. Blanche Adney looked at me in silence, and I could read the language of her eyes: "Oh, if we could only do it as well as that! He fills the stage in a way that beats us." We could no more have left him than we could have quitted the theatre till the play was over; but in due time we turned round with him and strolled back to the inn, before the door of which his lordship, glancing again at his picture, tore the fresh leaf from the block and presented it, with a few happy words, to Mrs. Adney. Then he went into the house; and a moment later, looking up from where we stood, we saw him, above, at the window of his sitting-room (he had the best apartments), watching the appearance of the clouds.

"He 'll have to rest after this," said Blanche Adney, dropping her eyes on her water-color.

"Indeed he will!" I looked up at the window; Lord Mellifont had vanished. "He's already reabsorbed."

"Reabsorbed?" I could see the actress was now thinking of something else.

"Into the immensity of things. He has lapsed again; there 's an *entr'acte*."

"It ought to be long." Mrs. Adney looked up and down the terrace, and at that moment the head waiter appeared in the doorway. Suddenly she turned to this functionary with the question, "Have you seen Mr. Vawdrey lately?"

The man immediately approached. "He left the house five minutes ago — for a walk, I think. He went down the pass; he had a book."

I looked at the gathered clouds. "He had better have had an umbrella."

The waiter smiled. "I recommended him to take one."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Adney; and the *Oberkellner* withdrew. Then she went on, to me, abruptly, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, if you 'll do me one. Let me see if your picture is signed."

She glanced at the sketch, then gave it to me. "For a wonder it is n't."

"It ought to be, for full value. May I keep it awhile?"

"Yes, if you 'll do what I ask. Take an umbrella and go after Mr. Vawdrey."

"To bring him home?" I smiled.

"To keep him out — as long as you can."

"I 'll keep him as long as the rain holds off."

"Oh, never mind the rain!" cried Blanche Adney.

"Would you have us drenched?"

"Without remorse." Then, with a strange light in her eyes, she added, "I 'm going to try."

"To try?"

"To see the real one. Oh, if I can get at him!" she broke out, with passion.

"Try, try!" I replied. "I 'll keep our friend all day."

"If I can get at the one who does it" — and she paused, with shining eyes — "if I can have it out with him, I shall get my part!"

"I 'll keep Vawdrey forever!" I called after her, laughing, as she passed quickly into the house.

Her audacity was communicative, and I stood there in a glow of excitement. I looked at Lord Mellifont's water-color, and I looked at the gathering storm; I turned my eyes again to his lordship's windows, and then I bent them on my watch. Vawdrey had so little the start of me that I should have time to overtake him — time even if I should take five minutes to go up to Lord Mellifont's sitting-room (where we had all been hospitably received), and say to him, as a messenger, that Mrs. Adney begged he would bestow upon his sketch the high consecration of his signature. As I again considered this work of art, I perceived there was something it certainly did lack: what else, then, but so noble an autograph? It was my duty to supply the deficiency without delay, and in accordance with this conviction I instantly reëntered the hotel. I went up to Lord Mellifont's apartments; I reached the door of his parlor. Here, however, I was met by a difficulty of which my extravagance had not taken account. If I were to knock, I should spoil everything; yet was I prepared to dispense with this ceremony? I asked myself the question, and it embarrassed me; I turned my little picture round and round, but it did n't give me the answer I wanted. I wanted it to say, "Open the door gently, gently, without a sound, yet very quickly: then you will see what you will see." I had gone so far as to lay my hand upon the knob, when I became aware (having my wits so about me) that exactly in the manner I was thinking of — gently, gently, without a sound — another door had moved, on the opposite side of the hall. At the same instant I found myself smiling rather constrainedly upon Lady Mel-

lifont, who, on seeing me, had checked herself on the threshold of her room. For a moment, as she stood there, we exchanged two or three ideas that were the more singular for being unspoken. We had caught each other hovering, and we understood each other; but as I stepped over to her (so that we were separated from the sitting-room by the width of the hall), her lips formed, almost inaudibly, the entreaty, "Don't!" I could see in her conscious eyes everything that the word expressed — the confession of her own curiosity, and the dread of the consequences of mine. "*Don't!*" she repeated, as I stood before her. From the moment my experiment could strike her as an act of violence I was ready to renounce it; yet I thought I detected in her frightened face a still deeper betrayal — a possibility of disappointment if I should give way. It was as if she had said: "I'll let you do it if you'll take the responsibility. Yes, with some one else I'd surprise him. But it would never do for him to think it was I."

"We soon found Lord Mellifont," I observed, in allusion to our encounter with her an hour before, "and he was so good as to give this lovely sketch to Mrs. Adney, who has asked me to come up and beg him to put in the omitted signature."

Lady Mellifont took the drawing from me, and I could guess the struggle that went on in her while she looked at it. She was silent for some time; then I felt that all her delicacies and dignities, all her old timidities and pieties, were fighting against her opportunity. She turned away from me, and, with the drawing, went back to her room. She was absent for a couple of minutes, and when she reappeared I could see that she had vanquished her temptation; that even, with a kind of resurgent horror, she had shrunk from it. She had deposited the sketch in the room. "If you will kindly leave the picture with me, I will see that Mrs. Adney's request is attended to," she said, with great courtesy and sweetness, but in a manner that put an end to our colloquy.

I assented, with a somewhat artificial enthusiasm, perhaps, and then, to ease off our separation, remarked that we were going to have a change of weather.

"In that case we shall go — we shall go immediately," said Lady Mellifont. I was amused at the eagerness with which she made this declaration; it appeared to represent a coveted flight into safety, an escape with her threatened secret. I was the more surprised, therefore, when, as I was turning away, she put out her hand to take mine. She had the pretext of bidding me farewell, but as I shook hands with her, on this supposition, I felt that what the movement really conveyed was: "I thank you for the help you would have given me, but it's better as it is. If I should know, who would help me then?" As I went to my room to get my umbrella, I said to myself, "She's sure, but she won't put it to the proof."

A quarter of an hour later I had overtaken Clare Vawdrey in the pass, and shortly after this we found ourselves looking for refuge. The storm had not only completely gathered, but it had broken, at the last, with extraordinary rapidity. We scrambled up a hillside to an empty cabin, a rough structure that was hardly more than a shed for the protection of cattle. It was a tolerable shelter, however, and it had fissures through which we could watch the splendid spectacle of the tempest. This entertainment lasted an hour — an hour that has remained with me as the oddest of mixtures. While the lightning played with the thunder and the rain gushed in on our umbrellas, I said to myself that Clare Vawdrey was disappointing. I don't know exactly what I should have predicated of a great author exposed to the fury of the elements, I can't say what particular Manfred

attitude I should have expected my companion to assume, but it seemed to me, somehow, that I should n't have looked to him to regale me, in such a situation, with stories (which I had already heard) about the celebrated Lady Ringrose. Her ladyship formed the subject of Vawdrey's conversation during this prodigious scene, though before it was quite over he had broken ground on Mr. Chafer, the scarcely less notorious reviewer. It broke my heart to hear a man like Vawdrey talk of reviewers. The lightning projected a hard clearness upon the truth, familiar to me for years, to which the last day or two had added transcendent support — the irritating circumstance that for personal relations this admirable genius thought his second best good enough. It was, no doubt, as society was made, but there was a contempt in the distinction which could not fail to be galling to an admirer. The world was vulgar and stupid, and the real man would have been a fool to come out for it when he could gossip and dine by deputy. None the less, my heart sank as I felt my companion practice this economy. I don't know exactly what I wanted ; I suppose I wanted him to make an exception for me. I almost believed he would, if he had known how I adored his talent. But I had never been able to translate this to him, and his application of his principle was relentless. At any rate, I was more than ever sure that at such an hour his chair at home was not empty: there was the Manfred attitude, there were the responsive flashes. I could only envy Mrs. Adney her presumable enjoyment of them.

The weather drew off at last, and the rain abated sufficiently to allow us to emerge from our asylum and make our way back to the inn, where we found, on our arrival, that our prolonged absence had produced some agitation. It was judged, apparently, that the fury of the elements might have been fatal to us. Several of our friends were at the door, and they seemed a little disconcerted when it was perceived that we were only drenched. Clare Vawdrey, for some reason, was wetter than I, and he took his course to his room. Blanche Adney was among the persons collected to look out for us, but as Vawdrey came toward her she shrank from him, without a greeting; with a movement that I observed as almost one of estrangement, she turned her back on him and went quickly into the salon. Wet as I was, I went in after her; on which she immediately flung round and faced me. The first thing I saw was that she had never been so beautiful. There was a light of inspiration in her face, and she broke out to me in the quickest whisper, which was at the same time the loudest cry, I have ever heard, "I 've got my part!"

"You went to his room — I was right?"

"Right?" Blanche Adney repeated. "Ah, my dear fellow!" she murmured.

"He was there — you saw him?"

"He saw me. It was the hour of my life!"

"It must have been the hour of his, if you were half as lovely as you are at this moment."

"He 's splendid," she pursued, as if she did n't hear me. "He is the one that does it!" I listened, immensely impressed, and she added, "We understood each other."

"By flashes of lightning?"

"Oh, I did n't see the lightning then!"

"How long were you there?" I asked, with admiration.

"Long enough to tell him I adore him."

"Ah, that 's what I 've never been able to tell him!" I exclaimed ruefully.

"I shall have my part — I shall have my part!" she continued, with triumphant indifference; and she flung round the room with the joy of a girl, only checking herself to say, "Go and change your clothes."

"You shall have Lord Mellifont's signature," I said.

"Oh, hang Lord Mellifont's signature! He 's far nicer than Mr. Vawdrey."

"Lord Mellifont?" I pretended to inquire.

"Confound Lord Mellifont!" And Blanche Adney, in her elation, brushed by me, whisking again through the open door. Just outside of it she came upon her husband; whereupon, with a charming cry of "We 're talking of you, my love," she threw herself upon him and kissed him.

I went to my room and changed my clothes, but I remained there till dinner time. The violence of the storm had passed over us, but the rain had settled down to a drizzle. On descending to dinner, I found that the change in the weather had already broken up our party. The Mellifonts had departed in a carriage and four, they had been followed by others, and several vehicles had been bespoken for the morning. Blanche Adney's was one of them, and she quitted us directly after dinner, on the pretext that she had preparations to make. Clare Vawdrey asked me what was the matter with her — she suddenly appeared to dislike him. I forget what answer I gave, but I did my best to comfort him by driving away with him the next day. Mrs. Adney had vanished when we came down; but they made up their quarrel in London, for he finished his play, and she produced it. I must add that she is still, nevertheless, in want of the great part. I have a beautiful one in my head, but she does n't come to see me to stir me up about it. Lady Mellifont always drops me a kind word when we meet, but that does not console me.

Henry James.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

In the spring of 1861 Admiral Farragut had already known an unusually long naval life. More than fifty years of sea-going had given him a large and varied experience; and as much of that experience had been gained in revolutionary countries, he looked with gravest apprehension upon the impending civil war. When Virginia, his adopted State, was dragooned, as he maintained, into secession, and his loyalty to the Union made his presence unwelcome, he fired this parting shot: "Take my word for it, you fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business."

The summary of his life, too little known by his countrymen, is as follows:

David Glasgow Farragut was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801. A midshipman at the early age of nine, at twelve he was put in charge of a prize. He had the unique experience of "a sea fight far away" in the harbor at Valparaiso when thirteen. The stirring scenes of this fight between the Essex and the Phœbe, the smell of powder, the wounded and dead, the manœuvring, the thunder bursts of cannon, the excitement and din, and the surrender gave to him that insight into actual warfare which was invaluable in later years. Even then he gave promise, by actual performance, of future success; and while "too young for promotion," as his commanding officer said, he was old enough to profit by the occasion. Thereupon began the usual life of alternate sea and shore duty. After years of service in the Mediterranean, he was made lieutenant at eighteen. At twenty-two an executive officer in the West Indies, he fought the pirates, and obtained a small command which afforded him large experience, the command of the

Ferret. At twenty-four commissioned lieutenant, he conveyed Lafayette to France in the Pennsylvania. A variety of service intervening, in 1833 he was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, on account of the nullification outbreak, an incident which doubtless strengthened his Union sentiment. When thirty-three years of age he was given command again, and took the Boxer to Brazil. At forty he was executive officer of the Delaware, a duty of exceptional value to him, and was commissioned commander. The next year he sailed for South America in charge of the Decatur. When forty-six he commanded the Saratoga, and sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, where he was grievously disappointed that he was not furnished an opportunity to distinguish himself in the war with Mexico, then going on. He returned to study, and compiled a book of ordnance regulations. He established the Mare Island Navy Yard in 1854, and showed excellent judgment in his relations with the Vigilance Committee. At fifty-four he was commissioned captain, given command of the Brooklyn, and sailed for Mexico with Minister McLane. He then took an exploring party to Chiriqui, and finally was awaiting orders in 1861.

During war, biographies are written in battles, not in books. A single engagement is an epitome of military character. In the conflict the man is no other than the years have made him. In the action his past culminates; what he has been tells us what he is. The drawing and color of the portrait depend largely upon event and circumstance, but in a greater degree than is often thought upon the personal influences which have made impact upon the developing life.

Farragut was born in a naval atmosphere. His father and his elder brother were both officers in the navy. On his entrance into the service, aboard the Essex, he was taught all the mysteries of the craft by Jack Covington, of Marblehead, whose "chicken" he was. Commodore David Porter, who commanded the Essex in 1812, was through life his kind and faithful Mentor. A unique charm of manner won the affection of those with whom he was associated. When a lad of eighteen, it secured him the favorable notice of the chaplain of the ship, Charles Folsom, who, having been appointed consul at Tunis, succeeded in obtaining for him leave of absence to live and study with him, — an unusual opportunity, resulting in a lifelong friendship. The wise and loving interest of this master under whom he studied, of which too much cannot be said, set the seal to his life and character.

Farragut entered the service when men who had seen Nelson were still alive, and he knew every battle of that mighty hero until he died at Trafalgar. With all a boy's enthusiasm he took part in the war of 1812, and brought down through the years an invaluable experience of seamanship, battle, and knowledge of human nature. He had made it a rule of his life, he said, "to make note of things with a view to the possible future," and thus it came about that not only his experience stood him in good stead, but fortune, which loves coincidences, took care to connect his future with his past. Secretary Welles, when chief of the Naval Bureau of Provisions and Clothing, during the Mexican war, was in the office of the Secretary of the Navy, John Y. Mason, when Farragut was laying before the secretary a plan to take the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. "I was present when he stated and urged his plan," said Welles. "It was characterized by the earnest, brave, and resolute daring which at a later day was distinctly brought out in our great civil conflict. Secretary Mason heard him patiently, but dismissed his project as visionary and impracticable." The commander who pleaded with the secretary for a chance gained it, years afterwards, at the hands of the wise and patriotic man who stood silently by

and made mental note of the occurrence. The possible future came. The opportunity of San Juan de Ulloa was given to him on a greater scale at New Orleans.

The naval profession is undergoing now a rapid process of change from the art stage, which required the old-fashioned handicraft, to the scientific stage, which abolishes thumb rules, and requires seamen to put their trust in mathematics and machinery. The art of seamanship was long in the learning. It appealed most to certain natures. He succeeded best who had in his blood a *honing* for the sea. Farragut had mixed his blood with the sunshine of many lands, had taken the winds into his pulses. He felt a ship under him as a good rider feels his horse. A keen joy came to him in battling with the elements. It was characteristic of his conservatism that his trust in wooden walls never was completely shaken. He had small faith in the sea-going qualities of the ironclads. "Give me hearts of iron in ships of oak," he said.

Like his predecessors, Farragut held to the line of battle, deviating from it as circumstances demanded according to the most improved methods; but to him the naval historian must give the credit of first making known — an unprecedented feat in naval warfare — the possibility of passing in a difficult channel well-fortified intrenchments, and successfully encountering ironclad vessels with wooden ships. The passage of the forts below New Orleans was a task to appall the stoutest heart. To stem the swift current of the Mississippi; to carry his ships through channels blocked by huge rafts and chains; to withstand the murderous fire of a fort on either hand; to avoid fire-rafts sent down for his destruction; to encounter thereafter ironclad monsters lying in wait, before he might anchor at the city's front, — all this he attempted and accomplished, during the darkness of the night, amid such a scene of titanic warfare as the world had never witnessed.

A yet more difficult task awaited him at Mobile Bay. The attack of ships upon forts, while comparatively rare in the annals of naval warfare, and discountenanced by the older heads in the navy at San Juan de Ulloa, had the precedents of Blake's famous fight at Santa Cruz, and the engagement of Lord Exmouth at Algiers in 1816. While it seemed to be the contest between the insecure and the secure, the weak and the strong, yet it had been successful, and wooden ships might anchor off stone walls or earthworks and silence their fire. On preceding occasions the attacking party had had the deep sea for safety; but tortuous channels, thick with infernal torpedoes and iron rams, were difficulties of greater moment. To attempt the impossible is the genius of modern warfare. With Von der Goltz, the admiral believed that "the greater living force dwells in the attack." "According to my theory," he said, "the best way to save yourself is to destroy your adversary."

The personal feeling of responsibility for success in his undertaking led him to demand of his juniors the utmost energy. Subject to harsh criticism because of animadversions upon their conduct, he justifies himself: "But a man *must* do his duty, particularly when that duty is *fighting*." This consciousness that the admiral scrutinized every official act made those under his command not only faithful, but enthusiastic; for this scrutiny, they saw, was only the carefulness of a kind and energetic nature. It resulted that, under Farragut's leadership, the Gulf Squadron acted with singular unanimity and devotion. His strong will gave courage to every man in the fleet. It enabled them "to face the unseen with a cheer."

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tude. This devotion was the occasion of an eulogistic remark of a Norfolk lady, to the effect that when Captain Farragut should die every woman in the city ought to contribute a stone to erect a monument to his memory which should reach to the skies.

An old-time simplicity and frankness characterized him, — the acquisition of men who are happily freed from the confusing distinctions of morality in politics and commerce.

Farragut was a seaman of the old time when the navy stood apart, with a history, traditions, and life peculiar to itself. Once off soundings, it owned the great world, and yet had a little world of its own. In no respect would he have been called the "sea dog," even when that term was flatteringly applied. He was the sea officer and gentleman, well bred, keen eyed, and gracious, and competent to take his ship wherever ship could go. An utter sincerity shone in his life. It is not an uncommon trait in seafaring men. It found expression in fearlessness of speech, and won that confidence on the part of those with whom he had to do which enabled him to execute through them. He had the sacred hunger for fame, but was not influenced by political ambition, refusing without hesitation when he was approached with reference to a candidacy for the presidency. "I am to have a flag in the gulf," he joyously writes to his wife, "and the rest depends upon myself." Outside of the service nothing tempted him.

As the horizon of a man's intellectual nature widens, and his head slowly emerges from the average mediocrity of his fellows; when, no longer with the crowd which follow like sheep, he thinks for himself; then the ephemeral, the unnecessary, the show of life, is justly estimated as of little value. He stands alone. If he is, however, as yet unpurified, there remains with him the pharisaic pride. If he has soul enough, he rises a step higher to that condition where he looks out upon the world astounded at the things to learn, overwhelmed at the difficulties of its problems; and there comes to him that change which is so rare in successful men, making a few preëminent, the unconscious grace of modest worth. This change was wrought in Farragut. His duty, the thing to be done, engaged his whole nature. He seems to have had that power of exclusion which inheres in men who create or achieve, — artist, orator, poet, or soldier. The world outside, of other men's interest and duty, is as naught. To such a man life means only the imperative demand of his conscience, wherever he may be. Other things, ambition, rest, luxury, applause, are of no concern; and death, death would be a fit and happy culmination.

There came to Farragut throughout his life, as to other men, various griefs and disappointments, but he bore them all with fortitude and dignity. At the outbreak of the war he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should have to raise my hand against the South!" Southern by birth and association, he went back to New Orleans, his boyhood's home, conqueror indeed, but with none of the conqueror's pride in his heart; and yet among many friends and acquaintances "no man dared to say he was happy to see him." Secretary Welles has written of the annoyances which he suffered during the last eighteen months of his life: "Changes were made in the service without his knowledge and against his judgment. The office of admiral, which Congress had created for him in acknowledgment of his distinguished and unequaled services, was, he saw, destined by favoritism to pass to another. In derogation of his real rank and position as chief of the navy he was made port admiral, an usher to wait upon and receive naval officers at New York, — an employment which self-respect and regard for the navy compelled him to decline. Among other indignities was that of or-

dering the uniform and the flag of admiral to be changed. . . . Farragut would neither change his coat, nor permit the tawdry substitute for the admiral's flag to wave over him. On his special personal application, which he felt humiliated to make, the Secretary of the Navy permitted him to be spared these indignities during his lifetime, but it was with the knowledge that the flag which he had earned, the emblem he had chosen and prescribed as the symbol of highest naval rank, was to be buried with him."

After the war was over Farragut made a European cruise. At dinner with the king of Belgium, an eye-witness relates: "'I have never in all my life seen the like of this,' said the old field marshal at my side. 'The dinner is over, we are all ready to rise, and we are all tired of the table, but the king cannot leave your admiral. He has captured all Belgium; we are his prisoners; we shall never get away; we shall all die here. What is there about Farragut that is so fascinating?' 'I cannot tell you, unless it is that the admiral is so very natural.' 'No, that is not it,' replied the marshal; 'he has magnetized the king. Farragut is a magician.'"

Sincerely religious in his nature, his faith was a marked characteristic in his life. He tells of himself that, at the critical moment in the battle of Mobile Bay, when defeat or victory hung in the balance, he offered up this prayer: "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And it seemed as if, in answer, a voice commanded him to "go on."

The people at large saw him only as the hero lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, amid the smoke-clouds, flashing guns, and roar of battle. It was no act of bravado on his part, but the consciousness that so he might best fight the battle, seeing everything with his own eyes.

Farragut, our first admiral, was of a race which has already passed away. He brought to us, in this generation, that high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful in those old days. He bore the burden of responsibility cheerfully, and carried himself through all the vicissitudes of a long struggle with dignified and heroic bearing and thorough patriotism. In opening the Mississippi he started the life currents in our body politic which have flowed so strongly ever since. The republic was not ungrateful; the people delighted to know him, and when he died the busy world of our greatest city stood still for a whole day with uncovered head "to do him reverence." He illustrated best his own saying, "He who dies in doing his duty to his country and at peace with his God has played out the drama of life to the best advantage."

Edward Kirk Rawson.

AMERICAN SEA SONGS.

Oh, fare ye well, my pretty, fair maids,
I'm bound for the Rio Grande!
Ri-o-Rio!
I'm bound for the Rio Grande!

No one who is old enough to remember the glorious spectacle of a full-rigged American clipper ship getting under full sail outside of the headlands of a harbor, after having been cast off by the tug, is likely to have forgotten the sight: the white sails dropping from the yards, being sheeted home, and swelling out to the fresh wind, until a cloud of canvas sparkled in the sun; the strong and graceful life which the ship took on under their power; the foam curling up

under the bow with her forward rush; the great plain of the ocean, with all its free airs and salt scents, beckoning to life and adventure seaward round the world. To this, to one on board or near enough to hear, will be added the indefinable and mysterious charm of the sailors' chants, as they haul in the bowline, and tauten up the tacks and sheets by a pull requiring unison of effort; and the cadence, at once long-drawn and vigorous, fills the air with a magic voice of the wind and the sea. It has the melopœism, if it may be so called, of the cadence of nature, and takes its note from the solitude and melancholy of the world, never more impressive than upon the vast plain of the sea. It has been heard from immemorial time, since the first oarsmen pulled together along the coasts of the Indian Ocean, and possesses the same essence in whatever language it is uttered; and, while it has its practical purpose in securing unison and accentuation of effort, it would be a mistake to suppose it without origin in and appeal to the innate impulse for the expression of sentiment in melody in the heart of man. Every sea captain knows, or used to know, how much more quickly the anchor came up, or how much more hearty were the pulls on the bowlines, if there were a full-lunged and melodious leader for the "shanty;" and his practical-minded mate would at times shout, when the chorus was going faintly and mechanically, "Sing out there, can't ye?" with the same purpose with which he would exhort the men to take a stronger pull. Conversely, a poor leader, or a second who could not or would not keep in proper time, was a decided injury to the effectiveness of the labor; and it sometimes happened that an energetic captain, when his ship was being got under way, would step up to a sailor, apparently heaving sturdily at the windlass, and knock him sprawling, for the reason that he had detected him giving the wrong time to the chant, out of mischief, or for the sake of testing the sharpness and intelligence of the "old man."

The words of these windlass and bowline "shanties" have, of course, little of the element of finished poetry about them. They are not songs, but chants, whose purpose is to give accentuation and force to the exertion of united strength rather than to the expression of sentiment, and of which the rhythmical melody is the essential element. Whether they be new or old, they always have been essentially improvisations, capable of being stopped at any moment or added to indefinitely, and, like the refrains of the old ballads, are dependent upon the sound rather than the sense for their effect. Nevertheless, however imperfect and indefinite their expression, they took their tone and color originally from the elements in which they were born, and gave out not only the voice of the sea and the wind, the notes of the never silent Æolian harp of the cordage and the bellying sails, but the prevailing sentiment of the human heart upon the great deep, its underlying oppression, its longing for home, its craving for relief from monotony; and it is a dull ear that would not detect this under the most absurd and uncouth words ever strung together in a sailor's shanty.

As among the seamen of all races, the chants of the American sailors, before they were so reduced in quality and number by the combined influence of steam vessels and a protective tariff, were of ancient and indefinite origin, and were constantly being altered or added to by circumstance and improvisation. They came, of course, first from the English seamen, who were our sailors' ancestors and associates, to whom at least the element descended from the songs to which the galleys of the sea kings of Scandinavia were impelled over the foaming brine, or the Celtic coracle was paddled on the lonely lake; and it is impossible, in a mass of rude verse, of little definite

meaning, of a fluid and fluctuating form, and handed down from lip to lip without ever, except incidentally, having been put into print and preserved, to fix the origin or the date of creation of any of these songs. There are traces of old phrases and archaisms, ancient words strangely metamorphosed into a semblance of modern meaning, and all such settlings and deposits as are to be found in the geological strata of spoken language, — references to mermaids, sea serpents, and survivals of myths regarding the powers of the sea and air; but they are of no such distinct historic value as are the indications to be found in the more definite folk lore in prose or verse, which have the element of dramatic interest and narrative. It is to be remembered that these chants, as we have said, were essentially improvisations, with a purpose different from ordinary song, — that is, to give the governing power of melody to united exertion, — and that whatever color and substance they have are extraneous, and not inherent. What is distinctively American can be determined only by local allusions or by definite knowledge of their origin: the first are of very little value, for an English chant, with its local allusions, might be very readily altered into an American one by the substitution of American names; and in regard to the second, as has been said, the songs were born, and passed from mouth to mouth, and from ship to ship, without any one's knowing or caring where they originated. Nevertheless, the American sailors, when there were American sailors, had as strong a national and provincial feeling as those of any other country; were capable of making their own chants, if not as much given to improvisation as those of the Latin races; and had a selection of local names as sonorous and as readily adapted to the needs of a rhythmical chorus as those of any English-speaking people. The Rio Grande and the Shenandoah were as mouth-filling and sonorous as the High Barbarie or any of the refrains of the English shanties, and the American sailor sheeted home his canvas with Virginia Ashore, or Baltimore, or Down to Mobile Bay in his remembrance as well as on his lips.

Premising that American shanties are not American sea songs in any definite sense of the term, and fulfil only the conditions to which they are subject as aids to labor and stimulants to exertion, we may take a specimen or two to show what they were like. It is needless to say that neither the words nor a musical notation would give any idea of their effect when sung with full-throated chorus to sea and sky, and that their peculiar melodious cadence and inflection can be caught only by hearing them. Like the chants of the negro slaves, which they resemble in many respects, musical notes would give only the skeleton of the melody, which depends for its execution upon an element which it defies the powers of art to symbolize. They have various forms, — a continued and unbroken melody, as when turning the capstan or pumping, or they show an emphatic accentuation at regular intervals, as when stretching out a bowline with renewed pulls; and such as they are, they are given precisely as sung, with a dependence upon the reader's imagination to supply in some degree the cadence and accentuation. The following are good specimens of the bowline chants.

Solo. I wish I was in Mobile Bay,
Chorus. *Way*-hay, knock a man down!
Solo. A-rolling cotton night and day,
Chorus. *This* is the time to knock a man down!

And so on *ad infinitum*, until the hoarse "Belay!" of the mate or the "bosun" ends it.

Oh, Shenandoah 's a rolling river,
Hooray, you rolling river!
Oh, Shenandoah 's a rolling river,
Ah-hah, I 'm bound away to the wild Missouri!

Oh, Shenandoah 's a packet sailor, etc.

My Tommy 's gone, and I 'll go too,
Hurrah, you high-low!
For without Tommy I can't do,
My Tommy 's gone a high-low!

My Tommy 's gone to the Eastern shore,
Chorus.
My Tommy 's gone to Baltimore, etc.

A favorite and familiar pulling song is Whiskey for my Johnny: —

Whiskey is the life of man,
Whiskey-Johnny!
We 'll drink our whiskey while we can,
Whiskey for my Johnny!

I drink whiskey, and my wife drinks gin,
Chorus.
The way she drinks it is a sin,
Chorus.

I and my wife cannot agree,
Chorus.
For she drinks whiskey in her tea,
Chorus.

I had a girl; her name was Lize,
Chorus.
And she put whiskey in her pies,
Chorus.

Whiskey 's gone, and I 'll go too,
Chorus.
For without whiskey I can't do, etc.

A very enlivening windlass or pumping chant is I 'm Bound for the Rio Grande: —

I 'm bound away this very day,
Oh, you Rio!
I 'm bound away this very day,
I 'm bound for the Rio Grande!
And away, you Rio, oh, you Rio!
I 'm bound away this ve-ry day,
I 'm bound for the Rio Grande!

Another is Homeward Bound with a Roaring Breeze: —

We 're homeward bound with a roaring breeze,
Good-by, fare you well!
We 're homeward bound with a roaring breeze,
Hurrah, my boys! We 're homeward bound!

I wrote to Kitty, and she was well,
Good-by, fare you well!
She rooms at the Astor and dines at the Bell,
Hurrah, my boys! We 're homeward bound!

There were many, with slight American variants, which were undoubtedly of English origin, and have been heard on English merchant ships from time immemorial; some which relate especially to the operations of whaling; and some which had their origin on the river flatboats and in the choruses of the roustabouts on the Ohio and Mississippi, and have been only slightly changed for salt-water purposes, the quality being as little varied as the number is endless. Their essential quality was that of an improvised chant, and the dominant feeling was to be found in the intermingling of the words and the cadence, as in the apparently meaningless refrain of the old ballads. They expressed, through all their rudeness and uncouthness, and more through the melody than the words, the minor chords which distinguish all folk music, the underlying element in the human heart oppressed by the magnitude and solitude of nature, as well as the enlivening spirit of strong exertion; and no sensitive ear could ever call them really gay, however vigorous and lively they might be. The shanties are passing away with the substitution of iron cranks and pulleys for the muscles of men, and the clank of machinery has taken the place of the melodious chorus from human throats. It is not probable that they will ever entirely disappear so long as men go down to the sea in ships; but whatever life and flavor they had will fade away, and the first-class leading tenor among the "shanty men" will vanish with the need and appreciation of his skill. As for the old words, they will also be utterly lost, because they have no existence except in oral recitation and memory, and do not contain enough of the elements of pure poetry to secure their preservation in print, as the folk songs and ballads have been preserved. They are relics of custom rather than of literature; and although any poet or musician who deals with the sea will miss a source of very valuable inspiration if he does not possess himself

of the spirit of their weird melody and the unconscious power of their vigorous rhythm, in themselves they are likely to be lost with the chants of the Phœnician sailors or the rowers of the galley of Ulysses, which they have succeeded, and some of whose melody they have perhaps reproduced.

The genuine sea songs differ from the shanties in that they had a definite poetical purpose to tell a story or express emotion, and were not merely words strung together to give voice to a rhythm of labor. It cannot be said that the genius of the American sailor has turned itself especially to expressing his emotions in song, any more than that of the English. His nature is entirely too practical, and the touch of tender sentiment which, in the Scotch nature, produced the beautiful fishing songs of the coast and the grand rowing and boat songs of the Western Islands, is wanting alike in him and his English associate. The French, as sailors, are not to be compared with the English or Americans in native fondness for the sea, but there is no genuine sea song in the English language that will compare, for sweetness, grace, and melody, with such songs as Jean Renaud, Trois Matelots de Croix, Saute, ma Jolie Blonde, or that one of infinite beauty and tender pathos, La Femme du Marin, in which the husband, returning from the wars, finds that his dear wife has been informed that he is dead, and has married again; and without a word the

> "Brave marin vida son verre,
> Tout doux.
> Brave marin vida son verre,
> Tout doux,
> Sans remercier, tout en pleurant,
> S'en retourna-t-au régiment,
> Tout doux."

It is needless to say that this gentle chivalry would find no echo in the heart of the ordinary English or American Jack Tar, and the voice of the forecastle would be that he was a sanguinary and condemned milksop and duffer; a marine, in fact.

It would probably astonish most readers to be told that English literature is singularly deficient in sea songs, when they have in memory the noble odes of Campbell, the long list of the Tom Bowlings and Jack Junks of Dibdin, Cherry's Bay of Biscay and The Minute Gun at Sea, and the many good songs about ships and sea fights by Barry Cornwall, Cunningham, and many others. But these songs were not written by sailors. There never has been any English sailor, except the respectable William Falconer, the author of The Shipwreck, in several cantos of desiccated decasyllabic verse, who has written of the sea in verse from the standpoint of actual experience, or to do for it in poetry what Captain Marryat, Michael Scott, and W. Clark Russell have done in prose. English sea songs have been written by landsmen; even the charming Wapping Old Stairs is a song of the waterside, and not of the ocean; and as for the famous heroes of Dibdin's nautical songs, including Tom Bowling himself, they are very much, as Thackeray said, "har-lar" Mr. T. P. Cooke, the actor, who personated the gallant Jack Tar in a very blue jacket with very bright buttons, and very white duck trousers, and appealed to "England, Home, and Beauty" as represented in the cits of the gallery at Sadler's Wells theatre. Dibdin's heroes smell of stage gas rather than of tar, and their purpose and effect were very much more to persuade susceptible landsmen that the British navy was an elysium, in which beating Frenchmen was a glorious episode in an existence devoted mainly to passing the case between decks at sea and basking in the smiles of lovely Nan and faithful Poll on shore, than to tell what the seamen themselves really felt about it. The writers of the ordinary English sea songs had their lodgings in the neighborhood of Drury Lane rather than in the forecastle,

and their inspiration was as strictly commercial as that of Mr. Slum, who supplied the anagrams and acrostics announcing the treasures in Mrs. Jarley's waxworks. Some of them are good in their way, as are a few of those of Dibdin and Andrew Cherry, and particularly The Saucy Arethusa, in which there is a real flavor of the sea spirit, and which was written by one Prince Hoare, a comic opera libretto writer of sixty years ago ; the author, by the way, of Mrs. Micawber's favorite song, Little Tafflin with the Silken Sash. But when one comes to look for real forecastle songs, written by a sailor, and smelling of pitch and tar, one finds very few. Doubtless some have been lost, although there is a strong vitality to anything that is good; but except Robert Kidd, Sailing down on the High Barbarie, Captain Glen, Jacky Tar with his Trousers on, — the immortal song which appealed to the feeling heart of Captain Edward Cuttle,

" I know you would have me wed a farmer,
And not give me my heart's delight;
Give me the lad whose tarry trousers
Shine to me like diamonds bright," —

The Mermaid, and a few others, there is nothing which indicates that the British sailor was given to expressing himself in verse beyond the simple exigencies of the shanty. The case was very much the same with the American, and, under ordinary circumstances, it would be as vain to look for poetical feeling in the shrewd, practical-minded, and gritty New England seaman as in his more stolid and coarse-fibred English associate. Nevertheless, so much of the best spirit of the American people was once turned toward the sea for its field of action, its naval history has been so inspiring to national pride, and its record of adventure in all parts of the world has been so remarkable that it would have been impossible that it should not have produced some worthy or at least illustrative fruit in poetry.

The era of the Revolution was not distinguished for its naval exploits, except the memorable raid of the Scotch adventurer, John Paul Jones, upon the English seas, and the fight of the Bonhomme Richard with the Serapis and the Countess of Scarborough, for the reason that the colonies had no war-ships, and no means of procuring any. There were, however, a few privateers: the Hyder Ali, commanded by Captain Barney, which won a victory over the British vessel General Monk, and was celebrated in verse by Philip Freneau, and for which he wrote a recruiting song, with at least one verse of a practical tendency: —

" Here 's grog enough; come drink about.
I know your hearts are firm and stout.
American blood will never give out,
As often we have proved it; "

the Fair American, commanded by Captain Daniel Hawthorne, which fought a British snow, laden with troops, off the coast of Portugal, and whose exploits are recorded in a ballad of very considerable spirit, and evidently by one of the crew ; and some others, who did not happen to have a poet on board or a laureate on shore, and are not embalmed in verse. To this period, however, belongs what is, perhaps, the very best of American sea songs. We do not know whether its authorship was of that time or not, although it probably was, and from internal evidence would seem to have been composed by one of the very crew of the Ranger, Paul Jones's ship, which escaped from a British squadron in the Irish Channel, in 1778. It was first published by Commodore Luce, in his collection of Naval Songs, with the statement that it was taken down from the recitation of a sailor. It is one of the gems of forecastle song, has the full scent of the brine and the gale, and the ship does not manœuvre as if she were a wagon on dry land, as was said of Allan Cunningham's account of Paul Jones's cruiser. The title given is

THE YANKEE MAN-OF-WAR.

'T is of a gallant Yankee ship that flew the stripes and stars,
And the whistling wind from the west-nor'-west blew through the pitch-pine spars.
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys, she hung upon the gale.
On an autumn night we raised the light on the old head of Kinsale.

It was a clear and cloudless night, and the wind blew steady and strong,
As gayly over the sparkling deep our good ship bowled along;
With the foaming seas beneath her bow the fiery waves she spread,
And bending low her bosom of snow, she buried her lee cat-head.

There was no talk of short'ning sail by him who walked the poop,
And under the press of her pond'ring jib the boom bent like a hoop,
And the groaning water-ways told the strain that held her stout main tack.
But he only laughed as he glanced abaft at a white and silvery track.

The mid-tide meets in the channel waves that flow from shore to shore,
And the mist hung heavy upon the land from Featherstone to Dunmore;
And that sterling light on Tucker rock, where the old bell tolls the hour,
And the beacon light that shone so bright was quenched on Waterford tower.

The nightly robes our good ship wore were her three topsails set,
The spanker and her standing jib, the spanker being fast.
"Now, lay aloft, my heroes bold, let not a moment pass!"
And royals and topgallant sails were quickly on each mast.

What looms upon the starboard bow? What hangs upon the breeze?
'T is time our good ship hauled her wind abreast the old saltees;
For by her ponderous press of sail and by her consorts four
We saw our morning visitor was a British man-of-war.

Up spoke our noble captain then, as a shot ahead of us passed,
"Haul snug your flowing courses, lay your topsail to the mast!"
The Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs from the deck of their covered ark,
And we answered back by a solid broadside from the decks of our patriot bark.

"Out, booms! Out, booms!" our skipper cried,
"Out, booms, and give her sheet!"
And the swiftest keel that ever was launched shot ahead of the British fleet.
And amidst a thundering shower of shot, with stunsails hoisting away,
Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer, just at the break of day.

The naval war of 1812 was a glorious epoch in American history. The achievements of the troops were very far from creditable, with a few exceptions, including, of course, the great one of the repulse of British regulars at New Orleans; but on the ocean the American sailors proved themselves quite the equal, if not more, of the English seamen, who had learned to consider themselves invincible, and despised the petty fleet of half a dozen cruisers, — not a single line-of-battle ship in the number, — which they had force enough to sweep off the seas without a struggle, and which they finally did blockade into inaction. There was quite an outburst of surprise, incredulity, and indignation in England, when the news came in that British frigates, one after another, the Guerriere, the Java, and the Macedonian, had been captured in single-ship fights by American ships of the same grade, and that in contests between vessels of smaller size, like the Wasp and the Frolic, the Hornet and the Peacock, Yankee pluck and seamanship had been equally successful; and British naval historians, then and since, have been earnest in showing that the victories were due to superior weight of metal, to the presence of deserters from the British navy on board the American ships, and to the accidents of naval warfare. Nevertheless, the facts of the captures remained the same, and privateers ravaged the seas, plundering and burning English ships, and causing the most bitter annoyance as well as incalculable loss and damage. To the

vindictive depreciation and abuse of the English writers the Americans were not slow to respond, with a joyous outburst of national pride and exultation, and a mighty flapping of the wings of the American eagle, and the poets and song-writers joined in the shrill cock-a-doodle-doo of victory. The country was a great deal more boastful and self-assertive than it has been since it has come to rely on its own strength and has known the achievement of the great and sobering task of the civil war. The spirit of the spread eagle pervaded our national literature; the poets burst into songs, — generally, it must be admitted, very bad, — in which they celebrated the naval victories of the day. They indulged in mythological flights of the highest kind, in which Neptune bestowed a laurel crown upon Hull, Amphitrite smiled upon Bainbridge and Decatur, and the Tritons and the Nereids joined in a chorus of love and admiration for the American sailor. America, Commerce, and Freedom appeared as conjoined goddesses, and everybody was summoned to fill the bumper and pledge the flowing bowl, to thank the mighty Jove and invoke Bacchus, and do all sorts of things entirely unfamiliar to a people whose principal intoxicating beverages were Medford rum and Monongahela whiskey, and who had not the slightest acquaintance with heathen gods and goddesses. It is needless to say that none of these songs were written by sailors, or were ever sung by them, even if they could have been sung by anybody.

There was, however, better stuff than this in the naval songs of the war of 1812. The American sailor himself sometimes cleared his cheek of its quid, and sang in a clear if somewhat nasal voice some of the deeds which he had seen and done. Thus there is a great deal of rude vigor in one of the verses of a song describing the fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, the first of our naval victories, and a very favorite theme: —

> "But Jonathan kept cool,
> At the roaring of the Bull.
> His heart filled with anything but fears;
> And squirting out his quid,
> As he saw the captain did,
> He cleaned out his mouth for three cheers."

Another song on the same engagement, entitled Halifax Station, begins thus: —

> "From Halifax station a bully there came,
> To take or be taken, called Dacres by name;
> And who but a Yankee he met on his way;
> Says the Yankee to him, 'Will you stop and take tea?'"

After giving Dacres's high and mighty address to his crew, and Hull's more modest appeal, it says: —

> "Then we off with our hats and gave him a cheer,
> Swore we 'd stick by brave Hull, while a seaman could steer.
> Then at it we went with a mutual delight,
> For to fight and to conquer is a seaman's free right."

The poet naturally takes the privilege of presenting the confounded Britisher in the most humiliating light, and the manner in which Captain Dacres signified his surrender is probably more graphic than historically correct: —

> "Then Dacres looked wild, and then sheathed his sword,
> When he found that his masts had all gone by the board.
> And, dropping astern, cries out to his steward,
> 'Come up and be d—d! Fire a gun to leeward!'"

This battle, fought in the North Atlantic on August 2, 1812, between the American frigate Constitution, Captain Isaac Hull, and the British frigate Guerriere, Captain James R. Dacres, and one of consummate seamanship as well as fighting capacity on the part of Hull, was the theme of the best and most spirited song of the whole war; one which still keeps its place in the forecastle, and, it may be hoped, will keep it so long as Uncle Sam has a war-ship afloat. It is set to a very lively and emphatic air, called, indifferently, The Landlady of France and The

Bandy-Legged Officer, from the coarsely comical words which George Colman, the younger, had written to it.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.

It oft-times has been told
That the British sailors bold
Could flog the tars of France so neat and handy, O.
And they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch.
O, the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres, the grandee, O.
With choice of British crew,
As ever rammer drew,
They could flog the Frenchmen two to one so handy, O.

When this frigate hove in view,
Says proud Dacres to his crew,
"Come, clear the ship for action, and be handy, O.
To the weather-gage, boys, get her,"
And to make his men fight better
Gave them to drink gunpowder in their brandy, O.

Then Dacres loudly cries,
"Make this Yankee ship your prize!
You can in thirty minutes, neat and handy, O.
Thirty-five 's enough, I 'm sure;
And if you 'll do it in a score,
I 'll give you a double dose of brandy, O."

The British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankee answered not,
Till they got within the distance they called handy, O.
Now says Hull unto his crew,
"Boys, let 's see what we can do.
If we take this boasting Briton, we 're the dandy, O."

The first broadside we poured
Carried their mainmast by the board,
Which made the lofty frigate look abandoned, O.
Then Dacres shook his head,
And to his officers he said,
"Lord! I did n't think these Yankees were so handy, O."

Our second told so well
That their fore and mizzen fell,
Which doused the royal ensign so handy, O.
"By George," says he, "we 're done!"
And he fired a lee gun,
While the Yankees struck up Yankee doodle dandy, O.

Then Dacres came on board
To deliver up his sword.
Loath was he to part with it, it was so handy, O.
"O, keep your sword," says Hull,
"For it only makes you dull.
So cheer up; let us take a little brandy, O."

Come, fill your glasses full,
And we 'll drink to Captain Hull,
And so merrily will push about the brandy, O.
John Bull may toast his fill,
Let the world say what it will,
But the Yankee boys for fighting are the dandy, O.

The English celebrated their one signal victory of the war — the capture of the Chesapeake by the Shannon, off Boston Light, a year later — by a parody of this song, of a decidedly inferior quality.

One of the most notable events of the war was the cruise of the Essex, Captain David Porter, in the South Pacific, in 1813 and 1814. She did an immense amount of damage to the British whalemen, and the British ships Cherub and Phœbe were sent to capture her. After a rencontre in the harbor of Valparaiso, in which the captain of the Phœbe, taken at a disadvantage, protested his purpose to respect the neutrality of the port, and a challenge from which the British ships ran away, the Essex was caught disabled by a squall, chased into a harbor near Valparaiso, and captured after a tremendous engagement, in which the calibre of the British guns gave them every advantage, and in which the neutrality of the port was not taken into account. There was a poet on board the Essex, and he produced a long ballad describing the cruise and the retreat of the British ships before the challenge; but whether he perished in the later fight, or had no heart to add it to his verses, is not known. Among the crew of the Essex who did survive the fight was Midshipman David G. Farragut, who

lived to achieve the greatest naval renown since that of Nelson, and be the theme of The Bay Fight, the noblest sea poem yet written.

The ballad of the Essex is entitled "A Pleasant New Song. Chanted by Nathan Whiting (through his nose) for the amusement of the galley slaves on board the Phœbe, who are allowed to sing nothing but psalms." After describing the beginning of the trouble caused by "John Bull's taking our ships and kidnapping our true sailors," and the capture of British vessels in the first year of the war, the ballad takes up the cruise of the Essex.

"The saucy Essex, she sailed out
To see what she could do.
Her captain is from Yankee land,
And so are all her crew.

"Away she sailed, so gay and trim,
Down to the Galapagos,
And toted all the terrapins,
And nabbed the slippery whalers.

"And where d'ye think we next did go?
Why, down to the Marquesas.
And there we buried underground
Some thousand golden pieces.

"Then sailed about the ocean wide,
Sinking, burning, taking,
Filling pockets, spilling oil,
While Johnny's heart was aching."

The ballad then describes the arrival of the Phœbe and Cherub and the rencontre in Valparaiso Bay, the challenge and the flight of the Phœbe, in verses which have a great deal of rude vigor.

"At last John Bull quite sulky grew,
And called us traitors all,
And swore he 'd fight our gallant crew,
Paddies and Scots and all.

"Then out he went in desperate rage,
Swearing, as sure as day,
He 'd starve us all or dare us out
Of Valparaiso Bay.

"Then out he sailed in gallant trim,
As if he thought to fright us,
Run up his flag and fired a gun
To say that he would fight us.

"Our cables cut, we put to sea,
And ran down on his quarter,
And Johnny clapped his helm hard up,
And we went following after.

"In haste to join the Cherub he
Soon bent his scurvy way,
While we returned in merry glee
To Valparaiso Bay.

"And let them go. To meet the foe
We 'll take no farther trouble,
Since all the world must fairly know
They 'll only fight us double.

"Ne'er mind, my lads, let 's drink and sing,
'Free trade and sailors' rights.'
May liquor never fail the lad
Who for his country fights.

"Huzza, my lads, let 's drink and sing,
And toast them as they run:
'Here 's to the sailors and their king
Who 'll fight us two to one.'"

There were other exploits of American ships told in verse, among them the gallant repulse, by the crew of the privateer General Armstrong, Captain Samuel C. Reid, in the harbor of Fayal, of the boats of three British men-of-war, which was the subject of a forecastle ballad, but none of this memorial verse reached the level of poetry. The battles of Lake Erie and Lake Champlain also had their numerous laureates; and the raid of Admiral Cockburn and the troops upon Baltimore was the subject of a song, the opening lines of which have a vigor and strong rhythm not maintained throughout.

"Old Ross, Cochrane, and Cockburn too,
And many a bloody villain more,
Swore with their bloody, savage crew
That they would plunder Baltimore."

The American sailor was not sentimental, as a general thing, and his poetry was of the practical kind, as we have seen; but there is a song showing a good deal of feeling, which appears in the old American song-books that went to sea in the sailors' chests, and may have been written by the American sailor, or by some one for him. There is an Eliza-

bethan flavor in its form and melody, and it may have been altered from an English original by substituting "Columbia" for "Britannia," as the allusions to France and Spain would indicate; but in a pretty thorough search through English songs I have been unable to find it.

"The topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship, she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moored with thee.
For tho' thy sailor 's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.

"Should landsmen flatter when we 've sailed,
Oh, doubt their artful tales.
No gallant sailor ever failed,
If love breathed constant gales.
Thou art the compass of my soul
That steers my heart from pole to pole.

"Sirens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But such as grace Columbia's fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves.
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we leave our hearts with you.

"These are our cares, but if you 're kind,
We 'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Columbia's glory rests with you.
Our sails are full. Sweet girls, adieu."

The naval service during the civil war did not produce any songs that achieved popularity in comparison with that won by the songs of land service, like John Brown's Body, The Year of Jubilo, and Marching through Georgia, and, in fact, was singularly deficient in poetry, with the remarkable exception of the productions of Mr. Henry Howard Brownell. There were few single-ship engagements except the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and the Kearsarge and the Alabama, and the blockading service was not calculated to inspire the martial muse.

The two great naval achievements of the war were the capture of New Orleans and of the forts in Mobile Bay by the fleets under Farragut; and these were celebrated in poetry worthy of them — and no more can be said — by Henry Howard Brownell, who witnessed the second from the deck of Admiral Farragut's flagship. The fire, spirit, and grand fighting *élan* of The Bay Fight have never been surpassed in English poetry, and the accuracy of its pictures is as notable as their vigor. But these are poems, and not songs, and there is nothing in the naval songs of the civil war which will compare with those of the war of 1812. It was rather past the time for the genuine forecastle ballad, and none of the land poets hit the true vein, as Buchanan Read, Stedman, and others did when commemorating military exploits.

There was one other field of American seamanship, full of romance and excitement, which should have produced some worthy poetry and song, and that was the whaling service before the days of iron steamers and bomb lances. The chase of the gigantic cetacean in the lonely solitude of the Arctic and Indian oceans, the fights in frail boats with the maddened monster and all the perils of sea and storm, the visits to the palmy islands in the Southern Sea and the frozen solitude of the Arctic, were full of the materials of poetry. The long watches of the monotonous cruising during the four years' voyage gave plenty of time for any occupation, whether it was carving whales' teeth or making verses; and there were many bright spirits, attracted by the adventure of whaling, who could have made a literary use of their opportunity. The novels of Herman Melville, some of the strongest and most original in our literature, have given the romance of the South Sea islands as they appeared to the adventurer of that day; and in Moby Dick, or The White Whale, he has shown both the prose and the poetry of a whaling cruise with singular power, although with some touch of extravagance at the end. The whal-

ing songs are, however, not very abundant, nor, it must be confessed, of a high standard of quality. To this there is one remarkable exception, which appears to be wholly unknown in American literature, although it has been in print. It is entitled a "Brand Fire New Whaling Song Right from the Pacific Ocean. Tune, Maggy Lander. By a Foremast Hand," and was printed in a little five-cent pamphlet, by E. B. Miller, in New Bedford, in 1831. It does not seem to have come under the eye of any critic who could appreciate its spirit and faithfulness, and no mention is made of it in any of the collections of American poetry. It is extremely doubtful if the author received enough from its sale to repay him for the investment of a portion of his "lay" in printing it, and his name is utterly lost in his modest pseudonym of "Foremast Hand;" so that he obtained neither fame nor fortune from his epic. The poem, which is too long for entire quotation, was unquestionably the work of a sailor on a whaling ship, and probably, as he says, of a foremast hand. It lacks some of the finish of professional literature, as shown in the ruggedness of some of its rhymes, and the vigorous compulsion of the rules of grammar and syntax, when necessary, although the author was evidently of higher education than would belong to one in his position, and its jigging measure becomes tiresome; but it is of very great spirit and vigor, as well as fidelity to its theme, and by no means deserves to have fallen so entirely into oblivion. Indeed, it seems to me to be quite as good as, and a great deal more original than, any American poetry which had appeared up to that time. The song has for its subject the chase and capture of a whale in the North Pacific, and relates the course of events from the time of the first sighting of "white water" on the horizon by the lookouts to that when the monster, stabbed to death by the keen lances, rolls "fins out" in the bloody water, amid the hurrahs of the excited boats' crews. All the details of this *grande chasse* are given with wonderful vigor, as well as faithfulness, and the historian of the whale fishery will find it as accurate as a logbook. Perhaps the account of the chase by the boats and the harpooning will give as good an idea of the force and spirit of the poem as any part of it; and, in reference to the emphasis of the language, it may be remembered that mates of whaling ships in pursuit of an eight-hundred-barrel whale had a good deal of energy and excitement to relieve. The boats have been lowered, and are darting toward the unsuspecting whale with all the speed of ashen oars and vigorous muscle, while their commanders objurgate and stimulate the crews, as the poet says, "judiciously."

"'Pull, men, for, lo, see there they blow!
They 're going slow as night, too.
Pull, pull, you dogs! they lie like logs, —
Thank Heaven they 're headed right, too.'

. . . . . .

"'The chance is ours!' the mate now roars.
'Spring, spring, nor have it said, men,
That we could miss a chance like this
To take them head and head, men.
There 's that old *sog*, he 's like a log.
Spring, lads, and show your mettle;
Strain every oar; let 's strike before
He 's *gallied*, *mill*, or *settle*.'

"And so it is, the chance is his.
The others peak their oars now.
From his strained eyes the lightning flies,
And lion-like he roars now.
'Pull, pull, my lads! why don't you pull?
For God's sake, pull away, men!
Hell's blazes! pull but three strokes more,
And we have won the day, men!

"'Stand up there, forward — pull the rest —
Hold water — give it to her!
Stern all, stern all — God damn it, heave
Your other iron through her!
We 're fast, we 're fast — stern out her way!
Here, let me come ahead, men.
There, peak your oars — wet — line — wet
— line —
Why, bloody zounds, you 're dead, men!'"

The rush of the whale towing the boat, his sounding to the uttermost length of the line, his reappearance, the lancing, the mad dash at the boats, and the death flurry are all described with great vividness, but there is room only for the verses in which the monster comes up from his long dive, and obliges the poet to appeal to the enemy of sea songs, the steam boiler:

"Till from the deep, with mighty leap,
Full length the monster breaches, —
So strongly sped, his scarred gray head
High as our topmast reaches;
And, like a rock, with startling shock,
From mountain height descending,
Down thunders he upon the sea,
Ocean with ether blending.

"And, hark! once more that lengthened roar,
As from his spout-hole gushing,
His breath, long spent, now finds a vent,
Like steam from boiler rushing."

It does not seem that a poet who could write so vividly and forcefully as this ought to be without a place in American literature, even if there were no other interest in his work.

Alfred M. Williams.

THE LIMIT IN BATTLE SHIPS.

THERE are several definite periods in the history of nations when their navies have undergone sudden and complete revolution. Each of these periods has been followed by a multitude of experiments in naval construction to meet the new conditions, and such experiments have gradually narrowed down until the battle ships of all countries have been built after a generally approved type. Thus, the sailing ship succeeded the galley, and, in the struggle which followed to utilize the wind and properly to mount that new weapon the gun, vessels were built with masts at any point from the poop to the end of the bowsprit; with sails varying in shape, number, and size; with quarter decks, half decks, and flush decks, and with two decks, three decks, and four decks; until out of this chaos came the magnificent line-of-battle ship, the graceful frigate, and the trim and handy sloop-of-war. At the beginning of the present century, such vessels as the Victory and the Constitution were not experiments. They were built after universally recognized and perfected types, and, with but little change, formed the navies of the world for half a century. Then came their end. Another revolution was at hand, and the agent was steam. Again all was chaotic experiment, but, through the enlightenment of the times, human ingenuity worked more quickly, till a type was reached which is not yet entirely extinct; and our stately and beautiful Wabash might have remained for many years the pattern for nations to follow, had not the hotbed of war ripened into realities ideas which would otherwise have been laid aside as chimeras. Causes for a new revolution then crowded forward for recognition. The rifled cannon, armor, the revolving turret, and the ram strove for acknowledgment by the ship constructor. The complexity was great, especially as steam was still a new factor. Was it any wonder that the diversity of experiments in battleship building became greater than ever before; that for years scarcely any ship was patterned after a preceding one, but each was adapted to some new condition of the complex elements? Moreover, before order could come out of this chaos, new elements of perplexity were introduced. The auto-mobile torpedo and the high explosive shell found their places in the problem.

Such appears to be the situation at

present. Nevertheless, there are many indications that a general type of battle ship is again being attained, after which all nations may pattern, and feel at least that there will be none better in the near future. The rifled gun for naval use has reached its highest calibre, and has reacted to lesser ones. One-hundred-and-ten-ton guns, after the strain of but a few discharges, have frequently become only a loosened bundle of hoops; leaving the decks upon which they stand crushed and weakened. Twelve and thirteen inch guns, of about half that weight, have replaced them, as the present limit of successful effort in size; while in muzzle energy these and smaller calibres are steadily increasing. The struggle for supremacy between guns and armor afloat is at an end. The latter has reached its limit in amount, and can be varied only in distribution. In this it has undergone every possible variation. From thin broadside plating it narrowed to a thick water-line belt; then it contracted, with increased thickness, to a sort of coffer-dam around vital parts; then for a time it gave up its unequal contest with the gun for the protection of buoyancy, and, leaving for that purpose only a thin protective deck, confined itself solely to the protection of the battery. In this it has gone through every conceivable form: turrets and barbettes, round, oval, and pear-shaped, in fore and aft line, line abreast, and echelon, in lozenges, triangles, squares, and T's; redoubts, rectangular, triangular, polygonic, and elliptical, and with sides vertical, sloping, or curved. The ram has been straight, sloping, pointed, rounded, and swan-shaped. Sail has been retained in varying but ever diminishing quantity, until finally and forever abandoned. The variations in the application of steam as a motive power would fill a volume.

Out of all this a combination has come, just as it came in previous types, which seems to represent the best distribution of battery, protection, and propelling agents. England, whose experiments in battle-ship building have been the most complete and methodical, was the first to approximate to this combination in the Camperdown and Benbow. These were quickly followed by the Nile and Trafalgar, in which we see the type nearing completion. So fully convinced are the British admiralty that they are in these reaching the best adapted type that ten more ships are now laid down, differing in combinations from the Trafalgar only in one modification of armor distribution.

France has designed no battle ships since England built the Trafalgar, but in the four so-called first-class side-protected cruisers now commenced by her there is a distinct indication of the convergence of French ideas toward the Trafalgar type.

The example set his people by Peter the Great, to learn the best methods of naval construction from the greatest maritime nations, has always been closely followed by them. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Russia almost the first nation to believe that the best adapted type of battle ship had been reached in England. The Navarin and a sister ship now building in Russia are reported by European naval writers to be close imitations of the Trafalgar type.

The most remarkable illustration, however, of the concentration of ideas in naval construction upon this best adapted type is in the Re Umberto, now building in Italy. This battle ship was laid down when the Italia model was dominant in the Italian naval mind; yet in building she has been continually modified, until, on the verge of completion, she is, so far as modification could make her, another exponent of the new type. She has two sister ships building; and three new ships have been designed which are a step nearer to the new type.

Thus we see that, of the four foremost naval powers, three, England, Italy, and

Russia, are fashioning their new battle ships after one general type; while the fourth, France, having begun no battle ship since this type was developed, is conforming closely to it in building her protected cruisers. This building, by three powerful European nations widely differing in interests and policies, of an aggregate of twenty battle ships after the same general pattern is certainly significant.

In our own country, the board appointed by Secretary Tracy to report upon the number and character of the ships yet needed to give us an efficient navy considered thoroughly all new battle ships built and building by other countries, and all the new conditions of naval warfare. Out of this study they devised plans of battle ships suited to the needs of the country, and their report (published in the Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute) recommends types which, in their principal features, agree closely with the improved Trafalgar type. The main differences are more marked at first sight than upon closer examination.

What, then, is this best adapted type of modern battle ship?

Her general features, stated briefly, are as follows: a high central freeboard ship of about thirteen thousand tons displacement, with lower freeboard at bow and stern, ram bow, twin screws, balanced rudder, and one or two large military masts with armored tops and with conning towers at their bases. A trial speed of seventeen knots per hour.

Protection. A thick armor belt at the water line, extending about two thirds the length of the ship along the vital parts, and terminated at either end by a thick athwartship bulkhead. A protective deck, covering the unarmored extremities of the ship below the water line, and also covering the armor structure just described. A redoubt of thick armor above either end of the belted inclosure, just within its limits and on the fore and aft centre line of the ship. Turrets or barbettes surmounting the redoubts. A central citadel of thin armor, with elliptical or V-shaped extremities, rising above the belt between the redoubts. Double-bottomed hulls, subdivided as much as possible into water-tight compartments.

Battery. Two twelve to fourteen inch guns in each turret or barbette. Four to ten four-and-a-half-inch to six-inch rapid-fire guns in the citadel, in broadside sponsons. Four to six torpedo tubes. Small rapid-fire and machine guns in convenient places.

The differences in the latest battle ships from this general type are slight. They are nearly all matters of dimensions; scarcely any of arrangement. These differences must exist. They are due to the varying limits of draught, and consequently of displacement and weights, suited to the harbors of different nations. In the case of the largest battle ships suggested by the Policy Board for the United States, there is a marked difference in the plans offered for the citadel. Instead of a large structure of thin armor between the redoubts, and containing the broadside battery, it is proposed to mount each one of the guns of this battery in a small turret, having a funnel-shaped support and ammunition tube from its base to the protective deck; and to zigzag these turrets, as it were, along a fore and aft line near each side. These little structures, although the object of their adoption and arrangement is apparent, have a curiously top-heavy appearance, as if they might be bowled over like tenpins by a high explosive shell bursting among them, as it certainly would do in warfare, — there being nothing to keep it out.

It is pretty evident, then, that there is now a type of battle ship very generally accepted as the best adapted to the present conditions. The important question is, How long will it be before

these conditions change? Coming events cast their shadows before. Yet a careful study of possible developments in naval warfare shows none which could seriously modify this new type of battle ship. The high explosive shell is probably now at the zenith of its popularity. That it can stand the test of age is doubtful. In the excitement and consequent careless handling of actual warfare, it will probably prove more disastrous before firing than after. The present protection against it seems to be amply sufficient. Although the submarine boat has not advanced much beyond the diving-bell, it is very likely that the increased accuracy and range of the auto-mobile torpedo will demand some improvement in under-water protection; but the indications are that this will be some attachment to the hulls of battle ships, as applicable to those already built as to those not yet laid down. Although new methods of propulsion are continually being experimented with, there is not the slightest indication that any one of them will supplant the screw propeller driven by the steam engine. The use of water-obturating materials, such as cellulose and woodite, seems to threaten no changes, for its possibilities were recognized before the present type was evolved. The use of aluminum in ship construction means, when it comes, another complete revolution; but the methods of obtaining that metal are extremely crude and expensive, while the possibility of manufacturing it for such purposes has not even been contemplated.

Can we not, therefore, in the United States, accept this generally approved type, and, modifying it only to suit our own conditions of harbor depths, necessary steaming radius, etc., go on building our battle ships, without fear that they will be obsolete before they are launched? If we can, ought we not to set about it at once? Let any one who doubts examine the following table before answering in the negative.

ENGLAND.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Edinburgh	1879	1887	8 yrs.
Collingwood	1880	1887	7 yrs.
Rodney	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Benbow	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Camperdown	1882	1889	7 yrs.
Howe	1882	1888	6 yrs.
Anson	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Hero	1884	1888	4 yrs.
Victoria	1885	1890	5 yrs.
Average	——	——	6 yrs.

FRANCE.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Amiral Duperre	1877	1887	10 yrs.
Terrible	1877	1887	10 yrs.
Caiman	1877	1888	11 yrs.
Amiral Baudin	1878	1888	10 yrs.
Formidable	1878	1889	11 yrs.
Requin	1878	1889	11 yrs.
Marceau	1880	1890	10 yrs.
Hoche	1880	1889	9 yrs.
Average	——	——	10 yrs.

ITALY.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Lepanto	1877	1888	11 yrs.
Lauria	1881	1889	8 yrs.
Doria	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Average	——	——	8 yrs.

RUSSIA.

Ship.	Keel Laid.	Completed.	Time Building.
Admiral Nakimoff	1883	1887	4 yrs.
Tchesma	1883	1888	5 yrs.
Sinope	1883	1889	6 yrs.
Catherine II.	1883	1888	5 yrs.
Imperator Nicolai I.	1886	1889	3 yrs.
Average	——	——	5 yrs.

It takes six years to complete a battle ship in England, eight years in Italy, five years in Russia, and ten years in France. Could we, just beginning, expect to build a battle ship in less time

than France? Surely not, for we have even yet to educate the ship-builders. Can we reasonably expect to remain at peace for more than ten years to come? We have never remained at peace for thirty years at a time in our national existence; and it is now nearly that length of time since our last war. Moreover, we have twice been on the verge of war with a foreign power since then: once with Spain over the Virginius affair, and once with Germany about Samoa. This last occasion was but two years ago; so the millennium is evidently not yet at hand. Even to-day we have just escaped a rupture with a little South American republic, which we ought to be able to crush with a single blow.

We are menaced more and more every year. We are menaced in our claim to Bering Sea, and in our rights in the Newfoundland fisheries. Our transcontinental railroads and trans-Pacific steamer lines are flanked, and their traffic threatened with annihilation, by the enormously subsidized Canadian Pacific railroad and its steamer connections. A new ocean tollgate will be established near us within ten years, and we should be in a position to prevent its improper control by foreign powers. The possibility of friction with European powers is thus rapidly increasing. The recent Italian trouble is startling proof of the suddenness with which war-clouds may gather. Should we not, therefore, begin our battle ships at once, with confidence in their ultimate utility? — for a battle ship, well built, will last half a century. Nay, should we not begin them at once, convinced of their absolute necessity, and with a fear that we have already delayed too long?

John M. Ellicott.

DON ORSINO.[1]

VIII.

While Giovanni was exerting himself to little purpose in attempting to gain information concerning Maria Consuelo, she had launched herself upon the society of which the Countess Del Ferice was an important and influential member. Chance, and probably chance alone, had guided her in the matter of this acquaintance, for it could certainly not be said that she had forced herself upon Donna Tullia, nor even shown any uncommon readiness to meet the latter's advances. The offer of a seat in her carriage had seemed natural enough, under the circumstances, and Donna Tullia had been perfectly free to refuse it if she had chosen to do so.

Though possessing but the very slightest grounds for believing herself to be a born diplomatist, the countess had always delighted in petty plotting and scheming. She now saw a possibility of annoying all Orsino's relations by attracting the object of Orsino's devotion to her own house. She had no especial reason for supposing that the young man was really very much in love with Madame d'Aranjuez, but her woman's instinct, which far surpassed her diplomatic talents in acuteness, told her that Orsino was certainly not indifferent to the interesting stranger. She argued, primitively enough, that to annoy Orsino must be equivalent to annoying his people, and she supposed that she could do nothing more disagreeable to the young man's wishes than to induce Madame d'Aranjuez to join that part of

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan & Co.

society from which all the Saracinesca were separated by an insuperable barrier.

Orsino, indeed, resented the proceeding, as she had expected; but his family were at first more inclined to look upon Donna Tullia as a good angel who had carried off the tempter at the right moment to an unapproachable distance. It was not to be believed that Orsino could do anything so monstrous as to enter Del Ferice's house or ask a place in Del Ferice's circle, and it was, accordingly, a relief to find that Madame d'Aranjuez had definitely chosen to do so, and had appeared in olive-green brocade at the Del Ferice's last party. The olive-green brocade would now assuredly not figure in the gatherings of the Saracinesca's intimate friends.

Like every one else, Orsino read the daily chronicle of Roman life in the papers, and until he saw Maria Consuelo's name among the Del Ferice's guests he refused to believe that she had taken the irrevocable step he so much feared. He had still entertained vague notions of bringing about a meeting between her and his mother, and he saw at a glance that such a meeting was now quite out of the question. This was the first severe shock his vanity had ever received, and he was surprised at the depth of his own annoyance. Maria Consuelo might, indeed, have been seen once with Donna Tullia, and might have gone once to the latter's day. That was bad enough, yet it might be remedied by tact and decision in her subsequent conduct; but there was no salvation possible after a person had been advertised in the daily paper as Madame d'Aranjuez had been. Orsino was very angry. He had been once to see her since his first visit, and she had said nothing about this invitation, though Donna Tullia's name had been mentioned. He was offended with her for not telling him that she was going to the dinner, as though he had any right to be made acquainted with her intentions. He had no sooner made the discovery than he determined to visit his anger upon her, and, throwing the paper aside, went straight to the hotel where she was stopping.

Maria Consuelo was at home, and he was ushered into the little sitting-room without delay. To his inexpressible disgust he found Del Ferice himself installed upon the chair near the table, engaged in animated conversation with Madame d'Aranjuez. The situation was awkward in the extreme. Orsino hoped that Del Ferice would go at once, and thus avoid the necessity of an introduction; but Ugo did nothing of the kind. He rose, indeed, but did not take his hat from the table, and stood smiling pleasantly while Orsino shook hands with Maria Consuelo.

"Let me make you acquainted," she said, with exasperating calmness, and she named the two men to each other.

Ugo put out his hand quietly, and Orsino was obliged to take it, which he did coldly enough. Ugo had more than his share of tact, and he never made a disagreeable impression upon any one if he could help it. Maria Consuelo seemed to take everything for granted, and Orsino's appearance did not disconcert her in the slightest degree. Both men sat down, and looked at her as though expecting that she would choose a subject of conversation for them.

"We were talking of the change in Rome," she said. "Monsieur Del Ferice takes a great interest in all that is doing, and he was explaining to me some of the difficulties with which he has to contend."

"Don Orsino knows what they are as well as I, though we might perhaps differ as to the way of dealing with them," remarked Del Ferice.

"Yes," answered Orsino, more coldly than was necessary. "You play the active part, and we the passive."

"In a certain sense, yes," returned the other, quite unruffled. "You have exactly defined the situation, and ours is

by far the more disagreeable and thankless part to play. Oh, I am not going to defend all we have done! I only defend what we mean to do. Change of any sort is execrable to the man of taste, unless it is brought about by time; and that is a beautifier which we have not at our disposal. We are half Vandals and half Americans, and we are in a terrible hurry."

Maria Consuelo laughed, and Orsino's face became a shade less gloomy. He had expected to find Del Ferice the arrogant, self-satisfied apostle of the modern which he was represented to be.

"Could you not have taken a little more time?" asked Orsino.

"I cannot see how. Besides, it is our time which takes us with it. So long as Rome was the capital of an idea there was no need of haste in doing anything. But when it became the capital of a modern kingdom, it fell a victim to modern facts, which are not beautiful. The most we can hope to do is to direct the current, clumsily enough, I dare say. We cannot stop it. Nothing short of Oriental despotism could. We cannot prevent people from flocking to the centre, and where there is a population it must be housed."

"Evidently," said Madame d'Aranjuez.

"It seems to me that, without disturbing the old city, a new one might have been built beside it," observed Orsino.

"No doubt. And that is practically what we have done. I say 'we,' because you say 'you.' But I think you will admit that, so far as personal activity is concerned, the Romans of Rome are taking as active a share in building ugly houses as any of the Italian Romans. The destruction of the Villa Ludovisi, for instance, was forced upon the owner, not by the national government, but by an insane municipality, and those who have taken over the building lots are largely Roman princes of the old stock."

The argument was unanswerable, and Orsino knew it, a fact which did not improve his temper. It was disagreeable enough to be forced into a conversation with Del Ferice, and it was still worse to be obliged to agree with him. Orsino frowned and said nothing, hoping that the subject would drop. But Del Ferice had only produced an unpleasant impression in order to remove it, and thereby better the whole situation, which was one of the most difficult in which he had found himself for some time.

"I repeat," he said, with a pleasant smile, "that it is hopeless to defend all of what is actually done in our day in Rome. Some of your friends and many of mine are building houses which even age and ruin will never beautify. The only defensible part of the affair is the political change which has brought about the necessity of building at all, and upon that point I think that we may agree to differ. Do you not think so, Don Orsino?"

"By all means," answered the young man, conscious that the proposal was both just and fitting.

"And for the rest, both your friends and mine — for all I know, your own family, and certainly I myself — have enormous interests at stake. We may at least agree to hope that none of us may be ruined."

"Certainly, though we have had nothing to do with the matter. Neither my father nor my grandfather has entered into any such speculation."

"It is a pity," remarked Del Ferice thoughtfully.

"Why a pity?"

"On the one hand, my instincts are basely commercial," answered Del Ferice, with a frank laugh. "No matter how great a fortune may be, it may be doubled and trebled. You must remember that I am a banker in fact, if not exactly in designation, and the opportunity is excellent. But the greater pity is that such men as you, Don Orsino, who could exercise as much influence as

it might please you to use, leave it to men very unlike you, I fancy, to murder the architecture of Rome and prepare the triumph of the hideous."

Orsino did not answer the remark, although he was not altogether displeased with the idea it conveyed. Maria Consuelo looked at him.

"Why do you stand aloof and let things go from bad to worse, when you might really do good by joining in the affairs of the day?" she asked.

"I could not join in them if I would," replied Orsino.

"Why not?"

"Because I have not command of a hundred francs in the world, madame. That is the simplest and best of all reasons."

Del Ferice laughed incredulously.

"The eldest son of Casa Saracinesca would not find that a practical obstacle," he said, taking his hat and rising to go. "Besides, what is needed in these transactions is not so much ready money as courage, decision, and judgment. There is a rich firm of contractors, now doing a large business, who began with three thousand francs as their whole capital, — what you might lose at cards in an evening without missing it, though you say that you have no money at your command."

"Is that possible?" asked Orsino, with some interest.

"It is a fact. There were three men, a tobacconist, a carpenter, and a mason, and they each had a thousand francs of savings. They took over a contract last week for a million and a half, on which they will clear twenty per cent. But they had the qualities, the daring and the prudence combined. They succeeded."

"And if they had failed, what would have happened?"

"They would have lost their three thousand francs. They had nothing else to lose, and there was nothing in the least irregular about their transactions. Good-evening, madame. I have a private meeting of directors at my house. Good-evening, Don Orsino."

He went out, leaving behind him an impression which was not by any means disagreeable. His appearance was against him, Orsino thought. His fat white face and dull eyes were not pleasant to look at. But he had shown tact in a difficult situation, and there was a quiet energy about him, a settled purpose, which could not fail to please a young man who hated his own idleness.

Orsino found that his mood had changed. He was less angry than he had meant to be, and he saw extenuating circumstances where he had at first seen only a willful mistake. He sat down again.

"Confess that he is not the impossible creature you supposed," said Maria Consuelo, with a laugh.

"No, he is not. I had imagined something very different. Nevertheless, I wish — one never has the least right to wish what one wishes" — He stopped in the middle of the sentence.

"That I had not gone to his wife's party, you would say? But, my dear Don Orsino, why should I refuse pleasant things when they come into my life?"

"Was it so pleasant?"

"Of course it was. A beautiful dinner, — half a dozen clever men, all interested in the affairs of the day, and all anxious to explain them to me, because I was a stranger. A hundred people or so in the evening, who all seemed to enjoy themselves as much as I did. Why should I refuse all that? Because my first acquaintance in Rome, who was Gouache, is so 'indifferent,' and because you, my second, are a pronounced clerical? That is not reasonable."

"I do not pretend to be reasonable," said Orsino. "To be reasonable is the boast of people who feel nothing."

"Then you are a man of heart?" Maria Consuelo seemed amused.

"I make no pretense to being a man of head, madame."

"You are not easily caught."

"Nor Del Ferice either."

"Why do you talk of him?"

"The opportunity is good, madame. As he is just gone, we know that he is not coming."

"You can be very sarcastic, when you like," said Maria Consuelo. "But I do not believe that you are as bitter as you make yourself out to be. I do not even believe that you found Del Ferice so very disagreeable as you pretend. You were certainly interested in what he said."

"Interest is not always agreeable. The guillotine, for instance, possesses the most lively interest for the condemned man at an execution."

"Your illustrations are startling. I once saw an execution, quite by accident, and I would rather not think of it. But you can hardly compare Del Ferice to the guillotine."

"He is as noiseless, as keen, and as sure," said Orsino smartly.

"There is such a thing as being too clever," answered Maria Consuelo, without a smile.

"Is Del Ferice a case of that?"

"No. You are. You say cutting things merely because they come into your head, though I am sure that you do not always mean them. It is a bad habit."

"Because it makes enemies, madame?" Orsino was annoyed by the rebuke.

"That is the least good of good reasons."

"Another, then."

"It will prevent people from loving you," said Maria Consuelo gravely.

"I never heard that" —

"No? It is true, nevertheless."

"In that case I will reform at once," said Orsino, trying to meet her eyes. But she looked away from him.

"You think that I am preaching to you," she answered. "I have not the right to do that, and if I had I would certainly not use it. But I have seen something of the world. Women rarely love a man who is bitter against any one but himself. If he says cruel things of other women, the one to whom he says them believes that he will say much worse of her to the next he meets; if he abuses the men she knows, she likes it even less, — it is an attack on her judgment, on her taste, and perhaps upon a half-developed sympathy for the man attacked. One should never be witty at another person's expense, except with one's own sex." She laughed a little.

"What a terrible conclusion!"

"Is it? It is the true one."

"Then the way to win a woman's love is to praise her acquaintances? That is original."

"I never said that."

"No? I misunderstood. What is the best way?"

"Oh, it is very simple," laughed Maria Consuelo. "Tell her you love her, and tell her so again and again; you will certainly please her in the end."

"Madame" — Orsino stopped, and folded his hands with an air of devout supplication.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing. I was about to begin. It seemed so simple, as you say."

They both laughed, and their eyes met for a moment.

"Del Ferice interests me very much," said Maria Consuelo, abruptly returning to the original subject of conversation. "He is one of those men who will be held responsible for much that is now doing. Is it not true? He has great influence."

"I have always heard so." Orsino was not pleased at being driven to talk of Del Ferice again.

"Do you think what he said about you so altogether absurd?"

"Absurd, no; impracticable, perhaps. You mean his suggestion that I should try a little speculation? Frankly, I had no idea that such things could be begun with so little capital. It seems incredible. I fancy that Del Ferice was ex-

aggerating. You know how carelessly bankers talk of a few thousands, more or less. Nothing short of a million has much meaning for them. Three thousand or thirty thousand, — it is much the same in their estimation."

"I dare say. After all, why should you risk anything? I suppose it is simpler to play cards, though I should fancy it less amusing. I was only thinking how easy it would be for you to find a serious occupation, if you chose."

Orsino was silent for a moment, and seemed to be thinking over the matter.

"Would you advise me to enter upon such a business without my father's knowledge?" he asked presently.

"How can I advise you? Besides, your father would let you do as you please. There is nothing dishonorable in such things. The prejudice against business is old-fashioned, and if you do not break through it your children will."

Orsino looked thoughtfully at Maria Consuelo. She sometimes found an oddly masculine bluntness with which to express her meaning, and which produced a singular impression on the young man. It made him feel what he supposed to be a sort of weakness, of which he ought to be ashamed.

"There is nothing dishonorable in the theory," he answered, "and the practice depends on the individual."

Maria Consuelo laughed.

"You see you can be a moralist when you please," she said.

There was a wonderful attraction in her yellow eyes just at that moment.

"To please you, madame, I could do something much worse — or much better."

He was not quite in earnest, but he was not jesting, and his face was more serious than his voice. Maria Consuelo's hand was lying on the table, beside the silver paper-cutter. The white, pointed fingers were very tempting, and he would willingly have touched them. He put out his hand. If she did not draw hers away, he would lay his own upon it. If she did, he would take up the paper-cutter. As it turned out, he had to content himself with the latter. She did not draw her hand away as though she understood what he was going to do, but quietly raised it and moved the shade of the lamp a few inches.

"I would rather not be responsible for your choice," she observed quietly.

"And yet you have left me none," he answered, with sudden boldness.

"No? How so?"

He held up the silver knife and smiled.

"I do not understand," she said, affecting a look of surprise.

"I was going to ask your permission to take your hand."

"Indeed? Why? There it is." She held it out frankly.

He took the beautiful fingers in his and looked at them for a moment. Then he quietly raised them to his lips.

"That was not included in the permission," she said, with a little laugh, and drawing back. "Now you ought to go away at once."

"Why?"

"Because that little ceremony can belong only to the beginning or the end of a visit."

"I have only just come."

"Ah? How long the time has seemed! I fancied you had been here half an hour."

"To me it has seemed but a minute," answered Orsino promptly.

"And you will not go?"

There was nothing of the nature of a peremptory dismissal in the look which accompanied the words.

"No; at the most, I will practice leave-taking."

"I think not," said Maria Consuelo, with sudden coldness. "You are a little too — what shall I say? — too enterprising, prince. You had better make use of the gift where it will be a recommendation; in business, for instance."

"You are very severe, madame," an-

swered Orsino, deeming it wiser to affect humility, though a dozen sharp answers suggested themselves to his ready wit.

Maria Consuelo was silent for a few seconds. Her head was resting upon the little red morocco cushion, which heightened the dazzling whiteness of her skin and lent a deeper color to her auburn hair. She was gazing at the hangings above the door. Orsino watched her in quiet admiration. She was beautiful as he saw her there at that moment, for the irregularities of her features were forgotten in the brilliancy of her coloring and in the grace of the attitude. Her face was serious at first. Gradually a smile stole over it, beginning, as it seemed, with the deeply set eyes, and concentrating itself at last in the full red mouth. Then she spoke, still looking upwards and away from him.

"What would you think if I were not a little severe?" she asked. "I am a woman living — traveling, I should say — quite alone, a stranger here, and little less than a stranger to you. What would you think if I were not a little severe, I say? What conclusion would you come to, if I let you take my hand as often as you pleased, and say whatever suggested itself to your imagination, your very active imagination?"

"I should think you the most adorable of women" —

"But it is not my ambition to be thought the most adorable of women by you, Prince Orsino."

"No, of course not. People never care for what they get without an effort."

"You are absolutely irrepressible!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, laughing in spite of herself.

"And you do not like that! I will be meekness itself, — a lamb, if you please."

"Too playful; it would not suit your style."

"A stone" —

"I detest geology."

"A lap-dog, then. Make your choice, madame. The menagerie of the universe is at your disposal. When Adam gave names to the animals, he could have called a lion a lap-dog, to reassure the Africans. But he lacked imagination; he called a cat a cat."

"That had the merit of simplicity, at all events."

"Since you admire his system, you may call me either Cain or Abel," suggested Orsino. "Am I humble enough? Can submission go farther?"

"Either would be flattery, for Abel was good, and Cain was interesting."

"And I am neither, — you give me another opportunity of exhibiting my deep humility. I thank you sincerely. You are becoming more gracious than I had hoped."

"You are very like a woman, Don Orsino. You always try to have the last word."

"I always hope that the last word may be the best. But I accept the criticism, or the reproach, with my usual gratitude. I only beg you to observe that to let you have the last word would be for me to end the conversation, after which I should be obliged to go away. And I do not wish to go, as I have already said."

"You suggest the means of making you go," answered Maria Consuelo, with a smile. "I can be silent, if you will not."

"It will be useless. If you do not interrupt me, I shall become eloquent."

"How terrible! Pray do not."

"You see! I have you in my power. You cannot get rid of me."

"I would appeal to your generosity, then."

"That is another matter, madame," said Orsino, taking his hat.

"I only said that I would" — Maria Consuelo made a gesture to stop him.

But he was wise enough to see that the conversation had reached its natural end, and his instinct told him that he should not outstay his welcome. He

pretended not to see the motion of her hand, and rose to take his leave.

"You do not know me," he said. "To point out to me a possible generous action is to insure my performing it without hesitation. When may I be so fortunate as to see you again, madame?"

"You need not be so intensely ceremonious. You know that I am always at home at this hour."

Orsino was very much struck by this answer. There was a shade of irritation in the tone, which he had certainly not expected, and which flattered him exceedingly. She turned her face away as she gave him her hand, and moved a book on the table with the other, as though she meant to begin reading almost before he should be out of the room. He had not felt by any means sure that she really liked his society, and he had not expected that she would so far forget herself as to show her inclination by her impatience. He had judged, rightly or wrongly, that she was a woman who weighed every word and gesture beforehand, and who would be incapable of such an oversight as an unpremeditated manifestation of feeling.

Very young men are nowadays apt to imagine complications of character where they do not exist, often overlooking them altogether where they play a real part. The passion for analysis discovers what it takes for new simple elements in humanity's motives, and often ends by feeding on itself in the effort to decompose what is not composite. The greatest analyzers are perhaps the young and the old, who, being respectively before and behind the times, are not so intimate with them as those who are actually making history, political or social, ethical or scandalous, dramatic or comic.

It is very much the custom, among those who write fiction in the English language, to efface their own individuality behind the majestic but rather meaningless plural "we," or to let the characters created express the author's view of mankind. The great French novelists are more frank, for they say boldly "I," and have the courage of their opinions. Their merit is the greater, since those opinions rarely seem to be complimentary to the human race in general, or to their readers in particular. Without introducing any comparison between the fiction of the two languages, it may be said that the tendency of the method is identical in both cases, and is the consequence of an extreme preference for analysis, to the detriment of the romantic, and very often of the dramatic, element in the modern novel. The result may or may not be a volume of modern social history for the instruction of the present and the future generation. If it is not, it loses one of the chief merits which it claims; if it is, then we must admit the rather strange deduction that the political history of our times has absorbed into itself all the romance and the tragedy at the disposal of destiny, leaving next to none at all in the private lives of the actors and their numerous relations.

Whatever the truth may be, it is certain that this love of minute dissection is exercising an enormous influence in our time; and as no one will pretend that a majority of the young persons in society who analyze the motives of their contemporaries and elders are successful moral anatomists, we are forced to the conclusion that they are frequently indebted to their imaginations for the results they obtain, and not seldom for the material upon which they work. A real Chemistry may some day grow out of the failures of this fanciful Alchemy, but the present generation will hardly live to discover the philosopher's stone, though the search for it yield gold, indirectly, by the writing of many novels. If fiction is to be counted among the arts at all, it is not yet time to forget the saying of a very great man: "It is the mission of all art to create and foster agreeable illusions."

Orsino Saracinesca was no further removed from the action of the analytical bacillus than other men of his age. He believed and desired his own character to be more complicated than it was, and he had no sooner made the acquaintance of Maria Consuelo than he began to attribute to her minutest actions such a tortuous web of motives as would have annihilated all action if it had really existed in her brain. The possible simplicity of a strong and much-tried character, good or bad, altogether escaped him, and even an occasional unrestrained word or gesture failed to convince him that he was on the wrong track. To tell the truth, he was as yet very inexperienced. His visits to Maria Consuelo passed in making light conversation. He tried to amuse her, and succeeded fairly well, while at the same time he indulged in endless and fruitless speculations as to her former life, her present intentions, and her sentiments with regard to himself. He would have liked to lead her into talking of herself, but he did not know where to begin. It was not a part of his system to believe in mysteries concerning people, but when he reflected upon the matter he was amazed at the impenetrability of the barrier which cut him off from all knowledge of her life. He soon heard the tales about her which were carelessly circulated at the club, and he listened to them without much interest, though he took the trouble to deny their truth on his own responsibility, which surprised the men who knew him, and gave rise to the story that he was in love with Madame d'Aranjuez. The most annoying consequence of the rumor was that every woman to whom he spoke in society overwhelmed him with questions which he could not answer except in the vaguest terms. In his ignorance, he did his best to evolve a history for Maria Consuelo out of his imagination, but the result was not satisfactory.

He continued his visits to her, resolving before each meeting that he would risk offending her by putting some question which she must either answer directly or refuse to answer altogether. But he had not counted upon his own inherent hatred of rudeness, nor upon the growth of an attachment which he had not foreseen when he had coldly made up his mind that it would be worth while to make love to her, as Gouache had laughingly suggested. Yet he was pleased with what he deemed his own coldness. He assuredly did not love her, but he knew already that he would not like to give up the half hours he spent with her. To offend her seriously would be to forfeit a portion of his daily amusement which he could not spare.

From time to time he risked a careless, half-jesting declaration such as many a woman might have taken seriously. But Maria Consuelo turned such advances with a laugh, or by an answer that was admirably tempered with quiet dignity and friendly rebuke.

"If she is not good," he said to himself at last, "she must be enormously clever. She must be one or the other."

IX.

Orsino's twenty-first birthday fell in the latter part of January, when the Roman season was at its height; but as the young man's majority did not bring many of those sudden changes in position which make epochs in the lives of fatherless sons, the event was considered as a family matter, and no great social celebration of it was contemplated. It chanced, too, that the day of the week was the one appropriated by the Montevarchi for their weekly dance, with which it would have been a mistake to interfere. The old Prince Saracinesca, however, insisted that a score of old friends should be asked to dinner, to drink the health of his eldest grandson, and this was accordingly done.

Orsino always looked back to that banquet as one of the dullest at which he ever assisted. The friends were literally old, and their conversation was not brilliant. Each, on arriving, addressed to him a few congratulatory and moral sentiments, clothed in rounded periods and twanging of Cicero in his most sermonizing mood. Each drank his especial health, at the end of the dinner, in a teaspoonful of old "vin santo," and each made a stiff compliment to Corona on her youthful appearance. The men were almost all grandees of Spain of the first class, and wore their ribbons by common consent, which lent the assembly an imposing appearance; but several of them were of a somnolent disposition and nodded after dinner, which did not contribute to prolong the effect produced. Orsino thought their stories and anecdotes very long-winded and pointless, and even the old prince himself seemed oppressed by the solemnity of the affair, and rarely laughed. Corona, with serene good humor, did her best to make conversation, and a shade of animation occasionally appeared at her end of the table; but Sant' Ilario was bored to the verge of extinction, and talked of nothing but archæology and the trial of the Cenci, wondering inwardly why he chose such exceedingly dry subjects. As for Orsino, the two old princesses between whom he was placed paid very little attention to him, and talked across him about the merits of their respective confessors and directors. He frivolously asked them whether they ever went to the theatre, to which they replied, very coldly, that they went to their boxes when the piece was not on the Index and when there was no ballet. Orsino understood why he never saw them at the opera, and relapsed into silence. The butler, a son of the legendary Pasquale of earlier days, did his best to cheer the youngest of his masters with a great variety of wines; but Orsino would not be comforted either by very dry champagne or by very mellow claret. He vowed a bitter revenge, and swore to dance till three in the morning at the Montevarchi's and finish the night with a rousing baccarat at the club, which projects he began to put into execution as soon as was practicable.

In due time the guests departed, solemnly renewing their expressions of good wishes, and the Saracinesca household was left to itself. The old prince stood before the fire in the state drawing-room, rubbing his hands and shaking his head. Giovanni and Corona sat on opposite sides of the fireplace, looking at each other, and somewhat inclined to laugh. Orsino was intently studying a piece of historical tapestry which had never interested him before.

The silence continued some time. Then old Saracinesca raised his head and gave vent to his feelings with all his old energy.

"What a museum!" he exclaimed. "I would not have believed that I should live to dine in my own house with a party of stranded figure-heads set up in rows around my table. The paint is all worn off and the brains are all worn out, and there is nothing left but a cracked old block of wood with a ribbon around its neck. You will be just like them, Giovanni, in a few years, for you will be just like me; we all turn into the same shape at seventy, and if we live a dozen years longer it is because Providence designs to make us an awful example to the young."

"I hope you do not call yourself a figure-head?" said Giovanni.

"They are calling me by worse names at this very minute, as they drive home. 'That old Methuselah of a Saracinesca, how has he the face to go on living?' That is the way they talk. 'People ought to die decently when other people have had enough of them, instead of sitting up at the table like death's-heads to grin at their

grandchildren and great-grandchildren!' They talk like that, Giovanni. I have known some of those old monuments for sixty years and more; since they were babies, and I was of Orsino's age. Do you suppose I do not know how they talk? You always take me for a good, confiding old fellow, Giovanni. But then you never understood human nature."

Giovanni laughed and Corona smiled. Orsino turned round to enjoy the rare delight of seeing the old gentleman rouse himself in a fit of temper.

"If you were ever confiding, it was because you were too good," said Giovanni affectionately.

"Yes, good and confiding, — that is it! You always did agree with me as to my own faults. Is it not true, Corona? Can you not take my part against that graceless husband of yours? He is always abusing me, as though I were his property or his guest. Orsino, my boy, go away; we are all quarreling here like a pack of wolves, and you ought to respect your elders. Here is your father calling me by bad names" —

"I said you were too good," observed Giovanni.

"Yes, good and confiding! If you can find anything worse to say, say it, and may you live to hear that good-for-nothing Orsino call you good and confiding when you are eighty-two years old. And Corona is laughing at me. It is insufferable. You used to be a good girl, Corona, but you are so proud of having four sons that there is no possibility of talking to you any longer. It is a pity that you have not brought them up better. Look at Orsino. He is laughing, too."

"Certainly not at you, grandfather," the young man hastened to say.

"Then you must be laughing at your father or your mother, or both, since there is no one else here to laugh at. You are concocting sharp speeches for your abominable tongue. I know it. I can see it in your eyes. That is the way you have brought up your children, Giovanni. I congratulate you. Upon my word, I congratulate you with all my heart! Not that I ever expected anything better. You addled your own brains with curious foreign ideas on your travels; the greater fool I for letting you run about the world when you were young. I ought to have locked you up in Saracinesca, on bread and water, until you understood the world well enough to profit by it. I wish I had."

None of the three could help laughing at this extraordinary speech. Orsino recovered his gravity first, by the help of the historical tapestry. The old gentleman noticed the fact.

"Come here, Orsino, my boy," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Orsino came forward. The old prince laid a hand on his shoulder and looked up into his face.

"You are twenty-one years old today," he said, "and we are all quarreling in honor of the event. You ought to be flattered that we should take so much trouble to make the evening pass pleasantly for you, but you probably have not the discrimination to see what your amusement costs us."

His gray head shook a little, his rugged features twitched, and then a broad, good-humored smile lit up the old face.

"We are quarrelsome people," he continued, in his most cheerful and hearty tone. "When Giovanni and I were young, — we were young together, you know, — we quarreled every day as regularly as we ate and drank. I believe it was very good for us. We generally made it up before night, for the sake of beginning again with a clear conscience. Anything served us, — the weather, the soup, the color of a horse."

"You must have led an extremely lively life," observed Orsino, considerably amused.

"It was very well for us, Orsino. But it will not do for you. You are not so much like your father as he was like me at your age. We fought with the same weapons, but you two would not, if you fought at all. We fenced for our own amusement, and we kept the buttons on the foils. You have neither my really angelic temper nor your father's stony coolness. He is laughing again; no matter, he knows it is true. You have a diabolical tongue. Do not quarrel with your father for amusement, Orsino. His calmness will exasperate you as it does me, but you will not laugh at the right moment, as I have done all my life. You will bear malice, and grow sullen and permanently disagreeable. And do not say all the cutting things you think of, because, with your disposition, you will get into serious trouble. If you have really good cause for being angry, it is better to strike than to speak, and in such cases I strongly advise you to strike first. Now go and amuse yourself, for you must have had enough of our company. I do not think of any other advice to give you on your coming of age."

Thereupon he laughed again and pushed his grandson away, evidently delighted with the lecture he had given him. Orsino was quick to profit by the permission, and was soon in the Montevarchi ballroom, doing his best to forget the lugubrious feast in his own honor at which he had lately assisted.

He was not altogether successful, however. He had looked forward to the day for many months as one of rejoicing as well as of emancipation, and he had been grievously disappointed. There was something of ill augury, he thought, in the appalling dullness of the guests, for they had congratulated him upon his entry into a life exactly similar to their own. Indeed, the more precisely similar it proved to be, the more he would be respected when he reached their advanced age. The future unfolded to him was not gay. He was to live forty, fifty, or even sixty years in the same round of traditions and hampered by the same net of prejudices. He might have his romance, as his father had had before him, but there was nothing beyond that. His father seemed perfectly satisfied with his own unruffled existence, and far from desirous of any change. The feudalism of it all was still real in fact, though abolished in theory, and the old prince was as much a great feudal lord as ever, whose interests were almost tribal in their narrowness, almost sordid in their detail, and altogether uninteresting to his presumptive heir in the third generation. What was the peasant of Acquaviva, for instance, to Orsino? Yet Sant' Ilario and old Saracinesca took a lively interest in his doings and in the doings of four or five hundred of his kind, whom they knew by name and spoke of as belongings, much as they would have spoken of books in the library. To collect rents from peasants, and to ascertain in person whether their houses needed repair, was not a career. Orsino thought enviously of San Giacinto's two sons, leading what seemed to him a life of comparative activity and excitement in the Italian army, and having the prospect of distinction by their own merits. He thought of San Giacinto himself, of his ceaseless energy and of the great position he was building up. San Giacinto was a Saracinesca as well as Orsino, bearing the same name, and perhaps not less respected than the rest by the world at large, though he had sullied his hands with finance. Even Del Ferice's position would have been above criticism but for certain passages in his earlier life not immediately connected with his present occupation. And as if such instances were not enough, there were, to Orsino's certain knowledge, half a dozen men of his father's rank even

now deeply engaged in the speculations of the day. Montevarchi was one of them, and neither he nor the others made any secret of their doings.

"Surely," thought Orsino, "I have as good a head as any of them, except, perhaps, San Giacinto."

So he grew more and more discontented with his lot, and more and more angry at himself for submitting to be bound hand and foot and sacrificed upon the altar of feudalism. Everything had disappointed and irritated him on that day: the weariness of the dinner, the sight of his parents' placid felicity, the advice his grandfather had given him, — good of its kind, but lamentably insufficient, to say the least of it. He was rapidly approaching that state of mind in which young men do the most unexpected things for the mere pleasure of surprising their relations.

He grew tired of the ball because Madame d'Aranjuez was not there. He longed to dance with her, and he wished that he were at liberty to frequent the houses to which she was asked. But as yet she saw only the Whites, and had not made the acquaintance of a single Gray family, in spite of his entreaties. He could not tell whether she had any fixed reason in making her choice, or whether it had been the result of chance, but he discovered that he was bored wherever he went because she was not present. At supper time on this particular evening, he entered into a conspiracy with certain choice spirits to leave the party and adjourn to the club and cards. The sight of the tables revived him, and he drew a long breath as he sat down, with a cigarette in his mouth and a glass at his elbow. It seemed as though the day were beginning at last.

Orsino was no more a born gambler than he was disposed to be a hard drinker. He loved excitement in any shape, and, being so constituted as to bear it better than most men, he took it greedily in whatever form it was offered to him. He neither played nor drank every day, but when he did either he was inclined to play more than other people, and to consume more strong liquor. Yet his judgment was not remarkable, nor was his head much stronger than the heads of his companions. Great gamblers do not drink, and great drinkers are not good players, though they are sometimes amazingly lucky when in their cups.

It is of no use to deny the enormous influence of brandy and games of chance on the men of the present day, but there is little profit in describing such scenes as take place nightly in many clubs all over Europe. Something might be gained, indeed, if we could trace the causes which have made gambling especially the vice of our generation, for that discovery might show us some means of influencing the next. But I do not believe that this is possible. The times have undoubtedly grown more dull as civilization has made them more alike, but there is, I think, no truth in the common statement that vice is bred of idleness. The really idle man is a poor creature, incapable of strong sins. It is far more often the man of superior gifts, with faculties overwrought and nerves strained above concert pitch by excessive mental exertion, who turns to vicious excitement for the sake of rest, as a duller man falls asleep. Men whose lives are spent amidst the vicissitudes, surprises, and disappointments of the money market are assuredly less idle than country gentlemen; the busy lawyer has less time to spare than the equally gifted fellow of a college; the skilled mechanic works infinitely harder, taking the average of the whole year, than the agricultural laborer; the life of a sailor on an ordinary merchant ship is one of rest, ease, and safety compared with that of the collier. Yet there can hardly be a doubt as to which individual in each example is the one to seek relaxation in excitement,

innocent or the reverse, instead of in sleep. The operator in the stock market, the barrister, the mechanic, the miner, in every case the men whose faculties are the more severely strained are those who seek strong emotions in their daily leisure, and who are the more inclined to extend that leisure at the expense of bodily rest. It may be objected that the worst vice is found in the highest grades of society; that is to say, among men who have no settled occupation. I answer that, in the first place, this is not a known fact, but a matter of speculation, and that the conclusion is drawn principally from the circumstance that the evil deeds of such persons, when they become known, are very severely criticised by those whose criticism has the most weight, namely, by the equals of the sinners in question, as well as by writers of fiction whose opinions may or may not be worth considering. For one Zola, historian of the Rougon-Macquart family, there are a hundred would-be Zolas, censors of a higher class, less unpleasantly fond of accurate detail, perhaps, but as merciless in intention. But even if the case against society be proved, which is possible, I do not think that society can truly be called idle because many of those who compose it have no settled occupation. The social day is a long one. Society would not accept the eight hours' system demanded by the labor unions. Society not uncommonly works at a high pressure for twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours at a stretch. The mental strain, though not of the most intellectual order, is incomparably more severe than that required for success in many lucrative professions or crafts. The general absence of a distinct aim sharpens the faculties in the keen pursuit of details, and lends an importance to trifles which overburdens at every turn the responsibility borne by the nerves. Lazy people are not favorites in drawing-rooms, and still less at the dinner table. Consider also that the average man of the world, and many women, daily sustain an amount of bodily fatigue equal perhaps to that borne by many mechanics and craftsmen, and much greater than that required in the liberal professions; and that, too, under far less favorable conditions. Recapitulate all these points. Add together the physical effort, the mental activity, the nervous strain. Take the sum and compare it with that got by a similar process from other conditions of existence. I think there can be little doubt of the verdict. The force exerted is wasted, if you please, but it is enormously great, and more than sufficient to prove that those who daily exert it are by no means idle. Besides, none of the inevitable outward and visible results of idleness are apparent in ordinary society men or women. On the contrary, most of them exhibit the peculiar and unmistakable signs of physical exhaustion, chief of which is cerebral anæmia. They are overtrained and overworked. In the language of training, they are "stale."

Men like Orsino Saracinesca are not vicious at his age, though they may become so. Vice begins when the excitement ceases to be a matter of taste and turns into a necessity. Orsino gambled because it amused him when no other amusement was obtainable, and he drank while he played because it made the amusement seem more amusing. He was far too young and healthy and strong to feel an irresistible longing for anything not natural.

On the present occasion he cared very little, at first, whether he won or lost, and, as often happens to a man in that mood, he won a considerable sum during the first hour. The sight of the notes before him strengthened an idea which had crossed his mind more than once of late, and the stimulants he drank suddenly fixed it into a purpose. It was true that he did not command any sum of money which could be dignified

by the name of capital, but he generally had enough in his pocket to play with, and to-night he had rather more than usual. It struck him that if he could win a few thousands by a run of luck, he would have more than enough to try his fortune in the building speculations of which Del Ferice had talked. The scheme took shape, and at once lent a passionate interest to his play.

Orsino had no system, and generally left everything to chance, but he had no sooner determined that he must win than he improvised a method, and began to play carefully. Of course he lost, and as he saw his heap of notes diminishing he filled his glass more and more often. By two o'clock he had but five hundred francs left; his face was deadly pale, the lights dazzled him, and his hands moved uncertainly. He held the bank, and he knew that if he lost on the card he must borrow money, which he did not wish to do.

He dealt himself a five of spades, and glanced at the stakes. They were considerable. A last sensation of caution prevented him from taking another card. The table turned up a six, and he lost.

"Lend me some money, Filippo," he said to the man nearest him, who immediately counted out a number of notes.

Orsino paid with the money and the bank passed. He emptied his glass and lit a cigarette. At each succeeding deal he staked a small sum and lost it, till the bank came to him again. Once more he held a five. The other men saw that he was losing and put up all they could. Orsino hesitated. Some one observed, justly, that he probably held a five again. The lights swam indistinctly before him and he drew another card. It was a four. Orsino laughed nervously as he gathered the notes and paid back what he had borrowed.

He did not remember clearly what happened afterwards. The faces of the cards grew less distinct and the lights more dazzling. He played blindly and won almost without interruption, until the other men dropped off one by one, having lost as much as they cared to part with at one sitting. At four o'clock in the morning Orsino went home in a cab, having about fifteen thousand francs in his pocket. The men he had played with were mostly young fellows like himself, having a limited allowance of pocket money, and Orsino's winnings were very large under the circumstances.

The night air cooled his head, and he laughed gayly to himself as he drove through the deserted streets. His hand was steady enough now, and the gas lamps did not move disagreeably before his eyes. But he had reached the stage of excitement in which a fixed idea takes hold of the brain, and if it had been possible he would undoubtedly have gone as he was, in evening dress, with his winnings in his pocket, to rouse Del Ferice, or San Giacinto, or any one else who could put him in the way of risking his money on a building lot. He reluctantly resigned himself to the necessity of going to bed, and slept as one sleeps at twenty-one until nearly eleven o'clock on the following morning.

While he dressed he recalled the circumstances of the previous night, and was surprised to find that his idea was as fixed as ever. He counted the money. There was five times as much as Del Ferice's carpenter, tobacconist, and mason had been able to scrape together amongst them. He had therefore, according to his simple calculation, just five times as good a chance of succeeding as they. And they had been successful. His plan fascinated him, and he looked forward to the constant interest and occupation with a delight which was creditable to his character. He would be busy, and the magic word "business" rang in his ears. It was speculation, no doubt, but he

did not look upon it as a form of gambling; if he had done so, he would not have cared for it on two consecutive days. It was something much better, in his eyes. It was to do something, to be some one, to strike out of the everlastingly dull road which lay before him, and which ended in the vanishing point of an insignificant old age.

He had not the very faintest conception of what that business was with which he aspired to occupy himself. He was totally ignorant of the methods of dealing with money, and he no more knew what a draft at three months meant than he could have explained the construction of the watch he carried in his pocket. Of the first principles of building he knew, if possible, even less, and he did not know whether land in the city were worth a franc or a thousand francs by the square foot. But he said to himself that those things were mere details, and that he could learn all he needed of them in a fortnight. Courage and judgment, Del Ferice had said, were the chief requisites for success. Courage he possessed, and he believed himself cool. He would avail himself of the judgment of others until he could judge for himself.

He knew very well what his father would think of the whole plan, but he had no intention of concealing his project. Since yesterday he was of age, and was therefore his own master to the extent of his own small resources. His father had not the power to keep him from entering upon any honorable undertaking, though he might justly refuse to be responsible for the consequences. At the worst, thought Orsino, those consequences might be the loss of the money he had in hand. Since he had nothing else to risk, he had nothing else to lose. That is the light in which most inexperienced persons regard speculation. Orsino therefore went to his father and unfolded his scheme, without mentioning Del Ferice.

Sant' Ilario listened rather impatiently, and laughed when Orsino had finished. He did not mean to be unkind, and if he had dreamed of the effect his manner would produce he would have been more careful. But he did not understand his son as he himself had been understood by his own father.

"This is all nonsense, my boy," he answered. "It is a mere passing fancy. What do you know of business or architecture, or of a dozen other matters which you ought to understand thoroughly before attempting anything like what you propose?"

Orsino was silent, and looked out of the window, though he was evidently listening.

"You say you want an occupation. This is not one. Banking is an occupation, and architecture is a career, but what we call affairs in Rome are neither one nor the other. If you want to be a banker, you must go into a bank and do clerk's work for years. If you mean to follow architecture as a profession, you must spend four or five years in study at the very least."

"San Giacinto has not done that," observed Orsino coldly.

"San Giacinto has a very much better head on his shoulders than you, or I, or almost any other man in Rome. He has known how to make use of other men's talents, and he had a rather more practical education than I would have cared to give you. If he were not one of the most honest men alive, he would certainly have turned out one of the greatest scoundrels."

"I do not see what that has to do with it," said Orsino.

"Not much, I confess. But his early life made him understand men as you and I cannot understand them, and need not, for that matter."

"Then you object to my trying this?"

"I do nothing of the kind. When I object to the doing of anything, I

prevent it, by fair words or by force. I am not inclined for a pitched battle with you, Orsino, and I might not get the better of you after all. I will be perfectly neutral. I will have nothing to do with this business. If I believed in it, I would give you all the capital you could need, but I shall not diminish your allowance in order to hinder you from throwing it away. If you want more money for your amusements or luxuries, say so. I am not fond of counting small expenses, and I have not brought you up to count them, either. Do not gamble at cards any more than you can help, but if you lose and must borrow, borrow of me. When I think you are going too far, I will tell you so. But do not count upon me for any help in this scheme of yours. You will not get it. If you find yourself in a commercial scrape, find your own way out of it. If you want better advice than mine, go to San Giacinto. He will give you a practical man's view of the case."

"You are frank, at all events," said Orsino, turning from the window and facing his father.

"Most of us are in this house," answered Sant' Ilario. "That will make it all the harder for you to deal with the scoundrels who call themselves men of business."

"I mean to try this, father," said the young man. "I will go and see San Giacinto, as you suggest, and I will ask his opinion. But if he discourages me, I will try my luck all the same. I cannot lead this life any longer. I want an occupation, and I will make one for myself."

"It is not an occupation that you want, Orsino. It is another excitement, — that is all. If you want an occupation, study, learn something, find out what work means. Or go to Saracinesca and build houses for the peasants; you will do no harm there, at all events. Go and drain that land in Lombardy; I can do nothing with it, and would sell it if I could. But that is not what you want. You want an excitement for the hours of the morning. Very well. You will probably find more of it than you like. Try it, — that is all I have to say."

Like many very just men, Giovanni could state a case with alarming unfairness, when thoroughly convinced that he was right. Orsino stood still for a moment, and then walked towards the door without another word. His father called him back.

"What is it?" asked Orsino coldly.

Sant' Ilario held out his hand, with a kindly look in his eyes.

"I do not want you to think that I am angry, my boy. There is to be no ill feeling between us about this."

"None whatever," said the young man, though without much alacrity, as he shook hands with his father. "I see you are not angry. You do not understand me, — that is all."

Orsino went out, more disappointed with the result of the interview than he had expected, though he had not looked forward to receiving any encouragement. He had known very well what his father's views were, but he had not foreseen that he would be so much irritated by the expression of them. His determination hardened, and he resolved that nothing should hinder him. But he was both willing and ready to consult San Giacinto, and went to the latter's house immediately on leaving Sant' Ilario's study.

As for Giovanni, he was dimly conscious that he had made a mistake, though he did not care to acknowledge it. He was a good horseman, and he was aware that he would have used a very different method with a restive colt. But few men are wise enough to see that there is only one universal principle to follow in the exertion of strength, moral or physical; and instead of seeking analogies out of actions familiar to them as a means of accomplishing the unfamiliar, they try

to discover new theories of motion at every turn, and are led farther and farther from the right line by their own desire to reach the end quickly.

"At all events," thought Sant' Ilario, "the boy's new hobby will take him to places where he is not likely to meet that woman."

And with this discourteous reflection upon Madame d'Aranjuez he consoled himself. He did not think it necessary to tell Corona of Orsino's intentions, simply because he did not believe that they would lead to anything serious, and there was no use in disturbing her unnecessarily with visions of future annoyance. If Orsino chose to speak to her, he was at liberty to do so.

F. Marion Crawford.

BENAIAH.

"Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, . . . who had done many acts, . . . went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." — 2 SAMUEL xxiii. 20.

WEEKS, two weeks, of cold had dwelt about us,
And the mountain beasts were starved and savage.
All the sky was slaty-gray at sunset
Save the gory-hearted west horizon;
And before the night was well upon us,
From the sad, uncolumned vault a snowflake
Fell into the bosom of my sister.
From the windless sky the powdered feathers
Sank straight down through the unstirred night-silence,
Till the moonless darkness was illumined
With a dusty and unearthly glimmer.
And we doubted of Benaiah's coming;
For the rock-paths of the treeless mountains
Grow impassable with icy glazing;
And we knew the leagues were surely slower
To traverse, if he should be persistent.
But my sister's eyes had no doubt in them,
While she sat and gazed into the embers,
And her neck was curved as if she hearkened.
Slowly, log by log, the roaring fire
Crumbled into coals half hid by ashes,
And my brothers rose up to restore it.
Then her face changed, as if she had heard him,
And she loosed the bolts inside the doorpost,
Flung the door wide with a joyful outcry;
And we saw, in the uncertain darkness,
Two huge, glassy, yellow eyeballs shining,
Heard the roar that drowned her smothered screaming,
Saw the massive, tawny shape above her,
All in one half-breath; and there was nothing
Save the blood-stained snow about the doorway,

When we dashed outside with brands and lances.
But our brands died while the trail still led us,
And we slunk home weeping in the darkness
Wherein now no snowflakes more were falling.
All the night we sat awake and speechless,
With the doorway barred, and on the fire
Heaps of fagots crackling and enkindling,
While the women wailed and mourned above us.
In the gray of dawn we saw Benaiah
Striding through the pines against the sky-line,
On the frozen ravine's farther cliff-top.
None of us dared face him, or the love-light
In his yearning eyes as he approached us;
None made any answer when he questioned,
Till a tiny girl-child, weeping, pointed
To the red trail in the frozen snow-crust.
All his face was rigid as a dead man's,
And he strode away, his scabbard clanking,
Tramping in the claw-prints; but he had not
Given any sign of understanding,
And his lips and eyes had made no movement.
When we plucked up heart and followed after,
We beheld him in a ruined cistern,
Full three fathoms deep, and walled with boulders.
He was sitting down, collapsed and shrunken,
By a something which I blenched to look at.
The blown snow was not so deeply drifted
But that we could see in it some fragments,
Frayed and battered, which had been a lion.

Edward Lucas White.

FEDERAL TAXATION OF LOTTERIES.

In the State of Louisiana, the question whether a lottery company which for many years has been in existence, and has paid for its franchise certain sums of money, insignificant when compared with the evils it has inflicted or with the taxes it should have paid, shall now receive an extension of its corporate life on the condition of paying an annual bonus some thirty times as great, constitutes at the present time the chief subject of political interest in a very exciting canvass. Nor is the interest limited within state bounds: other States are in some respects even more deeply concerned, for they will share in the evils following a recharter, while not partaking in the bonus. To those who are to vote upon the question the bonus is expected to prove irresistible.

Lotteries are older than civilization, and the time has long gone by for any attempt to defend them on grounds of morality or public policy. In ancient times they were set up by despots, both as a means of revenue and to furnish their people with an exciting subject of thought, and thus draw attention away

from despotic conduct on the part of public functionaries. Nearly all modern European governments have made use of them at times, but the attendant evils have been so serious that the protest against them has of late years been too strong and too general to be resisted. Lotteries prove most attractive to the poor and the ignorant, who consequently suffer most from their operations; and as the certainty of profit requires that they be organized upon the principle of paying out to those who make investments in them a less sum in the aggregate than is taken in for the chances sold, the greater current of money is constantly flowing in the direction of the management. The prizes in the Louisiana lottery are but little more than one half what the tickets, if all sold, will bring in; and if any are not sold, they share with the others in the chances. Nevertheless, there is always the possibility of considerable prizes being received in return for small payments, and every purchaser of a ticket makes his investment in the hope that he may be one of the persons to receive the principal prizes. The general result necessarily is, even when the management is strictly according to the scheme as it is placed before the people, and is conducted without chicanery or fraud, that the class who become habitually the purchasers of tickets must constantly grow poorer in consequence. But the evils are not limited to the fact that more is paid in than is returned to those who have paid it. It is demonstrated by long experience in every country that has tolerated lotteries that their operations are in many ways demoralizing; that the practice of investing in them leads to neglect of business and to general shiftlessness on the part of investors, and therefore tends to impoverish the whole community through diminishing the ordinary gains from labor. It may very safely be asserted that thousands of people are every year reduced to poverty through an uncontrollable habit of indulging in the purchase of lottery ventures; that families are brought to want; and that murders, robberies, and suicides result to a number that, in the aggregate, is appalling. This has come so universally to be accepted as a truth, and the proofs are so overwhelming, that in nearly all enlightened countries lotteries are now forbidden by law. The moral sense of the world would be shocked if any leading European government should at the present time establish a lottery for the purposes of public revenue, as was not uncommon only a century ago. When the first French republic was set up, lotteries were looked upon by the leading republicans as devices of despotic invention, and a law of 1793 to abolish the lottery of France contained a stinging arraignment of those who established them. But republican virtue did not prove a complete security against their evils. The financial needs of the republic were soon to some extent being supplied by means of a state lottery, and the wheel of fortune rivaled the guillotine as a popular attraction, though greatly exceeding it in the number of victims. But lottery schemes were long ago forbidden there as well as in England. They were made use of in the American colonies and in the early days of our republic, but their evils were so obvious, and they were so lacking in redeeming features, that a majority of the States have, by their constitutions, in direct and most sweeping terms, prohibited them altogether. As matter of general law, it is believed that, within the United States, even where the sale of lottery tickets is not made a criminal offense, it is at least an act not sanctioned; and lottery managers could not support against each other an action for an accounting in respect to their demoralizing gains any more than could thimble-riggers or associated prostitutes. But so long as a single State permits the setting up of a public lottery it is to little effect that lotteries are prohibited

in other States, since the tickets issued in one will be sold in all, notwithstanding any diligence that the public authorities may employ for the purpose of prevention. As lotteries are essentially gambling, and the men who are their managers will necessarily be wanting in the moral sense, or at least in any proper regard for the well-being of their fellows, from whose misery and despair they profit, their operations are always, and very justly, open to suspicion; and the Louisiana lottery has done what it could to guard against loss of profits from this fact by securing as persons to manage its public drawings the services of two noted Confederate generals, whose war record we are to accept as guarantee of their vigilance and integrity, when hired with princely salaries to keep those who pay them from going, in their plunderings, beyond what is nominated in the bond. The example of the company is commended to the bandits who hold up trains on the Western prairies, and who might, perhaps, make the operation less disagreeable to the traveling public if they should give out a solemn promise that, in the case of every raid, they would take the life of no person whose money they appropriated, and that they would have always with them two warriors of renown, who would be paid liberally to see that the promise was honorably kept. But the managers must be greedy beyond all ordinary criminals if they resort to fraud when, under their licensed schemes, millions may be drawn monthly, and with the protection of law, as clear profits from the classes plundered. It would be discreditable to the country if the proposition to grant the extension of chartered life had failed to excite intense indignation everywhere, especially as the company's millions in profits are for the most part drawn from the pockets of those whose earnings are not above the needs of comfortable living for themselves and their families, and who, when the passion for this species of gambling has once seized upon them, have commonly given themselves over to poverty and ruin.

Lotteries, if they exist at all in this country, must do so under state laws. The legislation to make them illegal should also come from the States, for Congress, by the federal Constitution, has, in terms, been given no jurisdiction to act upon the subject. But Congress gives and limits the postal facilities at pleasure, and it has recently set the seal of its condemnation upon lotteries by declaring it a criminal act to make use of the privileges afforded by the post-office department for the purposes of their operations. This, it was hoped, would at least limit their profits within very narrow bounds, but the result has not answered expectation. Official vigilance cannot be carried far enough to be efficient without resort to the opening of mails, and this must lead to mistakes and abuses which the public would not be likely to endure without such protest as must in time be heeded. It would seem, therefore, that if the federal power is to be exercised to much avail against this iniquity, it must be by the employment of some more effective measure.

Why should not Congress, under the power to tax, devise this more effective measure? The power is given by the Constitution in ample terms, and what the tax should be, or what should be selected as the subjects whereby to measure the burden, would, as in other cases, rest in discretion. It might be laid upon the institution itself, upon its corporate offices, upon its agencies, upon the tickets sold, — in short, upon all the means by which the business is carried on; and it might make such exactions from the management as would at least be equal to any profits that could possibly be expected to follow from the conduct of the business. Such taxation would of course contemplate no revenue to the government. It would be imposed for the express purpose of destroying altogether

the institutions which, by any unfriendly action of Congress, taken with the express intent of destruction and shaped professedly to that end, it would be powerless to reach. It would, in other words, be making practical application by the federal government of the legal aphorism that "a power to tax is a power to destroy."

It is here that the chief question of contention will arise. Lotteries could not be directly reached by the general government by such hostile measures as might be employed by the State under whose authority they had been set up, with a purpose of rendering their operations illegal. Congress, for example, could not take from a lottery company the charter which a state legislature had granted; it could not make the issue of its tickets illegal; it could not punish as a crime the action of its officers by which its ordinary business is carried on. Federal power, if exercised against it, must be altogether indirect, and the act by which the injury is inflicted upon it will seem to profess one thing while intending another. It will not be denied that, under a constitutional government, there are serious objections to the powers conferred upon it being exercised in an indirect way, which keeps the actual purpose out of view. What it has been empowered to do should be done directly; and what it has not been empowered to do, or what it cannot do directly, it ought not, in general, to do at all. That which is plainly within the jurisdiction of a member of the federal Union ought not to be drawn into the jurisdiction of the Union itself by any indirect means. The indirect method, though employed in such a manner as to be, when considered by itself, a benefit to the people, will constitute a precedent which may possibly be troublesome hereafter; and any citizen, though not disposed to be overstrict in the construction of sovereign grants, may well be excused if he finds it difficult to give ready assent to an indirect measure which may appear to him to embody within itself the possibilities of unknown future mischief.

But the persons whose pecuniary interests will be affected unfavorably by the measure must be expected to make objections that will go both to the principle of such a law and to its constitutional validity. The power to tax, they will very stoutly contend, is one which has been conferred upon the general government for the sole purpose of supplying it with the necessary revenue for the conduct of its affairs; to enable it to defend itself as against the assaults of others, and to give to the people of the States constituting its members the benefits of organized civil society. It is of the nature of taxation that the levies made upon the people shall be apportioned on some principle of equality, so that all shall share the burdens of government upon some equitable plan; and when this is not done, the demands of government, although they may be called a tax, will be nothing less than arbitrary exactions. The only solid basis for levying a tax is to be found in the need for the moneys it is expected to produce; and as between the subjects of taxation, the justification for each particular demand must be looked for in the apportionment that attests its justice. If property is otherwise taken by the government, whatever be the excuse, pecuniary return must be made for it by value. This is a principle as old at least as constitutional government, and is so important that it is incorporated in the fundamental law of every State in the Union. Nor is this all the objection that, on constitutional grounds, may be made to such a law. Taxation implies that the government imposing it is to give protection for that in respect to which the burden is imposed; wherefore, when a levy is made for the purpose of destruction, it is subject to the double objection that it is not a demand of the government made for revenue, so that the proper underlying

principle of taxation is absolutely wanting; and that it does not contemplate protection to the subject taxed, so that the reciprocity which is implied in taxation, and which must support the demand the government makes, is also altogether wanting. Such an act is indeed falsely named, since, while it is called a tax law, it does not contemplate the results which a tax law must necessarily have in view in its enactment, and which, under any government, and especially one which embodies in distinct and formal terms the principles of constitutional liberty, must constitute the sole excuse and furnish the sole authority for enacting it. Such may be the objections of the lottery managers.

Some persons who recognize the evils of lotteries, and would gladly see them brought to an end by the direct application of governmental power, are not unlikely, also, to be heard making opposition to legislation of this nature. Admitting, as they very likely may, the principle of consideration which the lottery managers will insist upon, — the principle that taxation implies an obligation to protect the thing taxed, — they may object that the taxation of an immoral business will in some sense, at least, appear to give it countenance; and in the demand from it of moneys that will come from its profits, the transaction will assume the form of a participation by the government in the immorality. How else can it be, we shall be asked, when the levy made by the government will be one that must be paid, if paid at all, from the proceeds of injurious and demoralizing gains drawn from the victims of an immoral business? That the government does not propose to perform the correlative duty to protect which is implied in taxing can scarcely make its act the less immoral.

It must in fairness be admitted that these objections have a degree of plausibility; as well those made by the parties concerned as those raised by parties who object to any seeming toleration by the government of a business so detestable in its nature and so injurious in its consequences. It is but just that the objections be fairly met. Apparently, the two classes of persons occupying such different standpoints agree in regarding revenue as the sole motive in legitimate taxation; so that if the object in view is something ulterior, or there is even a secondary consideration which it is probable had influence in securing its passage, the law, though called a tax law, must be indefensible and inoperative. Is this a correct view? Is it one that finds countenance in the practice of our government, or indeed in that of any other? If the practice of governments is to be the guide, it will require but slight consideration of revenue laws to make it evident that, so far from the objection being supported thereby, the contrary view is plainly deducible. No law for the collection of revenue looks to expected revenue exclusively. The law-maker enacting it must at least look far enough beyond the general purpose to satisfy himself how any proposed levy is likely to affect the general good: he must not aim to make his law as productive as possible, but rather to make the demand upon the people as little burdensome as may be, and at the same time, as far as possible, incidentally beneficial. He must at the very outset select the subjects for taxation, for to tax everything is so entirely impracticable that the attempt would be useless; and even to the extent he does tax, he is not, as to the several subjects, limited to the same methods, or even to the same principle. The burden is not, as to everything placed upon the tax roll, made proportionate, unless the legislator decides that it is proper and just that it should be. Property is therefore taxed without taxing anything else; or property is taxed and business taxed, also, as business; or persons are taxed as such, while other subjects of taxation are omitted; or property, business, and per-

sons are sometimes all taxed together, and each upon different principles. Rules of apportionment and equality must, indeed, be recognized, but what these shall be must, within reasonable limits, be determined by legislation; and, when prescribed, they can scarcely go beyond making provision for the tax being properly apportioned according to the general rules which the legislature has laid down, and among the subjects upon which the burden is to fall. Even when property is taxed, exemptions are made from the general classes designated; and if persons are taxed, whole classes may be exempted, either because of inability to pay, or because their occupations are of such a nature and so concern the public that it may be proper to exempt them, and sometimes for still other reasons looking to the general good. The indirect benefits which it is hoped will result from taxation are taken into account in both national and state legislation; and it is not uncommon that in the law itself and the circumstances of its passage we can plainly see that these benefits are considered more important than the revenue which the government expects to realize. In many of the laws whereby impost and excise duties are laid by the general government this fact is made very prominent. The several levies are not intended to secure the greatest possible revenue by the equal apportionment of taxation among the objects which might properly be, or which are, in fact, made to bear the burden, but the duties laid are designedly made protective and specially beneficial to some classes of property and to some kinds of business, and this in different degrees, while only burdensome to others; so that while one article of merchandise will, perhaps, be altogether exempted from duty, another will pay a duty merely nominal, and still another may be taxed to its full value, if it should be thought that the general good of the country will best be promoted by dealing thus diversely with different subjects. Precisely the same difference, determined on precisely the same reasons, will be found in the case of excise duties. One business will be charged a light tax, because benefits are expected to result directly from it; and another will be charged a heavy tax, because, though tolerated, the business is expected to be to some extent, at least, injurious, or, if not injurious, to be peculiarly burdensome to the government in the matter of regulation and protection. Indeed, in some cases where impost duties are laid, revenue is no part whatever of the motive for imposing a particular duty, but it is made so high that it is expected to preclude all importation, and therefore produce no revenue. A person objecting to the duty may complain that it violates the true principles of government, but he would hardly venture to attack it as being so distinctly beyond the constitutional power of Congress that in the courts it might be assailed as wanting in legal validity. He may question its policy, but he cannot well question its constitutionality. The duty imposed assumes the form of a tax, and the motives which lie behind it rest in the breasts of those who enacted the law. The motives of those who make our laws, if the laws themselves appear upon their face to be within the constitutional power of the law-making body, are not to be inquired into by dissatisfied parties in the courts, but must conclusively be presumed to have been constitutional and to have had regard to the general good of the people.

If we look into the matter of consideration for the payment of taxes as something involved in the question of constitutional validity, we shall discover, whether we look to the practice of constitutional governments or to the principles upon which that practice has been established, that, whatever may be said to be the consideration as between the State and its people as an organized society, there is not, and in the nature of

things cannot be, an implied promise on the part of the State that, in return for any particular tax, any article of property or any business which has been made the subject of the taxation shall receive the protection of the State; or, on the other hand, that the protection the State shall in any case assume to give shall rest upon the fact that a tax is levied upon such article of property or business, or upon persons concerned. If there were any such necessary reciprocity, there would be much property and business, and also many persons, entitled to claim no protection whatever. But nobody questions that the church building upon which no tax is levied is just as much to be protected as is the structure which is used for a dwelling or for a store; and the tramps who have nothing to pay may claim the protection of the State as much as those who are taxed upon their millions. So also the business that is not taxed at all can no more be plundered with impunity than that which is taxed the heaviest. On the part of the State, the implied promise goes no further in any case than to give to the people the benefits of protection under general laws; but what the general laws shall be, what shall be protected and how far that protection shall extend, must be determined by the proper legislative power, and will not at all depend upon what taxes shall be paid, unless by the law itself payment of the tax is made the consideration for such protection as is to be given.

But the question of consideration, if accepted as an element in taxation, has a side to it altogether distinct from any assurance of protection whatever. In the determination what taxes shall be laid, and what shall be the apportionment as between the subjects of taxation when business is taxed, the question of the mischiefs likely to be a consequence of the business, the cost to the State for its regulation, for the redress of evils and the punishment of crimes which may naturally be expected to result, are as properly to be considered as is any promise of protection which the State may be supposed directly or by implication to give. The analogy of the law of contracts may here be adduced: contracts must have a consideration, but an evil suffered or feared may be as sufficient in the law as the receipt of money or property. But indeed no such analogy need be cited, for the justice of making taxes bear some proportion to the attention that the business taxed may demand from the government is obvious on the mere statement.

Notice is here invited to a couple of cases which may be of interest in connection with this point. The State of Michigan, in its constitution adopted in 1850, prohibited the legislature, in the most express and positive terms, from granting any license for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The provision was inserted in the constitution from a sense of the great mischiefs to the people of the State that were constantly springing from this business, and it was expected that a positive declaration of the will of the people which went so far as to take from the legislature the power to pass any law that should, in the customary way, recognize its lawful existence would bring it absolutely to an end. They therefore undertook to make sure that even should a majority at any time be so far emboldened by an apparent change of popular feeling as to be willing to give permission, under any conceivable circumstances or restraints, for the setting up of the business, either generally or in any particular locality, the power for doing so should be wanting. The experiment of prohibition in this form did not, however, meet the expectations of its authors. Many places were in a little while opened for the sale of liquors, and it was found that, especially in the larger towns of the State, the public authorities, either for the want of will or for the want of the necessary popular sup-

port, failed altogether to suppress them. The prohibition, instead of putting an end to the business, seemed rather to increase it. There were, perhaps, more places open for the sale of the mischievous drinks than would have existed under a license law. The business, indeed, appeared to be a privileged one, since those who carried it on required no permission from the public authorities, were subject to no supervision in respect to character, and paid no taxes upon it as a distinct business, whether other kinds of business were or were not taxed. Persons disposed to deal in intoxicating drinks seemed, therefore, to be invited to come from other States into Michigan for the purpose, instead of being driven from it, as it was expected they would be by the prohibition. What should be done, under the circumstances, to check the resulting evils was a question that the people and the legislature found to be of the most serious nature. The final outcome of their deliberations was that, despairing of otherwise putting an end to the prohibited business or of checking effectively the resulting evils, the legislature summoned to its aid the taxing power, and laid upon the traffic which flourished in spite of the constitution a burdensome tax. The law, upon its face, was purely one for revenue, and the purpose was, undoubtedly, to a certain extent, the collection of revenue, because it was expected that many persons would pay the tax; but in part, also, the purpose was destruction, for it was hoped and believed that numbers would be unable to pay and still continue a prosperous traffic, and therefore would abandon the business altogether. The tax was made as heavy as it was thought public opinion would sustain the officers in enforcing, and doubtless would have been made heavier still if the total destruction of the business could have been accomplished by that means; but partial destruction was believed to be better than to leave the business as it then was, — a business above the law, and which those engaged in it were carrying on in spite of the State, while at the same time bearing no portion of the burdens of the State which before the prohibition it had been customary to impose.

The payment of this tax was resisted; the parties taxed insisting that the State had no power to levy a burden in this form upon that which it did not propose to protect; that the consideration for taxation was necessarily absent in such a case; and that, if destruction was the object, the law was only the more plainly unwarranted, since taxation is for the purposes of revenue, and the business, so far as it was destroyed, would of course pay no revenue to the State under the law. There was an entire want, therefore, of the reciprocity upon which taxation is supposed to rest. The arguments were plausible, but, though they might seem in theory unanswerable, were not held to be well grounded in legal principles. Protection of the subject taxed, it was decided, was not a necessary consideration for imposing the taxation. Revenue was called for that regular government might be maintained, and the people receive the benefits of organized society. But the State must select, by the judgment of its law-makers, the subjects in respect to which those who were to receive these benefits should be taxed. It did not by any means follow that the State must give protection to all such subjects. The general benefits to society at large and to individual citizens might be greater in the aggregate if as to some of them it should refuse the protection altogether. A business which was condemned by the State because it was found to be productive of many and very serious evils to society, and from which the good of society required the State for that reason to withhold all protection, was just as much a subject of taxation as any other. Indeed, if persons persisted in carrying on

the business in defiance of the positive prohibition, then, instead of their being entitled to be placed, in the matter of taxation, on the footing of privilege with hospitals and other institutions of charity, and given exemption, it would be much more reasonable and more in consonance with the true principles of government and the general purposes of the law, which must have in view at all times the general good, to tax the business according to its demerits, making the burden upon it higher than was imposed upon other kinds of business, because, from its demoralizing nature, and the hostile attitude it assumed towards the law and the State, it necessarily added more largely to the burdens of government, and demanded more constantly the attention of all branches of the public authority. This, though not in words, was in substance the answer of the court of final resort to the demand made by those engaged in the mischievous traffic that their business should be exempted from taxation; and it fully met the claim that the consideration for taxation has relation exclusively to protection to be given, or that there is implied in the levy any protection whatever to the object upon which the tax is imposed, or by which the burden the citizen must pay in taxes is to be measured. The legislature had been given the general power to tax; it had exercised the power upon subjects within its jurisdiction, and the courts could listen to no discussion of legislative motives unless constitutional limitations appeared to have been disregarded, which was not the case here.

The objection that the State, in passing a law to tax an immorality, becomes a participant in it must be one of ethics rather than of law. It must rest, it would seem, either upon the ground that the taxation, of itself, is an encouragement to those who are responsible for the immorality, and in some way assists them in carrying it on or strengthens them in it, or else that the money which is taken from the participators has been polluted by their touch, so that it should be spurned rather than accepted from them. The first ground has certainly no plausibility. None of us feel, when the tax gatherer comes, that to be taxed is a favor, or that, as to the money exacted, we as individuals are the better off for its having been taken from us. We know the tax is a burden; as such it was recognized by every person upon whom, in this case, it was imposed, whether he paid it and continued the business, or, being unable to pay it, went out of the business.

The other ground, namely, that the money becomes polluted by the business in which it has been employed, seems to require slight notice. It has the same plausibility, and no more, that a claim would have that money in the form of a fine should not be taken from a convicted offender, because it is probably a part of his gains from the plunder of the public, or from something else which, being obnoxious to good morals, has on that ground been prohibited by law. The government does well and favors good morals when, in dealing with evils it cannot otherwise prevent, it takes from those who are responsible for them, by way of punishment, their consequent gains, and applies them, as it is presumed to do in all cases, to beneficial purposes. That the government becomes a partner in the immorality, in such cases, is not the view that would be taken of its course by the parties compelled to pay; they would be much more likely to regard as their friends those who would be diligent in discovering scruples to be interposed for the protection and continuance of their monstrous iniquities than those who would employ legal machinery to the utmost extent that should be found possible to make them pay what, on every ground of equity, can be shown to be no more than their just share of the expense of government.

But another instance in which legisla-

tion in the form of taxation was adopted, in the hope, and indeed in the expectation, that it would prove too heavy to be borne, is still more striking and noticeable. This is the case of the taxation of the currency of state banks by the federal government at the beginning of the civil war, for the avowed purpose of making the further issue or circulation of that currency practically impossible. It will be borne in mind that, previous to the great civil war, the currency of the country had been, for the most part, supplied by banks which the several States had authorized for that purpose; but they had supplied it in such a manner that the resulting evils which had been brought not merely upon the people of the States in which any particular banks were located, but upon the people of the whole country, had been innumerable, and it may almost be said immeasurable. The foundation upon which these banks had severally been established, however good it may have seemed in theory to those who had authorized them, had proved in almost every case altogether unsafe and inadequate, and in some cases the banking systems of the States were found to have no solid foundation whatever. This was true in the case of some States who supposed, when their banks were chartered, that they had made their bills so absolutely secure by the fund which had been provided for the purpose that it was practically impossible loss should occur to bill-holders. Especially was this true in some cases where the requirement had been of real-estate security. Mere description cannot make people who have come upon the stage of action too late to have been sharers in the consequent losses fully appreciate and understand them: they were met at every turn, and made their presence felt in all business transactions that rose above simple barter. When the civil war began, the government was for a time compelled to make use of a currency the very best of which was at some discount in parts of the country distant from the place of issue, and some of which, though the people at places of issue were compelled to a greater or less extent to make use of it, was with difficulty used at all in other sections, even though a large discount was submitted to, when it was offered in circulation. The real value of all this currency was uncertain, and the nominal value depended upon the fluctuating confidence which the people might have in it, and which might be greatly different one day from what it was the very next. When war operations were begun, which must necessarily assume enormous proportions, a sound and stable currency was an absolute necessity. Unless the rebellion was to succeed, means must be provided for making payments in every section in a currency that would be equally good in every other section. The Confederacy was in some particulars in a better position than the constitutional government: it was a belligerent on the defensive, whose operations would be likely not to cover so extensive a field; and, moreover, it would be assisted by the feeling among its people that a revolutionary currency must necessarily for a time exist, to which final success would give the proper value.

Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury, in his first annual report, called attention to the fact that the existing currency was supplied by the States. He expressed a doubt whether it had been within the competency of the States to authorize the issue of the bank-bills which flooded the country; whether, as we understand him, the power to coin money and determine the value thereof did not confer upon the federal government the authority over the whole subject of supplying the people with that which was to answer the purposes of money, both when it was money in fact, and when it was something else which was to be received in the general busi-

ness of the country in place of money as a common substitute. Not, however, stopping to ask Congress to accept this as a true rule of constitutional law, and to endeavor to enforce it as such, — which might require a process not easily to be worked out even in theory, — but fully impressed that the financial needs of the country, in the struggle that was begun, could not be adequately supplied by the state banks nor otherwise without first getting rid of their issues, he boldly ventured the proposal that they should be taxed by the federal government to an extent that in a little time would render the circulation of the bills of those banks altogether impossible. In other words, he proposed to have them taxed for the express purpose of destruction. Congress, under the pressure of the great public need of the hour, and perhaps fully accepting the views of the secretary, but in any event disposed to defer to his judgment as the officer who must be responsible for supplying financial recourses, proceeded to impose the tax. This was not done without proper regard to the interests of those who were concerned in the banks, and who, it might be assumed, had invested in them in good faith and in the expectation of supplying a reliable currency; for provision was made under which, when they were taxed out of existence, they might, so far as they were sound and trustworthy and were possessed of the proper capital, reorganize as national banks under legislation which was carefully framed for the purpose, and which was designed to give the public such complete security that the issues of currency that might take place under it would not merely be good where issued, but in every other part of the country as well. The result we all know. The rebellion, which, without this or some similar legislation, would not unlikely have been successful, and which, even after the country had been made secure in respect to its financial needs, had sufficient power to tax the energies of the people far beyond what was at first anticipated, at length was effectually put down. Not only was this the case, but a sound and stable currency was supplied, which there seems no occasion to doubt will continue sound and stable so long as it remains in existence. But it is obvious that in thus providing for a safe and sound national currency by first taxing beyond endurance an existing currency which did not answer the needs of the government, and was a constant source of loss to the people, the consideration of special protection to those who were taxed as a return for the payment demanded from them was in the contemplation neither of the secretary nor of Congress. If the thought of consideration was in mind at all, it must have been the evils which state currency brought upon the people of the country, and the still greater evils with which the nation was then threatened by allowing its continuance, that were recognized as the basis of the taxation provided for, and because of which taxation was purposely made so burdensome that it was believed it could not be borne with profit, and therefore would not be borne at all. No thought of protection attended the demand for the tax as made upon the institutions which issued the currency; and to any extent that the government looked beyond them to the persons who might be interested in the issue, it considered them only as it did all others under the jurisdiction of the federal authority, as persons bound to respond not merely with their property, but even with their lives, should it be necessary, in order to preserve the country by which they were protected from being rent asunder as a consequence of the existing war, and to keep alive and effective the constitution of freedom under which that country was governed, and which had been the source to its people of innumerable benefits.

What shall be said to the contention that all this proves very clearly that

what was done in this case with such good results, and for the purpose of accomplishing ends that were in the highest degree beneficial and useful, may be done in the very next case with mischievous purpose, and in order to strike out of existence something over which the federal government has no legitimate authority, and which is as valuable as state currency was mischievous; in short, that nothing is safe if the issues of state banks, with the aid of which the States attempted to supply their people with a safe currency, can be thus, by indirection and without the consent of the States, destroyed?

There are, without doubt, we may reply, some clear and very positive limitations to the use of the federal taxing power by laws which assume to be taxing laws, but which do not contemplate the actual collection of any revenue. It is not proposed to attempt an enumeration of these limitations in this place, but a few may be mentioned in order that it may be seen that they stand supported by sound reason, and that the line of separation between them and the cases in which this power has hitherto been applied is very clear and distinct, — so clear and distinct that the courts would not hesitate to enforce it. Congress, for example, could not employ the "power to tax" as a "power to destroy" a state office, or any lawful agency which the State has created as a part of its own constitutional system, from a belief on the part of its law-makers that it is necessary or useful, or may be so, in the performance of state functions. When a private corporation is created, and is to exercise its functions within the jurisdiction of the United States, it is to be regarded merely as an artificial person, having as such no greater rights or immunities than would be possessed by the parties who compose it, if the sovereign authority which could create the corporation had seen fit to empower the individuals to exercise the same functions without being incorporated. It is therefore subject to taxation, irrespective of the authority from which its corporate life has been derived. But municipal corporations are created as a convenient means for the exercise locally of some of the sovereign power of the State; they are a part of the state government, and they can no more be annihilated by federal taxation than can the State itself be gotten rid of in that mode so as to constitute the central government, at the will of those who exercise it, a despotism. With the exception of cases resting on like or kindred reasons to those suggested, the protection as against the abuse of the federal power to tax must be looked for in the good sense of the representatives of the people, and in keeping alive the feeling that for all improper legislation they may be held to strict accountability by their constituents. If they employ the taxing power to accomplish by indirection some other object than that of supplying the government with revenue, the remedy for the abuse is precisely the same as when taxes are levied for expenditure in unwise or extravagant appropriations, or for the purposes of unnecessary wars, or to purchase foreign territory we do not want, or to kill some branch of foreign trade; or when, in levying taxes, unjust discrimination is made as between the objects upon which the burden is laid; or when objects are taxed which sound policy would require should be excused from the burden altogether: and judging from the history of the past, we are justified in saying that the danger of abuse in the first case is very slight indeed, while in the others it is constantly imminent, and indeed continually occurring. We may also add that the rarity of any abuse is likely to attract special attention to it when it occurs, and thereby make correction more probable. If it shall be said that the impossibility of the business which is taxed making payment thereof from

any income likely to be realized must of itself prove that the tax is not legitimate, it may well be replied that no business can of right claim the privilege to be a public burden; and if it shall be plain that the evils which must result from it to the people, and the expenses imposed upon the governments, national, state, and municipal, for purposes of regulation, and in the redress of grievances and the punishment of crimes traceable to its operations, will plainly exceed any imaginable benefits that can accrue to the public therefrom, then any taxation imposed upon it cannot possibly be excessive, or violate any established principle in government. It may be added that the taxation, if it is to be imposed, cannot be laid too soon; it need not await the recharter of the Louisiana leviathan, or the expiration of the charter it now has. Nobody will be wronged, and many may be saved, by quick action, and the time to tax is NOW.

Since the above was written, the Federal Supreme Court has declared the Anti-Lottery Postal Law valid, and Mr. John A. Morris, who is understood to be the principal owner of the Louisiana lottery, has given public notice that he shall respect the law and take no more charters. He may keep his word, — some other men do that who also keep whatever else they can lay hands on; but as he might be tempted to do as the managers have done hitherto, — resort to devices and the use of the names of others to circumvent the law, — it will be very well to fortify any present law-abiding determination on the part of the managers by a law they cannot evade. Then they can pension the military chieftains who have so long been in their pay to guard them against being tempted into the low tricks and cheats of common gamblers and confidence operators, and retire upon their millions. A law that effectually takes their business by the throat they will bow to with great respect; neither promises nor the "honor" of gamblers will restrain them from breaking or evading any other, when they believe money may be made thereby. The seared conscience is not troubled with scruples about law-breaking.

Thomas McIntyre Cooley.

SOME NOTES ON FRENCH IMPRESSIONISM.

IMPRESSIONISM, like most new things, great or small, is at present more discussed than understood. The word itself is elastic, and covers a variety of significations; the teachings of the school, in themselves narrow and definite, are only vaguely known and apprehended even by many professional critics. When we find "dealers in knowledge of art," to quote Mr. John La Farge, not caring to distinguish between the well-defined formula of the impressionist school of painting and the vague current use of the word "impressionism," how can we expect people in general to do otherwise?

Impressionism as a tendency in modern art has a general and a special application. Taken broadly, impressionism may relate to the conception or to the handling, to the way of seeing a thing or to the manner of painting it. With people in general, who use words like coins, without stopping to look at them, it relates merely to the manner of painting. Their eye is shocked or startled by splashy or rough painting which they hear described as impressionistic. They do not look for or understand the impression which this manner aims at conveying, and to them everything coarse and rough

must be impressionistic, and everything impressionistic must be rough; just as to some people everything in rhyme is poetry, and poetry is nothing but a jingle of rhyme.

To all who know anything about impressionism it is evident, instead, that it is the painters' manner of seeing things that is of importance to us outsiders. It does not concern us very much to know if they use camel's hair or bristles in their brushes, if they daub their paints on with knives or even with their thumbs; but their manner of looking at things does concern us intimately, as artists are the eyes or seers of the period in which they live, and our own vision is, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by theirs. The less we instinctively like their vision and presentment of life, the more it behooves us to examine impartially the principles that have guided them. We might otherwise run the risk of rejecting in theory that which is forcing itself upon us in practice.

Those who know the works of the painters vaguely grouped together as "impressionistic" will have noticed that, different as they are, they have all one thing in common. They aim at being the reproduction of one impression on the artist's eye, and through his eye on his mind; not of a set of collateral impressions fused into one.

To take some instances at random: Cazin's vision is dreamy and full of sad poetry, while Raffaëlli is nothing if not distinct. Besnard's vision is one of light and fire, or of beautiful, mystic twilight. Whistler's symphonies and harmonies indicate by their very names impressions seen dreamily, and transplanted by the poetic imagination into the borderland of painting and music, but always real impressions, suggested by the outer world. Some impressions are hazy, others almost pitilessly clear. Some painters reproduce the impression of a moment, while others render the *Stimmung*, the poetry of the hour or the subject; but this one thing they all have in common, — the visual unity of their picture.

It is well known that the eye cannot rest on two things simultaneously. If you are looking across a stretch of English landscape, in May, with a splendid foreground tangle of varied foliage, — golden oaks and copper beeches, deep-hued cypresses and rich green elms, — and a long vista beyond of billowy slopes and broken, feathery hedgerows, you either see the foliage, while the distance is only an indistinct soft background, luminously green or softly veiled in gray, dark and sombre or rich with shifting, hurrying lights and shades; or else you see the distant view, — some special portion of the distant view, some brightly illumined slope of grass, where the sunlight is just striking two or three quietly grazing cows, or a fairylike, aerial bit of hedgerow, while the foliage in the foreground is only one mass of gloriously confused color. Now a landscape where this unity of impression has been preserved is more likely to give you a broad, open-air impression, and to produce the illusion of looking at a real scene, than would a landscape painted by an artist who had allowed his eye to travel painfully from object to object, and who had painted the elms in the distant hedgerows with the same care (allowing, of course, for perspective) as the bright, golden-leaved oak on the downward slope.

The principle of the unity of impression is not by any means an invention of the impressionists, nor is it their exclusive property. One of the chief merits of the best impressionists, however, lies in their strenuous insistence on obedience to the law of focus; while of course everybody has a right, without being taken to task for using words in a vague and unsatisfactory way, to call art impressionistic which aims at reproducing the unity of impression.

Applied to the rendering of form

and of movement, individual or collective, this principle, strengthened by the influence of Japanese art and of instantaneous photography, has produced results that are characteristically modern. When exaggerated, these results are not always edifying to lovers of art. When kept within bounds by an artistic conception, they represent an almost immeasurable widening of the resources of Western art. Witness the many suggestive phases of characteristic movement, the fugitive expressive poses, that are now, as never before, caught and rendered on the canvas.

In the painting of crowds and confused masses of people, modern art really owes an immense debt of gratitude to impressionism proper in the person of one of its earliest masters, Édouard Manet. It has been my good fortune to examine lately a small Manet in private possession, which exemplifies this to a high degree. It represents a horse race, giving the horses in full front view, and the intensely excited crowd along the stand to the left. It is "impressionistic" in the sense of being blurred and blotchy, but the horses and jockeys are instinct with speed, and the confused mass of small black and white patches, with a few daubs of color between, turns out to be thousands of moving heads and arms and parasols. It is only a small canvas, and yet I know but few pictures that so appeal to the intensely modern feeling of collective sympathy.

Impressionism in color coincides so nearly with the central teachings of the impressionist school of to-day that I prefer to treat of it in connection with them. The underlying principle is the same as in the forms of impressionism already treated; namely, the assumption that the study of the laws of optical effect still has many fruitful secrets in store for the painter. It does not busy itself with the choice of subject; it is a language, not a school of philosophy. It does not, however, exclude individuality, nor does it tend to make painting merely another form of colored photography. It rests on suggestions from nature, but allows for the artist's temperament as well as for possible idiosyncrasies of his vision. It may be dreamy or clear, delicate or rugged, according to the bent of the painter's mind, which predisposes him to view things in a certain way, and according to the extent and the comparative clearness of his visual range. This is an important point to observe, as it explains many seeming discrepancies. When you see painting like Raffaëlli's, all crisp and clear form, side by side with dreamy blurred landscapes, and do not understand why you hear both described as impressionistic, the probable explanation is, that one man has a clear vision and a wide range, while the other has the sharpness taken off the edges by a short-sighted or blunt vision.

The great secret of all impressionism lies in aiming to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the same kind of physical impression on the spectator's eye that was produced on the eye of the artist by the object seen in nature; to make one immediate impression on our retina; to let it come in at once, as it were, through the front door, and, calmly or brightly, announce its presence. It is for us to say if it does so, and if there is enough, in the painter's vision, of the mystical essence called pictorial truth, or rather the truths that are apprehensible by the age in which we live, for us to accept. Before we do so, however, we must be sure that we are comparing the artist's vision with our own vision of nature, and not with preconceived notions of what that conventional thing called a picture "ought to be."

All this may seem to deal with the form, and not the spirit of art. Well, so it does, so impressionism does, in a grand, enthusiastic, undaunted way that is full of noble promise for the future of art. It is a truism that all great

creative periods have been preceded by periods of realism, of enthusiastic devotion to form, to the instruments and means of rendering. Why, then, not apply this truism to our own times, and augur the best for the future from the very enthusiasm for the widening of the resources of art shown by the men of the present day? By this I do not mean to say that the great modern tendency which has produced such a picture as Besnard's Le Soir de la Vie does not possess the soul as well as the language of art. But I do mean to say that care for form need not necessarily be deemed a sign of decadence in art; especially not, I venture to believe, in ages of transition and the ferment of new ideals.

In 1886, the list of the most notable impressionists given by their mouthpiece, M. Félix-Fénéon,[1] included the following artists: M. Caillebotte, Miss Cassatt, MM. Cézanne, Degas, de Nittis, Forain, Gauguin, Guillaumin, Monet, Madame Morisot, MM. Piette, Camille Pissarro, Lucien Pissarro, Raffaëlli, Renoir, Seurat, Signac, Sisley, Zandomeneghi. This list is liable to correction. M. de Nittis, for instance, could hardly be classed with the impressionists in 1886. M. Raffaëlli had also, to a certain extent, deserted the party cause and condescended to exhibit at the Salon. I give the enumeration, however, as it serves to show what men then ranked or had ranked with the impressionists. These painters may be divided into two groups: one comprising the men who busy themselves mainly with problems of form, *les synthétistes;* and the other those who are engaged principally in solving problems of light, *les luministes.*

A certain group of the luminists are called *les pointillistes*, or the followers of *le pointillé.* The most noticeable fact about the pointillistes is that their art practice is the outcome of scientific theories. The impulse was an artistic, not a theoretic one; but given this impulse to find a medium of expression more suited to the highly developed visual sensibilities of the age than the older one, they went to science for help, and we hear of Dubois-Pillet carrying Mr. N. O. Rood's Theory of Colors about with him, and Seurat studying Chevreul's De la Loi du Contraste Simultané des Couleurs. The result is the method known as le pointillé, from the little points or atoms of color by which the canvas is covered. The formula on which le pointillé rests is the same as that put in practice by M. Claude Monet and others among the luminists, only it is more rigorously applied. The double formula of the *mélange optique* and the *division du ton* rests on the assumption that any representation in color of an object in nature that the artist might wish to paint, say a sunlit tree, would, if divided on the canvas into the nearest approach possible to its chromatic components, and left to mingle on our retina, be more likely to excite our visual nerves in the same way as the rays of light from the tree in nature than if the painter had mixed his pigments on his palette into the nearest approach possible to the greens of the tree. This formula, with the close attention to the laws of optics it involves, also entails, as a necessary consequence, the study of the influence of contrast and of reflections on the images produced on our retina. Such is the theory on which the practice of all the luminists is based; but while Claude Monet is content with splashing red and gold and purple upon his canvas anyhow, so long as he gets the vibrations and the play of reflections and counteractions of color he sees in nature, the pointillistes insist on a "logical division" of the color into the smallest particles possible.

[1] In an interesting little pamphlet, Les Impressionnistes (Paris, Vanier, 1886), still sold at the impressionist exhibitions as a semi-official statement of their views.

The first sight of a canvas representing sunlight painted in strict pointillé suggests nothing whatever to you but an immense surface dotted with a multitude of little purplish or turquoise-blue, vermilion, and greenish-yellow wafers. You dimly see that they are arranged in forms, which seem to stand for curious representations of trees and grass and shadowy human beings, but the most conspicuous things about the picture are the wafers. With some painters you never get over this first impression; the wafers are always there, and the curious flatness and similarity of texture that result from using the same brush-work all over the canvas. By putting the whole length of several rooms between you and the canvas, and allowing the air in the rooms to help out the mélange optique on your retina, or by looking at the canvas with only one eye, and that more than half shut, you can, however, sometimes succeed in seeing something of the intensity of sunlight, the life and depth of shadow, that the painter aims at conveying, and in understanding how intelligent men can devote themselves to this apparently forlorn quest.

With other painters the quest is not at all forlorn, and if you only give them time the first shock of surprise will grow into a swell of delight at seeing beauties caught on the canvas which before were pronounced "unpaintable." Such are Renoir's splendid renderings of intense southern sunlight and color; or Sisley's delicate luminous spring days, and Camille Pissarro's bright, gleaming, sparkling sunlight. All who have enjoyed the beauty, light in tone and high in key, yet intense in quality and full of vivid play of color, of a French spring morning, or who have noticed how different a landscape appears if looked at with the sun's rays or against them, — how in the latter case everything seems alive with glittering, quivering, dancing light, — will be able to appreciate these conquests of the luminists.

And who can resist Claude Monet? M. Monet is an acknowledged master now, and it is not necessary to sing his praises; yet I cannot help dwelling on two points: the universality of his genius as a landscape painter, and the eminently poetical qualities of his mind. He is a luminist, the enthusiastic apostle of a new technical creed. To him nothing is of interest that does not bear upon the great problem of fixing the sun's rays upon the canvas. But he sees this problem everywhere, just as it is everywhere. We notice the painting of sunlight by the luminists, because it is their most striking if not their most wonderful achievement; but it is evident that their theory would be nowhere if it applied only to the painting of sunlight. M. Monet paints everything as the mood seizes him: fruit, with a glossiness and tempting juiciness of texture surpassed by no other fruit-painting that I know; vast desolate railway stations, shrouded in mist and smoke; northern summer seas, lashed into a silvery foam, shot through with green and mauve, by a summer storm; breezy southern seas, all alive with intense color and happy rhythmic movement; dull days off the coast of Brittany, with the most exquisite play of quiet color in the water; hot days of blazing sunlight off the same coast, or young woods in October, with the maples and lime-trees all aflame with autumn tints, and the bright sunshine pouring in between the stems of the trees.

Then there is the wonderful series of the haystacks, exhibited at M. Durand-Ruel's gallery in Paris in May; seventeen pictures of the same haystacks, sometimes one, sometimes two, begun in August, and carried on until the haystacks were taken down in March, and yet a perfect revelation of some of the most glorious beauties of color and mood in nature: beauties of summer and of winter; of evening skies throbbing with rosy light, while deep blue shadows are

already reigning over the distant hills; of morning mists illuminated in glory; of peaceful, new-fallen snow under softly veiled skies, or of the golden haze of summer sunsets. M. Monet's *décomposition du ton* gives results which he who runs may read. You see a haystack that seems to glow in the sunlight; you go nearer, and see that this effect is got by painting an irregular prism along the edges of the stack and suffusing the shadows with purple. In another picture, the same means — a prism along the edge of the stack — serves to give the effect of crisp, clear winter sunlight striking the yellow straw. But most wonderful of all is the way in which the painter manages, by mere pigments put on canvas, to make you feel all the heat and harmony and happiness of summer. By the side of achievement such as this who would cavil if the zeal of the pioneer sometimes carries the painter too far?

Claude Monet is a poet; everything he touches in his inspired moments seems to give out its inmost tone of beauty. He is a born colorist, enthusiastic and inspiring. But above all he is an artist, — one who sees things as a whole, and paints them with that subtile concentration of all means of expression toward one end which is one of the most precious qualities of the true artist.

Synthesis, too, has its heroes, artists to whom it has been a vital principle, not a mere formula, and who have won great and deserved success outside the narrow confines of the coterie; and I should delight to linger on the powerful qualities of the art of M. Degas, on M. Forain's penetratingly clever and artistic interpretations of some phases of contemporary life, on Miss Mary Cassatt's truly womanly studies of mothers and children, or felicitous, free translations of the exquisite synthetic art of the Japanese. But space is limited, and so I prefer to pass on at once to some unknown phases and obscure martyrs of impressionism, which have a pathetic interest of their own.

The formula of synthesis, or the reduction of drawing to the necessary, the vital lines of the movement, cannot lay claim to the same originality as that of the décomposition du ton. Not to mention the Japanese, who have carried the synthetic treatment of line to such high and singular excellence, or the Greek vase-painters, or Giotto, or countless others, all children and primitive artists are synthesists after their fashion, — a fashion that seems to meet the high approval of some of the present synthétistes, to judge by specimens of their work. In others, you perceive landscape, with the element of light left almost entirely aside, synthetized down to the dusky dull sign-painting of our grandfathers' times, or scenes from contemporary life to grotesque caricatures. There is a good deal of affectation and coterie fashion in this, and of that curious allegiance to definite formulas, no matter how cramping, which mingles so strangely with the true artistic faculty in many French minds. But there are also, in many painters, the most undoubted sincerity, a profound feeling for the charm of mystery, and that longing for and reaching after the deeper spiritual truths of life that are thrilling through many a corner of Paris, undreamt of by the foreigners on the boulevards and the frequenters of the light theatres.[1] Many an imaginative truth or curious suggestion looks out at you from among the exaggerations or mannerisms of products of *l'art hiératique* or *l'art symbolique*, whether enveloped in dusky mystery or wedded to luminism in visions of splendor.

One man in particular has the faculty of inflaming your imagination, till you feel ready to declare him one of the

[1] See, for further illustration, the remarkable article by Madame Blaze de Bury in the Contemporary for November, The Spiritualization of Thought in France.

bringers of heavenly fire. And yet his art is mad. Your first impulse is to laugh at these staggering cottages with flaming red roofs, or at this blaze of rockets and Catherine-wheels, supposed to represent night. But your laugh dies on your lips; you go on gazing, stupefied yet interested; and when you at last leave the exhibition, you do not know whether you have been looking at the pictures of a madman or not, but you have forgotten all the other pictures in the room. Such was my first impression of Vincent Van Goghe's work, and I was not astonished to hear that the man had committed suicide. I sought every opportunity of seeing more of his art, and thus one day I went to the studio of M. Gauguin, in one of the distant unconventional quarters of Montparnasse, where some of his pictures were to be seen. It was all very remarkable. Among things that were not merely exaggerated, but violently distorted, there were some splendidly conventionalized flowers, — gorgeous sunflowers, and huge white roses on an apple-green background. There was an Alpine pass, absurd in color and handling, in streaky waves of dark paint, yet with more of Dante's Inferno and the awesome weirdness of desolate Alpine passes toward twilight than many better pictures. There was his own portrait, drawn with a firmness of hand which accentuated every angularity of that powerful skull and bony face, while he had chosen to give himself a green background that threw the most uncanny greenish reflections over the sandy-blond face. It is the face of a maniac or a criminal, with the eyes of a longing soul.

Another day I was taken to Montmartre, to the little shop of Le Père Tanguy, full of the works of the *néo-impressionnistes*, and several Van Goghes among them. Many were exaggerated, every one was sincere, and two studies of figures were superb. One was a sower of the most splendidly energetic movement; another an old man weeping, bent down over his hands in a perfect abandonment of grief.

Le Père Tanguy is himself a martyr to the cause of *néo-impressionnisme*. His shop was very difficult to find, as he is constantly shifting his quarters, from inability to pay his rent. No one knows what or where he eats; he sleeps in a closet among his oils and varnishes, and gives up all the room he can to his beloved pictures. There they were, piled up in stacks: violent or thrilling Van Goghes; dusky, heavy Cézannes that looked as if they were painted in mud, yet had curious felicities of interpretation of character; exquisite fruit-painting by Dubois-Pillet, which showed how he could paint when he chose; daring early Sisleys, that made the master of the shop shake his kindly head at the artist's later painting; and many others, all lovingly preserved, and lovingly brought out by the old man. Le Père Tanguy is a short, thick-set, elderly man, with a grizzled beard and large beaming dark blue eyes. He had a curious way of first looking down at his picture with all the fond love of a mother, and then looking up at you over his glasses, as if begging you to admire his beloved children. His French and his manners were perfect; and when he took off his greasy cap and made his bow, it was with all the grace and dignity of the old school. He has gone on for years finding the impressionists in colors, etc., and the artists I was with told me, after we left the shop, that many a time had he been sorely in need of money and had gone to remind some artist of an outstanding bill, but found some excuse for his call and come away again without mentioning it, because it seemed to him as if the artist were in straits.

I could not help feeling, apart from all opinions of my own, that a movement in art which can inspire such devotion must have a deeper final import than the mere ravings of a coterie.

Cecilia Waern.

LEGAL DISFRANCHISEMENT.

THE necessity of removing from the ballot box all taint of corruption has long been felt, and has been well met by the adoption, on the part of several States, of the Australian ballot system. But while this secret ballot reduces to the minimum the possibilities of bribery, intimidation, and all other forms of illegal disfranchisement, there still remains the unsolved problem of legal disfranchisement: we still lack that method which will give to the people of each and every State, at all times, representation according to the votes cast.

The avowed purpose of our political system is to secure the rule of the majority; but, though having that end in view, we have enacted laws which defeat the very object sought. Congressmen are apportioned among the States according to their respective populations; but, for the election of these representatives of the people, the States have been divided into districts corresponding to the number of men to be chosen, in each of which a plurality shall elect. The possibilities for mischief in such a method may, perhaps, be made most apparent by submitting a hypothetical case. Suppose a company of forty-nine members; of these twenty-five constitute a majority, and may direct affairs. But forty-nine being an unwieldy number, they agree to elect a managing board of seven, which will allow one representative to every seven members. Patterning from our political system, they separate themselves into seven sections, each of which shall have one representative on the board. As four members in a section are sufficient to elect, the whole board may represent but twenty-eight of them; and as four constitute a majority of the board, its course may be determined by the representatives of only sixteen of the members, — the remaining thirty-three having voted against the four men who control the action of the board.

To make the supposition still more pertinent, let the company be given a political coloring. Suppose twenty-five of the members to be protectionists, and twenty-four of them free traders: the former, having the majority, make up the sections in such a way that one has six free traders and one protectionist, while the other six sections have each three free traders and four protectionists, which will result in the election of a board of management composed of one free trader and six protectionists. This order must remain until the free traders get a majority on the board. They may make converts among their opponents thus: The solitary protectionist may be won over, but though this action gives the free traders a majority of the members of the company, it does not alter the make-up of the board. In addition to this, the four protectionists in each of two other sections may be converted, but the others prove to be incorrigible. The free traders now have thirty-three members of the company, but they can elect only three representatives, and hence cannot control the action of the board. Of course, when they do get control, they are likely to reconstruct the sections in such a way that their opponents will be disfranchised. Thus it will be seen that, under a system fair and honest upon its face, it is possible for a faction to embrace 42.8 per cent of the members and yet have absolutely no representation; and it may grow to have 67.3 per cent of the membership without being able to get a majority of the representatives on the board.

That this hypothesis, gross and absurd as it appears, is not more extravagant than the fact may easily be demonstrated. The apportionment of 1880 gave to

Kansas seven representatives, which is at the rate of one for 14.3 voters in each hundred. In 1882, the Democrats of that State polled 32.2 votes of every hundred cast for Congressmen, but failed to elect one; in 1884, they mustered 37.2 votes of every hundred cast, but it availed them nothing; in 1886, they rolled up 40.3 votes of every hundred polled without breaking the solid Republican delegation; and in 1888, they polled 31.9 out of every hundred votes cast, with the same result. Not since Kansas was admitted to the Union have the Democrats of that State had a representative in Congress, though they have polled at the different elections from thirty to forty of every hundred votes cast. Minnesota tells the same story. There being five representatives from that State, twenty votes in each hundred should have one; but the Democrats, in 1882, cast 31.9 in every hundred, and in 1884, 40.9 in every hundred, without effect; in 1886, owing to the curious make-up of these same districts, they elected two representatives, with a vote of 38.8 in the hundred; in 1888, a vote of 41.2 in the hundred availed them nothing.

That this result is not due to climate, altitude, or the innate depravity of the Republicans, Kentucky or any other Democratic State can testify. In 1876, the Republicans of Kentucky polled 34.9 votes of every hundred cast for Congressmen, but failed to elect one of the ten Congressmen, though ten votes in the hundred should have been sufficient to elect one. The same party, in 1878, cast 28.7 votes of every hundred, without effect. Since that time the Republican vote has ranged from thirty-two to forty in the hundred, securing them sometimes two, but more often one representative. In 1890, the Republicans of Missouri polled 39.8 per cent of the total vote, but failed to elect one of the fourteen representatives from that State: almost forty out of every hundred men voting cast their ballots for Republican candidates, and the whole was thrown away, though a trifle over seven in the hundred should have been sufficient to elect one. The Republicans of Indiana, in 1890, cast 45.8 votes in every hundred, and elected two of the thirteen Congressmen; 45.8 per cent of the vote secured them 7.6 per cent of the representation. In 1888, the same party in Michigan, with fifty per cent of the vote, had eighty-two per cent of the Congressmen; in 1890, it cast forty-five per cent of the votes, and got but twenty-seven per cent of the representation; with a loss of five per cent of the vote, the party lost fifty-five per cent of the representation.

It is needless, however, to multiply examples. State after State may be found where a party polling from forty to fifty per cent of the total vote cast is wholly unrepresented in Congress. There can be no question of the fact of legal disfranchisement. It must be borne in mind that these outrageous results are not due to ballot-box stuffing, "counting out," or intimidation; they are from the vote as cast and counted and returned without question. They come of the law, have their being in the law, and are perpetuated by the law.

The reason of this, as in the hypothetical case of the company, is to be found in the arbitrary division of the voters into districts. The remedy is to be found in abolishing the districts, and electing the representatives from the State at large by means of the quota system.

When Thomas Hare gave to the world the quota system, a method by means of which representation must always be in proportion to the votes cast, it was hailed by such publicists as John Stuart Mill as the long-dreamed-of ideal. But the ordinary mind is so limited and circumscribed that it is very slow to conceive of the perfect when the ideal appears in any form not absolutely simple, and for that reason, if for no other, Hare's the-

ory of proportional representation has not made the headway that Mill anticipated, and which of right it should have made. It is possible, however, by means of a slight modification of Hare's scheme, to secure the practical results of proportional representation, and, at the same time, have a plan so simple that all men may readily understand it, and one which will serve till the growth of popular intelligence has attained a stage admitting of the ideal.

With this method, any number of parties may put tickets in the field, and each ticket may contain any number of names up to the whole number to be chosen. The voter selects his party ticket, which he votes for as a whole, but designates thereon the candidate whom he desires most to see elected. When all the ballots cast in the State for Congressmen are counted, the whole number is divided by the number of representatives to which the State is entitled, which gives the quota or number of votes necessary to elect one. Each party vote is now divided by this quota, which gives the number of representatives to which it is entitled; the successful candidates being those who stand highest on their respective party tickets, as expressed by the voter when he cast his ballot.

The late congressional election in Missouri will serve as an illustration. The total vote for Congressmen was 463,043, which, being divided by fourteen, the number of representatives to which that State is entitled, gives a quota of 33,074. The Republicans polled 184,337, which, divided by 33,074 (the quota), gives five full quotas and a remainder of 18,967; the Democrats, having cast 253,736, have seven full quotas and a remainder of 22,218 votes; the United Labor party polled 23,492 votes. As there are still two representatives to be chosen, they will be taken from the parties having the largest unfilled quotas, the Democratic and United Labor parties. This gives a congressional delegation of five Republicans, eight Democrats, and one United Labor man, instead of the fourteen Democrats, as at present, thanks to the political pens into which the minority parties are put to prevent their members from helping one another.

By means of this method, the voter may not only choose his party ticket with the full assurance that his vote will not be thrown away, but he may choose among the names which his party presents without in any way affecting the strength of his vote. And should none of the tickets in the field represent his ideas, he and his fellow-spirits may present one of their own; knowing that if they poll enough votes in the whole State to fill one quota, their candidate will be elected. The charge of complexity, which was so persistently urged against the Hare scheme by superficial critics, most certainly will not hold here; while a few years' experience with this simple and effective method will prepare the people for the more perfect scheme. Nor can the charge hold, at least in this country, in regard to Congressmen, that it sacrifices local representation. To tell the Kansas or Minnesota Republicans, or the Missouri or Texas Democrats, that, should the congressional districts be abolished, they would lose their local representation would be absurd. They might well ask what they had to do with representation of any kind. Besides that, if opportunity were given the people of the country to nominate and elect the truly representative men, as such a plan most certainly would, it would soon be found that the legitimate duties of Congressmen embraced the conservation of the people's rights as a whole, rather than the appointment of petty politicians to local offices, and the voting of improvements for rivers which the surveyors cannot find.

There are, as in the State of Kansas, instances where the members of the minority party, though it contains a large

part of the total number of voters, are distributed so evenly among the congressional districts as to be rendered absolutely helpless. They have no more hope of being represented in the Congress at Washington than if they had no vote at all; they have but the shadow of political liberty, — the substance being denied them as much as it is the Russian peasant or the Indian ryot. The evil results of such a political system extend in two directions. In most of the congressional districts, one party or the other has such a clear majority that the minority parties have absolutely no hope of defeating it, and their members take little interest in elections. Conscious of the fact that the election was decided when the district was laid out, the legally disfranchised voters are soon thrown into that state of mind which bodes no good to the permanency of our political institutions, — the conviction that might makes right. The certainty of success, when long continued, no less than foregone defeat, is a cause of apathy; and the carelessness of election day soon extends to the primaries, where the real elections are now decided. Having crushed the spirit of political activity by certain defeat on the one hand, and lulled it to sleep by assured success on the other, the present system offers golden opportunities for the professional politicians, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. Not only may these delectable public servants so construct congressional districts that the minority party of the time shall be disfranchised, but they may make them up in such a way that the two principal parties shall be evenly divided, and thus the balance of power be thrown into the hands of a small number of voters, bound together, it may be, by fanaticism or a mutual desire for plunder. In such a case, the tyranny of the majority makes way for that of a small minority.

Legal disfranchisement is equally bad in its effects upon the representatives. They are seldom men who appeal to the better judgment of the public for approval, but rather such as can manipulate the majority party in any given district. Public apathy leaving, as it does, the nominations of candidates in the control of the "rings" and "machines," these conscienceless mechanical contrivances naturally name such as will best serve their interests. Moral and intellectual worth are useless as political factors, unless coupled with the power to crush the "machine" or the willingness to bow to its dictation. A premium is put upon mediocrity; a reward is offered for dishonesty.

Suppose now the introduction of the system of proportional representation, as suggested. To begin with, the districts are abolished, leaving the voter in any part of the State free to combine with his fellows in all other parts of the State. Every man votes for Congressmen, and every vote counts; there are no permanently disfranchised voters; there are none even temporarily disfranchised. Every citizen is conscious of the fact that the last representative on the list may be chosen by a single vote, and will make it a point to see that all his friends vote. There will be no despair from foreordained defeat; there will be no overconfidence from the certainty of victory. The state delegations will represent the parties and the people in the exact proportion of the votes cast. As the voter is freed from the necessity of voting for a certain man and party, or "throwing away" his vote, and may pick and choose in the political field, better men will be named as candidates for his approval. If one party does not present men of character, another may; if none of the old parties do, an independent one will. We shall not then witness the spectacle of a body of men deeply imbued with principle leading the forlorn hope, and voting year after year without avail, simply because their numbers are scattered about the State in a dozen or twenty congres-

sional districts. They will have representation as soon as they have votes enough to fill one quota. The very fact that an independent ticket can so easily be put in the field, and with such hopes of success, will have a tendency to purify the dominant parties, and render such action largely unnecessary.

Upon Independence Day, and upon all national *fête* days, the air is laden with appeals for purer patriotism, for greater public spirit. But of what avail are such words when addressed to the permanently and legally disfranchised voters of whom Garfield spoke, and who are to be found in hundreds of districts throughout the country? What does it matter to the Democrats of Minnesota or the Republicans of Texas how patriotic and public-spirited they may be? They have absolutely no means of giving expression to their ideas of national polity; as for having any part in the choice of members of Congress, they might as well be in equatorial Africa. Few men have the moral stamina to maintain a protracted fight for principle; practical results must be forthcoming, or they will turn their attention in other directions. When the voter has been supplied with the best possible tools, and fails to use them well, he may be censured; but so long as he must use tools which, from their very nature, render it utterly impossible for him to perform his work, no matter what his will and intelligence may be, he is not responsible for the failure. In 1888, the Democrats polled in the thirteen States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska forty-one per cent of the vote, but secured only 13.8 per cent of the representatives: they got but thirteen Congressmen when their vote entitled them to forty-one. In 1890, the Republicans of the thirteen States of New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin polled forty-one per cent of the vote, and got ten per cent of the representatives: they got twelve Congressmen when their vote entitled them to forty-eight. In 1888, the Democrats of the seven States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Kansas, and Nebraska polled 38.5 per cent of the total vote for Congressmen without electing one: they got no representatives at all, though their vote entitled them to ten.

This is not representation; it is the grossest misrepresentation. It is a flat denial of the very rights guaranteed us in the Constitution; it is an outrage upon simple justice and common sense; and to permit its continuance, when so complete and perfect a remedy as proportional representation is at hand, is nothing less than a crime.

LITERATURE AND THE MINISTRY.

As the ministerial vocation lies mainly within its borders, we should naturally expect that literature would occupy a prominent place in the curriculum of theological schools. Yet, so far from setting any particular value upon it for their purposes, these schools not only fail to include it in their own schemes of study, but they manifest little interest or concern in regard to the previous literary training of their students. Perhaps there is no better illustration of the spirit and policy dominant among them than the professional uses to which they put the

Bible. By general consent, it contains some of the most extraordinary prose and poetry in the world; but for all that, ignoring the man of letters, they practically give the book over into the hands of the historian, the philologist, and the theologian.

This discrimination against literature is certainly a matter which requires explanation. In the case of the Bible certain theories of inspiration may be partly responsible for it, though it is difficult to see how even the most conservative of them necessitate anything of the sort. Cardinal Newman, for example, held that the divine afflatus sometimes took such complete possession of the sacred writers as to convert them into mere passive channels of communication. Occasional passages, of which the first chapter in the gospel of St. John furnishes an instance, he did indeed refuse to call literature. He put them into the category of science, because they were supposed to deal with facts rather than with ideas. Yet, notwithstanding the presence of these so-called scientific elements, he never dreamed of considering the Bible anything else than literature, and that "in as real and true a sense, as personal, as rich in emotion and reflection, as Demosthenes and Euripides." But the hostile influences that may be fairly attributed to old-school doctrines of inspiration affect only the Scriptures, and do not account for the neglect of literature in general as an instrument of ministerial training. What is the distrust — for distrust there must have been — which has thrust it so completely into the background?

John Locke, to whom the cause of education is under lasting obligations, expresses the opinion, in one of his posthumous essays, that converse with books "is not the principal part of study." While he does not explain his views so fully and clearly as we could wish, he seems to question the relative efficiency of literature in educational work. Perhaps his position is not essentially different from that of Professor Freeman, of Oxford, who contends that it should not form any part at all of university study, unless pursued in connection with philology and history. He does not leave us in doubt concerning his reasons for this harsh judgment. They all take their rise in his favorite doctrine that sentiment, not fact, is the province of literature. The inference is not far to seek, that in subjects of this character, which are chiefly matters of taste, and hence involve endless differences of opinion, the student may successfully teach himself.

This conception of literature, as I shall hope to show in the sequel, is inadequate and misleading. "Sentiment" is altogether too scant a word to embrace its total contents. The whole history of books discredits the supposition that it is self-interpretative to a degree which renders exposition and illustration superfluous. The delays, the indifference and positive hostility which genius has encountered are an old and familiar story. Even the spacious times of the great Elizabeth mistook writers of the first rank for "unlearned idiots . . . who endeavor continually to publish their folly," and sent them for shrift to St. Fool's. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were in no haste to appreciate men who have since become their chief glory. It is a mistake to suppose that the critic has no vocation other than carrying coals to Newcastle. The present drift of opinion in educational circles, instead of confirming the opinion that instruction is of little consequence in literature, sets strongly toward the conviction that in no other subject is it of more importance. At all events, the outcome of *laissez-faire* theories has been sufficiently unsatisfactory.

Another explanation of the indifference with which professional schools of theology have regarded the study of literature is that it tends to create a

visionary habit and temper of mind; that it blunts the practical energies, and consequently disqualifies men for taking their proper place in a bustling, workaday world. This phase of the indictment, although it has had considerable vogue of late, is by no means new. John Lyly states it after his peculiar fashion when old Cassander gravely tells Euphues that those "who give themselves to be bookish are often so blockish that they forget thrift." The operations of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in England have shown that this apprehension exists among the middle and the laboring classes. In the work of this society, literary courses have commonly suffered when brought into competition with others which are thought to have immediate connection with bread-winning. These men and women readily appreciate the relation of science to practical affairs, nor is it difficult for them to see that history, political economy, and sociology have direct and helpful relations to their personal welfare. Literature stands, in their judgment, upon a quite different footing. They not only regard it as a luxury rather than a utility, but they have a suspicion that, if meddled with very much, it might unfit them for their craft.

The questions that have been raised are doubtless questions of fact, and some may think that they can be readily settled by a little scientific investigation. Four or five years ago, John Morley met the charge that the study of literature makes men unpractical by insisting that it was "ludicrously untrue" in reference to the existing government of England. "Some of the most sagacious men in the country," he continued, "are the most accomplished bookmen."

By examining the published sermons of successful preachers we should doubtless be able to determine with more or less confidence whether literature had been a chief nourisher of their genius. Take Jeremy Taylor, sometimes called the Shakespeare of the pulpit. The sources of his inspiration are not doubtful. In spite of the vicissitudes of his troubled career, he managed to read all the important publications of the day. If he did not neglect the soberer writers, neither was he indifferent to Robert Greene or Mademoiselle de Scudéri. Like Petrarch, he might have fitly died with his head on a book. Scarcely less were the obligations to literature of another great preacher, Robertson of Brighton. So conscious was he of its beneficent power in his own experience that he urged the reading of poetry upon the workingmen of his parish, as at once a powerful nepenthe,

> "Which can commute a sentence of sore pain
> For one of softer sadness,"

and an inspiration which could lift them into the higher moods of living. No one who is familiar with the remarkable sermons of the late Canon Liddon will have failed to observe that only a man of letters could have written them. If there should be appeal from the discourses of clergymen to the testimony of laymen, I should be inclined to quote the opinion of Thomas Nash, which deserves whatever attention the conclusions of a keen, observant Elizabethan may happen to be worth. "How admirably shine those divines above the common mediocrity," he exclaims, "that have tasted the sweet springs of Parnassus!"

We cannot expect, however, that this line of inquiry will lead to decisive results, since, as we have seen, literature has never been a substantial factor in the process of ministerial training. Inasmuch as satisfactory data of this sort do not exist, we are compelled to resort to *a priori* methods, to attempt some analysis of its principal constituents, before we can speak very definitely or confidently.

The question What is literature? does not involve any serious difficulties. It is a matter upon which scholars are in

the main agreed. They would hardly quarrel with a recent writer who says that it "consists of all the books — and they are not so many — where moral truth and human passion are touched by a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form." Shelley's description of poetry, as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best men," strikes the same key, and fits prose, especially of the imaginative sort which Walter Pater calls "the special and opportune art of the modern world," quite as happily as it fits poetry. Now if clergymen should happen to be "hard sitters" at those greater books which contain the noblest thought, emotion, and speech of men worthy to represent their kind, and which we call literature, what then?

It is plain at the outset that the study of these books involves a consideration of the gravest problems of theology. No theories of the Bible and of its relations to the church which promise to have much currency in our day will diminish the importance of this investigation. If literature is, in any adequate sense, a definition of man, — and such is the import of the descriptions of it which have been quoted, — it cannot pass by that very perplexing subject, the philosophy of life. The most casual examination shows that it does not pass by this question. On the contrary, ethical and religious problems largely furnish its materials of perennial interest. In our own literature, the ebb and flow of spiritual forces are distinctly traceable from the times of Chaucer onwards. Taine does not hesitate to say that it is impossible to consider religion and poetry separately, and speaks of that serious poem which in England is called religion. Doubtless our bards often sing as the linnet sings, but their prevailing strain is of another type. No theme appears to attract them so strongly and so constantly as that ancient matter of justifying the ways of God to men. In the present century, not to speak of other times, they have given much attention to contemporary religious problems. The poetry of Browning wrestles with questions like the origin of evil, the relation of knowledge to morality, and the immortality of the soul. A deep, comprehensive optimism pervades it, — an optimism which dared to look on

> "Brow-furrowed old age, youth's hollow cheek, —
> Diseased in body, sick in soul,
> Pinched poverty, satiated wealth, — your whole
> Array of despairs,"

and which survived the tremendous ordeal. Tennyson's In Memoriam, his Palace of Art, and Two Voices cover large tracts of modern doubt and perplexity. Clough shows an almost morbid eagerness to tear off disguises and break through conventionalities, in order to reach the simple, unalloyed truth. Shelley flew in the face of the church and theology, yet he did not always escape from the control of some higher and mysterious inspiration which overmastered his avowed purposes, so that, like the baffled prophet from Pethor, he spoke a message that the Lord put into his mouth.

But elaborate details are unnecessary, since "the pale cast of thought" is on the verse of our century. The services of the poetic intuition as a medium for the discovery and illustration of truth are so obvious as to save us the necessity of appeal to argument. These services have been conspicuous not only in the genesis of all the great religions, but also in the interpretation of nature and history. This intuition disclosed to Wordsworth the spiritual aspects of the external world; to Scott a fascinating and forgotten world buried beneath the rubbish of mediæval chronicles; to the Hebrew prophets the vision of God as all and in all. For our present purposes it is only necessary to call attention to these extraordinary achievements of the

poetic intuition, without attempting to lay bare the sources of its power, or to institute any comparison between it and the reflective processes. The philosopher reaches his conclusions through investigation and argument; his main resource is the critical faculty, which must fail to exhaust reality, because the spiritual life is so rich and complex "that we can never, by means of reflection, lift into clear consciousness all the elements that enter into it." On the other hand, the poet is at his best, not when he argues and tries to demonstrate, but when he yields himself wholly to the moods and inspirations of a direct vision. The poorest pages in Browning's poetry are those which he gives over to formal discussion. If they were expunged, there would be no great loss. In general, it may be said that while art and philosophy pursue different methods, while each has advantages peculiar to itself, yet as both aim at "a thinking of things together," as both strive "to interpret the world in terms of spirit," the suggestion that the distinction between them is not so radical and exclusive as has been commonly supposed may be worthy of consideration.

We should expect, therefore, waiving the question of a special divine communication to men through the medium of certain books, that literature would now and then be the source of important theological movements. The religious agitations which marked the first sixty years of the nineteenth century in England furnish an interesting illustration of this tendency. Philosophers and theologians, it is true, both had a hand in them, — effects of such magnitude generally spring from a great variety of causes, — but the leadership fell to men of letters. Coleridge belonged to all these guilds, yet, into whatever field he may have ventured, he never ceased to be a poet. Of Carlyle the same thing may be said, with a difference. He was hardly less a creature of the imagination than the man who sat on Highgate Hill. No more magnificent raw material of poetry has been written in the Victorian era than lies scattered over the pages of Sartor Resartus. In Newman and Kingsley literary gifts predominated over all others, while The Christian Year of Keble has become a classic. During the last twenty-five years, although the charge that he was a little too much at ease in Zion for an undoubted prophet might perhaps be sustained, no one has done so much to modify and harmonize theological sentiment as Matthew Arnold, a typical man of letters.

In this connection much might be said, and possibly something ought to be said, in reference to the resources of knowledge which we find in literature. The relations which it sustains to theology would seem to indicate that they are large and important. Naturally they will be less in poetry than in prose. But, according to one of the best known descriptions of it, poetry is a criticism of life, and that, to be worth anything, cannot forego knowledge. Or if we prefer to say that "the final test of greatness in a poet is his adequacy to human nature," we imply that all the constituents of it, the grosser and denser not less than the more imponderable, appear in his verse. It is astonishing that men like Professor Freeman should depreciate literature in comparison with history or philology, on the ground that it is out of touch with facts. If there is any truth in what has been said, they cannot be wholly absent even from its most sublimated products. In certain departments of it the element of realism has been very noticeable. Thackeray used to say that Tom Jones and Roderick Random surpassed all the formal histories as a mirror of eighteenth-century society. What is more, since it may involve a writer in serious difficulty if he should tell the truth of contemporaries, or even of the dead, the novel appears to be the only available source of information in

respect to certain matters of history and sociology.

But it is not in their more material and tangible elements that we find the supreme distinction of great books. The life is ever more than meat, — to rouse and inspire a higher service than to swell the stores of information. If it be asked, in view of these superior functions of literature, what special contributions to the furnishing of clergymen may be anticipated from familiarity with it, I make haste to say that it is a sovereign antidote to provincialism. Intellectual and spiritual breadth does not imply uncertainty or laxity of opinion. If it should lead to indifferentism, if it should melt into a confused mass the sharp outlines of conviction, the less we have of it the better. But we have no reason to anticipate evil consequences of that kind. Literary study certainly tends to establish and fortify definite lines of opinion; and, what is more, it does this with due regard to the laws of proportion. The vice of provincialism is that it ignores perspective, isolates men and things from their natural environment, and, as a result, inevitably falls into gross misconceptions. That great progress has been made in mental enfranchisement will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to compare the present century with the seventeenth or even the eighteenth, when, to take a single illustration, the highest historic generalization divided the record of mankind into two great sections, one of which was called sacred, and the other profane. We have abandoned this crude philosophy, as we now see that it breaks the unity of human life, restricts the providence of God, and sets religion at odds with reason, if not with morality itself. Literature promotes habits and conditions of mind that exclude provincialism, not so much by virtue of its accumulations of knowledge, however useful they may be, as by bringing men directly into the presence of great thoughts and emotions, which are at once its supreme distinction and capital factors of human progress. No one, for example, can read the six essays of Dr. Johnson selected by Matthew Arnold out of the original half hundred, or the speeches of Burke on American topics, without feeling that his mental horizon has been definitely enlarged, — that he sees things in juster relations and proportions. Such reading will communicate whatever breadth of view, whatever insight into the past and present, into the problems of social and religious life, may be gained from association with representative men of the race.

Nor will this intimacy be confined to the actual people of history. Books themselves, simply as books, may share in it. Leigh Hunt says that he once saw Charles Lamb give Chapman's Homer a kiss, and that there did not seem to be anything extravagant or unnatural in the act. But more frequently it is rather the people who live in books — in the fiction of the novelist or the verse of the poet — who attract us. Indeed, our closest friendships may be with these visionary folk. We sometimes feel that they are the most authentic men and women within the range of our knowledge, — feel like the old monk of the Escurial who came to regard the figures which looked out from the canvas of Titian's Last Supper as substantial realities, while the shifting throngs that stared at them and talked about them, in their wanderings through the palace, appeared to be fleeting shadows. The people of literature have a fullness and range of life which those whose being is bounded by the colors of the painter cannot attain. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of their services to the world, — services which the people of flesh and blood have scarcely surpassed. However we may explain the secret of this power, — whether it may arise in part from the fact that they are not literal reproductions of living men

and women, but creatures of the imagination, freed from all that is local or individual, and therefore exponents of elementary and universal principles of human nature, — we shall not be disposed to question its wonderful scope and persistence. Out of the hopes and fears, the victories and defeats, of his struggle against arbitrary power the Prometheus of Æschylus still speaks audibly to these later times. Bunyan's Christian walks among us with as firm and veritable a tread as St. Augustine or Thomas à Kempis. For three hundred years what eager audience has there been for my lord Hamlet, — what profound admiration of his genius, what patient exploration of the great mystery that darkens his life!

It is in connection with this phase of the subject that the unwasting vitality of literature appears in a very striking light. He who said that "the art of printing is the most miraculous of all things man ever devised" spoke the sober truth. It has discovered the secret of immortal youth. Age hath not dimmed the purity of Christabel, nor custom staled the visionary charm of Genevieve. Chaucer's pilgrims are quite as fresh and expectant as on the day when they gathered at the Tabard for their expedition to Canterbury. This art of printing annihilates time and space, even, and makes all generations contemporaries. If we open the pages of Homer, we are transplanted in an instant of time into the earlier world: the Trojan war still rages before wind-swept Ilium, the wrath of Achilles still burns, funeral strains still rise out of the grave of Hector, the tamer of horses. Not only has the vitality of books continued undiminished, in many cases, for centuries, but when we look forward and scan the future, no signs of approaching exhaustion are visible. "We can fancy Shakespeare," said Carlyle, "as radiant over all the nations of Englishmen a thousand years hence."

We commonly associate fervor with youth. May we expect that the study of literature will kindle enthusiasm in the ministrations of the pulpit? Will it touch the hearts of clergymen as with a live coal from the altar? I have alluded to the impression rife in some quarters that it spoils men for affairs. The impression has also been abroad that it is destructive to fervor. Festus said that books made Paul mad; in later times they have been thought to make preachers dull. But if intimacy with them has any necessary or even probable consequence of this character, it is very singular. Such a result would seem to be in defiance of all recognized laws of cause and effect. We found no blight of dullness on the sermons of the preachers already mentioned. The great divines of the Reformation "lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato," and suffered little loss of vivacity. John Howe's familiarity with Spinoza and Descartes did not kill his unction. Richard Baxter somewhere enumerates the grammarians, mathematicians, physicists, philosophers, and theologians whom he studied, but he could write, nevertheless, the impassioned Call to the Unconverted. In place of viewing even technical learning with suspicion, as if somehow it would chill the sensibilities and lower the average of spiritual temperature, clergymen may well incorporate into the liturgy of their private devotions the petition of an ancient bishop, — "Lord, send me learning enough that I may preach plain enough."

I can indeed understand how exclusive intimacy with the intellectual side of books might have unfortunate consequences. As Mr. Emerson has remarked, the intellect is cool, and if there were nothing else in books it would seriously impair their usefulness. But there are in them other and greater constituents. The professor of homiletics who said that they are for the brain uttered a very mischievous half-truth.

Mr. Ruskin has spoken with a keener, more trustworthy insight. After entering into their thoughts, he declares that you have this higher advance to make, — "you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their great and mighty passion." Hence he contends that it is more important to feel with them what is right than to learn from them what is right. Clergymen who have experienced something of this "great and mighty passion" will not find that it raises barriers between them and their flocks. Nay, it is rather the mysterious power whose touch makes the whole world kin.

But, whatever else familiarity with literature may do for the ministry, will it not after all have a tendency to blunt the ethical sensibilities? We must admit that books, as Professor Masson puts it, have given an uncomfortable prominence to the back of the head. The wickedness which is in the world has powerfully affected them. Still, this state of things ought not to surprise us. If they deal truthfully and adequately with life, it is inevitable. Yet it can no longer be regarded as an open question — and this fact is a conclusive answer to all cavils on the score of morality — that vicious books are destined to extinction. "If any one thing is proved by the whole history of literature down to the present time," says Symonds, "it is that the self-preservative instinct of humanity rejects such art as does not contribute to its intellectual nutrition or moral sustenance." A constant process of fermentation is in operation by which all vicious and unwholesome elements are thrown off. Within certain limits, the good and evil of literature, it must not be forgotten, are relative, — incidents in the great historic movements of social evolution. What one age considers proper enough, to the next may appear intolerable. None of the devout and, according to contemporary standards, refined ladies to whom Cowper read the life of Mr. Jonathan Wild appear to have been made uncomfortable by the performance. Dryden and the Restoration dramatists would scarcely get the same reception to-day that the seventeenth century accorded them. If the Elizabethan Marston were to write for the present generation, he would need to reform his ethics altogether. However brilliant "the rhetoric of Satan" may be, the time comes, sooner or later, when its charm is gone. So we find that the field of authors who once had great vogue is constantly lessening, and in the inevitable course of events must completely disappear.

Yet it is not so much the presence of evil in books as the temper of the writer who deals with it that determines the character of their influence. If the writer is sincere, if his presentation of sin "contains the thrill of pain which touches and teaches," they cannot fairly be called immoral. In Shakespeare there are plenty of coarse passages, but they spread no infection through his plays. His undoubted moral intuition, which is never absent, saves him. The evil which we find in his pages is not there on its own account, — it affords a background upon which virtue is the more effectively set forth. Our appreciation of Cordelia would be less complete were it not for the ugly figures of Goneril and Regan. The coarseness of Caliban and Trinculo brings out with wonderful effect the spiritual ideality of Prospero and Miranda. Without the presence of Falstaff and of his riotous crew we should fail to take the full measure of Shakespeare's favorite hero, Henry V. Admirers of the Italian Machiavelli maintain that in art and knowledge of human nature he rivals the great English dramatist; but unworthy conceptions of life and an evident relish for the baser side of it taint all the creations of his genius, and exclude

him irrevocably from the company of immortals. The spokesmen of the race must take service in the cause of truth and purity; and that any class of men who aspire to be ethical and religious teachers should suppose that they can afford to neglect their words is passing strange.

Leverett W. Spring.

LOUNSBURY'S STUDIES IN CHAUCER.

Into eight monographs, contained in three large and beautifully printed volumes,[1] Professor Lounsbury has gathered the fruits of his long devotion to Chaucer. The modest title, Studies, is no index to the riches or the attractiveness of this book, which is not only indispensable to the scholar henceforth, — that was to be expected, — but is of unusual interest to the general reader. Mr. Lounsbury's style has a peculiar charm: it is brilliant without overfinish, it abounds in humor, and it shows a decided turn for epigram. He takes his time, but is never long-winded. One sees so many rough-and-ready compendiums nowadays that it is refreshing to meet with a writer who will not be bullied into unseemly hurry.

The first and second chapters are closely related, and, taken together, make up Mr. Lounsbury's life of Chaucer, — the best, beyond a doubt, that has yet been written. New facts were scarcely to be expected. A careful sifting of the accumulated material, however, with an appreciation of the hypotheses with which Chaucerians have eked out our scanty information, had become imperative.

In this arduous and delicate investigation Mr. Lounsbury has shown both judgment and acumen. Five moot points will at once occur to everybody who is familiar with the literary controversies of the last twenty or thirty years, — the date of Chaucer's birth, his relation to Thomas Chaucer, his supposed meeting with Petrarch, the case of Cecilia Chaumpagne, and the history of his early love. For the date of Chaucer's birth Mr. Lounsbury prefers to 1340 some year between 1331 and 1335, basing his opinion on certain passages in the works of the poet and of his contemporaries, which do not, after all, seem quite conclusive. Yet the earlier date is far from unreasonable. The Petrarch question is examined without sentiment, and with a keen feeling for the humors of the situation. Professor Skeat's dictum that to deny the meeting is to charge Chaucer with "deliberate and unnecessary falsehood" is treated with as much leniency as it deserves. As to Thomas Chaucer, Mr. Lounsbury decides that the weight of evidence is distinctly in favor of his being the poet's son, and to this all sober reasoners will subscribe. The disagreeable guess elaborated by Mrs. Haweis is not even alluded to. The Chaumpagne affair is discussed with great good sense, and felicitously illustrated by an appeal to the manners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Particularly happy is the criticism of that sad pageant of unrequited affection which the ingenuity of scholars has constructed out of shreds and patches of Chaucer's poetry, — a tragedy in which Chaucer is made to play the pale complexion of true love, and a high-born lady, fair but unapproachable,

[1] *Studies in Chaucer. His Life and Writings.* By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

enacts the red glow of scorn. This criticism is included in the second biographical chapter, The Chaucer Legend; for that is the limbo to which the author has banished "all things transitory and vain" that have exercised the pens of theorists. The whole chapter, we need hardly add, is highly diverting. One regrets only that the latest German suggestion, which identifies the hard-hearted mistress for whom Chaucer languished with "die Freigebigkeit" of the Duchess Blanche of Lancaster, did not appear in time to receive due honor in this essay.

The first chapter closes with a capital commentary on Chaucer's ability in practical affairs, — a subject about which we have a right to draw inferences, but which has been pretty well neglected by his biographers.

In The Text of Chaucer (chapter iii.) Mr. Lounsbury speaks to laymen rather than to specialists; yet even the most advanced student will find his specimens of manuscript corruption useful, and his notices of the early editions exceedingly convenient. The gradual deterioration and the slow restoration of the text are traced with perspicuity; and to the whole of what is usually regarded as a sufficiently arid subject the charm of the author's style and the titillation of his humor lend an attractiveness which philologists have not usually thought fit to impart to their lucubrations. To Tyrwhitt Mr. Lounsbury is liberal of praise, though not beyond desert; to Thomas Wright he is something less than just. The odd notions of Chaucer's verse prevalent as late as the middle of the present century are described, and due credit is given to Professor Child for investigating, for the first time scientifically, the leading phenomena of Chaucerian grammar and metre. An account of the labors of Dr. Furnivall, and a sketch of what remains to be done in elucidation of Chaucer, bring the chapter to a close. Despite its excellence, the essay is not free from questionable statements and inferences. The most striking is, perhaps, the attempt to justify the Ellesmere reading in a famous couplet in The Wife of Bath's Tale, where, to our thinking, the rejection of the vulgate would deprive us of a delightful bit of characteristic humor. Of less moment, although not without significance in view of arguments subsequently used to support the doubtful thesis that Chaucer is responsible for the extant English translation of the Roman de la Rose, is the assertion that "there must have been" in Caxton's time "a body of students who recognized the existence of corruptions in the copies, and were laudably interested in preserving the text of the poet in its purity." This may be true, but it is scarcely a warrantable inference from Caxton's words, which indicate merely the existence of a body of intelligent and enthusiastic *readers*, — quite a different thing. The misprint "1513" for "1413" occurs twice in this chapter (pages 240, 341), to enforce what Mr. Lounsbury says about the difficulty of attaining typographical accuracy.

The essay on the Writings of Chaucer (chapter iv.) deals with the higher criticism, attempting to separate from the genuine works of the poet the many pieces ascribed to him by the ignorant zeal of the earlier editors. To this end, much space is given to a minute scrutiny of those "internal" criteria on which scholars have come to rely in such a process. A long excursus on the authorship of the English Romaunt of the Rose forms a sort of appendix. With regard to all the other apocrypha, Mr. Lounsbury's judgment agrees with that of most modern scholars. As to the Romaunt, however, he is flatly opposed to the prevailing view; for he is convinced that Chaucer is the author of the whole of the fragmentary version that long went under his name. He is led into this position by considerations of style, his chief doc-

ument being a large collection of parallel passages. Though fully aware of the difficulties in the way of his theory, — difficulties which most students regard as insuperable, — he believes that the grammatical, metrical, and dialectic tests cannot hold their ground against his proofs. To discuss fully Mr. Lounsbury's extraordinarily clever argument would carry us into technical details for which we have no room, and for which this is not the proper place. We are satisfied, however, that all his affirmative arguments can be met, and that he has in no wise vacated the all but conclusive evidence on the other side. His parallel passages, on which he is almost ready to rest his case, can in very many instances be themselves paralleled from the metrical romances, and the stylistic and philological evidence which he adduces is in many respects untrustworthy. An example or two will illustrate what seem to us his errors in matters of detail. *Smitted* (Troilus, v. 1545) may well be from *smitten*, to pollute, to disgrace: there is then no irregularity, and the form is useless for Mr. Lounsbury's purpose. Again, it is unsafe to assert that *houne* (Troilus, iv. 210) is the same as *hound*, unless *here*, in the same line, can be satisfactorily accounted for, and this has not yet been done. *Shortly to tell*, which is said not to occur in Gower, is found in the Confessio Amantis at least twice. Such tautological turns of phrase as "ful pale and nothing red," to which Mr. Lounsbury seems disposed to attach importance, are met with again and again in Gower and in the romances. *If I may*, in the sense of *if I can help it*, is, in one of the cases in which it is found in the Romaunt, a mere translation of *si je puis:* this is enough to destroy its demonstrative force, even if it did not occur elsewhere (as it does, for example, twice in Ywain and Gawain). It is useless to compare "Although he sought oon intyl Inde" with "Though that I walked into Inde" when Havelok the Dane contains the line, "Thou [= though] I southe hethen into Ynde." But enough of this.

In one instance Mr. Lounsbury has suffered his enthusiasm to get the better of the fairness with which he usually treats his opponents in this debate. One of the proofs that the English Romaunt as we have it is the work of more than one hand is the fact that an important personage in the allegory is called "Bial-Acoil" in one part of the poem, "Fair-Welcoming" in the rest. This argument Mr. Lounsbury dismisses with contempt that is almost hilarious. "Sadly hampered would a poet be if he were not at liberty to use equivalent expressions, either when the necessities of the verse demanded it, or when, after using one form, he settled upon another that recommended itself, for any reason, to his taste. . . . In the general Prologue, [Chaucer] speaks of the Reeve's horse as 'all pomely gray.' In the prologue to the Canon's Yeoman's Tale, the horse of the Canon who overtook the party is 'all pomely grys.' As if this were not enough, the steed that Sir Thopas bestrode was 'all dapple gray.' Here we have three ways of stating the same thing. Does any one seriously think of maintaining that these differences of phraseology suggest in the slightest degree difference of authorship?" Another question: Does any one seriously think that, by showing that Chaucer used three different words to describe a dapple-gray horse (or rather, three dapple-gray horses!), Mr. Lounsbury has in the slightest degree answered an argument based on the variety of names given to a single character in the Romaunt? Far be it from us to wish to restrict genius in the exercise of its reasonable privileges; but surely liberty becomes license when an author is to be allowed to vary at will the names of his *dramatis personæ*. We should surely have a right to complain if a German translator of Henry IV. indulged his dislike for sameness by

calling the hostess of the Boar's Head "Dame Quickly" or "Frau Hurtig" indifferently, and it might dizzy the arithmetic of memory if we were obliged to greet the same man in the same poem now as "Fortinbras" and now as "Johnie Armstrong."

A long monograph of over two hundred and fifty pages on the Learning of Chaucer follows the excursus just commented on. This is one of the most valuable parts of the work. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the solid acquirements and the expository talent which it displays. It exhausts the subject without tiring the reader. We can mention but a point here and there. Mr. Lounsbury is clearly right in denying that the House of Fame is a travesty of the Divine Comedy, or can be identified with the Dante in English of Lydgate's catalogue. His opinions on Chaucer's relations to Boccaccio and Petrarch will provoke digladiation. There is no evidence, he maintains, that Chaucer ever read a line of the Decamerone. This statement is so opposed to current beliefs that we must expect to see it assailed with passion. It is true, notwithstanding. The remark that Chaucer owed to this work the plan of his Canterbury Tales continues to be made in every new history of English literature, though the latest worker in that field, Professor Brandl, in Paul's Grundriss, has had the caution to employ a qualifying "*wohl.*" Yet so great a genius as Chaucer, as Mr. Lounsbury reminds us, might well have hit upon the idea of having people tell stories, — for in that point alone are the plans of the two works alike, — without consultation with Boccaccio. The "Lollius" puzzle tempts Mr. Lounsbury into an ingenious but highly improbable theory. He suggests that those works of Boccaccio which Chaucer unquestionably knew (the Filostrato, for example) were supposed by him to be works of Petrarch, and that by "Lollius" Petrarch is always and everywhere meant. But this is *difficile per difficilius.* The influence of French literature on Chaucer is traced with discrimination. It is to be hoped that this part of the book will meet the eye of Mr. Churton Collins, who, in a recent much-commended polemic, On the Study of English Literature, has not shrunk from declaring that "the fathers of Chaucer" were "Boccaccio, the authors of the Roman de la Rose, Machault, Granson, Froissart." Acquaintance with Horace and Livy, Mr. Lounsbury is inclined to think, Chaucer had none. The Doctor's Tale is no proof that he knew the story of Virginia in the Latin form, for the details of the narrative show that he drew directly from the Roman de la Rose.

The most serious defect in this otherwise admirable chapter is the very inadequate treatment of Chaucer's obligations to the metrical romances. Sir Thopas has always been allowed to have too much weight in this question. Chaucer satirizes one class of the romances, not all classes; for there were good romances and bad in the fourteenth century, as there are good and bad novels in the nineteenth. That Chaucer enjoyed the best of them would be *a priori* extremely probable: their excellences, the existence of which Mr. Lounsbury is too hasty in refusing to recognize, were of a kind to appeal to him. Indeed, he must have had a kindness for the poorest of them. The satire of the Thopas is rather that of a man who is indulging in raillery at the amiable weaknesses of his friends than of a man who is branding the despicable follies of the objects of his literary antipathy. It is as reasonable to argue from Rebecca and Rowena that Thackeray had no liking for Ivanhoe as to argue from Sir Thopas that Chaucer had no liking for Beves of Hampton or Guy of Warwick. At all events, the style of Chaucer shows the plainest marks of the influence of the romances. He uses their phraseology

and their formulæ with freedom, and apparently with satisfaction; and indeed a considerable number of the parallel passages which Mr. Lounsbury has collected in a previous chapter, to prove that Chaucer and the translator of the Roman de la Rose were one and the same person, are destitute of all value as evidence simply because they are literary commonplaces derived from these compositions. It is odd to find Mr. Lounsbury appealing to the language of the Nun's Priest to prove that Chaucer had no respect for "the book of Launcelot de Lake." To say nothing of the fun of the passage in question, it is dangerous to gauge Chaucer's sentiments by those of the Nun's Priest.

The essay on Chaucer's Relation to the Religion of his Time, which takes up the more original part of the next chapter, — for that portion of the chapter which deals with Chaucer's relation to the English language, though useful and generally sound, does not pretend to contain anything new, — is in some ways in striking contrast with the rest of the Studies. It exhibits Mr. Lounsbury in the character of a special pleader, not in the character of a judicial critic. The main thesis is that the poet, though not a Wycliffite, was so affected by the religious and political agitations of the times that he yielded to the impulses of his naturally skeptical spirit and grew less and less an orthodox Christian as he grew older, till he came at last to question the fundamental articles of the faith. In a word, an attempt is made to approximate the attitude of Chaucer in his riper years to that of "the modern agnostic." That there may possibly be some truth in this view few will deny. That the poetical passages which Mr. Lounsbury brings forward as evidence substantially support it we cannot admit. This is notably the case with regard to the opening lines of the Prologue to The Legend of Good Women, on which Mr. Lounsbury lays great stress. So far are these from bearing the meaning which he wishes to attach to them that a friend suggests that they might well have been used by Dean Mansel as a motto for his famous Bampton Lectures on the limits of religious thought. Notwithstanding all this, the whole paper is so interesting and suggestive that one could better spare a better part of the book.

The third volume of the Studies is entirely devoted to literary history and literary criticism. It consists of two masterly articles, — Chaucer in Literary History, and Chaucer as a Literary Artist. The object of the first of these is "to trace the history of Chaucer's reputation." In his own day and by his immediate successors Chaucer was regarded as the prince of poets, and there is the testimony of Eustache Deschamps to prove that his fame had crossed the Channel. The vogue of the poet in Scotland in the fifteenth century was also very great. All this is pointed out by Mr. Lounsbury, whose remarks on the Kingis Quair will save his opponents the trouble of putting into excellent language a strong point against the Chaucerian authorship of the English Romaunt of the Rose. Similarly, what he has to say of the "singular fact that the anonymous productions [of the fifteenth century] exceed those of the authors of repute in everything which makes poetry readable" may easily be used against him by one who wishes to expose the fallacy of his argument that we must ascribe the Romaunt to Chaucer because it is too good to be ascribed to any other known writer. Of the popularity of the poet in the sixteenth century, four editions of his complete works, published within a period of thirty years, are the best evidence. Such testimony is striking enough, even if we allow for the factitious reputation which he enjoyed mainly on the strength of the spurious Plowman's Tale, a violent invective against the Roman Church. Mr. Lounsbury's treatment of these matters leaves

nothing to be desired. Equally well done is his account of the relation of Spenser to Chaucer, and of the general effect which the fourteenth-century master exercised on the Elizabethan revival. From this he passes to the eclipse which Chaucer's fame suffered in the latter half of the seventeenth century, when he appears to have been read by a select circle only, though of course he continued to be talked about by everybody. The renewed interest in Chaucer which followed Dryden's modernizations carries Mr. Lounsbury into country seldom explored even by the professional student. He has given a history of the attempts made at different times to reproduce the works of the poet in modern English, as well as a sketch of various entertaining futilities in the way of imitations of his language. And all this is not mere compilation. Mr. Lounsbury has written a chapter of literary history for which no one has ever attempted even to collect the material, and he has written it so well that it need never be written again. His criticism of Dryden is particularly gratifying; for it is rarer now to find an appreciative judge of Dryden than to find a judicious admirer of Chaucer.

In the concluding pages of this chapter Mr. Lounsbury has agitated a question of much practical importance: How is Chaucer to be spelled, and how pronounced? His answer is not quite what one would expect. For the great body of cultivated readers he advocates a spelling and a pronunciation reduced as nearly to nineteenth-century standards as is consistent with the preservation of metrical form. In no other garb, he thinks, can Chaucer be familiar to our sight; in no other voice can he speak to us with a familiar sound. Space fails us to discuss these unwelcome and, as we think, mistaken utterances. But in practice they will refute themselves. It is only an approximate familiarity that such changes will effect; and this delusive benefit will be won through a very real and very lamentable loss. One test is easy. Let the beginner who is halting between two opinions examine a consecutive hundred of Chaucer's rhyme-words, and observe what happens to them when pronounced in modern fashion. Yet bad rhymes are not the only evils that follow in the train of modernization.

In the final chapter of the book we have Mr. Lounsbury at his best as a critic. He is clear, logical, and convincing, without taint of sentimentality or "impressionist" nonsense. Of the affected jargon which some critics seem to think essential to their art there is not a trace. Not only is the essay valuable for its contents, but as an object lesson which our day and generation would do well to lay to heart.

We cannot take leave of this remarkable work without congratulating the cause of sound scholarship and good taste on the possession of one proof more in rebuttal of the too prevalent notion that philology and the study of literature should be divorced. Mr. Lounsbury's book would demonstrate, if demonstration were needful, that learning is not inconsistent with the ability to write good English, and that superficiality is not a necessary accoutrement for a literary critic.

MONTCALM AND LÉVIS.

THE Abbé Casgrain is a veritable product of his race, his tongue, his religion, his locality. When he writes, he writes as a Frenchman, as a French Canadian, as a Catholic, and he writes in the French language. In every one of these capacities he deserves well of his race, his tongue, his religion, and his country. To him the Celts are the embodiment of everything good in the Turanian stock, and of these no race equals the French, and of the French no branch approaches the Canadian, preserved from the contamination of the world in the remoteness to which it has been assigned by the special care of Providence. Perhaps, too, of this chosen people, none are quite equal to those along the lower St. Lawrence, or, more particularly, those dwelling upon the chilly side of Cape Diamond.

It is not only his people who owe him much; the students of colonial history, the readers, the writers, all are indebted to him. He is indefatigable, enthusiastic. What he says of Parkman's tirelessness and painstaking may be said of his own: he crosses rivers and lakes to locate a stockade; he traverses seas to make sure of a manuscript. His latest labors would be well worth recording. In 1888, while in France, he unearthed eleven volumes of manuscript, containing the journal of Montcalm, the journal of Lévis, the correspondence of these two generals, as well as that of Vaudreuil, Bourlamaque, Bigot, and a crowd of other officers, civil and military, the reports of divers expeditions, and the letters and official papers of the court of Versailles of the epoch of 1755–60. He did more: he induced the Quebec government to take upon itself the publication of these documents, he overseeing the task; and the world will thus benefit by his sagacity as well as by his discovery. To complete this collection, he has had copies made of the documents filed in the Ministry of the Marine and Colonies and that of War at Paris, and this series alone comprehends nineteen huge volumes in folio. He has made abstracts from the collections in the national archives and the principal Parisian libraries, as well as from those in the provinces and in the possession of private families. In his collection are the writings of Bougainville which treat of Canada, his journal and correspondence; and these constitute two great folios of eleven hundred and eighty-four closely written pages. From the little town of Foix among the Pyrenees, where he brought Jaubert's letters to light, to the British Museum and Public Record Office, and to the libraries and government offices of the United States, to say nothing of those of his own country, — wherever, indeed, anything bearing upon that portentous epoch was to be found, he has delved untiringly and to good purpose.

This brief *résumé* of what one collector has done shows what a man can do who is really in earnest; it conveys, too, an adequate realization of the labor and research of which this latest of his works, Montcalm et Lévis,[1] is a result, and of the value that can be put upon his statement of facts. It may be said, in brief, that this great collection of *materia historica* has enabled him to correct some errors, to dissipate many obscurities, to cast upon the annals side lights which illuminate the story and even modify its character, and has permitted him accurately to weigh divers contradictory and contending assertions and to settle disputed points. Nothing, it would seem, could stand in the way

[1] *Montcalm et Lévis.* Par l'Abbé R. H. CASGRAIN. Quebec: J. Demers et Frère. 1891.

of a connected, continued, and accurate statement of facts; nothing could mar the completeness and harmony of narration. There is no room left for error save that made by the original writers, or that to which fallibility of judgment and passion and prejudice may expose the historian: his reflections and his decisions are all that should remain subjects of appeal.

In 1885 the Abbé Casgrain concluded his notice of the life and works of Francis Parkman with the assertion that the true history of Canada was yet to be written in the English language. In seeking the reasons for this conclusion, we are led to his observations upon The Old Régime in Canada, where, though the criticism be glowing in everything relating to style, to the conception of the subject and disposition of matter, to the enthusiasm of the writer, his conscientious adherence to the truth, and his equally conscientious toil and patience, the critic denies to the historian the possession of certain qualifications without which he cannot even comprehend his subject. Mr. Parkman, says the abbé, seems to reject everything which does not pertain directly to the present life, everything which is connected with a better world and with our future destiny. He examines and judges all — men and things, thoughts and deeds — from a purely natural and human point of view. Therefore his gaze does not dwell upon the finest side of Canadian history; but that which is greatest, most generous, and most heroic in this country's past either utterly escapes him, or at best but skims the surface of his mind. In brief, Mr. Parkman, in his critic's eyes, is a rationalist, and consequently, however picturesque and vivid may be his account of those who exhibit faith as the mainspring of their deeds, it is not possible for him to grasp the real character of a people upon whose annals, at almost every page, is to be found the imprint of those supernatural motives which animate men and which were the very soul of the colony. The abbé adds that he would be still more severe were he to criticise Montcalm and Wolfe, the latest production of the historian; thus leaving us to infer that the lack of spiritual qualification so painfully apparent in Mr. Parkman's early work is still more so in his late one.

The abbé, however, has ventured further; he himself has essayed the part of historian, and historian of the very period which the New Englander is fresh from recounting. He tells the same story over again, and we have reason to expect his presentation of the subject to be in an altogether different light, and surrounded by another atmosphere; for here we have a writer who cannot help comprehending his subject, inasmuch as he has the principles which belong to an order of things the Bostonian does not admit; here we are to behold those supernatural motives which animate men, and which were the very soul of the colony; here will be rejection of all that pertains to present existence, and acceptance of that which relates to a better world and our future destiny only; and men and things, thoughts and deeds, will be examined and judged from a point of view not natural and human. It must be granted that what is grandest, most generous, and most heroic in the Canadian past does not suffer at the Canadian historian's hands, even though it requires argument to prove its existence and iteration to set it forth; but as to the rest one remark will suffice, — there is not a trace of a higher life or of loftier principles than those which are revealed in the pages of the rationalist; no supernatural motives animate the unmistakably earthy Canadians; we breathe no rarer atmosphere, we quaff no purer streams, and, to our great relief, the point of view is quite natural and human. From beginning to end there is a total absence of everything which could suggest that the Canadians

were animated, in assisting at the reduction of Fort William Henry, for example, by any spirit more mystical than that which possessed this fortification's unfortunate defenders, unless we find it in the pious Lévis attributing that dastardly success to the interposition of the Holy Ghost.

It is an unfortunate thing for him who assumes a part already taken that he is debarred from heightening curiosity by the offer of anything novel in the scene. He must take it as the other found it; he is forced, by the nature of the case, to rely upon his more effective personality, and he must make this outweigh the advantage already possessed by his predecessor. Possession is nine points of the law in letters as well as in jurisprudence, and the later work is certain to be contrasted with the earlier. It must not only surpass this in style and in matter, but it must dislodge it and take its place as a better and a conclusive exposition of the truth. The aspirant's motto should not be "Until something better," but "After me nothing." First impressions will hardly concede to the author of Montcalm et Lévis originality in conception of his theme. If priority is to have force, then the conception is Parkman's, the disposition of material is Parkman's, and the method of treatment is Parkman's; for where this work is not antiphonal to Montcalm and Wolfe, it is one and the same thing. It has the same subject and the same object; it has almost the same title, and it covers the same ground; its constitution, *tout ensemble*, and division are the same; it even winds up with the same ghost story. One of these works, however, is written in English, the other in French; this has for its author a Canadian, that an American. The difference of race in the writers manifests itself, and the stories, though similar, are not entirely the same; while the subordinate character of the later work is betrayed by the recurring correction of, opposition to, or criticism of the former, and the constant recognition of the American work as the point of approach or departure. When Parkman intones,

> "Their Dieskau we from them detain,
> While Canada aloud complains,
> And counts the numbers of their slain,
> And makes a dire complaint,"

the abbé responds,

> "Je chante des François
> La valeur et la gloire,
> Qui toujours sur l'Anglois
> Remportent la victoire."

From certain causes we deduce certain effects, and we come to the irresistible conclusion that to Montcalm and Wolfe we owe Montcalm et Lévis, and that without Parkman we should not have had Casgrain.

The most important feature of this work, perhaps, is the revelation and exposition of the antipathy which existed between the civil and military powers as well as between the French and the Canadians, and the jealousy of Montcalm exhibited by a number of his subordinates. Where internal contention and bickering are limited to personal rivalry or animosity, so long as they are subordinated to the public welfare they are not subjects of history; but when they threaten the very end of the undertaking itself which has called them together upon the scene, they are serious indeed, and their gravity makes them historical. Such was the case during the period of 1755–60, and the animosity which arose between Montcalm, the commander of the forces, and Vaudreuil, the governor-general, is not to be underrated. One would suppose that if ever the things that are Cæsar's should be rendered unto Cæsar, it is in a war to the death. They manage these things better in France — or worse. An old-time jealousy of the French army, and of French influence whenever it was exerted in the colony, had long existed in Canada, and Vaudreuil, a Canadian born, was the exponent of this feeling.

He made it felt at Versailles before Montcalm had set foot aboard ship, and made it felt in such a way that the instructions to the new commander-in-chief contained an injunction that his plans and contemplated operations should always be first submitted for the approval of the governor-general, who had a royal letter containing this statement: "The Marquis of Montcalm has not command of the regular troops; he can have it only under your authority, and he must be wholly under your orders." The house was divided against itself at the outset, and the result of this is, the assumptions of a governor who preposterously claims every success as his own and lays every failure upon the shoulders of the general, and an acrimonious and bitter contention between the elements of Old and New French which would be contemptible were not its consequences so very serious; for the enemies of Montcalm (who, to judge from this book, at last comprised nearly everybody contained in the word "Canadians") go so far as to insinuate that the fall of Quebec was due to Montcalm prematurely ordering the attack in order to anticipate Vaudreuil, who was hastening up with the rest of the army.

Nor was the French army itself free from dissension. The animosity existing between the French and Canadians, it is true, could not divide the regular army, which was altogether French, but it aggravated the invidious comparison between Montcalm and Lévis already whispered, and favored the enemies of Montcalm in his own camp. It can hardly be said that there was a Montcalm party and a Lévis party among the regular troops, for the cool and self-contained Lévis would not permit such a dangerous and unmilitary condition; but there undoubtedly existed a coterie, of which it is noticeable that, while Lévis is lauded to the skies, Montcalm is the object of criticism invariably tinged with censoriousness.

The feeling existing between the French and the Canadians at that time manifests itself in the Abbé Casgrain's work to-day. One cannot resist the conviction that it was written for the purpose of setting forth the part played by the Canadians in the best light possible. There cannot be any objection to this; on the contrary, the task is a commendable one, if conscientiously performed. The danger besetting a writer in such a case is that of sinking the historian in the advocate; but, that offense avoided, no offering to Clio could be more pleasing. We know that, upon our side, the same jealousy between the regulars and the militia existed, the same disdain of the provincial by the European. With us, too, this feeling left its mark upon history in Braddock's and Abercrombie's defeats, and in the reluctance of different colonies to forward men and supplies, and was recalled with such bitterness, half a generation later, that it cannot be overlooked in assigning active motives for our revolt. There is a complete historical parallel in the cases of the Americans and the Canadians. The Europeans landed with a consciousness of superiority, which, on being met by resentment, manifested itself in disdain. There was the same contempt of the regulars for the provincial way of fighting, and the same refusal to recognize in it the mode adapted to a country where there was no cavalry, field artillery, or baggage trains, nor any chance of using them if they existed. The results were the same: the French incurred Dieskau's defeat and the fall of Quebec, where those who escaped from the field did so under cover of the despised Canadians; and the British met with Braddock's defeat, where those who regained Fort Cumberland did so under the protection of the slighted provincials. The work of the Abbé Casgrain clearly reveals the progress of this jealousy in the cabinet and in the field, until it culminates in irretrievable disaster to the cause which

brought the discordant elements into conjunction.

We cannot, however, yield our entire sympathy to the unintermitting attempts to attribute every success to the Canadians, and every failure to the French. We are willing to admit much; but Oswego was taken by French skill, Fort William Henry was reduced by French skill; Abercrombie was repulsed by French valor, and the victory of Ste. Foy was shared by the French with the Canadians, and was achieved under a French leader. The Canadians, in fact, throughout this war, never took a principal part, except in the affair of the Monongahela; they figured only in subordinate parts or in minor warfare, and in these they gained the respect neither of their auxiliaries nor of their foes. Where there was one Beaujeu there were a hundred La Cornes. A long and eventful war, during which their country was at stake, produced not a single man among them much above mediocrity; not a single poet uttered a lament over Canada's downfall, nor was there an annalist to record the bravery of his countrymen. Not until the mists of a century had hidden what they did not magnify did a historian arise to tell of their deeds.

Other important features of this work are to be found in the effects of the famine, and the glimpses of social life among the higher classes during the sway of Bigot. An undertone of anti-Montcalmism runs from cover to cover. It would have been well, perhaps, to dwell more emphatically and in detail upon the growing indifference of the court towards Canada, — indifference which culminated in the sneer of Voltaire. It would have been better (and it would have been a mere recognition of humanity) had the author forborne to quote, and to adopt as expressive of his own sentiment, the unutterably mean observations in which Lévis shifts the blame of the Fort William Henry butchery upon the butchered. He could learn a lesson in this respect from the Abbé Gabriel. Whatever the shortcomings of Montcalm and whatever the performance of his lieutenant, the world has not taken Lévis to its bosom as it has Montcalm, and it will require more than one work like Montcalm et Lévis to effect a change now in its regard. As far as the Abbé Casgrain's work is concerned, the question whether the true history of Canada has been written in the French language seems still to remain an open one.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems of Sidney Lanier, edited by his Wife; with a Memorial by William Hayes Ward. (Scribners.) A new edition, though there is no intimation how far the book is an advance upon the edition published in 1884. As a collection of Lanier's verse, however, it cannot fail to find its place. It is to be feared that the place will not be in a general popular regard, for the appeal which Lanier makes, with all his fervor, is to a somewhat small class, first of students of poetry, curious in the technique, and then of those who, with the quick sympathy of youth, are attracted by the passionate struggle for full utterance which marks much of this poetry. It is rare that one can say, Here is the mastery of poetic expression, but often one can be aware of a strong spirit imprisoned by words. — Is condensation so prime a requisite in literary art that our instinctive criticism of much current verse lies in this direction? Here is The High-Top Sweeting, and Other Poems, by Elizabeth Akers. (Scribners.) The poems are marked by pure sentiment and genuine

poetic expression. They are largely in the minor key, though now and then there is a charming joyousness, as in the opening poem and in The Bobolink. The story In Every Port, also, is told as only a poet would tell it. Yet again and again one finds a poem, like A Winter Grave, of eight stanzas, of which five are explicatory of three. — The Happy Isles, and Other Poems, by S. H. M. Byers. (Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York.) A new collection, with additions, of Consul Byers's verses, which are characterized by honest feeling and a certain heartiness of speech. Nature and military reminiscences and kisses are accountable for a good share of the poetry. — Mosses, Under the Pine, Seaweed, Tales at the Manse, a Revised Collection of the Poems of Marcus Fayette Bridgman. (F. S. Collins, Boston.) There is a prevailing quietness of tone about these unpretentious lyrics and idyls, which makes them not unwelcome ; the stories and sentiments are simple and natural, and the melody has the charm which belongs to careful and slowly played music. The book appears to have been written mainly at dusk, when there are not many disturbing sounds of life. — Parnassus by Rail, by Marion Mills Miller. (Putnams.) A little volume of considerable variety as regards subject. It is rather noticeable in the work of a young poet, just out of college, apparently, that the most conspicuous omission is of himself. Whether in translation, adaptation, or comment, the verse keeps clear of this subjective pitfall. — Osbulbaha, and Other Poems, by Robert D. Windes. (The Author, New Orleans.) Between prehistoric Indians and reminiscences of classic Greek, our poet manages to keep pretty well aloof from contemporaneous interests, for into his antiquity he does not even decant the present. — In the Genesee, Early Poems, by I. D. Van Duzee. (De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.) The author states that these poems were all written before the end of his twenty-fifth year, and yet, from some dates given, he would appear now to be about threescore and ten. — Harp of Hesper, Songs and Poems, by Mary E. Butters. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) More than a hundred and fifty poems, besides the author's portrait. — Delphic Days, a Greek Idyl, by Denton J. Snider. (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis.) The reissue of a book which shows Mr. Snider no novice in the elegiac distich, in which was also written the book to which we referred a month or two ago. This series of scenes at Delphi, in which the writer mingles his classic reading and his Hellenic living, has a liveliness which is not daunted by the form of the verse. Mr. Snider insists upon it that the measure is in some vague way impelled by the place itself, and some of the verses do have a rhythmic beat which impresses one as born of a buoyant, sunny-tempered air ; but it is also true that the poet who rides his steed so bravely sometimes dismounts without previous notice. — Lyrics and Legends, by Nora Perry. (Little, Brown & Co.) Under the sub-titles Songs of Spring, Songs of Summer, Autumn, Winter, Love and Friendship, Loss and Gain, Hope and Memory, Songs of New England, and Ballads, Miss Perry has collected some twoscore of her poems, the best being such as have a story element, where her tripping melodies let the story run off in an attractive fashion. — Lyrics of The Living Church, compiled by C. W. Leffingwell. (McClurg.) A collection of original poems which appeared first in The Living Church, an Episcopal journal of Chicago. The order of the Church year determines about half the volume, the remainder being given over to poems of consolation, patience, meditation, childhood, and the like. — The Poet and his Self, by Arlo Bates. (Roberts.) A volume of poems decidedly individual, and striking some notes with much force. The lighter verse, such as the group of poems in A Flower Cycle, is rarely without a grave undertone, and the more profound poems, like The Great Sphinx and The Beginning and Ending, have a fine courage in their strong lines which bear strong thought. Mr. Bates's seriousness, indeed, carries him too far in the direction of brevity, leading him into verse too compact for melody and lyrical beauty. But if his mastery of poetic form gives him at last freedom of song, we have a right to expect some notable work. — Launcelot and Guenevere, a Poem in Dramas, by Richard Hovey. (U. S. Book Co.) The long Dedication at once commands the reader's respect, and he enters upon the successive books, The Quest of Merlin and The Marriage of Guenevere, with a courage and hope which are not daunted even by the classic jocularity of Puck, or the half-Runic character of

the literary reproduction of old-time spirits of the air and earth. Mr. Hovey is steeped in literature, and his whole work repeatedly suggests the sounds which it echoes ; but it does much more than this : it excites strong hopes that one with so much dramatic skill, such striking poetic faculty, and so brave a spirit as he must have who would work in this material will sing in his own voice songs which shall wing themselves straight into the air we are breathing. — Classical Poems, by William Entriken Baily. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The title appears to indicate, not that the subjects of the verses are all taken from ancient classical themes, but that the writer pays respect in his verse to the classic writers of English poetry. We are afraid the effect upon mature readers will be something like the effect of much ancient classical poetry upon young readers. — Memory's Casket, by Mrs. Lucy H. Washington. (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.) — Zululu, the Maid of Anahuac, by Hanna A. Foster. (Putnams.) Fifty-three brief notes explain the slight difficulties of this Mexican story. — Poems of Humanity, and Abelard to Heloise, by Lorenzo Sosso. (E. B. Griffith & Sons, San Francisco.) The curious who want more of Rabbi Ben Ezra than Browning saw fit to give will discover in Mr. Sosso's volume Ben Ezra Continueth, measure the same as in Browning. — The Feast of the Virgins, and Other Poems, by H. L. Gordon. (Laird & Lee, Chicago.) The author finds suggestions for many of his poems among legends of the Dakotas ; some themes, also, are derived from his experience in the army. The book is an octavo, and contains a portrait of the author. We would give a good deal to see a portrait of the artist who contributes the illustrations. — Sonnets, Songs, Laments, by Cora E. Whiton-Stone. (J. G. Cupples, Boston.) The verses, apparently, through which a woman of emotion expresses her own experience. A personal note sounds in almost all the work. — Phidias, and Other Poems, by Frank W. Gunsaulus. (McClurg.) A small volume reflecting the author's study and travel, with often a passionate burst and always intensity of feeling. — The Bard of the Dimbovitza (Scribners) is the title of a volume of Roumanian folk-songs, collected from the peasants on her father's estate by Hélène Vacaresco, and translated into English by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) and Alma Streltell. The songs possess a curious, dreamy, mystical quality which is hard to define, but which can be recognized by any one who cares to turn to He Who Took Nothing, Hay, or The Song of the Shroud. It is a distinctly original and interesting collection, which will command a small audience, but one worth having. A word should be said about the volume itself, which is a charming piece of book-making, possessing (in spite of some typographical affectations on the title page) marked elegance and distinction.

Fiction. The Squirrel Inn, by Frank R. Stockton. (The Century Co.) The friskiness of the name of the inn fits well the story, which is as nimble as one could desire. All the figures are on the alert, and succeed in placing themselves in the most unexpected situations at every turn. In this, as in other of Mr. Stockton's stories, there is an odd effect produced by the old-fashioned address indulged in by the men toward the women. It really seems as if, in this author's eyes, a woman were a most unaccountable creature, to be approached always not merely with respect, but with timidity. — Miss Wormeley, well known for her excellent translations of Balzac, has begun, apparently, to render a similar service to Paul Bourget. At any rate, we have the first and second series of his Pastels of Men (Roberts), containing in the first series the three titles A Saint, Monsieur Legrimaudet, and Two Little Boys. The skill of line, the touch of delicacy, the simplicity and yet subtlety of motive, make these portraits not only charming in themselves, but admirable studies in literature. If one could but learn this deft art ! — A recent volume by Bret Harte is A First Family of Tasajara. (Houghton.) — Miss Bagg's Secretary, a West Point Romance, by Clara Louise Burnham. (Houghton.) A bright, entertaining story, not very elaborate in plot, but natural, and in these days, when novels are expected to carry concealed weapons about them, very grateful to the reader who asks for honest entertainment. Miss Bagg, a country maiden of uncertain age, unexpectedly falls heir to great wealth. Maxwell Van Kirk, who ought to have inherited the property, becomes her secretary. A woman who loves him, a woman whom he loves — But we leave the story to the story-teller. — The Children of the Abbey,

by Regina Maria Roche. (McClurg.) We suppose that there are still a large number of unsophisticated readers who can weep over the long-drawn-out and multifarious woes of Amanda Fitzalan as sincerely as our grandmothers did. It can at least be said of this novel that, in spite of its enormous sentimentality, it has had vitality enough to live through a century. — The Scottish Chiefs. (McClurg.) We are glad that so attractive an edition of this romance has been issued. To be sure, its highly colored sentiment is as old-fashioned as will be most of the introspective, analytic fiction of to-day eighty years hence, and its rather Grandisonian hero is far away — centuries away — from the real Wallace ; but the story has sufficient vigor and movement and enough real feeling to make it still a favorite with many bright boys and girls, — that is, if they are not already familiar with their Scott, for then they are apt to find Miss Porter's thrilling tale but 'prentice work. — Pudney & Walp, by F. Bean. (Lovell.) A queer production. The writer appears to have satisfied himself as to the general scheme of his story, — two men beginning in humble life as partners in a stone quarry, and rising quickly to affluence, with families that hated the plebeian origin, — and then to have let the minor incidents take care of themselves, with little attempt at a consistent story, but with occasional bursts of realistic description and portraiture which suppose a much closer regard for the probabilities in character and incident than the reader finds. But we must look for realistic details nowadays before writers have had a realistic change of mind. — Culture, a Modern Method, by Elliott E. Furney. (I. H. Brown & Co., St. Louis.) We wish science joy of this novel of the future, in which a biological machine constructs a child that reads the newspaper before his first breakfast. — The Spanish Galleon, being an Account of a Search for Sunken Treasures in the Caribbean Sea, by Charles Sumner Seeley. (McClurg.) This story, told in the first person, recounts the adventures of a young man who needed a hundred thousand dollars to clear off the incumbrance on an ancestral estate, and bethought himself of the record he had found of the loss of a Spanish galleon with portable property to the amount of three hundred thousand. He sails from Martinique for Key Seven, off which the galleon was sunk, is shipwrecked, reaches the island with his chest, finds it uninhabited, resorts to all the devices known to such experience, receives in course of time a shipwrecked missionary and his beautiful daughter, meets with enemies in the form of a wicked pearl-fishery man and his assistants, foils his antagonists, raises the galleon, gets his money, marries his beautiful guest, and in the last page of the book sits on his ancestral porch. The ingenuity of the writer in all that relates to his Crusoe-like experience is considerable. The story is told in a straightforward way, and, though not designed for the young, will find its most appreciative audience in that class. — Down the O-hi-o, by Charles Humphrey Roberts. (McClurg.) The reader must not make the mistake, from the title, that this is a book of cheap jocularity. On the contrary, though a story in form, and one of some merit even as a story, its real value is in a series of scenes, often felicitous, and sometimes extremely spirited, of rural life, chiefly among Quakers, on the north bank of the Ohio in the period shortly before the war for the Union. The writer may well have been part of what he saw ; and though there is almost a careless manner about some of his narrative, and he is more or less artificial in his treatment of the plot and the lawyers who are needed by it, his genuine interest in the more simple parts, as, for example, in the capital racing scene, carries the reader as well as the writer along at a good pace. — Ben Beor, a Story of the Anti-Messiah, by H. M. Bien. (Isaac Friedenwald Co., Baltimore.) The prophet Elijah, when he went up in a fiery chariot, landed in the moon, and found affairs in a bad way there. Rebellion and other naughtiness were going on, and at the same time, as nearly as we can make out through the smoke and fire of Mr. Bien's prose, equally iniquitous proceedings were on foot on earth. We get into a little clearer atmosphere in the second section of the book, which portrays, under a sort of allegory, the war which always has been waged between freedom and righteousness in the person of Moses and despotism and iniquity in the person of Ben Beor, the anti-Messiah or Wandering Gentile. The design of this tumultuous book is probably clear to its author, but the reader has to content himself in the main with a succes-

sion of somewhat turgid historical scenes. — The Pocket Piece, Short Stories and Sketches by American Authors. First series, Number 1, by Edgar Mayhew Bacon. (Walbridge & Co., New York.) Mr. Bacon's clever work is already known to readers of The Atlantic. In this little volume he has collected a half dozen of his magazine stories. — A new and uniform inexpensive edition of F. Marion Crawford's novels has been begun (Macmillan) with Mr. Isaacs and Dr. Claudius. — A similar issue of William Black's novels (Harpers) opens with A Daughter of Heth, with a steel-plate portrait of the author for frontispiece. Mr. Black has taken the opportunity to give his work a careful revision. — William Morris's The Story of the Glittering Plain makes so sure a demand upon readers that it has been reissued in the ordinary style of books to be read. (Roberts.) — Freytag's The Lost Manuscript, already issued in two handsome volumes, is now brought into a single solid but very readable one. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are Mr. East's Experiences in Mr. Bellamy's World; Records of the Years 2001 and 2002, by Conrad Wilbrandt, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford; Mrs. Dines's Jewels, a Mid-Atlantic Romance, by W. Clark Russell; The Baroness, a Dutch Story, by Frances Mary Peard. — Number 15 of Good Company Series (Lee & Shepard) is Dreams of the Dead, by Edward Stanton. This is not a reissue, as are many of the numbers in this paper series. It is a fantastic work, in which the writer lays hold of some of the current speculations, to say nothing of his own discoveries, regarding astral bodies and the like, and undertakes to make an uncanny sort of netherworld book of travels. The result in the author's mind is the conversion of an agnostic materialist into an occultist. The general effect of the underworld upon the reader is not to make him feel goosey, but to make him yawn.

Science. Electricity and Magnetism, translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin. Revised and edited by Silvanus P. Thompson. (Macmillan.) This well-known work has been enriched in its passage from France to England; for, besides the many minor additions made by Dr. Thompson, the chapters on Dynamo-Electric Machines and on the Telephone have been largely rewritten by him, and the final chapter on Transformers, by Professor Walmsley, as well as appendices on Modern Views about Lightning-Rods and on the Nature of Electricity, are wholly new. The work, which is an octavo of nearly a thousand pages, has six hundred illustrations, large and small, and, in its combination of scientific thoroughness with a regard for popular interest in the application of the principles of electricity and magnetism to modern life it is full of value and attractiveness. — Nature and Man in America, by N. S. Shaler. (Scribners.) The effect of critical conditions of the earth on organic life in general, and of geographic influence on man, both in the past and more especially in the present in North America, — these are the great themes which engage Professor Shaler's attention; and the very notable physiographical chapter which he contributed to the Memorial History of Boston prepares the reader to look with eagerness for what this suggestive writer has to say when dealing with more comprehensive material. The book is one which cannot be neglected by any thorough student of American history, and it ought to be on the shelf of every teacher of geography. — The Living World, Whence it Came and Whither it is Drifting, by H. W. Conn. (Putnams.) The title page bears also the condensed summary of the contents as "a review of the speculations concerning the origin and significance of life, and of the facts known in regard to its development, with suggestions as to the direction in which the development is now tending." The author clears his way as he goes in a reasonable fashion, and shows an instinct for the essential as discriminated from the incidental points in the discussion, so that the reader respects the logic of the writer, and is not incumbered with a bewildering mass of particulars. His general deductions are that the organic world is approaching a limit in its conclusion, and that man, seizing upon the last undifferentiated faculty, the intellect, is developing this to the extreme. — Taxidermy and Zoölogical Collecting, a Compact Handbook for the Amateur Taxidermist, Collector, Osteologist, Museum-Builder, Sportsman, and Traveller, by William T. Hornaday; with chapters on Collecting and Preserving Insects, by W. J. Holland.

(Scribners.) Mr. Hornaday is an enthusiast as well as a very practical guide, and the reader of this serviceable book will enjoy the frequent outbursts of indignation at unsportsmanlike or unscientific practices, as well as the up-and-down style in which he goes about the business of his work. Especially to be commended are his strong words at the thoughtless destruction of birds by collectors who merely count the number killed. "There is a way," he says, "to prove whether a juvenile collector has really a love for the study of birds. Let the one who furnishes the sinews of war — parent, guardian, or elder brother — demand that he shall *mount every good specimen he kills*, and be able to tell all about its habits, food, economic value, etc. This will in any event result in great good. If the collector is not really absorbed in the study of bird-life, the labor such a course involves will soon deter him from indiscriminate slaughter." — New Fragments, by John Tyndall. (Appleton.) Fifteen addresses and papers, chiefly on topics connected with science and men of science, though among them is an interesting paper, Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle. — The Evolution of Life, or Causes of Change in Animal Forms, a Study in Biology, by H. W. Mitchell. (Putnams.) The writer brings to an ardent study of the results of the great workers in biology the added advantage of observation in travel in unfrequented regions. The book, which is liberally illustrated, is rather a contribution toward the solution of a great problem than a comprehensive treatise.

Sociology. English Social Movements, by Robert Archey Woods. (Scribners.) An instantaneous photograph, catching with vivid precision the present aspects of that social movement which changes with so bewildering a rapidity from hour to hour. Mr. Woods tells of the labor movement, of socialism, of university settlements, of university extension, of the social work of the church, of charity and philanthropy, of moral and educational progress. On all these subjects he gives just the facts which intelligent people wish to know, and which are hard to learn at a distance because they are still matters of experience rather than of history. It is impressive and cheering to read this account of the vast energies which, in the England of to-day, are turned toward social reform. It is more impressive and less cheering to think of the greatness of that sorrowful need which is hardly as yet affected to a perceptible degree by activities so multiform and so vigorous. — White Slaves, or The Oppression of the Worthy Poor, by Rev. Louis Albert Banks. (Lee & Shepard.) The sermons which form the basis of this book were delivered in South Boston, and contain an arraignment of clothing merchants and tenement-house owners, as well as a criticism of some of the public charities of Boston. The facts brought forward are fresh evidence, if any were needed, of the close connection between degradation and greed. We are members one of another in a terrible as well as a comforting sense, and the rich merchant and poor toiler have a Cain and Abel brotherhood. It is, indeed, the facts rather than the rhetoric which make this book one to be heeded. As a reverse picture, the author has given a pleasing account of a humanely conducted factory in Newark, N. J. — The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law, with Practical Illustrations especially Adapted to Women's Organizations, by Harriette R. Shattuck. (Lee & Shepard.) A delightfully minute and very sensible little book, in which the reader, if he be male, is given a glimpse into the room of a woman's meeting, and permitted to know what troubles the members when they desire to organize. If the reader be a woman, she will be met by the most explicit instructions. We notice that there is no fussy attempt at getting rid of masculine nomenclature, but "chairman" is used boldly, with no reference to the other form with its dangerous lapse into "charwoman." — The Rights of Women and the Sexual Relations, by Karl Heinzen. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) There is such a thing as the disease of liberty, and we think this author suffers from it, since it makes him absolutely nearsighted when he tries to look at Christianity.

Literature and Criticism. The fourth volume of Landor's Imaginary Conversations, as edited by Mr. Crump (Macmillan), continues the Dialogues of Literary Men; containing, by the way, the exquisite little Walton, Cotton, and Oldways. An etched portrait of Landor at sixty-five fronts the volume, — a pugnacious face and attitude.

— In the Knickerbocker Nuggets (Putnams) is included George Long's translation from the Discourses of Epictetus and the Encheiridion. — Lectures on the History of Literature, delivered by Thomas Carlyle. (Scribners.) These discourses belong to the early period of Carlyle's literary activity. They are not printed from his own manuscript, but from the notes made by a hearer who plainly was after the matter which Carlyle discoursed rather than greatly impressed by Carlyle's personality as disclosed in his style. — Essays on English Literature, by Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. (Scribners.) Mr. Saintsbury's introductory essay, though discriminating, has a certain self-assertion about it which irritates one who fails to accept Mr. Saintsbury himself as a figure in literature. Egotism, like revolution, must be successful to succeed ; otherwise it is as insufferable as rebellion. The essays themselves are another matter. The sanity which marks them conceals at first from the casual reader the breadth of mind and clear perceptions of this masterly critic. Whoever thinks that criticism is to undergo a sharp change from old methods to new should read Scherer to see how possible it is for a personal critic to be governed by law in his criticism. — The Renaissance, the Revival of Learning and Art in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, by Philip Schaff. (Putnams.) An essay in thirty sections, covering a hundred and thirty pages, in which the author touches with encyclopædic fullness and brevity upon the several manifestations in literature, art, science, and learning of the great movement in human thought. The work is equipped with a considerable body of bibliographic notes. — Browning's Message to his Time, his Religion, Philosophy, and Science, by Edward Berdoe (Macmillan); with fac-simile notes from Browning to Dr. Berdoe, not offering to kill him after each of his papers here reprinted, but courteously thanking him. — The Browning Cyclopædia, a Guide to the Study of the Works of Robert Browning, with Copious Explanatory Notes and References on all Difficult Passages, by Edward Berdoe. (Macmillan.) Copious the notes are, in truth. If one wishes to find Browning's poetry after it has passed through the alembic of a prosaic mind, here is the precipitation, with the evaporation of the poetry. Mr. Cook's Guide-Book, which we suspect was on Mr. Berdoe's table constantly while he was engaged on this fat cyclopædia, had the restraint which a sensible commentator puts upon himself, but Mr. Berdoe has no respect for the reader's intelligence. — The series The Great French Writers is an enterprise suggested, apparently, by the English Men of Letters Series. The first number we have seen is Madame de Staël, by Albert Sorel. Translated by Fanny Hale Gardiner. (McClurg.) The book is in curious contrast to the cold, careful volumes in the English series. Not that the work is a rhapsody, but in his rhetorical decoration of his subject M. Sorel gives at once his own opinion of the Neckers, and lets the facts catch up, if they can, with his judgment. The reader is likely to revolt a little at being taken in hand so summarily from the start, and not allowed to form any opinion until M. Sorel has delivered his. The book, however, is a convenient short cut to an interesting subject. — The Abbess of Port Royal, and Other French Studies, by Maria Ellery Mackaye. (Lee & Shepard.) The other studies are The Song of Roland, Beaumarchais, French Women before the Revolution, The Marvels of Mont Saint Michel, and Provençal Song. Two of the papers were printed originally in The Atlantic. The reader recognizes early in the book that he is in the hands of a writer who writes out of a full mind, and that he is not assisting painfully at a task. Mrs. Mackaye's genuine interest in her subjects and her familiarity with the material make her a skillful guide through regions so populated with memories that the unled scholar is liable to be bewildered. — The Mortal Moon, or Bacon and his Masks, the Defoe Period Unmasked, by J. E. Roe. (Burr Printing House.) The Baconians must be delighted with this new champion in the lists. He not only adds Shakespeare to Bacon's province, but Bunyan and Defoe as well. But stay ! J. E. Roe, of Rochester. May there not be something concealed under that mask ? It is darkly alliterative. Whatever is is n't, and here are six hundred and five pages to prove it.

Fine Arts and Gift Books. The part of L'Art (Macmillan) for December 1 is almost wholly given up to an installment of M. Paul Leroi's illustrated sketch of Delaunay's work. The sketches in charcoal

of a large number of studies for his decoration of the Pantheon in particular are very interesting. The same part contains an etching of Rubens's Servantmaid, now at Munich. Delaunay is treated further in the part for December 15, which reproduces also some of the pictures of modern Dutch masters lately exhibited in Paris. — Friendship the Master-Passion, or The Nature and History of Friendship, and its Place as a Force in the World, by H. Clay Trumbull. (John D. Wattles, Philadelphia.) Our friends who have been debating Friendship's Question in the Contributors' Club will thank us for directing their attention to this book, which owes its inclusion under the caption of Gift Books to the dignity of its presentment, and not to pictures. In an octavo of four hundred pages, well printed, bound in red, and comfortably housed in a pasteboard box, Mr. Trumbull has treated first the nature and scope of friendship in a series of chapters, the second of which bears the significant heading Loving rather than Being Loved, and after that friendship in history. Literature is drawn upon, and especially records of human life, and the book is studded with examples of friendship. There is an interesting excursus on the distinction to be observed in the New Testament words for "love" and "friendship." The author's work must not be regarded as a mere anthology. It is much more, for it attempts what might almost be called an inductive study, with results which will surprise some readers. — Another book on Friendship (Albert Scott & Co., Chicago) is a vellum-covered one, thus entitled, made up of Cicero's De Amicitia, Bacon's essay on Friendship, and Emerson's Friendship. Cicero's part is translated by Cyrus R. Edmonds.—The Origin of Will-o'-the-Wisp, by Donizetti Muller, illustrated by Charles Schabelitz (the Republic Press, New York), is, from its form, evidently designed to lie flat on the recipient's table, and to have its leaves turned for the sake chiefly of the half-tone prints, which were doubtless effective in their original form ; but the poetry must not be overlooked ; it is a pretty conceit, worked up with grace and animation. — Poems, by Juan Lewis. (The Author, Washington.) Another flat book, with designs and ornaments by Charles Bradford Hudson. — Ruskin's Val d'Arno and The Eagle's Nest (Charles E. Merrill, New York) form two volumes of the Brantwood Edition, an authorized American reprint of Ruskin's works. The Val d'Arno comprises the Oxford lectures on the revival of art in Tuscany in the thirteenth century ; The Eagle's Nest includes ten lectures on the relation of natural sciences to art, delivered at the same university. The most striking of the latter papers is devoted to The Relation of Art to the Sciences of Organic Form, in which Mr. Ruskin states his theory that the study of anatomy is destructive to art. The lectures, although uneven, are now and then eloquent, and always interesting because intensely characteristic of the writer. Each volume bears an introduction by Mr. C. E. Norton, which tells something of the circumstances under which these lectures were delivered ; but on the whole the introductions have a somewhat perfunctory air, as if written merely as send-offs. The edition is more satisfactory than the earlier American reprint, but it remains to be seen if it will be as inclusive as that. — The Pentateuch of Printing, with a Chapter on Judges, by William Blades. (McClurg.) We are disappointed in this book. Although the author tells us that it is but "a popular summary of a very large and interesting subject," and we learn from the preface that he did not live to finish the work, it still strikes us as sketchy and inadequate, when we consider the authority of the writer on printing. However, the book is evidently meant to be careful and dispassionate. Mr. Blades divides his volume into portions bearing names of the books of the Pentateuch, — the Genesis of printing, a sketch of the spread of the art under the title of Exodus, the laws of the art under Leviticus, etc., — a plan more ingenious than exact. The illustrations are not all strictly relevant to the text, and seem pitchforked together, and among them we recognize some old friends from Le Livre. This is the more surprising since the printers are Blades, East and Blades of London. The most valuable thing in the book, to our mind, is a bibliography of works on printing in general and its development in various countries, under the quaint title of A Chapter on Judges.

History and Biography. Africa and America, Addresses and Discourses, by Alex. Crummell. (Willey & Co., Spring-

field, Mass.) The writer is rector of a church in Washington, and is of the race which suggests the topics in the book. He writes of the negro race in America, of Liberia, of the black woman of the South, and upon a variety of occasions addresses stirring words of encouragement and counsel to this race. There is a downright style in his address which answers to the open, manly character of his thought. He shows that he is a student of books, but he is also an observer of men, and his speech is that of a person appealing forcibly, sometimes with smooth, often with rough words, to other persons. Perhaps to many readers the most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the influence of Christian negroes upon the destiny of Africa. — Hour Glass Series, Fisher Ames, Henry Clay, etc. (Webster.) Nine historical studies and criticisms, taking Henry Adams to task for his Randolph, carping at Schurz and Van Holst, and absurdly characterizing Mr. Bryce as one of "these European doctrinaires as they gallop through the country writing as they ride." The studies relate to Fisher Ames, John Randolph, Jefferson, Henry Clay, B. R. Curtis, Daniel O'Connell, Francis S. Key, and to the Capital and to certain historic landmarks in New York. The papers are somewhat desultory, and the writers are delightfully frank in their likes and dislikes. J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL. D., writes the greater part of the book, and his associate is Daniel B. Lucas, LL. D. There is often an interesting air of antebellum oratory about it.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

We Boast of What We Have Not.

SOME years ago there was exhibited in the city of New York a very remarkable picture. As to its unique character the critics were all agreed. It is true, the authenticity of the picture was vehemently disputed by some, and as warmly espoused by others. While the history furnished by the exhibitor failed to satisfy the captious because of its incompleteness, as might be supposed, this very incompleteness gave ground for added emphasis of belief on the part of those who still viewed the picture as an authentic portrait of Charles I. painted by Velasquez. *Imprimis*, it was undoubtedly a rare work of art, by whomsoever painted, and this even to least details. The eye of the portrait, for instance, when examined through a convenient magnifying glass in the hands of the exhibitor, was wonderfully human and lifelike, especially in its imperfections, these being precisely the ones which, to the experienced, would be looked for in an eye of that color and setting. In the foreground of the portrait was a large globe over which a scarf had been carelessly thrown. This device, the exhibitor averred, bore distinct reference to a remark made by an eminent statesman of that day, in view of a contemplated marriage between the king of England and a Spanish princess, — a marriage which was to unite two of the most powerful nations of Europe: "With Spain and England united, we may divide the world."

The background of this picture was painted with notable skill and fidelity (another reason for attributing the picture to Velasquez, as the works of his contemporaries, even of Murillo himself, were often unfinished). It is of this background that I wish to speak. With the consummate touch which gave token of the master, whoever he might be, a small episode of war, half obscured in smoke, was discernible in the far distance. There was delineated, or suggested, the usual array of gallant knights "riding to joyous battle in a storm of steeds;" a confusion of shivering lances, broken brands, and reeling banners, — all dimly descried by the spectator, yet cunningly suggesting the idea that they were part and parcel of the experience of the hero himself. On asking the enthusiastic exhibitor what was the presumable purpose of this background, he replied, with the confidence of pseudo-science: "Why, it is introduced for the purpose of relieving the too placid monotony of Charles's features. So good a picture of so good a man, painted with too much fidel-

ity, might seem tame. You see, the portrait needs a background of bloody fiction to give it symmetry as a work of art."

In recalling this incident, it has often seemed equally applicable (names being changed) to a large number of subjects in the live portrait gallery of my past and current experience. The mild-mannered Charles would always be offset by a romantic projection or mirage of Charles as the scourge of God and minister of vengeance. Not alone does the temperamentally timid wish us to believe that he is on occasion desperately courageous, but the naturally gracious often affects bluffness, the dove asks to be credited with serpentine wisdom, and the sheep even would don the wolf's attire. In fact, whatever we are, we crave the strange privilege of being taken with a certain small amount of the *haut goût* of contrariety. Remembering this perverse tendency of our common human nature, and that this tendency is, perhaps, most generously developed in the young, should I not have forbearance towards — nay, a certain sympathy with — the meadow-faced boy who would have me believe him to be a "devil of a fellow," even while his own ears are startled by the sound of his "thrasonic brag"?

Friends in Council.

— Friendship's Question, propounded at the February meeting of the Club, set us all talking at once, and it was not easy for the clerk of the Club, in spite of that officer's stenographic-phonographic-type-writing-and-setting machine, to detach separate voices from the general buzz and make a neat record. Delay ensued, with the result that one energetic member went about canvassing for answers, various lovers quarreled, preachers took up the parable from their pulpits, and at the April meeting of the Club there was an unusually full attendance, as every one wished to hear the record. The autocratic clerk, without whose irresponsible authority the Club would become a polite Nervine Hospital, was found to have thrown out all but the following votes.

What the Canvasser said.

— I find opinion and feeling on the subject to differ very widely. I have "inquired round" among my own friends, and give the remarks of two of them (both, let me add, men), which very well represent the two extremes. The first writes: —

"I think that the finest and highest order of love asks less than it gives, for the reason that it is grand to give in an unstinted way, in spite of a smaller return. It reveals a superb character that can do this, — that feels its requital in the fact of bestowal. It is ennobling to give, to bestow, and the height of unselfishness to be content with less." He then expresses as his opinion that it would be far easier to rise to such a height in love than in friendship.

The second friend holds this view: —

"In regard to the soul's allegiance, trust, and affection, I certainly think it is possible to give too much of one's self in that sense; and a very little is too much, when it is not returned in kind. The disposition to squander sentiment is both the effect and the cause of a morbid state opposed to the healthy one of giving 'action.' You cannot do too much for even the least deserving of fellow-men, if it is rightly done, but it is easier (and very cheap, and at the same time very agreeable) to give too much of the sentimental side.

"And are you sure that it really is giving? Is it not simply enjoying the sweet comfort of feeling that one is doing a noble thing or making a noble sacrifice, while it really begins in self and ends in self? A feeling which cannot or does not result in action must 'return unto itself void,' and deserves the penalty of selfish indulgence and wasted force."

Both these opinions — one the expression of a rich and generous nature, the other based rather, perhaps, on the "stern demands of justice" — have so much weight that they seem well entitled to a candid hearing, and the other friends in council may, according to their own dispositions, "pay their pennies and take their choice."

Another friend of mine, a poet of some note, has summed up the whole question in a poem which offers, in my humble opinion, the only true view, if not exactly a solution, of the problem, namely, that the noblest, highest, and truest love gives itself without stint and without reserve, independent of the insufficiency of the return made it, or indeed of any return at all. The lines have never before been shown to the public, but I am permitted to use them here.

INSUFFICIENCY.

I broke the branches from my apple-tree,
Rosy with pomp of spring,
All the white wealth of present blossoming
Surpassing fair to see,
And promise of the golden fruit to be,
For him, my friend; and he
A tuft of grass that sprang beside his door
Lightly held out to me.
I brought him from my closely guarded store,
The heart's most sacred nook,
Where the red lights of darkest rubies burn,
My gems; and he in turn
A handful of white pebbles from the brook
That flows the meadow through.
I gave him of my richest wine, that grew
Upon no hill, nor knew
The winepress save God's own, — the joy and pain
Of all my life, distilled
To subtlest draught; and he did take and drain,
And smiling gaze around,
Scarce heeding if the priceless drops were spilled
Upon the barren ground.
— Yet hush! I will not murmur nor complain,
With idle tears and vain,
All should be thus. I think he gave his best
In what he gave, nor guessed
Half the sharp sorrow that my heart possessed.
And this I surely know,
God made him as he is, as He made me,
Though fashioned differently, —
His cup not full, and mine to overflow.
His soul I could not teach —
Nay, though I gave my very own for price! —
In all life's days to reach
A deeper depth, and higher heights to soar
Than it had touched before;
But what to me was granted will suffice
Perchance both him and me,
And I can love, and love, and love him still, —
Ay, love him more and more,
Till my great love, like tides of rising sea,
Shall deepen, flush, and fill
All shallows of his nature and supply
All want there yet may be,
His every lack and insufficiency,
So full and wondrously,
That after all beneath God's stainless sky
Accepted in His sight,
Fair with the glories of His deathless light,
Our friendship yet may stand
A temple sacred and divinely planned,
Soul knit with equal soul,
One rounded, perfect, and immortal whole!

Of course this sort of one-sided giving involves, in a certain sense, a fearful cost to the giver, but I also know to a certainty that one does not die from the loss of such life blood, but that, on the contrary, the whole character is uplifted, broadened, ennobled, and enriched by it, provided the nature is originally large and generous enough to bear the strain and accept that "discipline of fire."

The same poet has also said in another place: —

"I do not live
By love received, but the great love *I give*."

What the Objector said. — I should be glad to hear an argument from the opposite standpoint on the duty or advisability of reserving something of ourselves for self, since it seems as if there must be something to be said on that side of the question. My own consideration of the matter would lead me to go farther than the Questioner, and assert that it is impossible to give too much of ourselves to our friends, if the feeling which prompts the surrender be an unselfish one. May we not take this condition for our shibboleth? In the instance cited, where the woman felt that she had "given herself too much," may not the real trouble have been that she did not give herself enough, — that is, that she craved too liberal a gift in return? Some natures appear to be so constituted that in friendship they always give more than they receive, — although, if we look at it in a different light, we may say that they really receive the most, after all, — and this fact must be accepted, with many others whose *raison d'être* we cannot understand. But a genuine love, even if it meet with no adequate response, ought always to ennoble and enrich the soul from which it springs, provided it be given with no selfish demand for a precise equivalent. The more complete this self-surrender becomes, the greater, I believe, will be the power of entering henceforth into all other lives, in a spirit of helpful sympathy.

A friend of mine seems to have struck the keynote of the whole matter in saying: "I have long since come to believe that the only cure for heartache, discouragement, and disappointment is to love more, not less; to love a person, a pursuit, a cause, a country, an ideal, or a truth so much that we lose all thought of our share in either or our claim on either, and love them for the utmost possibility of good there is in them, desiring nothing in return but the joy of loving and serving them."

Had the Contributor's friend loved in this spirit, even though it was with her whole soul, I think she would not have "invariably come to grief" as a result of her devotion, nor could she have felt that she had in any true sense "given herself too much."

What the Advocate of the Heart said. — The question does not appear to me to be friendship's; neither, I think, is Emerson speaking of friendship when he says that

after one has once known "a man's limitations it is all over with him;" that love of one's self "accuses the other party;" in other words, that if the "other party" were sufficiently high to be loved he could not love down to his lover. This is quite Emersonian, and is true enough as applied to those purely intellectual camaraderies which are, as Mr. Hamerton very clearly shows in his Intellectual Life, limited by the very nature of the case. One goes into an intellectual friendship for the sake of what one can get out of it, in the spirit indicated by Emerson; and, intellects being sadly limited, after a time the end comes, and one goes on to pastures new.

But when one comes to real friendship, which is an affair of the heart rather than of the head, calculations must cease. Friendship, like charity, "seeketh not her own;" in a wonderful sense, one gets most, in friendship, by giving most. Her true motto comes from Shakespeare, "Be sure of this, what I can help thee to thou shalt not miss." In this spirit she gives, and gives, and gives again; and in the very worst event, to her "purification becomes the joy of pain."

Three great sayings strengthen and illustrate this idea that friendship is for service, — for service rendered, not for service received. The supreme word is in that passage in the gospel where the disciples were told that whosoever lost his life for the Master's sake should find it. Shakespeare's supreme test of worthiness for manhood in love was the willingness to give and hazard all the man had. And Tennyson, when Sir Galahad would sit in the "siege perilous" wherein "no man could sit but he should lose himself," makes the dauntless young knight exclaim, "If I lose myself, I save myself!" It is this selflessness, to use one of Tennyson's words, which is the glory of friendship. She is "careful for nothing;" she may be "cast down," she cannot be destroyed; she may suffer long, but she *is* kind.

Friendship, as God, sees down through the outward husk of circumstance, the accident of environment, which has caused petty faults and affectations, which may even have built these up into great faults or vices; she detects beneath all this that which would be better if it could, that which would have been more noble had the environment been less belittling. She sees the flame of good at the core, which exists in us all, however tiny or feeble it be; she looks on that, and patiently fans, and fans, and fans it, never worn out, though often weary. She finds the common ground and stands there, obeying one of Mr. Ruskin's maxims in dwelling upon points of consonance rather than points of dissonance. As long as a friendship is so new as to be still discovering fresh congenialities, it grows and flourishes; by and by, upon a toilsome day, a vexation creeps in, an offense comes, and differences begin to be discovered, magnified, dwelt upon. Let one die then, and instantly the surviving friend once more dwells tenderly upon the common tastes and aspirations. I have seen this again and again, and tested it many times, until I doubt whether we ought ever to "thank God we are not as other men." If sympathy is the great bond which makes the world's work and life itself possible, surely we dare not do so.

Very many times that passes for friendship which is the sheerest self-love. Who can doubt that jealousy and wounded feeling spring chiefly from this source, and that these are the greatest killers of friendship?

I know that in writing thus of friendship I may be accused of overshooting the mark, — of speaking of that grand general "love of benevolence," I think some catechism calls it, which cares for all the world alike; but this is not the case. I do not hold that it is possible to cherish the affection of which I speak, and for which I plead, equally with all the world. "It is ever with man's soul as it was with the universe; the beginning of creation is light." There must be a light, a spark struck out between spirits, a discovery of special congeniality, if you like to call it so. But this may be very slight, a mere "outward and visible sign;" the rest is "inward and spiritual grace," and "the soul, of its own beauty, will lend beauty to whatsoever it looks on with love," or, better still, it will find the beauty which is already there; for, in a sense beyond this special sense which forms the original bond of friendship, we are all at one if the soul's sight is keen enough to see it. After all, is not the power to forgive a test of genuine friendship?

What the Friend said of Forgiveness.

— The *noblesse oblige* principle is often most cruel and unrelenting in its constructions and applications, and perhaps never more so than in the current distribution of forgiveness. I see that we are forgiven by our friends only for what is adjudged by them to be our own class of failing, our individual bent in sinning. To illustrate : the habitually careful and trusty are not easily pardoned even a single lapse into carelessness, while some notorious disregarder of every charge given him is pardoned seventy times seven times. Again, any one instance of disingenuousness in the habitually truthful is never even forgotten, while the pleasant liar pursues his profession with no reprimand beyond the genial recognition of his mendacity. If gentleness becomes violent or good nature becomes irritable, on some occasion of great stress, what a miracle of apostasy ! Yet violence and irritability, unchecked, keep their own seats in the chimney-corner. From all which might be deduced a rule advantageous to self-seeking humanity : only insist sufficiently upon your own special and favorite fault by its familiar repetition, or by defending it as a matter of "temperament" or in some way of individual prerogative, and by so insisting you shall find that any special instances of your baseness, treachery, abuse of power, or aught besides will be treated to a palliation never accorded to the *one-time* offender in the same line of misconduct.

The so-regarded "faultless character" is ever at a great disadvantage in this one respect : so sensitive are his associates for the preservation of their criterion (himself) that they cannot endure disappointment in the least article of the catalogued virtues which they have set to his credit, oftentimes despite his honest protest against apotheosis at their hands. What is the result if any little human deflection is discovered in him ? "So good that we cannot forgive him !" might be the summing-up expression of their attitude towards any such sporadic and unaccountable case of error or of failure. Is it that as one's excellence is great, so is the degree of his chance offense great and unforgivable, although in the inveterate practicer the offense would be scarcely an appreciable fact ? I dare say there is some adroit sophistry which would explain why the springs of charity should flow with lethean tenderness over the transgression of the perpetual offender, whilst these same springs congeal and hold in merciless crystalline display the occasional lapses of the habitually upright, generous, and just. That Florentine potentate quoted by Bacon in the essay on Revenge seems to whisper significantly in my ear, as he observes that whereas we are commanded to forgive our enemies, we are nowhere commanded to forgive our friends.

I cannot help thinking that the sacred Word which tells us there is more joy over the one returning sinner than over the ninety and nine that went not astray is often sadly strained to indulge the sinner, while the balance is kept by showing, in a corresponding degree, austerity towards the ninety and nine.

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THE EMERSON-THOREAU CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIAL PERIOD.

In reading the invaluable Memoirs of Emerson by Mr. Cabot, those who knew how intimate were the relations between the Concord poet-philosopher and his younger neighbor, the poet-naturalist, must have been surprised to see how little Thoreau is mentioned there. Only two pages out of eight hundred treat distinctly of Henry Thoreau and are specified in the index; and though Dr. Emerson's pleasing volume concerning his father and his Concord friends deals more liberally with Thoreau and his brother John, yet no hint is given that a copious and important correspondence went on between Emerson and Thoreau at two different periods, — in the year 1843, when Thoreau assisted in editing the Dial, and in 1847–48, when Emerson was in England, and Thoreau, dwelling in the Emerson family at Concord, entertained the traveler with domestic news very dear to the affectionate husband and father. These letters have been in my hands for ten years past, and there seems to be no reason now why they should not be given to the public. They will, I think, open a new view of Thoreau's character to those readers — perhaps the majority — who fancy him a reserved, stoical, and unsympathetic person. In editing the small collection of Thoreau's letters which he made in 1865, three years after the writer's death, Emerson included only one of the epistles to himself in the year 1843, though several of those addressed to Mrs. Emerson from Staten Island were published. I shall omit this printed letter, while giving Emerson's letter to which it is a reply.[1]

In the early part of 1843 Thoreau was still living in Emerson's family, of which he became an inmate in April, 1841, and to which he returned in the autumn of 1847, after closing the chapter of his Walden hermit-life. In the first of the following letters he returns his thanks to Emerson for the hospitality thus afforded; and I have no doubt that a beautiful poem called The Departure, which I first printed in the Boston Commonwealth in the year following Thoreau's death, was written twenty years before — in 1843 — to commemorate his first separation from that friendly

[1] The earliest note which I find from Emerson to Thoreau bears no date, but was doubtless written in 1840 or 1841, for at no later time could the persons named in it have visited Concord together. Thoreau must have been living with his father and mother in the Parkman house, where the Library now stands.

My dear Henry, — We have here G. P. Bradford, R. Bartlett, G. W. Lippitt, C. S. Wheeler, and Mr. Alcott. Will you not come down and spend an hour?

Yours, R. W. E.

Thursday, P. M.

There is also a brief note asking Thoreau to join the Emersons in a party to the Cliffs (Fairhaven hill), and to bring his flute. Living near each other, the two friends did not often write until 1843.

household when he went, in the spring of 1843, to reside as tutor in the family of Mr. William Emerson, at Staten Island, N. Y. The letter numbered I., however, was written by Thoreau in the Emerson household at Concord to Emerson at Staten Island, or perhaps in New York, where he was that winter giving a course of lectures.

In explanation of the passages concerning Bronson Alcott, in this letter, it should be said that he was then living at the Hosmer Cottage, in Concord, with his English friends, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, and that he had refused to pay a tax to support what he considered an unjust government, and was arrested by the deputy sheriff, Sam Staples, in consequence.

I. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, *January* 24, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — The best way to correct a mistake is to make it right. I had not spoken of writing to you, but as you say you are about to write to me when you get my letter, I make haste on my part in order to get yours the sooner. I don't well know what to say to earn the forthcoming epistle, unless that Edith takes rapid strides in the arts and sciences — or music and natural history — as well as over the carpet; that she says "papa" less and less abstractedly every day, looking in *my* face, — which may sound like a *Ranz des Vaches* to yourself. And Ellen declares every morning that "papa *may* come home to-night;" and by and by it will have changed to such positive statement as that "papa came home *larks* night."

Elizabeth Hoar still flits about these clearings, and I meet her here and there, and in all houses but her own, but as if I were not the less of her family for all that. I have made slight acquaintance also with one Mrs. Lidian Emerson, who almost persuades me to be a Christian, but I fear I as often lapse into heathenism. Mr. O'Sullivan was here three days. I met him at the Atheneum [Concord], and went to Hawthorne's [at the Old Manse] to tea with him. He expressed a great deal of interest in your poems, and wished me to give him a list of them, which I did; he saying he did not know but he should notice them. He is a rather puny-looking man, and did not strike me. We had nothing to say to one another, and therefore we said a great deal! He, however, made a point of asking me to write for his Review, which I shall be glad to do. He is, at any rate, one of the not-bad, but does not by any means take you by storm, — no, nor by calm, which is the best way. He expects to see you in New York. After tea I carried him and Hawthorne to the Lyceum.

Mr. Alcott has not altered much since you left. I think you will find him much the same sort of person. With Mr. Lane I have had one regular chat *à la* George Minott, which of course was greatly to our mutual grati- and edification; and, as two or three as regular conversations have taken place since, I fear there may have been a precession of the equinoxes. Mr. Wright, according to the last accounts, is in Lynn, with uncertain aims and prospects, — maturing slowly, perhaps, as indeed are all of us. I suppose they have told you how near Mr. Alcott went to the jail, but I can add a good anecdote to the rest. When Staples came to collect Mrs. Ward's taxes, my sister Helen asked him what he thought Mr. Alcott meant, — what his idea was, — and he answered, "I vum, I believe it was nothing but principle, for I never heard a man talk honester."

There was a lecture on Peace by a Mr. Spear (ought he not to be beaten into a ploughshare?), the same evening, and, as the gentlemen, Lane and Alcott, dined at our house while the matter was in suspense, — that is, while the constable was waiting for his receipt from the

jailer, — we there settled it that we, that is, Lane and myself, perhaps, should agitate the State while Winkelried lay in durance. But when, over the audience, I saw our hero's head moving in the free air of the Universalist church, my fire all went out, and the State was safe as far as I was concerned. But Lane, it seems, had cogitated and even written on the matter, in the afternoon, and so, out of courtesy, taking his point of departure from the Spear-man's lecture, he drove gracefully *in medias res*, and gave the affair a very good setting out; but, to spoil all, our martyr very characteristically, but, as artists would say, in bad taste, brought up the rear with a "My Prisons," which made us forget Silvio Pellico himself.

Mr. Lane wishes me to ask you to see if there is anything for him in the New York office, and pay the charges. Will you tell me what to do with Mr. [Theodore] Parker, who was to lecture February 15th? Mrs. Emerson says my letter is written instead of one from her.

At the end of this strange letter I will not write — what alone I had to say — to thank you and Mrs. Emerson for your long kindness to me. It would be more ungrateful than my constant thought. I have been your pensioner for nearly two years, and still left free as under the sky. It has been as free a gift as the sun or the summer, though I have sometimes molested you with my mean acceptance of it, — I who have failed to render even those slight services of the *hand* which would have been for a sign, at least; and, by the fault of my nature, have failed of many better and higher services. But I will not trouble you with this, but for once thank you as well as Heaven.

Your friend, H. D. T.

Mrs. Lidian Emerson, the wife of R. W. Emerson, and her two daughters, Ellen and Edith, are named in this first letter, and will be frequently mentioned in the correspondence. At this date, Edith, now Mrs. W. H. Forbes, was fourteen months old. Mr. Emerson's mother, Madam Ruth Emerson, was also one of the household, which had for a little more than seven years occupied the well-known house under the trees, east of the village. No reply to this letter is in my hands.

II. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, *February* 10, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — I have stolen one of your own sheets to write you a letter upon, and I hope, with two layers of ink, to turn it into a comforter. If you like to receive a letter from me, too, I am glad, for it gives me pleasure to write. But don't let it come amiss; it must fall as harmlessly as leaves settle on the landscape. I will tell you what we are doing this now. Supper is done, and Edith — the dessert, perhaps, more than the desert — is brought in, or even comes in *per se*; and round she goes, now to this altar, and then to that, with her monosyllabic invocation of "oc," "oc." It makes me think of "Langue d'oc." She must belong to that province. And like the gipsies she talks a language of her own while she understands ours. While she jabbers Sanscrit, Parsee, Pehlvi, say "Edith go bah!" and "bah" it is. No intelligence passes between us. She knows. It is a capital joke, — that is the reason she smiles so. How well the secret is kept! she never descends to explanation. It is not buried like a common secret, bolstered up on two sides, but by an eternal silence on the one side, at least. It has been long kept, and comes in from the unexplored horizon, like a blue mountain range, to end abruptly at our door one day. (Don't stumble at this steep simile.) And now she studies the heights and depths of nature

> On shoulders whirled in some eccentric orbit
> Just by old Pestum's temples and the perch
> Where Time doth plume his wings.

And how she runs the race over the carpet, while all Olympia applauds, — mamma, grandma, and uncle, good Grecians all, — and that dark-hued barbarian, Partheanna Parker, whose shafts go through and through, not backward! Grandmamma smiles over all, and mamma is wondering what papa would say, should she descend on Carlton House some day. "Larks night" 's abed, dreaming of "pleased faces" far away. But now the trumpet sounds, the games are over; some Hebe comes, and Edith is translated. I don't know where; it must be to some cloud, for I never was there.

Query: what becomes of the answers Edith thinks, but cannot express? She really gives you glances which are before this world was. You can't feel any difference of age, except that you have longer legs and arms.

Mrs. Emerson said I must tell you about domestic affairs, when I mentioned that I was going to write. Perhaps it will inform you of the state of all if I only say that I am well and happy in your house here in Concord.

Your friend, HENRY.

Don't forget to tell us what to do with Mr. Parker, when you write next. I lectured this week. It was as bright a night as you could wish. I hope there were no stars thrown away on the occasion.

[A part of the same letter, though bearing a date two days later, and written in a wholly different style, as of one sage to another, is the following postscript.]

February 12, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — As the packet still tarries, I will send you some thoughts, which I have lately relearned, as the latest public and private news.

How mean are our relations to one another! Let us pause till they are nobler. A little silence, a little rest, is good. It would be sufficient employment only to cultivate true ones.

The richest gifts we can bestow are the least marketable. We hate the kindness which we understand. A noble person confers no such gift as his whole confidence: none so exalts the giver and the receiver; it produces the truest gratitude. Perhaps it is only essential to friendship that some vital trust should have been reposed by the one in the other. I feel addressed and probed even to the remote parts of my being when one nobly shows, even in trivial things, an implicit faith in me. When such divine commodities are so near and cheap, how strange that it should have to be each day's discovery! A threat or a curse may be forgotten, but this mild trust translates me. I am no more of this earth; it acts dynamically; it changes my very substance. I cannot do what before I did. I cannot be what before I was. Other chains may be broken, but in the darkest night, in the remotest place, I trail this thread. Then things cannot *happen*. What if God were to confide in us for a moment! Should we not then be gods?

How subtle a thing is this confidence! Nothing sensible passes between; never any consequences are to be apprehended should it be misplaced. Yet something has transpired. A new behavior springs; the ship carries new ballast in her hold. A sufficiently great and generous trust could never be abused. It should be cause to lay down one's life, — which would not be to lose it. Can there be any mistake up there? Don't the gods know where to invest their wealth? Such confidence, too, would be reciprocal. When one confides greatly in you, he will feel the roots of an equal trust fastening themselves in him. When such trust has been received or reposed, we dare not speak, hardly to see each other; our voices sound harsh and untrustworthy. We are as instruments which the Powers have dealt with. Through

what straits would we not carry this little burden of a magnanimous trust! Yet no harm could possibly come, but simply faithlessness. Not a feather, not a straw, is entrusted; that packet is empty. It is only *committed* to us, and, as it were, all things are committed to us.

The kindness I have longest remembered has been of this sort, — the sort unsaid; so far behind the speaker's lips that almost it already lay in my heart. It did not have far to go to be communicated. The gods cannot misunderstand, man cannot explain. We communicate like the burrows of foxes, in silence and darkness, under ground. We are undermined by faith and love. How much more full is Nature where we think the empty space is than where we place the solids! — full of fluid influences. Should we ever communicate but by these? The spirit abhors a vacuum more than Nature. There is a tide which pierces the pores of the air. These aerial rivers, let us not pollute their currents. What meadows do they course through? How many fine mails there are which traverse their routes! He is privileged who gets his letter franked by them.

I believe these things.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

And now comes the first Emersonian reply, — hardly a reply to either of these letters, of which only one had been received February 4–11, when Emerson wrote from the Carlton House, a New York hotel.

III. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

NEW YORK, *February*, 1843.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I have yet seen no new men in New York (excepting young Tappan), but only seen again some of my old friends of last year. Mr. [Albert] Brisbane has just given me a faithful hour and a half of what he calls his principles; and he shames truer men by his fidelity and zeal. Already he begins to hear the reverberation of his single voice from most of the States of the Union. He thinks himself sure of W. H. Channing[1] as a good Fourierist. I laugh incredulous while he recites (for it seems always as if he was repeating paragraphs out of his master's book) descriptions of the self-augmenting potency of the solar system, which is destined to contain one hundred and thirty-two bodies, I believe, and his urgent inculcation of our *stellar duties*. But it has its kernel of sound truth; and its insanity is so wide of New York insanities that it is virtue and honor.

February 10.

I beg you, my dear friend, to say to those faithful lovers of me who have just sent me letters which any man should be happy and proud to receive — I mean my mother and my wife — that I am grieved they should have found my silence so vexatious. I think that some letter must have failed, for I cannot have let ten days go by without writing home. I have kept no account, but am confident that that cannot be. Mr. Mackay has just brought me his good package, and I will not at this hour commence a new letter, but you shall tell Mrs. Emerson that my first steps in New York on this visit seem not to have been prudent, and so I lose several precious days.

February 11.

A society invited me to read my course before them in the Bowery, on certain terms, one of which was that they guaranteed me a thousand auditors. I referred them to my brother William, who covenanted with them. It turned out that their church was in a dark, inaccessible place, a terror to the honest and fair citizens of New York; and our first lecture had a handful of persons, and they all personal friends of mine, from a distant part of the city. But

[1] Nephew and biographer of Dr. Channing, and cousin of Ellery Channing, the poet, soon to be named.

the Bereans felt so sadly about the disappointment that it seemed at last, on much colloquy, not quite good-natured and affectionate to abandon them at once, but to read also a second lecture, and then part. The second was read with faint success, and then we parted. I begin this evening anew in the Society Library, where I was last year. This takes more time than I could wish, a great deal, and I grieve that I cannot come home. I see W. H. Channing and Mr. [Henry] James at leisure, and have had what the Quakers call "a solid season" once or twice; with Tappan a very happy pair of hours, and him I must see again.

I am enriched greatly by your letter, and now by the dear letters which Mr. Mackay has brought me from Lidian Emerson and Elizabeth Hoar; and for speed in part, and partly because I like to write so, I make you the organ of communication to the whole household, and must still owe you a special letter. I dare not say when I will come home, as the time so fast approaches when I should speak to the Mercantile Library. Yesterday eve I was at Staten Island, where William had promised me as a lecturer, and made a speech at Tompkinsville. Dear love to my mother. I shall try within twenty-four hours to write to my wife. Thanks, thanks for your love to Edie! Farewell.

R. Waldo E.

The "special letter," if written, has failed to appear, and instead of it I find one devoted chiefly to the next number of the Dial, of which Emerson was then the editor, with Thoreau's aid. For the January number of 1843 Thoreau had given his unmetrical translation of the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus; for the April number he gave translations from the pseudo-Anacreon, and those beautiful Grecian poems of his own on Smoke and Haze.

IV. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

New York, 12 *February*, 1843.

My dear Henry, — I am sorry I have no paper but this unsightly sheet, this Sunday eve, to write you a message which I see must not wait. The Dial for April, what elements shall compose it? What have you for me? What has Mr. Lane? Have you any Greek translations in your mind? Have you given shape to the comment on Etzler?[1] (It was about some sentences on this matter that I made, some day, a most rude and snappish speech. I remember, but you will not, and must give the sentences as you first wrote them.) You must go to Mr. [Charles] Lane, with my affectionate respects, and tell him that I depend on his important aid for the new number, and wish him to give us the most recent and stirring matter that he has. If (as he is a ready man) he offers us anything at once, I beg you to read it; and if you see and say decidedly that it is good for us, you need not send it to me; but if it is of such quality that you can less surely pronounce, you must send it to me by Harnden. Have we no more news from Wheeler? Has Bartlett none?[2]

I find Edward Palmer here, studying medicine and attending medical lectures. He is acquainted with Mr. Porter, whom Lane and Wright know, and values him highly. I am to see Porter. Perhaps I shall have no more time to fill this sheet; if so, farewell.

Yours, R. Waldo E.

[1] This was the review of Etzler's book which Mr. O'Sullivan, mentioned in Thoreau's first letter, soon printed in his Democratic Review, for which Hawthorne was a frequent writer. The Dial was a quarterly magazine, published for four years from July, 1840.

[2] Charles Stearns Wheeler, a college classmate of Thoreau, was then in Germany (where he died the next summer), and was contributing to the Dial. Robert Bartlett, of Plymouth, was Wheeler's most intimate friend.

This Edward Palmer appears again in a letter of Thoreau's, and I think he afterwards made one of Alcott's little community at Fruitlands, in Harvard, where Charles Lane owned the property, and resided for a time, with his son William and his friend Wright. To this editorial letter of Emerson, Thoreau, who was punctuality itself, replied at once.

V. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, *February* 15, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I got your letters, one yesterday and the other to-day, and they have made me quite happy. As a packet is to go in the morning, I will give you a hasty account of the Dial. I called on Mr. Lane this afternoon, and brought away, together with an abundance of good will, first, a bulky catalogue of books without commentary, — some eight hundred, I think he told me, with an introduction filling one sheet, — ten or a dozen pages, say, though I have only glanced at them; second, a review — twenty-five or thirty printed pages — of Conversations on the Gospels, Record of a School, and Spiritual Culture, with rather copious extracts. However, it is a good subject, and Lane says it gives him satisfaction. I will give it a faithful reading directly. [These were Alcott's publications, reviewed by Lane.] And now I come to the little end of the horn; for myself, I have brought along the Minor Greek Poets, and will mine there for a scrap or two, at least. As for Etzler, I don't remember any "rude and snappish speech" that you made, and if you did it must have been longer than anything I had written; however, here is the book still, and I will try. Perhaps I have some few scraps in my Journal which you may choose to print. The translation of the Æschylus I should like very well to continue anon, if it should be worth the while. As for poetry, I have not remembered to write any for some time; it has quite slipped my mind; but sometimes I think I hear the mutterings of the thunder. Don't you remember that last summer we heard a low, tremulous sound in the woods and over the hills, and thought it was partridges or rocks, and it proved to be thunder gone down the river? But sometimes it was over Wayland way, and at last burst over our heads. So we 'll not despair by reason of the drought. You see, it takes a good many words to supply the place of one deed; a hundred lines to a cobweb, and but one cable to a man-of-war. The Dial case needs to be reformed in many particulars. There is no news from Wheeler, none from Bartlett.

They all look well and happy in this house, where it gives me much pleasure to dwell.

Yours in haste, HENRY.

P. S.

Wednesday Evening, *February* 16.

DEAR FRIEND, — I have time to write a few words about the Dial. I have just received the three first signatures, which do not yet complete Lane's piece. He will place five hundred copies for sale at Munroe's bookstore. Wheeler has sent you two full sheets — more about the German Universities — and proper names, which will have to be printed in alphabetical order for convenience; what this one has done, that one is doing, and the other intends to do. Hammer-Purgstall (Von Hammer) may be one, for aught I know. However, there are two or three *things* in it, as well as names. One of the books of Herodotus is discovered to be out of place. He says something about having sent to Lowell, by the last steamer, a budget of literary news, which he will have communicated to you ere this. Mr. Alcott has a letter from Heraud, and a book written by him, — the Life of Savonarola, — which he wishes to have republished here. Mr. Lane will write a notice of it. (The latter says that what

is in the New York post office *may* be directed to Mr. Alcott.) Miss [Elizabeth] Peabody has sent a "Notice to the readers of the Dial," which is not good.

Mr. Chapin lectured this evening, and so rhetorically that I forgot my duty and heard very little. I find myself better than I have been, and am meditating some other method of paying debts than by lectures and writing, — which will only do to talk about. If anything of that "other" sort should come to your ears in New York, will you remember it for me?

Excuse this scrawl, which I have written over the embers in the dining-room. I hope that you live on good terms with yourself and the gods.

Yours in haste, HENRY.

Mr. Lane and his lucubrations proved to be tough subjects, and the next letter has more to say about them and the Dial. He had undertaken to do justice to Mr. Alcott and his books, as may still be read in the pages of that April number of the Transcendentalist quarterly.

VI. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, *February* 20, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I have read Mr. Lane's review, and *can* say, speaking for this world and for fallen man, that "it is good for us." As they say in geology, time never fails, there is always enough of it, so I may say, criticism never fails; but if I go and read elsewhere, I say it is good, — far better than any notice Mr. Alcott has received, or is likely to receive from another quarter. It is at any rate "the other side," which Boston needs to hear. I do not send it to you, because time is precious, and because I think you would accept it, after all. After speaking briefly of the fate of Goethe and Carlyle in their own countries, he says, "To Emerson in his own circle is but slowly accorded a worthy response; and Alcott, almost utterly neglected," etc. I will strike out what relates to yourself, and, correcting some verbal faults, send the rest to the printer with Lane's initials.

The catalogue needs amendment, I think. It wants completeness now. It should consist of such books only as they would tell Mr. [F. H.] Hedge and [Theodore] Parker they had got; omitting the Bible, the classics, and much besides, — for there the incompleteness begins. But you will be here in season for this.

It is frequently easy to make Mr. Lane more universal and attractive; to write, for instance, "universal ends" instead of "the universal end," just as we pull open the petals of a flower with our fingers where they are confined by its own sweets. Also he had better not say "books designed for the nucleus of a *Home* University," until he makes that word "home" ring solid and universal too. This is that abominable dialect. He has just given me a notice of George Bradford's Fénelon for the Record of the Months, and speaks of extras of the Review and Catalogue, if they are printed, — even a hundred, or thereabouts. How shall this be arranged? Also he wishes to use some manuscripts of his which are in your possession, if you do not. Can I get them?

I think of no news to tell you. It is a serene summer day here, all above the snow. The hens steal their nests, and I steal their eggs still, as formerly. This is what I do with the hands. Ah, labor, — it is a divine institution, and conversation with many men and hens.

Do not think that my letters require as many special answers. I get one as often as you write to Concord. Concord inquires for you daily, as do all the members of this house. You must make haste home before we have settled all the great questions, for they are fast being disposed of. But I must leave room for Mrs. Emerson.

Yours, HENRY.

P. S. BY MRS. EMERSON.

MY DEAR HUSBAND, — Thinking that Henry had decided to send Mr. Lane's manuscript to you by Harnden to-morrow, I wrote you a sheet of gossip which you will not ultimately escape. Now I will use up Henry's vacant spaces with a story or two. G. P. Bradford has sent you a copy of his Fénelon, with a freezing note to me, which made me declare I would never speak to him again; but Mother says, "Never till next time!" William B. Greene has sent me a volume of tales translated by his father. Ought there to be any note of acknowledgment? I wish you may find time to fill all your paper when you write; you must have millions of things to say that we would all be glad to read.

Last evening we had the "Conversation," though, owing to the bad weather, but few attended. The subjects were: What is Prophecy? Who is a Prophet? and The Love of Nature. Mr. Lane decided, as for all time and the race, that this same love of nature — of which Henry [Thoreau] was the champion, and Elizabeth Hoar and Lidian (though L. disclaimed possessing it herself) his faithful squiresses — that this love was the most subtle and dangerous of sins; a refined idolatry, much more to be dreaded than gross wickednesses, because the gross sinner would be alarmed by the depth of his degradation, and come up from it in terror, but the unhappy idolaters of Nature were deceived by the refined quality of their sin, and would be the last to enter the kingdom. Henry frankly affirmed to both the wise men that they were wholly deficient in the faculty in question, and therefore could not judge of it. And Mr. Alcott as frankly answered that it was because they went beyond the mere material objects, and were filled with spiritual love and perception (as Mr. T. was not), that they seemed to Mr. Thoreau not to appreciate outward nature. I am very heavy, and have spoiled a most excellent story. I have given you no idea of the scene, which was ineffably comic, though it made no laugh at the time; I scarcely laughed at it myself, — too deeply amused to give the usual sign. Henry was brave and noble; well as I have always liked him, he still grows upon me. Elizabeth sends her love, and says she shall not go to Boston till your return, and you must make the 8th of March come quickly.

And now the localities of the two friends are reversed in the letters which follow. Mr. Emerson had returned to Concord in March, and in May Mr. Thoreau had gone to Staten Island, into the family of Emerson's elder brother, William, where he was teaching the eldest son, William, and studying New York, at long range or at close quarters. The first letter in the series comes from Emerson.

VII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, Sunday Eve, 21 *May*, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Our Dial is already printing, and you must, if you can, send me something good by the 10th of June, certainly, if not before. If William E. can send by a private opportunity, you shall address it to "Care of Miss Peabody, 13 West Street," or, to be left at Concord Stage Office.[1] Otherwise send by Harnden, — W. E. paying to Boston and charging to me. Let the pacquet bring letters also from you, and from [Giles] Waldo and Tappan, I entreat.

You will not doubt that you are well remembered here, by young, older, and old people; and your letter to your mother was borrowed and read with great interest, pending the arrival of direct

[1] There was yet no railroad from Boston to Concord, but the Fitchburg road was building, as will be seen in another of these letters. The stagecoach ran once a day, seldom carrying a dozen passengers. Now fifty or a hundred make the journey daily.

accounts and of later experiences, especially in the city. I am sure that you are under sacred protection, if I should not hear from you for years. Yet I shall wish to know what befalls you on your way.

Ellery Channing is well settled in his house, and works very steadily thus far, and our intercourse is very agreeable to me. Young [B. W.] Ball has been to see me, and is a prodigious reader and a youth of great promise, — born, too, in the good town. Mr. Hawthorne is well, and Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane are revolving a purchase in Harvard of ninety acres.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

My wife will reopen my sealed letter, but a remembrance from her shall be inserted.

This letter is addressed to "Henry D. Thoreau, care of Mr. Emerson, Esq., 64 Wall Street, New York;" but Thoreau himself was living on Staten Island, at a town called Castleton, whence he made excursions across the bay to the city, and up and down the two islands, Staten and Manhattan. The sea greatly attracted him, for he had seen little, till then, of the great ocean; but the city was an affliction to him.

VIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

Castleton, Staten Island, *May* 23.

My dear Friend, — I was just going to write to you when I received your letter. I was waiting till I had got away from Concord. I should have sent you something for the Dial before, but I have been sick ever since I came here, rather unaccountably, — what with a cold, bronchitis, acclimation, etc., still unaccountably. I send you some verses from my journal which will help make a packet. I have not time to correct them, if this goes by Rockwood Hoar. If I can finish an account of a winter's walk in Concord, in the midst of a Staten Island summer, — not so wise as true, I trust, — I will send it to you soon.

I have had no later experiences yet. You must not count much upon what I can do or learn in New York. I feel a good way off here; and it is not to be visited, but seen and dwelt in. I have been there but once, and have been confined to the house since. Everything there disappoints me but the crowd; rather, I was disappointed with the rest before I came. I have no eyes for their churches, and what else they find to brag of. Though I know but little about Boston, yet what attracts me, in a quiet way, seems much meaner and more pretending than there, — libraries, pictures, and faces in the street. You don't know where any respectability inhabits. It is in the crowd in Chatham Street. The crowd is something new, and to be attended to. It is worth a thousand Trinity Churches and Exchanges while it is looking at them, and will run over them and trample them under foot one day. There are two things I hear and am aware I live in the neighborhood of, — the roar of the sea and the hum of the city. I have just come from the beach (to find your letter), and I like it much. Everything there is on a grand and generous scale, — seaweed, water, and sand; and even the dead fishes, horses, and hogs have a rank, luxuriant odor; great shad-nets spread to dry; crabs and horseshoes crawling over the sand; clumsy boats, only for service, dancing like sea-fowl over the surf, and ships afar off going about their business.

Waldo and Tappan carried me to their English alehouse the first Saturday, and Waldo spent two hours here the next day. But Tappan I have only seen. I like his looks and the sound of his silence. They are confined every day but Sunday, and then Tappan is obliged to observe the demeanor of a church-goer to prevent open war with his father.

I am glad that Channing has got settled, and that, too, before the inroad of the Irish. I have read his poems two or three times over, and partially through and under, with new and increased interest and appreciation. Tell him I saw a man buy a copy at Little & Brown's. He may have been a virtuoso, but we will give him the credit. What with Alcott and Lane and Hawthorne, too, you look strong enough to take New York by storm. Will you tell L., if he asks, that I have been able to do nothing about the books yet?

Believe that I have something better to write you than this. It would be unkind to thank you for particular deeds.

Your friend,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

IX. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, *June* 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — I have been to see Henry James, and like him very much. It was a great pleasure to meet him. It makes humanity seem more erect and respectable. I never was more kindly and faithfully catechised. It made me respect myself more to be thought worthy of such wise questions. He is a man, and takes his own way, or stands still in his own place. I know of no one so patient and determined to have the good of you. It is almost friendship, such plain and human dealing. I think that he will not write or speak inspiringly; but he is a refreshing forward-looking and forward-moving man, and he has naturalized and humanized New York for me. He actually reproaches you by his respect for your poor words. I had three hours' solid talk with him, and he asks me to make free use of his house. He wants an expression of your faith, or to be sure that it is faith, and confesses that his own treads fast upon the neck of his understanding. He exclaimed, at some careless answer of mine, "Well, you Transcendentalists are wonderfully consistent. I must get hold of this somehow!" He likes Carlyle's book,[1] but says that it leaves him in an excited and unprofitable state, and that Carlyle is so ready to obey his humor that he makes the least vestige of truth the foundation of any superstructure, not keeping faith with his better genius nor truest readers.

I met Wright on the stairs of the Society Library, and W. H. Channing and Brisbane on the steps. The former (Channing) is a concave man, and you see by his attitude and the lines of his face that he is retreating from himself and from yourself, with sad doubts. It is like a fair mask swaying from the drooping boughs of some tree whose stem is not seen. He would break with a conchoidal fracture. You feel as if you would like to see him when he has made up his mind to run all the risks. To be sure, he doubts because he has a great hope to be disappointed, but he makes the possible disappointment of too much consequence. Brisbane, with whom I did not converse, did not impress me favorably. He looks like a man who has lived in a cellar, far gone in consumption. I barely saw him, but he did not look as if he could let Fourier go, in any case, and throw up his hat. But I need not have come to New York to write this.

I have seen Tappan for two or three hours, and like both him and Waldo; but I always see those of whom I have heard well with a slight disappointment. They are so much better than the great herd, and yet the heavens are not shivered into diamonds over their heads. Persons and things flit so rapidly through my brain, nowadays, that I can hardly remember them. They seem to be lying in the stream, stemming the tide, ready to go to sea, as steamboats when they leave the dock go off in the opposite direction first, until they are headed right, and then begins the steady revolution of the paddle-wheels; and *they* are not quite cheerily headed anywhither

[1] Past and Present.

yet, nor singing amid the shrouds as they bound over the billows. There is a certain youthfulness and generosity about them, very attractive; and Tappan's more reserved and solitary thought commands respect.

After some ado, I discovered the residence of Mrs. Black, but there was palmed off on me, in her stead, a Mrs. Grey (quite an inferior color), who told me at last that she was not Mrs. Black, but her mother, and was just as glad to see me as Mrs. Black would have been, and so, forsooth, would answer just as well. Mrs. Black had gone with Edward Palmer to New Jersey, and would return on the morrow.

I don't like the city better, the more I see it, but worse. I am ashamed of my eyes that behold it. It is a thousand times meaner than I could have imagined. It will be something to hate, — that 's the advantage it will be to me; and even the best people in it are a part of it, and talk coolly about it. The pigs in the street are the most respectable part of the population. When will the world learn that a million men are of no importance compared with *one* man? But I must wait for a shower of shillings, or at least a slight dew or mizzling of sixpences, before I explore New York very far.

The sea-beach is the best thing I have seen. It is very solitary and remote, and you only remember New York occasionally. The distances, too, along the shore, and inland in sight of it, are unaccountably great and startling. The sea seems very near from the hills, but it proves a long way over the plain, and yet you may be wet with the spray before you can believe that you are there. The far seems near, and the near far. Many rods from the beach, I step aside for the Atlantic, and I see men drag up their boats on to the sand, with oxen, stepping about amid the surf, as if it were possible they might draw up Sandy Hook.

I do not feel myself especially serviceable to the good people with whom I live, except as inflictions are sanctified to the righteous. And so, too, must I serve the boy. I can look to the Latin and mathematics sharply, and for the rest behave myself. But I cannot be in his neighborhood hereafter as his Educator, of course, but as the hawks fly over my own head. I am not attracted toward him but as to youth generally. He shall frequent me, however, as much as he can, and I 'll be I.

Bradbury told me, when I passed through Boston, that he was coming to New York the following Saturday, and would then settle with me, but he has not made his appearance yet. Will you, the next time you go to Boston, present that order for me which I left with you?

If I say less about Waldo and Tappan now, it is, perhaps, because I may have more to say by and by. Remember me to your mother and Mrs. Emerson, who, I hope, is quite well. I shall be very glad to hear from her, as well as from you. I have very hastily written out something for the Dial, and send it only because you are expecting something, — though something better. It seems idle and Howittish, but it may be of more worth in Concord, where it belongs. In great haste. Farewell.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

The Bradbury mentioned was of the publishing house of Bradbury & Soden, in Boston, which had taken Nathan Hale's Boston Miscellany off his hands, and had published in it, with promise of payment, Thoreau's Walk to Wachusett. But much time had passed, and the debt was not paid; hence the lack of a "shower of shillings" which the letter laments. Emerson's reply gives the first news of the actual beginning of Alcott's short-lived paradise at Fruitlands, and dwells with interest on the affairs of the rural and lettered circle at Concord, from which Alcott and his

English friends were just departing, only to return sadder and wiser the next year.

X. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, *June* 10, 1843.

DEAR HENRY, — It is high time that you had some token from us in acknowledgment of the parcel of kind and helpful things you sent us, as well as of your permanent right in us all. The cold weather saddened our landscape and our gardens here almost until now; but to-day's sunshine is obliterating the memory of such things. I have just been visiting my petty plantations, and find that all your grafts live except a single scion; and all my new trees, including twenty pines to fill up interstices in my "curtain,"[1] are well alive. The town is full of Irish, and the woods of engineers with theodolite and red flag, singing out their feet and inches to each other from station to station. Near Mr. Alcott's [the Hosmer Cottage] the road is already begun. [This was the Fitchburg railroad, which crosses the highway not far from where the Alcotts had been living.]

From Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane, at Harvard, we have yet heard nothing. They went away in good spirits, having sent "Wood Abram" and Larned and William Lane before them, with horse and plough, a few days in advance, to begin the spring work. Mr. Lane paid me a long visit, in which he was more than I had ever known him gentle and open; and it was impossible not to sympathize with and honor projects that so often seem without feet or hands. They have near a hundred acres of land which they do not want, and no house, which they want first of all. But they count this an advantage, as it gives them the occasion they so much desire, of building after their own idea. In the event of their attracting to their company a carpenter or two, which is not impossible, it would be a great pleasure to see their building, which could hardly fail to be new and beautiful. They have fifteen acres of woodland, with good timber.

Ellery Channing is excellent company, and we walk in all directions. He remembers you with great faith and hope; thinks you ought not to see Concord again these ten years — that you ought to grind up fifty Concords in your mill — and much other opinion and counsel he holds in store on this topic. Hawthorne walked with me yesterday afternoon, and not until after our return did I read his Celestial Railroad, which has a serene strength which we cannot afford not to praise, in this low life.

Our Dial thrives well enough in these weeks. I print W. E. Channing's Letters, or the first ones,[2] but he does not care to have them named as his for a while. They are very agreeable reading, and their wisdom lightened by a vivacity very rare in the Dial. [S. G.] Ward, too, has sent me some sheets on architecture, whose good sense is eminent. I have a valuable manuscript — a sea voyage — from a new hand, which is all clear good sense, and I may make some of Mr. Lane's graver sheets give way for this honest story; otherwise I shall print it in October. I have transferred the publishing of the Dial to James Munroe & Co.

Do not, I entreat you, let me be in ignorance of anything good which you know of my fine friends, Waldo and Tappan. T. writes me never a word. I had a letter from H. James, promising to see you, and you must not fail to visit him. I must soon write to him, though my debts of this nature are, perhaps, too

[1] This was a shelter of pine-trees planted in the angle of the roads east of Emerson's house, to break the east wind and screen the inmates.

[2] In that charming but unfinished Youth of the Poet and Painter, which described so well the scenery of the Merrimac and the Artichoke rivers, near Newbury, and gently satirized Cambridge and Boston. Mr. Ward was at that time a Boston banker.

many. To him I much prefer to talk than to write. Let me know well how you prosper and what you meditate. And all good abide with you.

R. W. E.

June 15.

Whilst my letter has lain on the table waiting for a traveler, your letter and parcel have safely arrived. I may not have place now for the Winter's Walk in the July Dial, which is just making up its last sheets, and somehow I must end it to-morrow, when I go to Boston. I shall then keep it for October, subject, however, to your order, if you find a better disposition for it. I will carry the order to the faithless booksellers.[1] Thanks for all these tidings of my friends at New York and at the Island, and love to the last. I have letters from Lane at Fruitlands, and from Miss Fuller at Niagara; she found it sadly cold and rainy at the Falls.

XI. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, *July* 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIENDS, — I was very glad to hear your voices from so far. I do not believe there are eight hundred human beings on the globe. It is all a fable, and I cannot but think that you speak with a slight outrage and disrespect of Concord when you talk of fifty of them. There are not so many. Yet think not that I have left all behind, for already I begin to track my way over the earth, and find the cope of heaven extending beyond its horizon, — forsooth, like the roofs of these Dutch houses. My thoughts revert to those dear hills and that *river* which so fills up the world to its brim, — worthy to be named with Mincius and Alpheus, — still drinking its meadows while I am far away. How can it run heedless to the sea, as if I were there to countenance it? George Minott, too, looms up considerably, — and many another old familiar face. These things all look sober and respectable. They are better than the environs of New York, I assure you.

[1] Bradbury & Soden.

I am pleased to think of Channing as an inhabitant of the grey town. Seven cities contended for Homer dead. Tell him to remain at least long enough to establish Concord's right and interest in him. I was beginning to know the man. In imagination I see you pilgrims taking your way by the red lodge and the cabin of the brave farmer man, so youthful and hale, to the still cheerful woods. And Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered, in old heroic times, along the banks of the Scamander, amid the ruins of chariots and heroes. Tell him not to desert, even after the tenth year. Others may say, "Are there not the cities of Asia?" But what are they? Staying at home is the heavenly way.

And Elizabeth Hoar, my brave townswoman, to be sung of poets, — if I may speak of her whom I do not know. Tell Mrs. Brown[1] that I do not forget her, going her way under the stars through this chilly world, — I did *not* think of the wind, — and that I went a little way with her. Tell her not to despair. Concord's little arch does not span all our fate, nor is what transpires under it law for the universe.

And least of all are forgotten those walks in the woods in ancient days, — too sacred to be idly remembered, — when their aisles were pervaded as by a fragrant atmosphere. They still seem youthful and cheery to my imagination as Sherwood and Barnsdale, — and of far purer fame. Those afternoons when we wandered o'er Olympus, — and those hills, from which the sun was seen to set, while still our day held on its way.

"At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

I remember these things at midnight, at rare intervals. But know, my friends, that I a good deal hate you all in my

[1] A sister of Mrs. Emerson.

most private thoughts, as the substratum of the little love I bear you. Though you are a rare band, and do not make half use enough of one another.

I think this is a noble number of the Dial. It perspires thought and feeling. I can speak of it now a little like a foreigner. Be assured that it is not written in vain, — it is not for me. I hear its prose and its verse. They provoke and inspire me, and they have my sympathy. I hear the sober and the earnest, the sad and the cheery voices of my friends, and to me it is a long letter of encouragement and reproof; and no doubt so it is to many another in the land. So don't give up the ship. Methinks the verse is hardly enough better than the prose. I give my vote for the Notes from the Journal of a Scholar, and wonder you don't print them faster. I want, too, to read the rest of the Poet and the Painter. Miss Fuller's is a noble piece, — rich, extempore writing, talking with pen in hand. It is too good not to be better, even. In writing, conversation should be folded many times thick. It is the height of art that, on the first perusal, plain common sense should appear; on the second, severe truth; and on a third, beauty; and, having these warrants for its depth and reality, we may then enjoy the beauty for evermore. The sea-piece is of the best that is going, if not of the best that is staying. You have spoken a good word for Carlyle. As for the Winter's Walk, I should be glad to have it printed in the Dial if you think it good enough, and will criticise it; otherwise send it to me, and I will dispose of it.

I have not been to New York for a month, and so have not seen Waldo and Tappan. James has been at Albany meanwhile. You will know that I only describe my personal adventures with people; but I hope to see more of them, and *judge* them too. I am sorry to learn that Mrs. E. is no better. But let her know that the Fates pay a compliment to those whom they make sick, and they have not to ask, "What have I done?"

Remember me to your mother, and remember me yourself as you are remembered by H. D. T.

I had a friendly and cheery letter from Lane a month ago.

XII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, *July* 20, 1843.

DEAR HENRY, — Giles Waldo shall not go back without a line to you, if only to pay a part of my debt in that kind long due. I am sorry to say that when I called on Bradbury & Soden, nearly a month ago, their partner, in their absence, informed me that they could not pay you, at present, any part of their debt on account of the Boston Miscellany. After much talking, all the promise he could offer was "that within a year it would probably be paid," — a probability which certainly looks very slender. The very worst thing he said was the proposition that you should take your payment in the form of Boston Miscellanies! I shall not fail to refresh their memory at intervals.

We were all very glad to have such cordial greetings from you as in your last letter, on the Dial's and on all personal accounts. Hawthorne and Channing are both in good health and spirits, and the last always a good companion for me, who am hard to suit, I suppose. Giles Waldo has established himself with me by his good sense. I fancy from your notices that he is more than you have seen. I think that neither he nor W. A. Tappan will be exhausted in one interview. My wife is at Plymouth to recruit her wasted strength, but left word with me to acknowledge and heartily thank you for your last letter to her. Edith and Ellen are in high health; and, as pussy has this afternoon nearly killed a young oriole, Edie tells all comers, with great energy, her one story, "Birdy — *sick*." Mrs. Brown, who just left the house, desires kindest remem-

brances to you, whom "she misses" and whom "she thinks of."

In this fine weather we look very bright and green in yard and garden, though this sun, without showers, will perchance spoil our potatoes. Our clover grew well on your patch between the dikes; and Reuben Brown adjudged that Cyrus Warren should pay fourteen dollars this year for my grass. Last year he paid eight dollars. All your grafts of this year have lived and done well. The apple-trees and plums speak of you in every wind.

You will have read and heard the sad news to the little village of Lincoln of Stearns Wheeler's death. Such an overthrow to the hopes of his parents made me think more of them than of the loss the community will suffer in his kindness, diligence, and ingenuous mind. The papers have contained ample notices of his life and death. I saw Charles Newcomb the other day at Brook Farm, and he expressed his great gratification in your translations, and said that he had been minded to write you and ask of you to translate in like manner — Pindar. I advised him by all means to do so. But he seemed to think he had discharged his conscience. But it was a very good request. It would be a fine thing to be done, since Pindar has no adequate translation, — no English equal to his fame. Do look at the book with that in your mind, while Charles is mending his pen. I will soon send you word respecting the Winter Walk.

Farewell. R. W. Emerson.

The reply to this letter, dated August 7, is printed in the volume of Letters and Poems edited by Emerson in 1865. To that letter of Thoreau's Emerson responded, and enlarged upon its themes as follows.

XIII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

Concord, *September* 8, 1843.

Dear Henry, — We were all surprised to hear, one day lately, from G. Waldo, that you were forsaking the deep quiet of the Clove for the limbo of the false booksellers, and were soon relieved by hearing that you were safe again in the cottage at Staten Island. I could heartily wish that this country, which seems all opportunity, did actually offer more distinct and just rewards of labor to that unhappy class of men who have more reason and conscience than strength of back and of arm; but the experience of a few cases that I have lately seen looks, I confess, more like crowded England and indigent Germany than like rich and roomy Nature. But the few cases are deceptive; and though Homer should starve in the highway, Homer will know and proclaim that bounteous Nature has bread for all her boys. To-morrow our arms will be stronger; to-morrow the wall before which we sat will open of itself and show the new way.

Ellery Channing works and writes as usual at his cottage, to which Captain Moore has added a neat slat fence and gate. His wife as yet has no more than five scholars, but will have more presently. Hawthorne has returned from a visit to the seashore in good spirits. Elizabeth Hoar is still absent since Evarts's[1] marriage. You will have heard of our Wyman Trial and the stir it made in the village. But the Cliff and Walden, which know something of the railroad, knew nothing of that; not a leaf nodded; not a pebble fell. Why should I speak of it to you? Now the humanity of the town suffers with the poor Irish, who receives but sixty, or even fifty cents, for working from dark till dark, with a strain and a following up that reminds one of negro-driving. Peter Hutchinson told me he had never seen men perform so much; he should never think it hard again if an employer should keep him at work till after sundown. But what can be done for their relief as long as new applicants for the same

[1] The present W. M. Evarts, lately Senator from New York, a cousin of Miss Hoar.

labor are coming in every day? These of course reduce the wages to the sum that will suffice a bachelor to live, and must drive out the men with families. The work goes on very fast. The mole which crosses the land of Jonas Potter and Mr. Stow, from Ephraim Wheeler's high land to the depot, is eighteen feet high, and goes on two rods every day. A few days ago a new contract was completed, — from the terminus of the old contract to Fitchburg, — the whole to be built before October, 1844; so that you see our fate is sealed. I have not yet advertised my house for sale, nor engaged my passage to Berkshire; have even suffered George Bradford to plan a residence with me next spring, and at this very day am talking with Mr. Britton of building a cottage in my triangle for Mrs. Brown; but I can easily foresee that some inconveniences may arise from the road, when open, that shall drive me from my rest.

I mean to send the Winter's Walk to the printer to-morrow for the Dial. I had some hesitation about it, notwithstanding its faithful observation and its fine sketches of the pickerel-fisher and of the woodchopper, on account of *mannerism*, an old charge of mine, — as if, by attention, one could get the trick of the rhetoric; for example, to call a cold place sultry, a solitude public, a wilderness *domestic* (a favorite word), and in the woods to insult over cities, whilst the woods, again, are dignified by comparing them to cities, armies, etc. By pretty free omissions, however, I have removed my principal objections. I ought to say that Ellery Channing admired the piece loudly and long, and only stipulated for the omission of Douglas and one copy of verses on the Smoke. For the rest, we go on with the Youth of the Poet and Painter and with extracts from the Jamaica Voyage, and Lane has sent me A Day with the Shakers. Poetry have I very little. Have you no Greek translations ready for me?

I beg you to tell my brother William that the review of Channing's poems, in the Democratic Review, has been interpolated with sentences and extracts, to make it long, by the editor, and I acknowledge, as far as I remember, little beyond the first page. And now that I have departed so far from my indolence as to write this letter, I have yet to add to mine the affectionate greetings of my wife and my mother.

Yours, R. W. Emerson.

Emerson did, in fact, throw out from the Winter Walk two pages or so, besides making changes here and there; all which the young author took in good part. I have the rejected pages, which perhaps, in after years, the editor would have accepted, finding that Thoreau's mannerism, like his punning, was part of the man, and must be humored.

XIV. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

Staten Island, *September* 14, 1843.

Dear Friend, — Miss Fuller will tell you the news from these parts, so I will only devote these few moments to what she does not know as well. I was absent only one day and night from the Island, the family expecting me back immediately. I was to earn a certain sum before winter, and thought it worth the while to try various experiments. I carried the Agriculturist about the city, and up as far as Manhattanville, and called at the Croton Reservoir, where indeed they did not want any Agriculturist, but paid well enough in their way. Literature comes to a poor market here, and even the little that I write is more than will sell. I have tried the Democratic Review, the New Mirror, and Brother Jonathan. The last two, as well as the New World, are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing, and are worth no more. The Knickerbocker is too poor, and only the Ladies' Companion pays. O'Sullivan is printing the manuscript I sent him some

time ago, having objected only to my want of sympathy with the Communities.

I doubt if you have made more corrections in my manuscript than I should have done ere this, though they may be better; but I am glad you have taken any pains with it. I have not prepared any translations for the Dial, supposing there would be no room, though it is the only place for them.

I have been seeing men during these days, and trying experiments upon trees; have inserted three or four hundred buds (quite a Buddhist, one might say). Books I have access to through your brother and Mr. Mackean, and have read a good deal. Quarles's Divine Poems as well as Emblems are quite a discovery.

I am very sorry Mrs. Emerson is so sick. Remember me to her and to your mother. I like to think of your living on the banks of the Mill-brook, in the midst of the garden with all its weeds; for what are botanical distinctions at this distance? Your friend,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

XV. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, *October* 17, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I went with my pupil to the Fair of the American Institute, and so lost a visit from Tappan, whom I met returning from the Island. I should have liked to hear more news from his lips, though he had left me a letter and the Dial, which is a sort of circular letter itself. I find Channing's letters full of life, and I enjoy their wit highly. Lane writes straight and solid, like a guideboard, but I find that I put off the "social tendencies" to a future day, which may never come. He is always Shaker fare, quite as luxurious as his principles will allow. I feel as if I were ready to be appointed a committee on poetry, I have got my eyes so whetted and proved of late, like the knife-sharpener I saw at the Fair, certified to have been "in constant use in a gentleman's family for more than two years." Yes, I ride along the ranks of the English poets, casting terrible glances, and some I blot out, and some I spare. Mackean has imported, within the year, several new editions and collections of old poetry, of which I have the reading, but there is a good deal of chaff to a little meal, — hardly worth bolting. I have just opened Bacon's Advancement of Learning for the first time, which I read with great delight. It is more like what Scott's novels *were* than anything.

I see that I was very blind to send you my manuscript in such a state; but I have a good *second* sight, at least. I could still shake it in the wind to some advantage, if it would hold together. There are some sad mistakes in the printing. It is a little unfortunate that the Ethnical Scriptures should hold out so well, though it does really hold out. The Bible ought not to be very large. Is it not singular that, while the religious world is gradually picking to pieces its old testaments, here are some coming slowly after, on the seashore, picking up the durable relics of perhaps older books, and putting them together again?

Your Letter to Contributors is excellent, and hits the nail on the head. It will taste sour to their palates at first, no doubt, but it will bear a sweet fruit at last. I like the poetry, especially the Autumn verses. They ring true. Though I am quite weather-beaten with poetry, having weathered so many epics of late. The Sweep Ho! sounds well this way. But I have a good deal of fault to find with your Ode to Beauty. The tune is altogether unworthy of the thoughts. You slope too quickly to the rhyme, as if that trick had better be performed as soon as possible, or as if you stood over the line with a hatchet, and chopped off the verses as they came out, some short and some long. But give us a long reel, and we 'll cut it up to suit ourselves. It sounds like parody. "Thee knew I of old," "Remediless thirst," are some of those stereotyped lines. I am frequently

reminded, I believe, of Jane Taylor's Philosopher's Scales, and how the world

"Flew out with a bounce,"

which

"Yerked the philosopher out of his cell;"

or else of

"From the climes of the sun all war-worn and weary."

I had rather have the thought come ushered with a flourish of oaths and curses. Yet I love your poetry as I do little else that is near and recent, especially when you get fairly round the end of the line, and are not thrown back upon the rocks. To read the lecture on The Comic is as good as to be in our town meeting or Lyceum once more.

I am glad that the Concord farmers ploughed well this year; it promises that something will be done these summers. But I am suspicious of that *Brittonner*, who advertises so many cords of *good* oak, chestnut, and maple wood for sale. *Good!* ay, good for what? And there shall not be left a stone upon a stone. But no matter, — let them hack away. The sturdy Irish arms that do the work are of more worth than oak or maple. Methinks I could look with equanimity upon a long street of Irish cabins, and pigs and children reveling in the genial Concord dirt; and I should still find my Walden wood and Fair Haven in their tanned and happy faces.

I write this in the cornfield — it being washing-day — with the inkstand Elizabeth Hoar gave me; [1] though it is not redolent of cornstalks, I fear. Let me not be forgotten by Channing and Hawthorne, nor our grey-suited neighbor under the hill [Edmund Hosmer].

Your friend, H. D. Thoreau.

[1] This inkstand was presented by Miss Hoar, with a note dated "Boston, May 2, 1843," which deserves to be copied.

Dear Henry, — The rain prevented me from seeing you the night before I came away, to leave with you a parting assurance of good will and good hope. We have become better acquainted within the two past years than in our whole life as schoolmates and neighbors before; and I am unwilling to let you go away without telling you that I, among your other friends, shall miss you much, and follow you with remembrance and all best wishes and confidence. Will you take this little inkstand and try if it will carry ink safely from Concord to Staten Island? and the pen, which, if you can write with steel, may be made sometimes the interpreter of friendly thoughts to those whom you leave beyond the reach of your voice, — or record the inspirations of Nature, who, I doubt not, will be as faithful to you who trust her in the sea-girt Staten Island as in Concord woods and meadows. Good-by, and εὖ πράττειν, which, a wise man says, is the only salutation fit for the wise.

Truly your friend, E. Hoar.

This letter and that of Emerson preceding it (No. XIII.) will be best explained by a reference to the Dial for October, 1843. The Ethnical Scriptures were selections from the Brahminical books, from Confucius, etc., such as we have since seen in great abundance. The Autumn verses are by Channing; Sweep Ho! by Ellen Sturgis, afterwards Mrs. Hooper; the Youth of the Poet and Painter also by Channing. The Letter to Contributors, which is headed simply A Letter, is by Emerson, and has been much overlooked by his later readers; his Ode to Beauty is very well known, and does not deserve the slashing censure of Thoreau, though, as it now stands, it is better than first printed. Instead of

"Love drinks at thy banquet
Remediless thirst,"

we now have the perfect phrase,

"Love drinks at thy *fountain*
False waters of thirst."

The Comic is also Emerson's. There is a poem, The Sail, by William Tappan, so often named in these letters, and a sonnet by Charles A. Dana, now of the New York Sun.

XVI. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

Concord, *October* 25, 1843.

Dear Henry, — I have your letter

this evening by the advent of Mrs. Fuller to Ellery Channing's, and am heartily glad of the robust greeting. Ellery brought it to me, and, as it was opened, wondered whether he had not some right to expect a letter. So I read him what belonged to him. He is usually in good spirits, and always in good wit, forms stricter ties with George Minott, and is always merry with the dullness of a world which will not support him. I am sorry you will dodge my hunters, T. and W. William Tappan is a very satisfactory person, only I could be very willing he should read a little more; he speaks seldom, but easily and strongly, and moves like a deer. H. James, too, has gone to England. I am the more sorry because you liked him so well.

In Concord no events. We have had the new Hazlitt's Montaigne, which contained the Journey into Italy, — new to me, — and the narrative of the death of the renowned friend Étienne de la Boëtie. Then I have had Saadi's Gulistân, Ross's translation, and Marot, and Roman de la Rose, and Robert of Gloucester's rhymed Chronicle.

Where are my translations of Pindar for the Dial? Fail not to send me something good and strong. They send us the Rivista Ligure, a respectable magazine, from Genoa; La Démocratie Pacifique, a bright daily paper, from Paris; the Deutsche Schnellpost, the German New York paper; and Phalanx from London; the New Englander from New Haven, which angrily affirms that the Dial is not as good as the Bible. By all these signs we infer that we make some figure in the literary world, though we are not yet encouraged by a swollen subscription list. Lidian says she will write you a note herself. If, as we have heard, you will come home to Thanksgiving, you must bring something that will serve for Lyceum lecture, — the craving, thankless town!

Yours affectionately,

WALDO EMERSON.

Soon after this letter was received by Thoreau at Staten Island he returned to Concord, and there lived with his father, mother, and two sisters, Helen and Sophia, until he went, in March, 1845, to live in the Walden woods. He was so near his friend Emerson in 1844–47 that few or no letters passed between them. The Dial perished in the mean time, — the number for April, 1844, being the last of the sixteen, and containing a few of Thoreau's promised translations from Pindar. From that time until 1849 he was at work on his first book, The Week. Ellery Channing, in 1844–45, had gone to New York to help Horace Greeley edit the Tribune, and had afterwards sailed up the Mediterranean and made his short visit to Rome; Hawthorne had left the Old Manse and entered the Salem custom house; and Alcott had bought the Wayside estate (which Hawthorne afterwards occupied), and was gardening there in 1846-47. Finally, after many invitations, Emerson decided to visit England, and in the autumn of 1847 Thoreau left his Walden hut to reside in Emerson's house at the village, and to renew the correspondence of four years earlier. This will make another chapter.

F. B. Sanborn.

PRIVATE LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

I.

THE profound sentiment of nationality cherished by a Roman of the best period was but the natural outgrowth and necessary complement of an equally intense and overruling sentiment of consanguinity. For him the family bond was essentially a sacred one, and the worship of the Lares, or guardian spirits of the home (often conceived as the souls of departed kindred), and of the Penates, or great gods in their relation to private and family affairs, was the most vital and heartfelt part of his religion. The family was regarded as both the germ and image of the state. To furnish the state with citizens was a man's first duty; to be the last of one's line was a calamity and a curse. "Not for your own behoof alone, but for your country's, were your children reared!" thundered Cicero against Verres, and, himself the parent of one son and one daughter only, he envied, and lauded as a public benefactor, a certain general of the Metellus family whom twenty-seven persons, including sons and daughters in law, had the right to call "father."

Domestic life in the early days of the Roman commonwealth, and rural domestic life down to a comparatively late period, was plain, and stern, and pure; offering singular resemblances, in its spirit and some of its aspects, to the life upon their lonely farms of the first Puritan settlers of New England. The phrase "a paternal government" has come in our day — or rather it came in the day before ours — to bear a somewhat satiric significance. In republican Rome it was the curt description of a simple fact, equally true upon its public and its private side. The rulers of the nation were its *patres conscripti*. The father of the family was its sovereign in his own right; wife, children, and slaves were alike his subjects.

The legal power of the husband over the wife was expressed by the term *manus*. The bride of those primitive times was merely transferred from her father's rule to that of her husband. She ranked thenceforth as a daughter of her husband's house; she came *in manum ejus*, — into his hand. Her property became his. He might not sell her, and so long as she remained faithful he might not slay her, but these were the only limits to his power.

The authority of the father over his children was even more absolute, for it included, far down into historic times, the legal right to sell, to repudiate, or, in the case of deformed infants or superfluous daughters, to destroy his offspring at birth. When the father lifted the new-born infant in his arms, it was a sign that he acknowledged and would rear and provide for it. The power of the father over his sons and their children ceased only when he died or lost his rights of Roman citizenship, a forfeiture which the Italians still express by the stern phrase *morte civile*, or civic death; the father's power over his daughters ended when they married with manus or took vestal vows.

A *justum matrimonium*, or true marriage, could be made only between Roman citizens (for the woman also reckoned as *civis Romana*) of the legal age, not too nearly related, and with the full approbation of the fathers who might hold *patria potestas* over the bridal pair. The marriageable age, fixed by law at fourteen for the husband and twelve for the wife, was practically later, for the boy was never married until he had received the gown of manhood, the girl rarely before fifteen or sixteen. The forbidden degrees of relationship origi-

nally included all within the sixth, which was carrying the limit yet further back than those tables of the law which adorn the walls of old English parish churches, and whose prohibitions begin with the statement that a man may not marry his grandmother. These degrees of relationship included all for which the Latin language had names, and all which had the *jus osculi;* that is, within which it was allowable for man and woman to kiss.

Such rigid restrictions were especially needful in those early times, when it was so customary for a man to marry in his own *gens*, or clan, that he who did not do so was said *enubere*, to marry out; as a Quaker may marry out of meeting. As time went on, however, the rules relating to the marriage of kindred were much relaxed, and we gather from Livy that ever after the time of the second Punic war, 201 B. C., relatives of the fourth degree, that is to say *consobrini*, or cousins-german, might marry.

The union formed under these conditions was of two kinds: the bride either came into her husband's manus, or she did not. In the first instance she passed completely out of her father's rule, surrendered her patrimony, and became one of her husband's heirs. In the second she remained a member of her father's family, and retained both the right of inheritance in his estate and the control of her own property. In the former case, according to Cicero, she became *materfamilias*, in the latter she was merely *uxor*.

Marriage with manus was itself of three kinds. The most solemn and stately, and by far the most aristocratic, was the *confarreatio*, which may be compared remotely, for splendor of ceremonial, to a wedding with pontifical high mass in a cathedral or collegiate church. Beside the private offerings and taking of auspices, which were seldom omitted in any sort of legal marriage, this included a public ceremony conducted by the Pontifex Maximus and the Flamen Dialis in the presence of at least ten witnesses; and it took its name from the *farreum libum*, or cake of spelt flour, carried before the newly married pair on their return from the wedding ceremony, and subsequently broken and eaten between them. There remained marriage by *usus*, in virtue of which the wife came into her husband's manus, by the mutual consent of both parties, after they had lived together for a year without interruption of more than three successive days; and the marriage by *coemptio*, which, though usually accompanied by domestic religious rites, — as a modern wedding may be blessed by a clergyman in a private house, — must still be looked upon in the light of a civil contract. In this case the father went through a form of emancipating his daughter in favor of her future husband, after which the girl made declaration that she entered into the union of her own free will.

Confarreatio was the oldest as well as the most dignified and imposing of the Roman marriage rites. It was long the exclusive privilege of the patricians, and none but the descendants of such a marriage could ever become *flamines majores* (priests of Jove, Mars, or Quirinus) or vestal virgins. Naturally, therefore, this was the favorite form in the highest social circles; while marriage by usus, as the simplest and least costly, would prevail, roughly speaking, among the lower orders, and marriage by coemptio was the one commonly practiced by the intermediate classes. But it is plain that, with the progress of what are now called advanced ideas, the solemn and ceremonious marriage by confarreatio went more and more out of fashion, so that Tacitus says that in the time of Tiberius it had become a matter of some difficulty to find men qualified by their birth to fill the vacancies occasioned by death in the great priestly offices.

There were many restrictions as to the days of the year when weddings

might take place. The entire month of May was regarded as unlucky, and the first half of June; nor could marriages be celebrated from the 13th to the 21st of February, the *dies parentales*, when there were memorial services for deceased kindred and offerings to their *manes;* nor on the three days of the year when the underworld was supposed to stand open, — August 24, October 5, and November 8; nor on the kalends, nones, or ides of any month. Religious holidays in general were considered inappropriate for the marriage of young girls, though widows often chose them.

On the night before her bridal, the maiden laid aside her *toga prætexta*, a simple robe, trimmed with purple, and made up apparently width-wise of the cloth; her mother dressed her for the first time in a long white garment with vertical seams, called a *regilla*, and confined her flowing hair in a scarlet net. The true wedding gown, which she would assume on the morrow, was also a flowing white robe, gathered at the waist by a woolen girdle, which was tied in a *nodus herculeus*, supposed to be a charm against the evil eye. The wedding veil was fine in texture and of a brilliant flame-color. It was very ample, thrown first over the head from behind, and then drawn in graceful folds about the entire person. The girl's hair was also dressed in a peculiar manner for the ceremony. The bridegroom himself must divide it into six tresses with the point of a curved spear, the *hasta cœlibaris*. Ribbons or fillets were bound between these strands, which appear afterwards to have been braided and confined to the head. Above the braids and under her veil the bride wore a garland of natural flowers, gathered by her own hand; and the bridegroom also, at least in later times, always wore a chaplet.

The wedding ceremonies proper began in the stillness of the early dawn with the taking of auspices; and this was usually done by a professional diviner, who was not a minister of the state religion. A victim was then slain for the wedding sacrifice (commonly a sheep), and the skin was spread over two stools or chairs, upon which the bridal pair sat during a portion of the religious rites to follow. The guests now assembled; the marriage contract was accepted in the presence of ten witnesses, and the bride signified her willingness to come into the manus of the bridegroom, and, at least theoretically, to assume his name, by repeating the ancient formula, "Quando tu Gaius, ego Gaia." The wedding party then adjourned to some temple or public altar, where an offering (in early times always a bloodless one of spelt cakes and fruit) was made to Jove; and the Flamen Dialis offered prayers to Juno and to Tellus and other gods of the soil. During the offering the bridal pair sat side by side; during the prayers they moved slowly around the altar, attended by an acolyte bearing a basket which contained what were called the *utensilia* of the bride, probably her spinning implements and certain marriage gifts.

A great feast at her father's house followed, and lasted until nightfall. Then came the *deductio*, or leading home of the bride. She was removed with a feint (sometimes, perhaps, it needed the reality) of force from her mother's embrace, and led to her place in the nuptial procession, which was followed, first, by the invited guests, and afterwards, in most cases, by crowds of the common people. Torch-bearers and flute-players preceded the bride, and the whole company joined in singing *Fescennina*, primitive and rather coarse epithalamia, which took their name from the immemorially ancient Etruscan town where they originated. The *gamins* of the streets flocked about the bridegroom, calling for largess of nuts, as a sign that he himself had put away childish things, while the bride was escorted by three youths, who must be the sons of living parents, two of whom carried torches,

and the third the rock and spindle of the bride. The wedding torch was not, as other torches, of pine or fir, but of the wood of the whitethorn, which was sacred to Ceres, and a talisman against all kinds of harm. There was a conflict for the possession of it among the guests after the ceremony was over.

Arrived at the entrance of her new home, the bride anointed its doorposts with oil and wound them with woolen bands. She was then lifted over the threshold, — a reminiscence, perhaps, of the rape of the Sabine women, — and received from her husband in the *atrium*, or chief living-room of the dwelling, the symbolic gifts of fire and water. According to some authorities, the two then knelt together and lighted their first hearth fire from the whitethorn torch. It is certain that the bride said a prayer for married happiness before the symbolic bridal couch, which stood in the atrium, opposite the entrance door. A supper, called *repotia*, was given by the young people to their relatives on the day after the wedding, on which occasion the bride made her first offering as a matron to the household gods.

The union thus formed and sanctioned by the divine blessing was at first, and indeed for a long while, regarded as indissoluble. It assured to the Roman matron a very noble position. She was subordinate to her husband in their relations with the world, but her sway within the home was undisputed. Her spouse, no less than her children and servants, addressed her with deference as *domina*, or lady. No servile work was expected of her, but, so far from being confined to one quarter of the dwelling, like the Greek woman, she moved freely through it, overseeing all its activities and arrangements, the preparation of meals, the spinning of her maidens, the lessons of her children. She received her husband's guests and sat with them at table, while the children, and sometimes even favorite slaves who had been born and reared in the house, were served at a sort of side table in the same room. It was not thought seemly for a matron to go out without her husband's knowledge or unattended; but, upon these conditions, she was free to walk abroad, place was deferentially made for her in the public ways, and the *stola matronalis*, or peculiar outside garment which she wore, was supposed to be a protection from all discourtesy. She attended public games and theatrical representations; her testimony was received in the courts; she might even plead for an accused relative. If she came of a very noble race, she was entitled to a funeral sermon, or public oration of eulogy after her death.

Such was the ideal wifehood of the good old Roman times, and there is a sense in which it may be said always to have remained the ideal. Everybody knows that the mother of the Gracchi and the wife of Marcus Brutus were ladies of austere fashion and immaculate mind. Nay, late in the fourth century, even, we find St. Jerome endeavoring to shame some of the more lawless lambs of his flock by examples of personal rectitude and dignity in the first pagan families. But long ere that time the standard of manners had fatally deteriorated. The enormous increase of wealth, and the habits of Eastern luxury which came in with the Macedonian and other wars of foreign conquest, were prolific sources of corruption, while the study of Greek philosophy, which was affected by clever women equally with their lords, promoted the growth of new ideas, which rendered the "daily round and common task" of the older time particularly irksome. Marriage with manus and religious rites went more and more out of fashion except for the priestly caste; marriage upon any terms was avoided by very many. Divorce, on the other hand, became of daily occurrence, and could be had on the most frivolous pretexts, as the lives of the Romans whom we know most intimately, Cæsar, Pom-

pey, and their great contemporaries, only too plainly show.

Strenuous efforts were made by Augustus to restore the old standards of domestic morality, and in certain matters of personal indulgence he himself, after he was firmly seated on the imperial throne, set an honorable example of simplicity of life. He even established penalties for celibacy, and offered rewards and immunities to the fathers of three or more children; and we all know how eloquently he was seconded by the most illustrious of the writers whom he patronized, the great idealists, — that is to say, the most elevated and disinterested minds of his time. To describe as merely sycophantic or official the affection of Horace and of Virgil for the kind old rustic fashions and the austerity of the early Roman ideal is a great mistake. It was an ingrain sentiment with both, — impassioned, impracticable, almost enervating in its intensity. It was a pathetic anachronism, representing the forlorn hope of the passive yet clairvoyant patriot who felt himself no longer free, the last refuge of his obstinate civic pride, his vain appeal to an impossible panacea for ills which were in truth incurable.

But let us return to our old-fashioned bridal pair, and inquire something about the aspect and plan of the dwelling in which their new life was to begin.

The ordinary Roman house had remained somewhat of a mystery, even to the most erudite, until the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the middle of the eighteenth century, suddenly threw a flood of light upon its construction and arrangements. The silent testimony of those partially ruined and long-buried homes was all the more valuable because, in Pompeii especially, they represented the average middle-class dwellings of a provincial town: commodious and even elegant as compared with the farmhouses and cottages of the rural poor; cramped and insignificant beside the costly city mansions, and the yet more extravagant and extensive mountain and seaside villas of wealthy nobles.

The one essential feature of all these houses, the central point and distinctive mark of the Roman dwelling in all its developments, that which distinguishes it from the houses of Greece and the farther East on the one hand, and allies it with the homes of our own race on the other, was the atrium, long the common living-room of the entire family. The earliest Roman houses may indeed be said to have been all atrium. Here within the same four walls were to be found the family hearth and altar, the family portraits in wax, and the marriage bed; here the meals were cooked and served, the men lounged after labor, and the women spun; the very name, atrium, is probably derived from the black color imparted to the room and its contents generally by the circling smoke of the hearth fire, which had to find its way out by the doorway or the perforated roof, since it is certain that, down to comparatively modern times, chimney-flues were unknown.

The houses thus occupied were small and detached, even in the more considerable towns. They were built of wood, or, later, of brick, mostly square in shape, and roofed with wood or thatch carried up in the form of a four-sided pyramid. A yet meaner sort, circular in shape with conical roof, and built of wattled reeds, is still represented by the miserable shelter-huts of the shepherds on the Roman Campagna. Some such humble dwelling was conceived by Virgil as that of Evander on the Palatine hill, in the beautiful passage where he tells how the pauper king was awakened by the light of early morning streaming through the door of his cot, and the singing of birds upon its low roof-tree. Such, too, was the so-called *casa Romulea*, so long preserved as a kind of sanctuary. But, however primitive and promiscuous the

life led in these plain dwellings may appear, it was not necessarily vulgar nor lacking in a certain dignity, as those will readily understand who have entered the common room of a *podere* upon the Tuscan hills, or a hospitable farmhouse kitchen in Old or New England.

Such having been the typical dwelling even of distinguished folk in the "good old days" of Rome, it is curious and instructive to see what the average town house had become in the latter days of the republic.

To begin, as is fitting, with the entrance door: this did not open directly from the street, but at the end of a passage paved with tiles, and flanked by rooms which were usually let out as shops. The door was of wood with pillars on either side; it had regularly two leaves, and was secured, when closed, by bolts at the top and bottom. This door led sometimes into a short continuation of the passage, divided by a curtain from the atrium, and sometimes directly into the latter, now often called the *cavœdium*, or hollow part of the dwelling, and still constituting its main apartment. This developed atrium was oblong in shape, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a marble cistern, with pipes under the floor for carrying off the water. Above this, in the vast majority of cases, there was no roof. The tiled covering of the surrounding space was supported by strong cross-beams, and sloped inwards upon its four sides, for convenience of conducting the rain-water into the cistern below, and there were always arrangements, as in the theatres, for drawing an awning across the open space, by way of protection from the sun. The atrium was still the place where guests were received, where certain rites of domestic worship were celebrated, where the dead lay in state. But the cooking was now done in a kitchen at the back of the establishment, and the hearthstone, where sacrifices to the household gods had been made in primitive times, was represented by a marble altar, set somewhere against the rear wall of the apartment.

On either side of the atrium, about two thirds its length, ran a row of small square rooms, — the sitting, sleeping, and guest rooms of the family. These opened into the hall either by doors or by *portières*, and from one of them ascended the steep and narrow stairs which led to the upper story. Beyond this range of diminutive rooms the atrium broadened into two alcoves, in the comparative seclusion of which, in their mural niches or shrines, were arranged the portrait busts of the ancestors of the family. They were so ordered, in cases of long descent, as to present the semblance of a family tree, while bronze tablets, recording the names and deeds of the persons commemorated, were set in the wall beneath their respective shrines.

Between these two alcoves, directly opposite the entrance door, was the opening into the *tablinum*, which was usually divided from the atrium by curtains only. In old-fashioned country houses of the better sort the tablinum had been represented by a sort of open porch or veranda; often a simple *pergula* roofed by a trellis for vines, which ran all along the back of the modest dwelling, and led to the garden or orchards behind it. Under the roof of this porch the rustic "squire" (to whom, as always happens, it naturally fell to enact the magistrate's part) heard complaints, and decided differences between his tenants and humble neighbors, and the *tabulæ*, or records of his decisions, were deposited there. Later, when the dwelling had developed considerably, and the simple back porch had become only one side of a quadrangular colonnade surrounding an open court, the tabulæ were removed to the interior of the dwelling, and the room where they were kept took its name from them. In this, and the corresponding room of a town house, other family archives came to be deposited,

and here were put upon record those curious contracts for mutual hospitality of which mention will be made farther on. Here, too, stood the strong-box of the master of the mansion, and the tablinum was in some sort his study or den. It could be shut off from all the rest of the house, — from the atrium by the heavy curtain or curtains already mentioned, from the open court at the back by folding doors ; and it was flanked by two narrow passages, with doorways at each end, through which the family and servants could pass and repass between the atrium and the rear portion of the house. But if the curtains in front of the tablinum were withdrawn, and the doors at the back thrown open, he who entered from the front had an uninterrupted and what must have been, on a bright day, a very charming view across the atrium, filled with the diffused and softly colored light, which filtered through the *velum* overhead straight down the vista of the tablinum to the fountain, flowers, and shrubbery which occupied the centre of the great pillared court, or peristyle, beyond.

The peristyle had now become quite as important a member of the dwelling as the atrium. Whoever has seen the garden court of an Italian villa or palace, or a green convent or college cloister, and has also seen Pompeii, will have no difficulty in picturing to himself the general aspect of the peristyle. The ambulatory, or surrounding promenade, was much narrower than the covered portion of the atrium ; the open space, of course, proportionally larger. From the peristyle, and usually on its right, opened the *triclinium*, or principal dining-room of the establishment, the neighboring kitchen, and the chapel, where the images of the gods were set up, and sacrifices and other ceremonies of private worship were actually performed. The altar in the atrium seems rather to have been a reminiscence of the hearth and an ornamental symbol of devotion than intended for frequent use. Under the colonnade, on its opposite or left-hand side, opened storerooms of various kinds, and a second stair, which probably led to the sleeping-rooms of the servants. At the back of the peristyle there was usually an open garden.

Such being the typical arrangement of the developed Roman dwelling, there was room, as in our modern houses, for great variations of detail, and it is easy to understand the sort of changes which would be introduced with the importation of Eastern fashions, and the consequent enormous growth of private luxury. The shallow, sunken porch formed by the projection of the shops on either side had now expanded into a spacious *vestibulum*, with marble floor and pillars, richly adorned with statues and portrait busts, prizes of prowess and trophies of arms. Even the state chariot, which had borne the master of the house on occasions of public triumph, sometimes found a place therein ; and it was here that the countless throng of friends, clients, *protégés*, and other dependents who hung upon the footsteps of a distinguished citizen of later days waited, sometimes from before daylight, to give *salutatio*, or morning greeting, to the great man when he came out. The plain doorposts were now sheathed with rich coverings, or adorned with intricate and costly inlaid work. There were no shops, of course, attached to houses of such grandeur, but the rooms on either side of the entrance became, the one an *ostiarium*, or porter's lodge, while the other was often used by the master of the mansion as a kind of office, where he received and examined the accounts presented by the stewards of his various rural properties, and took the money for his valuable crops. The town palace of an Italian nobleman has, to this day, a similar room upon its ground floor, used for almost precisely the same purposes.

The stately dwelling we are now considering had an indefinitely increased

number of living, withdrawing, and guest rooms opening off the cavædium and peristyle. There were bedrooms for rest both by day and by night, and dining-rooms of various sizes and with different exposures for summer and winter. There were often — we find instances even in provincial Pompeii — two peristyles, in which case the anterior usually gave access to a library and a picture gallery. Advancing to the posterior peristyle, we find the mass of the domestic slaves lodged in tiny cells opening off it, rather than upon the upper floor, where the regular sleeping-rooms of the family seem usually to have been. There might be extensive and beautiful grounds at the rear of such a mansion, laid out in the perennial Italian taste, embellished with trellises, fountains, and statues, and often overshadowed by magnificent trees, like the six ancient and enormous lotus-trees in the town gardens of the orator Crassus, upon the Palatine, which were valued at about twenty thousand dollars apiece, and which lived and flourished until they were consumed by Nero's fire.

In Rome and the larger towns, however, as in the modern cities of the continent of Europe, the detached dwellings came to be far outnumbered by the *insulæ*, or blocks of buildings, which were often several stories high, with shops upon the street level, and lodgings of various grades behind and above. The crowded tenements of the very poor were to be found in the meaner of these insulæ, while there were others, in the more expensive quarters, where young men of fashion, like Cicero's friend Cælius, had commodious apartments, which probably corresponded very fairly with the bachelor quarters occupied by men of the same class to-day.

In trying to represent to ourselves more exactly the interior of a completely appointed Roman house, we have first to remember the rich aspect of its marble-wainscoted and frescoed walls, the broad panels of pure deep color, usually yellow or red, with graceful central figures surrounded by brilliant and delicate arabesques, such as glow with unfading splendor on the walls of the house of Germanicus, upon the Palatine, and were almost universal in Pompeii, even in houses of modest pretensions. There were color also and grace of design in the various kinds of mosaic floors, of which so many specimens are still to be seen; and though the furnishing of the rooms may seem simple and even scanty to our jumbled modern ideas, the separate pieces were generally so excellent in design and so beautiful in workmanship that they well deserved to be set wide apart, and relieved each one against an artistic background.

The articles of furniture in common use may be comprised under a very few heads: beds or couches, seats of various kinds, tables, chests, and cabinets; lamps, both standing and depending. Couches included the low *lecti triclinares*, covered with tapestry and heaped with cushions, on which both men and women reclined at meals; the *lectuli* or *lecti lucubratorii*, which had commonly two arms and no back, and were used chiefly for reading or writing at night, when the student reclined his back against one of the arms, and supported his manuscript or tablet upon one uplifted knee; and the *lecti cubiculares*, true beds of rest, for slumber by night or siesta by day. The frames of these various couches were, as a rule, made of wood, often carved or inlaid with ivory or brass, and supported upon ivory feet. They were strung with girths or bands, on which were laid a mattress and a bolster, and *vestes stragulæ*, or coverings, of more or less magnificence. Beds for slumber, though tolerably broad, were open, for the most part, upon one side only, being provided with a tall back and arms like an old-fashioned sofa; and they stood higher upon their carved or elaborately turned legs than even the four-posters of our own ancestors, inso-

much that they could be scaled only by help of a footstool, or even a step ladder. Bedsteads of bronze, and even of the precious metals, were used in later times; and seats and chairs were made of all these different materials, and often decorated with great luxury, while in form they ranged from the simple *subsellium*, or four-legged stool, to the *cathedra*, or deep, commodious armchair, like that in which the elder Agrippina may be seen sitting with so much grace and dignity, in the museum of the Capitol at Rome, or Livia, the exquisitely beautiful, in the seclusion of the Torlonia gallery.

Under the general head of tables were included the *abacus*, or sideboard, in shape somewhat like a console-table; the *mensa delphica*, or three-legged table; and the *monopodium*, supported on a single standard in the centre. Tables of this last shape were often small, extremely precious in material and elegant in design; and one such formed part of the furniture of every decent bedroom, and bore, from the time when candles, whether of tallow or wax, went somewhat out of fashion, one of the boat-shaped oil lamps of pottery or bronze, with gracefully turned handle at one end, and at the other an opening for the wick, which abound in Pompeii and in existing tombs. A *candelabrum* was a tall, slender stand of wood or metal, usually provided with three claw-feet, which rested upon the floor. In shape and size it corresponded with the piano-lamp of the present day, which indeed is often copied closely from it. The candelabrum carried atop either a small tray for supporting such a lamp as has been already described, or a spike for a large wax candle, like an altar candlestick. A shorter kind of candelabrum, sometimes very elaborately wrought, stood upon a chest or sideboard, and had two or more branches from which small hanging lamps were suspended.

The chest and the cabinet offered, as they have always done, a favorable field for the most exquisite and costly decoration, and these massive articles doubtless possessed, in a handsome Roman house, the importance which they still retain in grand Italian interiors.

The tableware of the affluent had become, in the last days of the republic, extraordinarily luxurious, comprising articles of great beauty of design in all the precious metals, in crystal, and in that rare and costly species of alabaster which the ancients called *murrha*. To judge by the revelations of Pompeii, indeed, not merely every article of furniture, but almost every household implement in daily use at the time of the great catastrophe, had an artistic significance due to the beauty of its form over and above its practical value. But the taste for these articles was to some extent exotic. Their shapes were borrowed from the booty taken in foreign conquest, or else they were the handiwork of Greek captives, or of artisans who had learned their methods from these.

Passing now from the aspect of the house to the occupations of its inmates, we find that, in primitive Roman times, the days had been divided in the simplest manner, so as to meet the needs and facilitate the labors of the tiller of the soil. The husbandman rose at sunrise, sacrificed before his morning meal, went to the field and worked until noontide, when he ate again and slept awhile. He then arose refreshed for another period of labor in the cool of the afternoon, which lasted until sunset and supper time. Relief to the monotony of this daily round came in the shape of numerous holidays, both public and private. To the former class belonged the general celebrations bearing more or less of a religious character, like the Compitalia in January, the Matronalia in March, the Vinalia Rustica in August, the Saturnalia in December; to the latter, all the birthday, betrothal, wedding, housewarming, and New Year's gatherings,

with their appropriate suppers and sacrifices and exchange of gifts and congratulations, as well as the reception given when a youth assumed the garb of manhood, and the solemn banquets in commemoration of the dead.

But with the rise of great towns, the growth of commerce and manufactures, the introduction of new industries and of new diversions also, and the ever-increasing complexity and expense of existence generally, the old bucolic arrangement of the day passed wholly out of date, especially among the so-called privileged classes; insomuch that in the time of Nero we find a would-be philosopher like Seneca complaining that, whereas human occupations used to be regulated by natural laws, the object now appeared to be to make one's habits as artificial as possible. "Daybreak," he says, "is bedtime; as evening approaches, we begin to show signs of activity; toward morning we dine. Come what may, we must not do as the common people do. (Non oportet id facere quod populus.)"

Up to the time when the first sun-dial appeared in Rome — 263 B. C. — there was no division of the day into hours; and even after this the Romans continued to make a distinction between the natural and the civil day. The former was reckoned from midnight to midnight, — twenty-four hours; the latter from sunrise to sunset, — twelve hours. Practically, the period of daylight still fell into the four natural divisions, established by the necessities of rural life, of morning, forenoon, afternoon, and evening, while the four military watches measured the night. But in the course of the ensuing century sun-dials and hour-glasses, both for sand and water, came into general use, and some sort of *horologium* — a name which comprised both these varieties — was to be found not merely upon all public squares and buildings, but in private houses.

The lament of Seneca to the contrary notwithstanding, the Romans were, for the most part, early risers. Only the idle and the very luxurious, or those who had to sleep off the debauch of the previous night, were wont to be in bed even until broad day. Artisans and shopkeepers went to their work by candlelight; men of letters, like Cicero, Horace, the elder Pliny, preferred to all others the hours before sunrise for reading and writing. The schools began at a very early hour; so did theatrical representations and all the innumerable family festivals, and, in Christian times, the daily morning service in the churches. The courts of justice sat from the third hour; that is to say, about nine A. M. The sessions of the Senate also began early, and continued until sunset.

In primitive times, the master of the house expected to receive good-morrow from his children and servants at daybreak, after which he offered the morning sacrifice, and then assigned to his various people their duties for the day. A reminiscence of this custom appears always to have survived in certain of the old families, and it was adopted in the strictly ordered household of the Antonine Cæsars. Out of it grew the ceremonious salutatio of late republican and imperial times, — the self-interested compliments of the morning offered to an influential citizen by the clients and other lesser folk who thronged his hall and competed for his favor; and the earlier the salutatio could be made the better. We read, therefore, of the Roman streets being alive before light in the winter mornings with the hurrying figures of carefully attired clients, who elbowed one another in the stately vestibule of their patron until the doors were flung open into the atrium where he stood to receive them. They then defiled before him, each making his bow and uttering his *Ave domine*, to which the magnate responded by a hand-shake and a word of courtesy, sometimes by a kiss. He made a point of addressing

each man by name, and if he hesitated for an instant he was prompted by the *nomenclator* at his ear, — a slave whose business it was to know the proper appellation of every person present.

Before going through with this wearisome performance, the patron had probably taken his first breakfast in the privacy of his own chamber. The client would have to snatch his where he could, in passing from one house to another, — for many paid their daily court to more than one great man, — often doubtless in the cake-shops patronized by the schoolboys. This first meal of the day was invariably, as it still is in Latin countries, a very simple one. It consisted of bread with salt or dipped in wine, olives or dates, possibly honey and a bit of cheese. Hearty food, such as warm and cold meats, fish, vegetables, fresh fruit, and wine, was rarely taken much before midday. In early times, and always among the farming population, this midday meal was the principal one of the day, though a supper was served in the evening after work was done. The exigencies of city life caused the noon dinner to be replaced by a second breakfast, consisting, indeed, of much the same sort of viands, while the dinner became vastly more elaborate, and was deferred until toward evening.

Three meals a day was, perhaps, the rule among the well to do, yet physicians often counseled only two, except for the old and weak; and many city folk, even the comparatively affluent, confined themselves to a *prandium* taken at about eleven in the morning, and a late *cena*. The natural Roman appears to have been, like the average Italian of to-day, an abstemious creature. Only the wanton and extravagant gourmands of the decadence dreamed of adding to the interminable courses and fantastic luxury of their cena a late supper, served often in the "wee sma' hours ayant the twal'."

After the prandium the world retired for its *meridiatio*, or noontide slumber. This custom was well-nigh a universal one. It belonged both to city and to country life, and dated from the earliest historic period. Only the Senate and the courts took no recess at noon; and even there, we may believe, save in times of high excitement, business went on but drowsily. At about two P. M., the great public baths, those most characteristic institutions of ancient Rome, were opened. On some of them bells were hung which summoned the bathers. Vast in extent, intricate in structure, and enormously costly, these public baths tended, as time went on, to become more and more artistic and luxurious in their arrangements. Yet the price of admission, even to the most splendid of these establishments, was so trifling — about one cent for a man and two for a woman — that they were virtually open to all. There were usually separate departments for men and women, but there were porticoes and gardens adjoining all the great *balneæ*, where the two sexes might meet and gossip after the bath, as to-day in the casino of a watering-place, while to certain of the larger *thermæ* were attached libraries and fine-art galleries, halls for gymnastic exercise, and courts for playing ball.

The plain private dwelling of an earlier period had possessed merely a common wash-room, situated near the kitchen for convenience of introducing both hot and cold water, where the different members of the family took turns in performing their simple ablutions. But subsequently, after the bath had come to be regarded as the greatest of luxuries, it was customary to have a miniature bathing establishment attached to every private house, and especially to every country house having any pretensions to splendor. Traces of such are to be found all over Europe, wherever the Roman rule extended; for Roman governors and other high officials made a point

of carrying with them into their provincial exile the private habits of the capital.

An hour or two after the bath came the cena, or principal meal of the day. Once it had been served in the atrium, and consisted, save upon state occasions, chiefly of bread or porridge and vegetables. The father, mother, and other adult members of the family sat at table, while children and servants occupied stools or benches at their feet and behind them. Long before the close of the republican period, however, the cena had developed into as dainty a meal as the means of the householder would permit. Special dining-rooms were found indispensable in a life of even moderate elegance, and the custom of reclining at table had become universal among the well to do. Columella lays it down as a rule that a farm bailiff should recline at his meals "upon high holidays only;" and Plutarch, in his life of the younger Cato, tells us that the latter — always a bit of a fanatic — insisted, by way of self-mortification, on sitting at table throughout the period of mourning which followed the battle of Pharsalia.

The ordinary dining-table was square, surrounded on three sides by the same number of one-armed couches, while the fourth side remained open for convenience of serving. Each of these three couches accommodated three persons, who reclined upon the left elbow, supported, the one by the arm of the couch, the other two by heaps of cushions, and always with the feet turned outward; while in the assignment of places a strict etiquette prevailed. The middle one (*medius*) was the couch of honor, and the most distinguished guest usually occupied the place farthest from the arm. This place was called the *locus consularis*, and was generally assigned to the most important public officer present, both for convenience in the matter of receiving and sending messages, and because it brought him next the host. The latter leaned upon the arm of the *imus*, or lowest couch, which also accommodated his wife and one of the elder children or a favorite freedman. The remaining couch — the *summus* — was assigned to guests of lesser importance.

Nine was the full number that could be properly served at such a table. A place might be vacant, but to crowd a couch with more than three people was considered the height of vulgarity. Large parties of guests were entertained in spacious dining-halls, or sometimes, in summer, in the pleasant airy *loggie* on the roofs of the houses, and at separate small tables.

Round tables, with couches fitted so as to form a semicircle, came into fashion in Cicero's time; luxurious objects for which men paid an absurd price. They were made of rare imported woods, preferably from a slab or section of the massive trunk of the so-called citrus-tree, — a species of African cypress, very beautifully mottled, — and the most admired were supported on a single pedestal of solid ivory. Cicero himself had one such table which cost him about thirty thousand dollars, and Seneca had some scores of them.

The couches of this extravagant period often had silver feet, and were inlaid with the same precious metal, or with ivory and tortoise-shell. The custom of hanging the walls of the dining-room with richly embroidered stuffs had also been introduced from the East; while the most sumptuous of banqueting-rooms had a very peculiar arrangement of the ceiling. It had long been the fashion to construct the latter of cross-beams, the square sunken spaces between which were carved, gilded, or otherwise ornamented; and these were now made in the form of sliding panels, which could be withdrawn for the purpose of scattering flowers or keepsakes for the guests upon the table.

The dining-room servants were under the supervision of a butler, and the

finer the establishment the more numerous they were. It was their business to arrange the room for the feast; to set forth upon the sideboards the imposing array of silver, gold, glass, and jeweled vessels, both for eating and drinking, which would be required in the course of it; and accurately to place in the centre of the table its principal ornament, the massive *salinum*, or salt-cellar. This article, which even the comparatively poor contrived to have made of silver, possessed a certain sacred significance, inasmuch as every table was consecrated to the gods, and the salinum contained not merely salt for seasoning the viands, but a tray for the *molæ salsæ*, or sacrificial cakes, which were offered to the Lares, and then probably distributed and eaten by way of grace after meat. Horace has told us in a single word, with one of those light and sympathetic touches which are his alone, how the poor man's one article of luxury in tableware was cherished as an heirloom: —

> "Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
> Splendet in mensa tenui salinum."

In the houses of the rich, the carving of meats was done at side tables; and what we should call a handsome dinner was always served in three principal divisions, each of which might consist of several courses. The introductory part was called the *gustatio*, and its object was merely to whet the appetites of the diners for the richer food to follow. It consisted of eggs, pickled vegetables, and salads in great variety; oysters, raw or cooked; salted fish, mushrooms, artichokes, asparagus, or melons eaten with salt and pepper. *Mulsum*, a beverage compounded of honey and must, was frequently served with the appetizers. Then followed the main part of the meal, — the cena proper, — which also fell into three divisions. It consisted of fish, meats, and game, both native and foreign, seasoned in endless variety; and with the fish there was usually served a costly sauce called *garum*, of which the flavor was highly prized. Some of the viands were eaten steaming hot; others had to be cooled with ice before they were deemed truly palatable. There was a pause after this portion of the meal was concluded, during which the molæ salsæ were offered to the Lares, and then the dessert was brought in. It consisted of pastry, confectionery, and fruit, both home-grown and imported, and it concluded the banquet; whence the expression *ab ovo ad mala* — from the egg to the apples — became proverbial for the whole of anything, from the beginning to the end.

Wine was taken in moderation with all the courses, rarely clear, sometimes iced, but oftener mixed with warm water. The business of regular drinking began only after the dessert had been removed. Those who affected Greek fashions were now perfumed and crowned with garlands. The wine was no longer mixed to taste in the separate cups of the guests, but in a huge vase, whence it was served by the attendants in *cyathi*, or ladles. The *cyathus* was the unit of measure for a systematic drinker, who, though he often used a goblet of the capacity of several cyathi, always reckoned his feats by the number of the latter which he consumed.

The late supper of high-livers, which has been mentioned, was little more than a drinking-bout. It was enlivened, as was also the cena, by the performance of hired musicians, mimes, and dancers; but conversation, though it had a place, at least at the earlier meal, was never in Rome the fine art and the main entertainment which we find it among the Greeks.

The most classic in spirit of modern artists has enabled those who are familiar with his fascinating canvases to call up, by a mere effort of memory, the vision of a great Roman banquet. We can see the long hall, either offering a glimpse between marble columns of a

rose-planted terrace and the wide glories of an Italian sunset; or filled with mellow lamplight, which is reflected from a thousand points upon the lacquered ceiling, and the clear crystal or curious jewelry of the tableware. We see the soft-stepping attendants clad in white, the deep-toned wall decoration, the rich covering of the couches, the many-hued silken robes of the reclining guests. In the case of the men, the flowing garment which replaced the classic toga of the forum was often changed with every course of the elaborate meal; the women, if any, wore graceful *stolæ* with gem-set shoulder-clasps and sleeve-buttons and full embroidered hems; and what a choice was theirs in the colors of these beautiful garments may be gathered from that quaint passage in Ovid where he shows his own excellent taste by entreating *des belles amies* not to affect the trying tints of Tyrian purple, but to choose rather "pale sky-blue, rose-pink, a very faint amethyst, or sea-green; otherwise, the deep tint of the Paphian myrtle, the soft gray of a crane's plumage, the brown of acorns or of almond shells."

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP.

SHE.

WINCHESTER, *May* 28, 1891.
The Royal Garden Inn.

WE are doing the English cathedral towns, aunt Celia and I. Aunt Celia has an intense desire to improve my mind. Papa told her, when we were leaving Cedarhurst, that he would n't have it too much improved for the world, and aunt Celia remarked that, so far as she could judge, there was no immediate danger; with which exchange of hostilities they parted.

We are traveling under the yoke of an iron itinerary, warranted neither to bend nor break. It was made out by a young High Church curate in New York, and if it had been blessed by all the bishops and popes it could not be any more sacred to aunt Celia. She is awfully High Church, and I believe she thinks this tour of the cathedrals will give me a taste for ritual and bring me into the true fold. I have been hearing dear old Dr. Kyle a great deal lately, and aunt Celia says that he is the most dangerous Unitarian she knows, because he has leanings towards Christianity.

Long ago, in her youth, she was engaged to a young architect. He, with his triangles and T-squares and things, succeeded in making an imaginary scale-drawing of her heart (up to that time a virgin forest, an unmapped territory), which enabled him to enter in and set up a pedestal there, on which he has remained ever since. He has been only a memory for many years, to be sure, for he died at the age of twenty-six, before he had had time to build anything but a livery stable and a country hotel. This is fortunate, on the whole, because aunt Celia thinks he was destined to establish American architecture on a higher plane, — rid it of its base, time-serving, imitative instincts, and waft it to a height where, in the course of centuries, we should have been revered and followed by all the nations of the earth. I went to see the livery stable, after one of these Miriam-like flights of prophecy on the might-have-been. Well, it is n't fair to judge a man's promise by one performance, and that one a livery stable, so I will say nothing.

But this sentiment about architecture, and this fondness for the very topping-

est High Church ritual, cause aunt Celia to look on the English cathedrals with solemnity and reverential awe. She has given me a fat notebook, with "Katharine Schuyler" stamped in gold letters on the Russia leather cover, and a lock and key to protect its feminine confidences. I am not at all the sort of girl who makes notes, and I have told her so; but she says that I must at least record my passing impressions, if they are ever so trivial and commonplace.

I wanted to go directly from Southampton to London with the Abbotts, our ship friends, who left us yesterday. Roderick Abbott and I had had a charming time on board ship (more charming than aunt Celia knows, because she was very ill, and her natural powers of chaperoning were severely impaired), and the prospect of seeing London sights together was not unpleasing; but Roderick Abbott is not in aunt Celia's itinerary, which reads: "Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, London, Ely, Lincoln, York, Durham."

Aunt Celia is one of those persons who are born to command, and when they are thrown in contact with those who are born to be commanded all goes as merry as a marriage bell; otherwise not.

So here we are at Winchester; and I don't mind all the Roderick Abbotts in the universe, now that I have seen the Royal Garden Inn, its dear little coffee-room opening into the old-fashioned garden, with its borders of clove pinks, its aviaries, and its blossoming horse-chestnuts, great towering masses of pink bloom!

Aunt Celia has driven to St. Cross Hospital with Mrs. Benedict, an estimable lady tourist whom she "picked up" *en route* from Southampton. I am tired, and stayed at home. I cannot write letters, because aunt Celia has the guidebooks, so I sit by the window in indolent content, watching the dear little school laddies, with their short jackets and wide white collars; they all look so jolly, and rosy, and clean, and kissable! I should like to kiss the chambermaid, too! She has a pink print dress; no bangs, thank goodness (it 's curious our servants can't leave that deformity to the upper classes), but shining brown hair, plump figure, soft voice, and a most engaging way of saying, "Yes, miss? Anythink more, miss?" I long to ask her to sit down comfortably and just be English, while I study her as a type, but of course I must n't. Sometimes I wish I could retire from the world for a season and do just what I like, "surrounded by the general comfort of being thought mad."

An elegant, irreproachable, high-minded model of dignity and reserve has just knocked and inquired what we will have for dinner. A Bengal tiger could n't have embarrassed me more, but I said languidly, "What would you suggest?"

"How would you like a clear soup, a good spring soup, to begin with, miss?"

"Very much."

"And a bit of turbot next, miss?"

"Yes, turbot, by all means," I said, my mouth watering at the word.

"And what for a roast, miss? Would you enjoy a young duckling, miss?"

"Just the thing; and for dessert" —

I could have bitten my tongue after I had used that Americanism, but he did n't suffer it to go long uncorrected; he coughed apologetically and said, "I was thinking you might like gooseberry tart and cream for a sweet, miss."

Oh that I could have vented my New World enthusiasm in a shriek of delight as I heard those intoxicating words, heretofore met only in English novels!

"Ye-es," I said hesitatingly, though I was palpitating with joy, "I fancy we should like gooseberry tart" (here a bright idea entered my mind); "and perhaps, in case my aunt does n't care for the gooseberry tart, you might bring a lemon squash, please."

Now I had never met a lemon squash

personally, but I had often heard of it, and wished to show my familiarity with British decoctions.

"One lemon squash, miss?"

"Oh, as to that, it does n't matter," I said haughtily; "bring a sufficient number for two persons."

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Aunt Celia came home in the highest feather. She had twice been taken for an Englishwoman. She said she thought that lemon squash was a drink; I thought it was a pie; but we shall find out at dinner, for, as I said, I ordered a sufficient number for two persons.

At four o'clock we attended even-song at the cathedral. I am not going to say what I felt when the white-surpliced boy choir entered, winding down those vaulted aisles, or when I heard for the first time that intoned service, with all its "witchcraft of harmonic sound." I sat quite by myself in a high carved-oak seat, and the hour was passed in a trance of serene delight. I don't have many opinions, though I have plenty of sentiments; nevertheless, I shall not attempt to tell what I think and feel in these new and beautiful experiences, for it has been better told a thousand times.

There were a great many people at service, and a large number of Americans among them, I should think, though we saw no familiar faces. There was one particularly nice young man, who looked like a Bostonian. He sat opposite me. He did n't stare, — he was too well bred; but when I looked the other way, he looked at me. Of course I could feel his eyes, — anybody can, at least any girl can; but I attended to every word of the service, and was as good as an angel. When the procession had filed out and the last strain of the great organ had rumbled into silence, we went on a tour through the cathedral, a heterogeneous band headed by a conscientious old verger who did his best to enlighten us, and succeeded in virtually spoiling my pleasure.

After we had finished (think of "finishing" a cathedral in an hour or two!), aunt Celia and I, with one or two others, wandered through the beautiful close, looking at the exterior from every possible point, and coming at last to the triple arch, which is very famous. I 'm sure I don't see why an arch should n't be triple or quadruple, or anything else it likes; it simply looks like three scallops, and I could make any number of them without the least effort. But at any rate, when told by the verger to gaze upon the beauties of the wonderful triple arch, we were obliged to gaze also upon the beauties of the aforesaid nice young man who was sketching it. As we turned to go away, aunt Celia dropped her bag. It is one of those detestable, all-absorbing, all-devouring, thoroughly respectable, but never proud Boston bags, made of black cloth with leather trimmings, "C. Van T." embroidered on the side, and the top drawn up with stout cords which pass over the Boston wrist or arm. As for me, I loathe them, and would not for worlds be seen carrying one, though I do slip a great many necessaries into aunt Celia's.

I hastened to pick up the horrid thing, for fear the nice young man would feel obliged to do it for me; but, in my indecorous haste, I caught hold of the wrong end and emptied the entire contents on the stone flagging. Aunt Celia did n't notice; she had turned with the verger, lest she should miss a single word of his inspired testimony. So we scrambled up the articles together, the nice young man and I; and oh, I hope I may never look upon his face again!

There were prayer-books and guide-books, a bottle of soda mint tablets, a spool of dental floss, a Bath bun, a bit of gray frizz that aunt Celia pins into her steamer cap, a spectacle case, a brandy flask, and a bonbon box, which broke and scattered cloves and cardamom seeds. (I hope he guessed aunt Celia is a dyspeptic, and not intemperate!) All

this was hopelessly vulgar, but I would n't have minded anything if there had not been a Duchess novel. Of course he thought that it belonged to me. He could n't have known aunt Celia was carrying it for that accidental creature with whom she went to St. Cross Hospital.

After scooping the cardamom seeds out of the cracks in the stone flagging, he handed me the tattered, disreputable-looking copy of A Modern Circe with such a bow it would n't have disgraced a Chesterfield, and then went back to his easel, while I fled after aunt Celia and her verger.

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Memoranda: *The Winchester Cathedral has the longest nave. The inside is more superb than the outside. Izaak Walton and Jane Austen are buried there.*

HE.

WINCHESTER, *May* 28, 1891.
The White Swan.

As sure as my name is Jack Copley, I saw the prettiest girl in the world to-day, — an American, too, or I 'm greatly mistaken. It was in the cathedral, where I have been sketching for several days. I was sitting in the end of a seat, at afternoon service, when two ladies entered by the side door. The ancient maiden, evidently the head of the family, settled herself devoutly, and the young one stole off by herself to one of the old carved seats back of the choir. She was worse than pretty! I took a sketch of her during service, as she sat under the dark carved-oak canopy, with this Latin inscription over her head: —

CARLTON CUM
DOLBY
LETANIA
IX SOLIDORUM
SUPER FLUMINA
CONFITEBOR TIBI
DŪC PROBATI

There ought to be a law against a woman's making a picture of herself, unless she is willing to sit to be sketched.

A black and white sketch does n't give any definite idea of this charmer's charms, but some time I 'll fill it in, — hair, sweet little hat, gown, and eyes, all in golden brown, a cape of tawny sable slipping off her arm, a knot of yellow primroses in her girdle, carved-oak background, and the afternoon sun coming through a stained-glass window. Great Jove! She had a most curious effect on me, that girl! I can't explain it, — very curious, altogether new, and rather pleasant! When one of the choir boys sang, "Oh for the wings of a dove!" a tear rolled out of one of her lovely eyes and down her pretty brown cheek, and I had the strangest feeling! I would have given a large portion of my modest monthly income for the felicity of wiping away that teardrop with one of my new handkerchiefs, marked with a tremendous "C" by my dear little sister.

An hour or two later they appeared again, — the dragon, who answers to the name of "aunt Celia," and the "nut-brown mayde," who comes when you call her "Katharine." I was sketching the triple arch. The dragon dropped her unmistakably Boston bag. I expected to see encyclopædias and Russian tracts fall from it, but was disappointed. The nut-brown mayde (who has been brought up rigidly) hastened to pick up the bag, for fear that I should serve her by doing it. She was punished by turning it inside out, and I was rewarded by helping her pick up the articles, which were many and ill assorted. My little romance received the first blow when I found that she reads the Duchess novels. I think, however, she has the grace to be ashamed of it, for she blushed scarlet when I handed her A Modern Circe. I could have told her that such a blush on such a cheek would atone for reading Mrs. Southworth, but I refrained. After she had gone I discovered a slip

of paper which had blown under some stones. It proved to be an itinerary. I did n't return it, as I thought they must know which way they were going; and as this was precisely what I wanted to know, I kept it for my own use. She is doing the cathedral towns. I am doing the cathedral towns. Happy thought! Why should n't we do them together, — we and aunt Celia?

I had only ten minutes to catch my train for Salisbury, but I concluded to run in and glance at the registers of the principal hotels. Found my nut-brown mayde at once on the pages of the Royal Garden Inn register: "Miss Celia Van Tyck, Beverly, Mass.; Miss Katharine Schuyler, New York." I concluded to stay over another train, ordered dinner, and took an altogether indefensible and inconsistent pleasure in writing "John Quincy Copley, Cambridge, Mass.," directly beneath the charmer's autograph.

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SHE.

SALISBURY, *June* 1.
The White Hart Inn.

We left Winchester on the 1.06 train yesterday, and here we are within sight of another superb and ancient pile of stone. I wanted so much to stop at the Highflyer Inn in Lark Lane, but aunt Celia said that if we were destitute of personal dignity, we at least owed something to our ancestors. Aunt Celia has a temperamental distrust of joy as something dangerous and ensnaring. She does n't realize what fun it would be to date one's letters from the Highflyer Inn, Lark Lane, even if one were obliged to consort with poachers and cockneys in order to do it.

We attended service at three. The music was lovely, and there were beautiful stained-glass windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. The verger (when wound up with a shilling) talked like an electric doll. If that nice young man is making a cathedral tour, like ourselves, he is n't taking our route, for he is n't here. If he has come over for the purpose of sketching, he would n't stop at sketching one cathedral. Perhaps he began at the other end and worked down to Winchester. Yes, that must be it, for the Ems sailed yesterday from Southampton.

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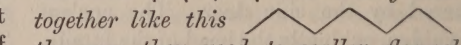
June 2.

We intended to go to Stonehenge this morning, but it rained, and so we took a "growler" and went to the Earl of Pembroke's country place to see the pictures. Had a delightful morning with the magnificent antiques, curios, and portraits. The Van Dyck room is a joy forever. There were other visitors; nobody who looked especially interesting. Don't like Salisbury so well as Winchester. Don't know why. We shall drive this afternoon, if it is fair, and go to Wells to-morrow. Must read Baedeker on the bishop's palace. Oh dear! if one could only have a good time and not try to know anything!

Memoranda: *This cathedral has the highest spire. Remember: Winchester, longest nave; Salisbury, highest spire.*

The Lancet style is those curved lines meeting in a rounding or a sharp point like this *and then joined together like this*  *the way they used to scallop flannel petticoats. Gothic looks like triangles meeting together in various places and joined with beautiful sort of ornamented knobs. I think I know Gothic when I see it. Then there is Norman, Early English, fully developed Early English, Early and Late Perpendicular, and Transition. Aunt Celia knows them all apart.*

HE.

SALISBURY, *June* 3.
The Red Lion.

I went off on a long tramp this afternoon, and coming on a pretty river flow-

ing through green meadows, with a fringe of trees on either side, I sat down to make a sketch. I heard feminine voices in the vicinity, but, as these are generally a part of the landscape in the tourist season, I paid no special notice. Suddenly a sweet little patent-leather shoe floated towards me on the surface of the stream. It was right side up with care, and was disporting itself right merrily. "Did ever Jove's tree drop such fruit?" I quoted, as I fished it out on my stick; and just then I heard a distressed voice saying, "Oh, aunt Celia, I 've lost my dear, smart little Hook and Knowles shoe! I was sitting in a tree mending my shoe-lace, and I dropped it into the river." Hereupon she came in sight, and I witnessed the somewhat unusual spectacle of my nut-brown mayde hopping on one foot, like a divine stork, and ever and anon emitting a little feminine shriek as her off foot, clad in a delicate brown silk stocking, came in contact with the ground. I rose quickly, and, polishing the patent leather ostentatiously, inside and out, with my handkerchief, I offered it to her with distinguished grace. She swayed on her one foot with as much dignity as possible, and then recognizing me as the person who picked up the contents of aunt Celia's bag, she said, dimpling in the most distracting manner (that 's another thing there ought to be a law against), "Thank you again; you seem to be a sort of knight-errant!"

"Shall I — assist you?" I asked. (I might have known that that was going too far.)

"No, thank you," she said, with polar frigidity. "Good-afternoon." And she hopped back to her aunt Celia without another word.

I don't know how to approach aunt Celia. She is formidable. By a curious accident of feature, for which she is not in the least responsible, she always wears an unfortunate expression as of one perceiving some offensive odor in the immediate vicinity. This may be a mere accident of high birth. It is the kind of nose often seen in the "first families," and her name betrays the fact that she is of good old Knickerbocker origin. We go to Wells to-morrow. At least I think we do.

SHE.

GLOUCESTER, *June* 9.
The Spread Eagle.

I met him at Wells, and again at Bath. We are always being ridiculous, and he is always rescuing us. Aunt Celia never really sees him, and thus never recognizes him when he appears again, always as the flower of chivalry and guardian of ladies in distress. I will never travel abroad again without a man, even if I have to hire one out of a Feeble-Minded Asylum. We work like galley slaves, aunt Celia and I, finding out about trains and things. Neither of us can understand Bradshaw, and I can't even grapple with the lesser intricacies of the A B C railway guide. The trains, so far as I can see, always arrive before they go out, and I can never tell whether to read up the page or down. It is certainly very queer that the stupidest man that breathes, one that barely escapes idiocy, can disentangle a railway guide, when the brightest woman fails. Even the Boots at the inn in Wells took my book, and, rubbing his frightfully dirty finger down the row of puzzling figures, found the place in a minute, and said, "There ye are, miss." It is very humiliating. All the time I have left from the study of routes and hotels I spend on guidebooks. Now I 'm sure that if any one of the men I know were here he could tell me all that is necessary as we walk along the streets. I don't say it in a frivolous or sentimental spirit in the least, but I do affirm that there is hardly any juncture in life where one is n't better off for having a man about. I should never dare divulge this to aunt Celia, for she does n't think men

very nice. She excludes them from conversation as if they were indelicate subjects.

But, to go on, we were standing at the door of Ye Olde Bell and Horns at Bath, waiting for the fly which we had ordered to take us to the station, when who should drive up in a four-wheeler but the flower of chivalry. Aunt Celia was saying very audibly, "We shall certainly miss the train if the man does n't come at once."

"Pray take this fly," said the flower of chivalry. "I am not leaving till the next train."

Aunt Celia got in without a murmur; I sneaked in after her. I don't think she looked at him, though she did vouchsafe the remark that he seemed to be a civil sort of person.

At Bristol, I was walking about by myself, and I espied a sign, "Martha Huggins, Licensed Victualler." It was a nice, tidy little shop, with a fire on the hearth and flowers in the window, and, as it was raining smartly, I thought no one would catch me if I stepped inside to chat with Martha. I fancied it would be so delightful and Dickensy to talk quietly with a licensed victualer by the name of Martha Huggins.

Just after I had settled myself the flower of chivalry came in and ordered ale. I was disconcerted at being found in a dramshop alone, for I thought, after the bag episode, he might fancy us a family of inebriates. But he did n't evince the slightest astonishment; he merely lifted his hat, and walked out after he had finished his ale. He certainly has the loveliest manners!

And so it goes on, and we never get any further. I like his politeness and his evident feeling that I can't be flirted and talked with like any boarding-school miss, but I must say I don't think much of his ingenuity. Of course one can't have all the virtues, but, if I were he, I would part with my distinguished air, my charming ease, in fact almost anything, if I could have in exchange a few grains of common sense, just enough to guide me in the practical affairs of life.

I wonder what he is! He might be an artist, but he does n't seem quite like an artist; or a dilettante, but he does n't seem in the least like a dilettante. Or he might be an architect; I think that is the most probable guess of all. Perhaps he is only "going to be" one of these things, for he can't be more than twenty-five or twenty-six. Still he looks as if he were something already; that is, he has a kind of self-reliance in his mien, — not self-assertion, nor self-esteem, but belief in self, you know, as if he were able, and knew that he was able, to conquer circumstances.

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HE.

GLOUCESTER, *June* 10.
The Bell.

Nothing accomplished yet. Her aunt is a Van Tyck, and a stiff one, too. I am a Copley, and that delays matters. Much depends upon the manner of approach. A false move would be fatal. We have six more towns (as per itinerary), and if her thirst for cathedrals is n't slaked when these are finished we have the entire continent to do. If I could only succeed in making an impression on the retina of aunt Celia's eye! Though I have been under her feet for ten days, she never yet has observed me. This absent-mindedness of hers serves me ill now, but it may prove a blessing later on.

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SHE.

OXFORD, *June* 12.
The Mitre.

It was here in Oxford that a grain of common sense entered the brain of the flower of chivalry. You might call it the dawn of reason. We had spent part of the morning in High Street, "the noblest old street in England," as our dear

Hawthorne calls it. As Wordsworth had written a sonnet about it, aunt Celia was armed for the fray, — a volume of Wordsworth in one hand, and one of Hawthorne in the other. (I wish Baedeker did n't give such full information about what you ought to read before you can approach these places in a proper spirit.) When we had done High Street, we went to Magdalen College, and sat down on a bench in Addison's Walk, where aunt Celia proceeded to store my mind with the principal facts of Addison's career, and his influence on the literature of the something or other century. The cramming process over, we wandered along, and came upon "him" sketching a shady corner of the walk.

Aunt Celia went up behind him, and, Van Tyck though she is, she could not restrain her admiration of his work. I was surprised myself: I did n't suppose so good looking a youth could do such good work. I retired to a safe distance, and they chatted together. He offered her the sketch; she refused to take advantage of his kindness. He said he would "dash off" another that evening, and bring it to our hotel, — "so glad to do anything for a fellow-countryman," etc. I peeped from behind a tree and saw him give her his card. I trembled, but she read it with unmistakable approval, and gave him her own with an expression that meant, "Yours is good, but beat that if you can!"

She called to me, and I appeared. Mr. John Quincy Copley, Cambridge, was presented to her niece, Miss Katharine Schuyler, New York. It was over, and a very small thing to take so long about, too.

He is an architect, and of course has a smooth path into aunt Celia's affections. Theological students, ministers, missionaries, heroes, and martyrs she may distrust, but architects never!

"He is an architect, my dear Katharine, and he is a Copley," she told me afterwards. "I never knew a Copley who was not respectable, and many of them have been more."

After the introduction was over, aunt Celia asked him guilelessly if he had visited any other English cathedrals. Any others, indeed! This to a youth who had been all but in her lap for a fortnight! It was a blow, but he rallied bravely, and, with an amused look in my direction, replied discreetly that he had visited most of them at one time or another. I refused to let him see that I had ever noticed him before; that is, particularly.

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Memoranda: "*The very stones and mortar of this historic town seem impregnated with the spirit of restful antiquity.*" (Extract from one of aunt Celia's letters.) *Among the great men who have studied here are the Prince of Wales, Duke of Wellington, Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Philip Sidney, William Penn, John Locke, the two Wesleys, Ruskin, Ben Jonson, and Thomas Otway.* (Look Otway up.)

HE.

OXFORD, *June* 13.
The Angel.

I have done it, and if I had n't been a fool and a coward I might have done it a week ago, and spared myself a good deal of delicious torment. I have just given two hours to a sketch of Addison's Walk and carried it to aunt Celia at the Mitre. Object, to find out whether they make a long stay in London (our next point), and if so where. It seems they go directly through. I said in the course of conversation, "So Miss Schuyler is willing to forego a London season? Marvelous self-denial!"

"My niece did not come to Europe for a London season," replied Miss Van Tyck. "We go through London this time merely as a cathedral town, simply because it chances to be where it is geographically. We shall visit St. Paul's

and Westminster Abbey, and then go directly on, that our chain of impressions may have absolute continuity and be free from any disturbing elements."

Oh, but she is lovely, is aunt Celia!

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HE.

LINCOLN, *June* 20.
The Black Boy Inn.

I am stopping at a beastly little hole, which has the one merit of being opposite Miss Schuyler's lodgings. My sketch-book has deteriorated in artistic value the last two weeks. Many of its pages, while interesting to me as reminiscences, will hardly do for family or studio exhibition. If I should label them, the result would be something like this: —

1. Sketch of a footstool and desk where I saw Miss Schuyler kneeling, after having lost her for three days.

2. Sketch of a carved-oak chair, Miss Schuyler sitting in it.

3. "Angel Choir." Heads of Miss Schuyler introduced into the carving.

4. Altar screen. Miss Schuyler in foreground.

5. Tomb of a bishop, where I tied Miss Schuyler's shoe.

6. Tomb of another bishop, where I had to tie it again because I did it so badly the first time.

7. Sketch of the shoe; the shoe-lace worn out with much tying.

8. Sketch of the blessed verger who called her "madam."

9. Sketch of her blush when he did it.

10. Sketch of J. Q. Copley contemplating the ruins of his heart.

"How are the mighty fallen!"

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SHE.

LINCOLN, *June* 22.
At Miss Brown's, Castle Garden.

Mr. Copley *has* done something. I was sure that he had. He has a little income of his own, but he is too proud and ambitious to be an idler. He looked so manly when he talked about it, standing up straight and strong in his knickerbockers. I like men in knickerbockers. Aunt Celia does n't. She says she does n't see how a well-brought-up Copley can go about with his legs in that condition. I would give worlds to know how aunt Celia ever unbent sufficiently to get engaged. But, as I was saying, Mr. Copley has done something in the world, young as he is. He has built three picturesque suburban churches suitable for weddings, and a state lunatic asylum.

Aunt Celia says we shall have no worthy architecture until every building is made an exquisitely sincere representation of its deepest purpose, — a symbol, as it were, of its indwelling meaning. I should think it would be very difficult to design a lunatic asylum on that basis, but I did n't dare say so, as Mr. Copley seemed to think it all right. Their conversation is absolutely sublimated when they get to talking of architecture. I hope to goodness she won't fall in love with him, or, still worse, that he won't fall in love with her. Such things do happen. I may not be his equal intellectually, but I could read up on architecture if he insisted on it, and in all other ways I am much more suitable. I have just copied two quotations from Emerson, and am studying them every night for fifteen minutes before I go to sleep. I 'm going to quote them some time offhand, just after morning service, when we are wandering about the cathedral grounds. The first is this: "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportion and perspective of vegetable beauty." Then when he has recovered from the shock of this, here is my second: "Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and English cathedrals without feeling that

the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane, still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, pine, and spruce."

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HE.

YORK, *June* 24.
The Black Swan.

Kitty Schuyler is the concentrated essence of feminine witchery. Intuition strong, logic weak, and the two qualities so balanced as to produce an indefinable charm; will-power large, but docility equal, if a man is clever enough to know how to manage her; knowledge of facts absolutely *nil*, but she is exquisitely intelligent in spite of it. She has a way of evading, escaping, eluding, and then gives you an intoxicating hint of sudden and complete surrender. She is divinely innocent, but roguishness saves her from insipidity. Her looks? She looks as you would imagine a person might look who possessed these graces; and she is worth looking at, though every time I do it I have a rush of love to the head. When you find a girl who combines all the qualities you have imagined in the ideal, and who has added a dozen or two on her own account, merely to distract you past all hope, why stand up and try to resist her charm? Down on your knees like a man, say I!

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I'm getting to adore aunt Celia. I didn't care for her at first, but she is so deliciously blind! Anything more exquisitely unserviceable as a chaperon I can't imagine. Absorbed in antiquity, she ignores the babble of contemporaneous lovers. That any man could look at Kitty when he could look at a cathedral passes her comprehension. I do not presume too greatly on her absent-mindedness, however, lest she should turn unexpectedly and rend me. I always remember that inscription on the backs of the little mechanical French toys, — "Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il faut ne pas brutaliser la machine."

And so my courtship progresses under aunt Celia's very nose. I say "progresses," but it is impossible to speak with any certainty of courting, for the essence of that gentle craft is hope, rooted in labor and trained by love.

I set out to propose to her during service this afternoon by writing my feelings on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book, or something like that; but I knew that aunt Celia would never forgive such blasphemy, and I thought Kitty herself might consider it wicked. Besides, if she should chance to accept me, there was nothing I could do, in a cathedral, to relieve my feelings. No; if she ever accepts me, I wish it to be in a large, vacant spot of the universe, peopled by two only, and those two so indistinguishably blended, as it were, that they would appear as one to the casual observer. So I practiced repression, though the wall of my reserve is worn to the thinness of thread-paper, and I tried to keep my mind on the droning minor canon, and not to look at her, "for that way madness lies."

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SHE.

YORK, *June* 26.
High Petersgate Street.

My taste is so bad! I just begin to realize it, and I'm feeling my "growing pains," like Gwendolen in Daniel Deronda. I admired the stained glass in the Lincoln Cathedral, especially the Nuremberg window. I thought Mr. Copley looked pained, but he said nothing. When I went to my room, I looked in a book and found that all the glass in that cathedral is very modern and very bad, and the Nuremberg window is the worst of all. Aunt Celia says she hopes that it will be a warning to me to read before I speak; but Mr. Copley says no, that the world would lose more in one

way than it would gain in the other. Can't tell whether this is a compliment, to save my life. Tried my quotations this morning, and stuck fast in the middle of the first.

Mr. Copley says that aunt Celia has been feeing the vergers altogether too much, and I wrote a song about it called The Ballad of the Vergers and the Foolish Virgin, which I sang to my guitar. Mr. Copley says it is cleverer than anything he ever did with his pencil, but of course he says that only to be agreeable.

We all went to an evening service last night, to see the cathedral lighted. Coming home, aunt Celia walked ahead with Mrs. Benedict, who keeps turning up at the most unexpected moments. She 's going to build a Gothicky memorial chapel somewhere. I don't know for whom, unless it 's for Benedict Arnold. I don't like her in the least, but four is certainly a more comfortable number than three. I scarcely ever have a moment alone with Mr. Copley; for go where I will and do what I please, aunt Celia has the most perfect confidence in my indiscretion, so she is always *en évidence*.

Just as we were turning into the quiet little street where we are lodging I said, "Oh dear, I wish that I knew something about architecture!"

"If you don't know anything about it, you are certainly responsible for a good deal of it," said Mr. Copley.

"I? How do you mean?" I asked quite innocently, because I could n't see how he could twist such a remark as that into anything like sentiment.

"I have never built so many castles in my life as since I 've known you, Miss Kitty," he said.

"Oh," I answered as lightly as I could, "air-castles don't count."

"The building of air-castles is an innocent amusement enough, I suppose," he said, "but I 'm committing the folly of living in mine. I"—

Then I was frightened. When you have wanted something very much, and did n't know whether you would ever get it or not, and then all at once you find you have it, you almost wish it had n't come so soon! But just at that moment Mrs. Benedict called to us, and came tramping back from the gate, and hooked her supercilious, patronizing arm in Mr. Copley's, and asked him into the sitting-room to talk over the "lady chapel" in her new memorial church. Then aunt Celia told me they would excuse me, as I had had a wearisome day; and there was nothing for me to do but to go to bed, like a snubbed child, and wonder if I should ever know the end of that sentence. And I listened at the head of the stairs, shivering, but all that I could hear was that Mrs. Benedict asked Mr. Copley to be her architect. Her architect indeed! That woman ought not to be at large!

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SHE.

DURHAM, *July* 5.
At Farmer Hendry's.

We left York this morning, and arrived here about eleven o'clock. It seems there is some sort of an election going on in the town, and there was not a single fly at the station. Mr. Copley walked about in every direction, but neither horse nor vehicle was to be had for love or money. At last we started to walk to the village, Mr. Copley so laden with our hand-luggage that he resembled a pack-mule. We made a tour of the inns, but not a single room was to be had, not for that night nor for three days ahead, on account of that same election.

"Had n't we better go on to Edinburgh, aunt Celia?" I asked.

"Edinburgh? Never!" she replied. "Do you suppose that I would voluntarily spend a Sunday in those bare Presbyterian churches until the memory of these past ideal weeks has faded a little from my memory? What, leave out Durham and spoil the set?" (She

spoke of the cathedrals as if they were souvenir spoons.) "I intended to stay here for a week or more, and write up a record of our entire trip from Winchester while the impressions were fresh in my mind."

"And I had intended doing the same thing," said Mr. Copley. "That is, I hoped to finish off my previous sketches, which are in a frightful state of incompletion, and spend a good deal of time on the interior of this cathedral, which is unusually beautiful."

"And I," said I, with mock humility, "am a docile person who never has any intentions of her own, but who yields herself sweetly to the intentions of other people in her immediate vicinity."

"Are you?" asked Mr. Copley, taking out his pencil.

"Yes, I said so. What are you doing?"

"Merely taking note of your statement, that's all. Now, Miss Van Tyck, I have a plan to propose. I was here last summer with a couple of Harvard men, and we lodged at a farmhouse half a mile from the cathedral. If you will step into the coffee-room of the Shoulder of Mutton and Cauliflower for an hour, I'll walk up to Farmer Hendry's and see if they will take us in. I think we might be fairly comfortable."

"Can aunt Celia have Apollinaris and black coffee after her morning bath?" I asked.

"I hope, Katharine," said aunt Celia majestically, "I hope that I can accommodate myself to circumstances. If Mr. Copley can secure lodgings for us, I shall be more than grateful."

So here we are, all lodging together in an ideal English farmhouse. There is a thatched roof on one of the old buildings, and the dairy house is covered with ivy, and Farmer Hendry's wife makes a real English curtsy, and there are lots of beautiful sleek Durham cattle, and the butter and cream and eggs and mutton are delicious; and I never, never want to go home any more. I want to live here forever, and wave the American flag on Washington's birthday.

I am so happy that I feel as if something were going to spoil it. Twenty years old to-day! I wish mamma were alive to wish me many happy returns.

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HE.

DURHAM, *July* 9.

O child of fortune, thy name is J. Q. Copley! How did it happen to be election time? Why did the inns chance to be full? How did aunt Celia relax sufficiently to allow me to find her a lodging? Why did she fall in love with the lodging when found? I do not know. I only know Fate smiles; that Kitty and I eat our morning bacon and eggs together; that I carve Kitty's cold beef and pour Kitty's sparkling ale at luncheon; that I go to vespers with Kitty, and dine with Kitty, and walk in the gloaming with Kitty — and aunt Celia. And after a day of heaven like this, like Lorna Doone's lover, — ay, and like every other lover, I suppose, — I go to sleep, and the roof above me swarms with angels, having Kitty under it!

We were coming home from afternoon service, Kitty and I. (I am anticipating, for she was "Miss Schuyler" then, but never mind.) We were walking through the fields, while Mrs. Benedict and aunt Celia were driving. As we came across a corner of the bit of meadow land that joins the stable and the garden, we heard a muffled roar, and as we looked round we saw a creature with tossing horns and waving tail making for us, head down, eyes flashing. Kitty gave a shriek. We chanced to be near a pair of low bars. I had n't been a college athlete for nothing. I swung Kitty over the bars, and jumped after her. But she, not knowing in her fright where she was nor what she was doing; supposing, also, that the mad

creature, like the villain in the play, would "still pursue her," flung herself into my arms, crying, "Jack! Jack! Save me!"

It was the first time she had called me "Jack," and I needed no second invitation. I proceeded to save her in the usual way, by holding her to my heart and kissing her lovely hair reassuringly, as I murmured: "You are safe, my darling; not a hair of your precious head shall be hurt. Don't be frightened."

She shivered like a leaf. "I am frightened," she said. "I can't help being frightened. He will chase us, I know. Where is he? What is he doing now?"

Looking up to determine if I need abbreviate this blissful moment, I saw the enraged animal disappearing in the side door of the barn; and it was a nice, comfortable Durham cow, — that somewhat rare but possible thing, a sportive cow!

"Is he gone?" breathed Kitty from my waistcoat.

"Yes, he is gone — she is gone, darling. But don't move; it may come again."

My first too hasty assurance had calmed Kitty's fears, and she raised her charming flushed face from its retreat and prepared to withdraw. I did n't facilitate the preparations, and a moment of awkward silence ensued.

"Might I inquire," I asked, "if the dear little person at present reposing in my arms will stay there (with intervals for rest and refreshment) for the rest of her natural life?"

She withdrew entirely now, all but her hand, and her eyes sought the ground.

"I suppose I shall have to now — that is, if you think — at least, I suppose you do think — that this has been giving you encouragement."

"I do indeed, — decisive, undoubted, barefaced encouragement."

"I don't think I ought to be judged as if I were in my sober senses," she replied. "I was frightened within an inch of my life. I told you this morning that I was dreadfully afraid of bulls, especially mad ones, and I told you that my nurse frightened me, when I was a child, with awful stories about them, and that I never outgrew my childish terror. I looked everywhere about: the barn was too far, the fence too high, I saw him coming, and there was nothing but you and the open country; of course I took you. It was very natural, I 'm sure, — any girl would have done it."

"To be sure," I replied soothingly (not daring to look at the barn door, for fear that the cow would come out), "any girl would have run after me, as you say."

"I did n't say any girl would have run after you, — you need n't flatter yourself; and besides, I was really trying to protect you as well as to gain protection; else why should I have cast myself on you like a catamount, or a catacomb, or whatever the thing is?"

"Yes, darling, I thank you for saving my life, and I am willing to devote the remainder of it to your service as a pledge of my gratitude; but if you should take up life-saving as a profession, dear, don't throw yourself on a fellow with the full impact of your weight multiplied into your velocity and hold tight" —

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, putting her hand over my lips, and getting it well kissed in consequence. "If you 'll only forget that speech, and never, never taunt me with it afterwards, I 'll — I 'll — well, I 'll do anything in reason; yes, even marry you!"

HE.

CANTERBURY, *July* 25.
The Royal Fountain.

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I was never sure enough of Kitty, at first, to dare risk telling her about that little mistake of hers. She is such an elusive person that I spend all my time

in wooing her, and can never lay flattering unction to my soul that she is really won.

But after aunt Celia had looked up my family record and given a provisional consent, and papa Schuyler had cabled a reluctant blessing, I did not feel capable of any further self-restraint.

It was twilight here in Canterbury, and we were sitting on the vine-shaded veranda of aunt Celia's lodging. Kitty's head was on my shoulder. There is something very queer about that; when Kitty's head is on my shoulder I am not capable of any consecutive train of thought. When she puts it there I see stars, then myriads of stars, then, oh! I can't begin to enumerate the steps by which ecstasy mounts to delirium; but at all events, any operation which demands exclusive use of the intellect is beyond me at these times. Still I gathered my stray wits together and said, "Kitty!"

"Yes, Jack?"

"Now that nothing but death or marriage can separate us, I have something to confess to you. You remember that mad bull of Farmer Hendry's, darling?"

"Yes," she said serenely, "I know what you are going to say. He was a cow."

I lifted her head from my shoulder sternly, and gazed into her eyes, — those childlike, candid eyes!

"You mountain of deceit! How long have you known about it?"

"Ever since the first. Oh, Jack, stop looking at me in that way! Not the very first, not when I — not when you — not when we — no, not then, but the next morning, I said to Farmer Hendry, 'I wish you would keep your savage bull chained up while we are here; not for me, — I am fond of animals, — but aunt Celia is awfully afraid of them, especially those that go mad, like yours!' 'Lor', miss,' said Farmer Hendry, 'he have n't been pastured here for three weeks. I keep him six mile away. There be n't nothing but cows in the home medder.' But I did n't think that you knew, you deceitful, secretive fellow! I dare say you planned the whole thing in advance, in order to take advantage of my fright!"

"Never! I am incapable of such an unnecessary subterfuge! Besides, Kitty, I could not have made an accomplice of a cow, you know."

"Then," she said, with great dignity, "if you had been a gentleman and a man of honor, you would have cried, 'Unhand me, girl! You are clinging to me under a misunderstanding!'"

SHE.

CHESTER, *August* 1.
The Grosvenor.

Jack and I are going over this same ground next summer, on our wedding trip. We shall sail for home next week, and we have n't half done justice to the cathedrals. After the first two, we saw nothing but each other on a general background of architecture. I hope my mind is improved, but oh, I am so hazy about all the facts I have read since I knew Jack! Winchester and Salisbury stand out superbly in my memory. They acquired their ground before it was occupied with other matters. I shall never forget, for instance, that Winchester has the longest spire and Salisbury the highest nave of all the English cathedrals. And I shall never forget so long as I live that Jane Austen and Isaac Newt— Oh dear! was it Isaac Newton or Izaak Walton that was buried in Winchester and Salisbury? To think that that beautiful fact should have slipped from my mind, after all the trouble I took with it! But I know that it was Isaac somebody, and that he was buried in — well, he was buried in one of those two places. I am not certain which, but I can ask Jack; he is sure to know.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

AN ATTIC POET.

He lived in what we call the golden time,
When Athens, violet-crowned, was in her prime;
When her slim war-ships slit the sky-hued seas,
And wallowing in their wakes huge argosies
Brought in the grain and stuffs of all the East
To where the marbled city made her feast.
The echoes of bronze Marathon yet rang,
And to their tune great-hearted lives still sang.
Around him men were born and lived and throve
Whose words and gestures Sophokles enwove
For the live flesh wherein his hand arrayed
The gods and heroes whom his soul had made.
He brushed against veiled women in the streets
Whose secret speech of smothered grief yet greets
The world's great souls whenever any lend
A hearkening ear to him who was the friend
Of those same smileless widows overseas,
Great-hearted, mirthless, cowed Euripides.
He ate and drank and slept through the same days
That saw his city's one still-gleaming blaze;
And he wrote ditties of his own dry heart,
Of its small pettiness and bloodless smart.
With Aristophanes he laughed at all
The great, but in his laughter thought them small.
The days were gone, he said, when heroes reft
Undying fame from fate: not much was left
For latter generations to achieve.
What bygone peoples had seen fit to leave
Undone might still be done; but was it worth
The effort, was there true reward on earth?
All the great poets long were dead and gone:
It was broad day now, and the fresh, cool dawn
Of human feeling had been left behind
Long since; a paler laurel leaf entwined
Still, on some favored brows, but thin and sere;
Poetry had all been written, and its year
Turned, after harvest, to its wintry chime.
And thus he wrote and talked. In after time
We do not speak of him to praise or blame.
He is forgotten, even to his name.

Edward Lucas White.

A PLEA FOR SERIOUSNESS.

I READ lately, but not for the first time, a Plea for Humor which won for its advocate her degree of *docteur ès lettres;* and while no less pleased than before by the pith and wit of the argument, I felt more than ever the greater need of a plea for seriousness. If the Plea for Humor were addressed to an English audience, it could not be debarred; and to judge by the names and quotations cited, it was England that the advocate had chiefly in mind. Lang, Dickens, Birrell, Radford, Butler, Shorthouse, Harrison, Charlotte Brontë, Miss Austen, Bagehot, Carlyle, Faber, Thackeray, Swinburne, Saintsbury, George Eliot, Peacock, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Mr. Gladstone, Pope, Goldsmith, Burnet, Fielding, Trollope, Disraeli, the Rev. Henry Martyn, are the examples and authorities; only two Americans, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells, are named. If Miss Repplier wished to offer her sword to the wits and humorists of Great Britain against their standing army of dullards, she should have taken one of their periodicals as her field. Addressing an American audience, she attacks a nation whose worst vice is want of seriousness, if indeed that be not the universal shortcoming of the end of this century.

Leaving this issue for the present, let us survey the ground on which the charge of the decline of humor and the sense of humor is based. It is mainly the disfavor which has overtaken certain authors; there is really little more than that. English writers of the eighteenth century who held the public ear by their jovial tones are summoned from limbo as witnesses to the dullness of our day; we are accused of being too grave to find these rollicking blades good company. There are other reasons for the neglect into which they have fallen which Miss Repplier does not wholly overlook, but there are some still more to the point to which she pays no heed. The novelists of a hundred and fifty years ago have lost their popularity, it is true, but do the poets, dramatists, essayists, and divines of the same period fare better? There is a class of readers who affect the Elizabethan age, but there is none, though there may be here and there an individual, who delights in the literature of the last century. A few comedies of that period still hold the stage, and over the universal oblivion beetles the memory of Dr. Johnson, on which lightly perches Oliver Goldsmith. There was a time, not so long ago, when the whole society of London, including the clever set, were in transports of mirth over Miss Burney's novels: have they still a public, however choice? Does Miss Repplier herself think them very amusing? Putting the eighteenth century aside for a wider retrospect, where do we find the famous authors of bygone times, — the immortals apart, — on the tables of book-lovers, or on their shelves? To go no further back than the beginning of our century, who weeps nowadays over Thaddeus of Warsaw, or shudders at the Mysteries of Udolpho? Is sensibility extinct, too?[1]

So many renowned masters in every line of literature having grown dumb through age, it would be strange if the humorists should be an exception, — the more so that, by the nature of their genius, they are fated to become silent sooner than others. No quality is more evanescent and volatile than the essence of a joke; it often evaporates while taking the form of words, and can be told only by a glance or gesture. Fun in

[1] This article was in print before the author saw Colonel T. W. Higginson's Decline of the Sentimental and Miss Repplier's Decay of Sentiment.

literature depends for its being on the state of mind, and even the state of body, of the contemporary public, on social and political conditions which pass and are forgotten, on the moods and manners of conspicuous personages whose notoriety may be short-lived; although their words and acts may survive, their idiosyncrasies fade out of mind. The humorists of all ages are, consequently, hard reading to most people. Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes belonged to the same period; they held equal places in Athenian favor. Is it the dull cast of the present day that makes ancient comedy drag heavily, while the tragedy hurries us along with its terrible march? It is not the tragic element only, however, which keeps classic authors alive. While the humorists fall flat, the wits hold their ground. Plautus moved the Romans to laughter through successive dynasties; nobody laughs at him now, while Horace is as fresh and apt as in the days of Augustus. Humor, to outlive its generation, must have perennial vitality and vigor; people laugh at Mark Twain and Stockton who cannot laugh at Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, not because the latter were less droll in their day, but because their day is not ours. Yet as long as men and women can laugh they will laugh at Malvolio's love symptoms, and at the clowns' interlude in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

Nothing illustrates the ephemeral nature of humor better than a collection of old caricatures, and the fashions in facetiousness change as often as those of folly; this century has seen many which are as much out of date as full-bottom wigs or snuff-taking. Balzac tells us that the first diorama exhibited in Paris gave rise to "talking *rama*," which was much cultivated on a certain social level. "Eh, bien, monsieur, comment va cette petite *santérama?*" "Il fait un fameux *froidorama*." This was the same kind of wit as ordering a waiter to bring sham and hampagne sauce, or telling a coachman to take care of the pud muddles. The habit of quizzing had great vogue seventy or eighty years ago; then came the practical joke, which few of us would enjoy in these dull days, though Theodore Hook were to rise from his grave to revive it; the hoax followed, and gave birth to the merry practice of "selling." The sell consisted in telling as a true story some incident, more or less probable, that never took place, and when the listeners expressed surprise or gave other proof of credulity to shout "Sold!" It never struck the seller that his hearers might merely be too civil to express their doubts. Of these various modes of fun this was perhaps the shallowest and most stupid, but it is the only one not entirely obsolete. Somewhere in the series should be mentioned the custom of adding "Shakespeare" to a commonplace remark, as if it were a quotation, a capital joke to those who saw the point.

And who were the humorists in literature who rejoiced the hearts of our country folk during the same period? James Russell Lowell is not to be labeled like a jar of nitrous oxide. Dr. Holmes, the starred and ribboned grand master of the order, will ever be a pride to Americans and a joy to all English-speaking mortals in whom there is a spark of mirth, but he is, strictly speaking, a wit, — furthermore, poet, moralist, novelist; the springs of pathos and of tender, cheerful common sense answer his light touch as readily as those of laughter. But marking him as easily first, second, third, what other names fill the roll? After Saxe, and far below him, Philander Doesticks, John Phœnix, Private Miles O'Reilly, the correspondent from Confederate Cross-roads, the Danbury Newsman, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, and others more obscure; except the first, whom few remember, and the last, who is being forgotten, how many of these suggest a single line which would raise a smile now? How weary, stale, flat,

and unprofitable for merriment are their jests! Alas, poor Yorick! is their epitaph, one and all.

The most brilliant and delicate of our contemporaries who have worked the comic vein with effect are giving proof that the fate of their predecessors has not been thrown away upon them; it is significant of this that they are turning in other directions. Mr. Howells always had a double mask of opposite expression, but it is curious to note how Aldrich, Stockton, Mark Twain himself, are carving their monuments in more enduring metal than that which they jingled so whimsically a few years ago; the dramatic power, the tragic possibilities, in Huckleberry Finn attest the author's intention to do something more than to amuse. These writers are potting their fun in substance which will preserve it from decay. Of course a man's talent determines the nature of his work, — "*pas Amyot qui veut*," as Francis I. said of his accomplished pedagogue; and again, individual taste and temperament in the reader make an author's peculiar gift more acceptable to some people than to others: but for these very reasons it is fortunate when his mental qualities are sufficiently versatile or ductile not to restrict him to one style. While Messrs. Birrell, Saintsbury, and their select few are reading Miss Austen with a smile of satisfaction and conscious superiority, there are other readers who, though they grant her humor, demur to its liveliness and class her with still champagne, yet turn her pages with quiet contentment in her faithful and pleasant portrayal of character and manners. The intellectual pharisaism which exults in powers of appreciation denied to other men is not confined to those who flatter themselves on being the chosen of Thalia; votaries of æsthetic pleasure are not exempt from it, and Wordsworth was convinced that he and his sister alone of the whole world could see the beauties of Nature; but it is royal conceit to claim a monopoly of the ingredient with which, next to pain, life is most strongly seasoned. Arrogance like this is hard to bear; all pretensions are offensive, the more so when there is no mathematical or logical process by which to refute them, and perhaps none is so trying as the assumption of a special grace to discern fun. It also confers upon the elect the privilege of holding fast their confidence under any shortcoming; if their joke falls flat, they refer with pity to the hearer's lack of humor. The only retort is Herr Klesmer's, in Daniel Deronda: "I see what you mean, but I do not see the witticism."

George Eliot said truly that a difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections, and unluckily there is great diversity in what provokes mirth in different people. Democritus of Abdera found matter for hilarity in everything; his disciple Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, who enumerates among the causes of that complaint "scoffs and bitter jests," although accounted by his acquaintance "very merry, facete, and juvenile," took no diversion in anything but the ribaldry of bargemen, which threw him into fits of laughter. Louis XIII. of France, a melancholy monarch, was cheered by seeing people make faces; at the siege of La Rochelle his pastime was to watch the dying agonies of his Protestant subjects in the trenches. "What fine faces they make!" I knew an extremely intelligent, well-educated English family, friends of Macaulay, Spedding, and a whole circle of well-known *literati*, who read aloud Jules Sandeau's Mariana, — a sombre picture of human passion and suffering, drawn with a strong touch, — and laughed over it from beginning to end.

There is a difference between a sense of the ridiculous and a sense of humor, and they do not always go together. The "old-fashioned, coarse-minded person" of Miss Repplier's imagination

asks, "If we are not to laugh at Don Quixote, at whom are we, please, to laugh?" Some modern-minded person, deficient in humor, might suggest Sancho Panza. People whose brains have not enough specific gravity to resist the sight of a fellow-being slipping on a bit of orange peel are prompt to bring the charge of dullness against those whose first thought is that a leg may be broken. To persons of a more refined perception of the comic these perpetual laughers are the most tiresome of companions. Lord Chesterfield, who was not considered in his day to lack wit and vivacity (but who could not live to grow up in these days), counts among company to be avoided "waggs, witlings, buffoons, mimicks, and merry fellows, who are all of them commonly the dullest fellows in the world." Miss Repplier quotes Hazlitt as pronouncing ridicule the test of truth: there is more depth in the French saying "Ridicule tue." Ridicule kills sentiment; it kills romance and a hundred innocent impulses of the heart; it kills enthusiasm, reverence, and some of the noblest aspirations of the soul; it kills affection, admiration, friendship, and loyalty. It has killed our enjoyment of many of the finest passages in mythology, history, and poetry; the myth, the great deed, the poem, will revive because they are immortal, when the burlesque and parody are forgotten, but not for us whom the blight of ridicule has withered. Beside what it has destroyed, it has produced a constant craving for the ludicrous. An instance of this is the comment of a gentleman, by no means a fool, who went to see a great tragedian act Hamlet, not in total ignorance of the play, and pronounced it "dull, deadly dull, and heavy as lead; not a laugh in it except one or two poor jokes in the grave-diggers' scene."

Most fun, at the present day, does not grow from a healthy root nor feed a healthy appetite; it creates a dyspeptic demand for coarse spice, which is met by an unfailing supply in the flippancy of our public speakers and the scurrility of the press. This brings me back to my starting-point. The counsel for humor deplores the dismal seriousness of the day, but its dismal jocosity is far more deplorable. Everybody feels bound to make a joke of everything, and thinks that when one has been made nothing more can be asked; in argument, he who raises a laugh at his opponent has won the day; a shrug or a wink is answer enough to the most vital questions. Mr. H. M. Stanley's jests on the fate of the rear column mark — at least so let us hope — the extreme to which the practice can be pushed as regards humanity; Senator Ingalls and Governor Ingersoll carry their ridicule into moral and spiritual regions. Now, how much better, happier, wiser, or even merrier is any one for all this? Do ribaldry and blasphemy raise the spirits of the hearers? Does the column of newspaper facetiæ add to the average of daily cheerfulness? Do the funny books on railway stalls lift the burden and heat of the day, or warm the cockles of the heart against its chill? If people take comfort in exchanging such pleasantries among themselves, well and good, but to see them in print recalls Macaulay's outburst: "A wise man might talk folly like this by his fireside, but that any human being, having made such a joke, should write it down, copy it out, transmit it to the printer, correct the proof, and send it forth to the world is enough to make us ashamed of our species."

If the common disposition to take a humorous view, as it is complacently termed, has not on the whole made us jollier, let us ask what it has done. It has brought in slang which is depraving speech, and "chaff" which is driving out conversation; in the incessant struggle to be amusing, it has fostered exaggeration to the damage of truthfulness, cynicism at the expense of kindliness, mockery to the sacrifice of veneration.

I feel the extent of the mischief at this moment when I would urge my plea for seriousness. The basis of appreciation of the heroic and pathetic has been sapped in this generation; they have made the step from the sublime to the ridiculous once for all, and taken their stand on the latter; there seems to be nothing to appeal to. Virtue, honor, public fidelity and purity, commercial probity, the dignity of office, the sanctity of home, have become subjects of jest; men and women who uphold them are called fogies, or, by a favorite locution of the day, are said to take themselves too seriously. Self-importance is ludicrous, no doubt, but I have not observed that it is wanting in people who take themselves lightly; the attitude appears to me unchanged, but it rests on less solid qualities. The absence of seriousness is seen in our country people to-day in the evasion of obligation: we give our children no training, but leave them to their own devices, and "guess they 'll turn out all right;" we neglect our duties as citizens, and place them in the hands of men notoriously unfit for posts of trust, because "the great American nation can take care of itself;" we forbear to raise a voice against practices in public and social life which we privately condemn, for "our mission is not to be reformers." We are loath to do our own thinking: hence we are overrun by a host of little books, native and foreign, witty and graceful as you please, to tell us how little there is in the big books on grave subjects which a few people still write, but nobody reads. In poetry, fugitive pieces and *vers de société* are the order of the day; in fiction, the short story is ousting the novel.

But if seriousness can be driven out as a motive, it comes back in the form of results. We are not the first people who have refused to be in earnest, and history might teach us a lesson on that text. It is but a hundred years since France expiated with her best blood the crime of frivolity; the reaction had begun, but it came too late, and men and women who were taking life seriously had to pay the penalty for many who escaped by a timely, natural death. Their doctrine for generations was summed up in that formula which is the utmost expression of impious irresponsibility, "Après nous le déluge." Twenty years ago France was again paying the forfeit of having forgotten the terrible moral of the Revolution; society had donned the fool's cap and bells once more, and paid for it by the downfall of the empire, a cruel war, and a costly, humiliating peace. When Italy threw aside her epics and lyrics, and such treatises as Pico della Mirandola's Oration on the Dignity of Man and Cornaro's Discourse on the Serious Life, for mock-heroic and macaronic poetry; when the philosophical discussions of the Florentine Platonists gave place to the hair-splitting and hypercriticism and pedantry of the literary academies, and the love of beauty vanished before the grotesque, and the pursuit of greatness was swallowed up by the greed for oddity; then the reign of triflers had begun, and overthrow and anarchy followed in order. In Spain, though the retrospect of her history leaves an impression of ever-deepening gloom, autocracy and priestcraft were not the only agents in her decline from her splendid eminence in dominion, letters, and art. On the walls of her galleries, beside the glorious religious and historical pictures, among the portraits of her monarchs and illustrious men, hang the court dwarf and jester who presently usurp the first place, while the imbecilities of the plateresque and chiruguesque styles supplant the majesty of the Gothic; in literature, the tragedy, the epic, the grave history, the stirring ballad, drop into the picaresque narrative and the madrigal; painting, from the magnificent art of Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, sinks to a mediocrity which does not perpetuate a single

fame, and flares up finally in the diabolical cynicism of Goya; the hero is found, not on the battlefield, but in the bull-fight, and Spain scarcely counts among the powers of Europe.

I have not forgotten that a tendency to buffoonery belongs to an early and healthy period of national life which has left its mark on Gothic architecture and the great epics, in *fabliaux*, in the tradition of many jocund customs. In these instances, however, humor was an incident, a detail, and an insignificant one, in the whole scheme; men whose life was one grim struggle could not forget themselves very long in horseplay; the gargoyle drops from its place without changing the character of the cathedral. And if any one will take the trouble to compare the spirit of humor in a country at corresponding points on the ascending and descending scale, he will be able to note the difference between the mirth of a youthful people and of one in its second childhood; when a mature nation gives itself up to puerility it has entered the senile phase. The nations of the Old World were many centuries in their descent from the height of empire and culture to base obscurity, but the downward progress of our own from the moral altitudes of the Revolution and the Civil War has been rapid. Our standards have lowered, our principles have slackened.

This is a superficial view both of past and present, but it is comprehensive enough, there is no need of going deeper. Nobody would gain glory or do good by trying to hang a millstone round the neck of the Plea for Humor, to which I owe my title for a counter plea, but not for a rebutting argument. Moreover, I beg my readers not to suppose that I would arraign humor or any element which gladdens and brightens existence. Seriousness and light-heartedness are not at war; there is no merit in austerity; on the contrary, more harm can be done by solemn triviality and ascetic futility than by arrant tomfoolery. But after all we are a joyless people. There are two types of American face on which the comic illustrated papers have fastened as representative: one is sharp, careworn, anxious; the other is heavy, coarse, and stupid or cunning. Neither of them shows a gleam of the mirthfulness which twinkles in the Irishman's eye, or broadens the smile of John Bull, or sparkles from head to foot in the lively Frenchman or Italian. There is a modern fashion of loud and constant laughter in our society, as if noise were necessary to attest the pleasure of the occasion, but it vouches as little for our enjoyment as the cannon and shooting-crackers on the Fourth of July do for our patriotism. The absence of animal spirits among our well-to-do young people is in striking contrast to the exuberance of that quality in their contemporaries in most European countries. There is no division of time more weary and dreary than a public holiday in America except one in England; but with the English this comes mainly from the pressure of traditions and conditions of which we never felt the weight, while with us it is because we do not know how to amuse ourselves honestly and enjoy ourselves heartily. It is levity, not gayety, that is the matter with us. Here it is, and here only, that the counsel for humor misses her point; we are dull indeed, I grant it, not from the disuse of humor, but from its abuse. Nor do I reckon lack of seriousness as the sole or prime cause of national and individual deterioration; but without its presence no man or country can thrive; it is an evidence of essential qualities. Its absence means failure to meet the highest claims and issues of life, our debt to the present and to the inexorable liens of the future.

SEVERN'S ROMAN JOURNALS.

JOSEPH SEVERN, the artist and the friend of artists and poets, during his long service as English consul at Rome kept a record of his observations and reflections in a leisurely diary. I have selected a number of passages from it, choosing especially those which relate to the momentous period of the last years of the papal temporal dominion (1861 to 1870), but at the same time have not attempted any sequent narrative, or even aimed at any manner of consistency in selection. Words written at the time when great events are happening have a freshness of appeal which no historical essay can so adequately afford; and often they gain by isolation. In a word, I have given here a varied series of excerpts from Severn's Roman journals, taken, in a sense, haphazard, but calculated to interest all readers. To those who love Italy, his devotion to that country and his belief in her high destinies will alone win for him respectful heed.

The consular diaries begin with a quotation of the letter of recommendation from Baron Bunsen to Lord John Russell, which was one, at least, of the most potent pleas for the bestowal of the Roman consulship upon Joseph Severn. To the last moment the latter had not ventured to believe in his success, for there were in all about a hundred and twenty candidates for the post, and he feared that his sixteen testimonials would be of little service among the host of recommendations. In later life, he was always wont to maintain that Baron Bunsen's letter, dictated by that statesman on his deathbed, secured for him the coveted office. "I begged Lord John Russell to permit me to have it," Severn writes, "as a memorial of a friendship of thirty-five years." The close of Baron Bunsen's letter consists of the following notable words (written, it must be remembered, in the early autumn of 1860): "I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my sense of gratitude, as a statesman, a Christian, and a man, to you and Lord Palmerston for not only having proclaimed, but also enforced the principle of non-intervention in Italy. I am sure you agree with me that Venetia cannot, in the long run, be withheld from Italy, but at the same time that it would be a disgrace to Europe if the question could not be solved without the aid of arms and the danger of a general European conflagration. I believe that not only the enlightened public all over Europe, but also a large proportion of public opinion in Austria, which is even represented in the council of the Emperor, would hail such a solution with the greatest satisfaction, supposing that the financial interests of Austria and the honor of the imperial house were insured."

Severn's consular troubles began with the escapade of certain enthusiastic but foolish countrymen.

March 7, 1861. "Cavaliere Severi came to me from the Bureau of the Roman Police to complain of three 'mad Englishmen.' They were not so mad as foolish. It was a time of great anxiety in Rome, and to the satisfaction of all, nationalists and adherents of the papal *régime* alike, there was a temporary truce to outward enmities. Every one was hoping that the match would not fall near the gunpowder for some time to come. Suddenly these three Englishmen were possessed by the idea of going to and fro in Rome clad in Garibaldian costume, and conducted themselves altogether in a manner singularly offensive to the populace. Even the Garibaldians were angry; for Italians, and Romans in particular, are the last people to appreciate foreign interference. Cav. Severi

conveyed to me the request of Monsignore Mateucci, the governor of Rome, that I should at once persuade them to desist from their dangerous folly. Without delay I sought them to this end, and obtained their promise to offend no more. Too much ill feeling had been aroused, however, and Monsignore Mateucci insisted that they should leave Rome. The governor was anxious to treat the matter as a mere indiscretion, and his communication was couched most courteously: he begged the favor of me that I would try and persuade them to quit Rome. This I also did; for their conduct was very offensive to the Romans, who were conducting themselves with gravity and decorum."

A short time after, Severn had an interview with the famous Cardinal Antonelli. "At ten o'clock [March 20] I was received very graciously. The cardinal is, to all appearance, the reverse of the scheming, unscrupulous prelate he is so often depicted by his political and other enemies. He impressed me as simple and easy in his manners, and with a quick and sympathetic apprehension in conversation. He has a fine countenance, of the strong and yet refined old Italian type; dark, with speculative black eyes, sometimes inscrutable and profound, but oftener lit as by a playful vivacity. He complimented me on my appointment, with some pleasant words about my earlier sojourn in Rome, and assured me that the former was very acceptable to the government authorities. Possibly there was some *arrière-pensée* in this courtesy; certainly Antonelli has the reputation of never losing an opportunity of gaining a friend or of discrediting an enemy. He is a remarkable man, and will become an even greater power than he is, in all probability. He is generally either the prelate, or the courtier, or the diplomatist, but every now and then one may recognize in him, for a fugitive moment, the man of the iron hand in the velvet glove. He asked me if I had seen his recent letter to the nuncio in Paris, explaining and defending the present papal position. Fortunately I had read it with close attention, and thought the logic of it admirable. I told Cardinal Antonelli so, but added that sound logic and a potent plea were sometimes of no avail, as in the case of Columbus and his mariners, where everything pointed to the rightness of the seamen's standpoint, and yet where their attitude seemed ignorant folly to the superior wisdom of the great discoverer. 'Ah, but then Columbus was certain of his New World,' remarked the cardinal, with a smile. 'And his mariners,' I ventured to add, 'were not aware of it even when they were really there. It was simply a new country to them, — not a new world.' '*Ma!*' exclaimed his Eminence, with that penetrating, half-mocking look that so often came into his eyes, 'we have no Americas here — before us — in the Old World!' 'That is just where the serious and indeed fatal omission of your nuncio letter is, monsignor,' I urged earnestly. He gave a peculiar, almost a startled glance at me, and with a characteristic gesture signed to me to be more explicit. 'The omission,' I went on, 'is simply the lack of recognition of the fact that we, here, all of us, the civilized world, are in very truth living in the New World.' Antonelli seemed strangely struck by my remark; for he knew at once what I meant. After a little he confessed that I was right so far, but added that such a statement could not have been incorporated by him in his letter. He then went on to lament the utilitarian tendency of things (no doubt a clever move on his part to evade a perilous subject), and asked me if in this respect I did not find Rome very much changed. Improved, I said, in the many public buildings erected by the Pope; but that the shops alarmed me with their showiness in common with those of other capitals, whereas I would

rather see the old Roman style. Before I left I told him an anecdote which much amused him. The other day I heard of an American from Chicago who made a novel remark about St. Peter's, of which 't is thought impossible to say anything new. On entering the church, and after looking about him in silence awhile, the visitor exclaimed, 'Good God! what a quantity of capital is here all lying waste!' Cardinal Antonelli, in bidding me good-by, mischievously alluded to the great advantages to accrue to us all from the New World!"

It was in May of this year that, for the first time for over forty years, he again saw Keats's sister Fanny, Madame de Llanos.

June 27, 1861. "Went to Leopold Brockman, the engineer of the Roman states railways, to ask for an appointment for Francesco Franz, who has studied for this profession, and I hope for success. This Leopold is the son-in-law of a dear English lady, who, in affection and associations of loving friendship, is to me like a new-found sister. At the beginning of May, a Spanish gentleman called and asked if I were 'Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats.' 'Yes,' I answered. Then said he, with some agitation, 'My wife is the poet's sister, and she is now here in Rome and longing to see you.' This seemed to me most marvelous, that we should meet, after more than forty years, in the very place where her illustrious brother died in my arms. I had seen her when she was a girl of fifteen, and when her brothers were all well; now all were dead except herself, — the sole surviving member, indeed, of the Keats family. Our meeting was very touching. We could not speak for some minutes, for many poignant memories overcame us. For a long time we sat thus, hand in hand, shedding silent tears. Her two Spanish daughters joined in this pathetic silence. They met me reverently, as an elder relation; for my devotion to Keats, their famous and, in a sense, deeply loved uncle, had been their favorite speculation [*sic*] in coming to Rome. To meet me here and thus, they afterwards told me, seemed a romantic felicity. After a time I unclasped my hand from that of Madame de Llanos, and made several attempts to introduce some indifferent subject to break the deep agitation of all four of us. But it was impossible, and after nearly an hour had elapsed I had to return to a house full of people. Madame Keats Llanos greatly resembles both her youngest and eldest brothers (John and Tom); and there is in particular the same sweet vivacity which characterized the dear poet. Although married to a Spaniard and living in Spain, and with all her Spanish interests and associations, she yet preserves her native language in great purity, — the gift of her family, so striking in her brother John."

(*In a home letter.*) "They are all charming, and Rosa is a beautiful girl. I see a likeness of my ever dear Keats in his nephew, Madame de Llanos' only son. I cannot tell you the happiness it is to me to have these friends here, and in close communion. I went the other day with my dear friend to Monte Testaccio, where Keats lies, to help her to plant two bay-trees at her brother's head. . . . Then, too, I have many old Roman friends about me. Overbeck, the famous German painter, has been fifty-one years in Rome; Gibson, the sculptor, forty-three. Health and longevity are, in truth, characteristic of life in Rome."

October 23, 1861. "To-day I made the acquaintance of the celebrated American actress, Miss Cushman, who has been living in Rome for some time. I was much pleased with her. She is a woman of great mental accomplishments and of singular charm, and, from all I hear and can so far directly perceive, must be an actress of consummate ability. What a pity she cannot act in Ital-

ian! She might electrify the Romans. Even Cardinal Antonelli would more readily admit the inevitable change in things if all Rome flocked to the theatre to see a great American actor! I noted that her apartment was filled with the most beautiful collection of old carved-wood furniture of every kind I have ever seen, — bookcases, sofas, beds, cabinets, chairs, cupboards, and tables. When I left her, I told her with truth that I was filled with envy of her good taste and good fortune in obtaining possession of so many beautiful things, and that there can be nothing left in Rome to find. It was with singular pleasure, too, that I met Miss Hosmer, the American sculptor, who is living with Miss Cushman. She too is a woman of native charm, and, if I am not mistaken, of very unusual power in her noble art. I am to dine with them to-morrow. . . . Rome is certainly the place for old people to seem young. No one would believe that John Gibson has been here for half a century, and Frederick Overbeck even longer; Macdonald, the sculptor, not far behind; while as for myself, 't is forty years since I first came here with my beloved Keats, so I, too, may fairly stand among the Roman antiquities, though one in good preservation, and, as they say of old pictures, 'not retouched.' I ought to be complimented, for Miss Cushman took me for my son, and was anxious to hear about my father, to whom, she said, in common with all Americans who revered the genius of Keats, she owed a debt of gratitude. I was dull enough to be taken in at first."

With 1862 came rumors of perilous excitement and menacing movements. Throughout Italy the yeast of revolution was working towards a coming mighty change, and scarcely less ferment was there in Europe, particularly in Austria, Prussia, and France. On the 21st of March the Carnival began, but might as well not have been held, for the citizens of Rome abstained almost *en masse*. The day before, an address from the mysterious secret committee invited all patriotic Romans to attend at the ancient Roman Forum instead. As both the papal party and the nationalists claimed to be patriotic Romans, there was some doubt as to whether much practical notice of the announcement would be taken by the cautious Romans; and in any case it was too late for the papal government to interfere, even if it could have ventured to do so. The meeting at the Forum was a great manifestation; all the more impressive, perhaps, from the fact that it was a silent and dignified assertion of the rights of the citizens to judge for themselves, as in olden times. There were over twenty thousand Romans assembled, and a double row of carriages lined the whole length of the Forum. It was, says Severn, the gathering of the first thunderclouds around the grave of the papal dominion. In the afternoon there was sheet lightning, for at three o'clock the Corso was suddenly taken possession of by the French troops, and all entrance to this chief thoroughfare of Rome was forbidden. All the *sbirri* and other papal soldiery were also assembled in or near the Corso, for the Pope had become seriously alarmed. Already there had been an ominous disturbance with the sbirri, and, moreover, the temper of the French troops was, to say the least of it, mercurial. Fortunately, General Goyon had the good sense to order the supplementary soldiery to their barracks, and so caused as little resentment to the populace as practicable. The French general again made a clever bid for popularity when he countermanded the spiteful order of the government suspending the great Carnival ball at midnight.

Naturally, too, the great war in America stirred even the most parochial communities of the Old World. Joseph Severn was as blind as were most of his countrymen to the vast and momentous

interests of that titanic struggle, and indeed shared the even more extreme Continental view that it was nothing but a gigantic, cruel, and needless fratricidal strife. In one of his entries, referring to the fact that he had been to see the performances of Rarey, the famous American horse-tamer, and had encountered there Miss Hosmer, herself an enthusiastic horsewoman, and, as a sculptor, professionally interested in noting the novel and picturesque groups, he puts on record how he was corrected by those stanch Americans, Miss Hosmer and Miss Cushman. "I told Miss Hosmer that the wonderful horse-taming was all very well, but that I hoped a Rarey might be found in time to subdue human creatures in the same way. Miss Cushman interjected the remark that she had 'never met with wild men or women in her whole career;' to which I replied, 'Then you have been so fortunate as to have lived among more civilized people than I have.' Mrs. Perkins, another American lady, then asked me 'where I should seek for people to tame;' to which I answered, on the spur of the moment, 'In America, at this moment; for look at the civil war, and tell me if a Rarey would not have much to do among Americans.' This assertion they denied, and eagerly combated my view of the conflict. Miss Hosmer and Miss Cushman were like Amazons in defense of their native land, and ardently urged that the war of North and South was the most heroic, the most generous, the most humane, even, that could be conceived, and that they would not allow me to denounce it as barbarous and savage. They may be right, but all Europe thinks with me." [1]

The 7th of May was an exciting day in Rome, "for throughout the city the rumor spreads that the troops of Victor Emmanuel are coming to share Rome with the French; that the king of Italy will return from Naples by Rome; and that the several stipulations have at last been agreed to by both sides. It may be true, but these same things have been so often said that I for one will believe only when I see an Italian soldier in Rome, or mayhap not till I see the king himself."

May 8. "Odo Russell assures me that the French army of occupation here is to be increased by two thousand, chiefly of the artillery. Of this he is certain. Alas, poor Rome!"

May 14. "Everywhere 't is said that the king of Italy is at Naples simply preparing to come to Rome, and that he is to be accompanied by Prince Napoleon, that there is to be a joint Franco-Italian occupation of the city, and that Victor Emmanuel is to be proclaimed at the Capitol. Again I say, I shall believe this when I see the Sardinian standard floating in at the Porta Pia, and hear the trumpets of the royal heralds awaking the sleeping echoes of the Capitoline."

But the end of the month came, and Pius IX. was still a temporal sovereign. Yet there were ominous disturbances. On the 28th Severn writes: "The accounts of the French troops taking the brigands and acting against the Pope's troops are very suggestive, and in a sense alarming. It seems that Sora and Frosinone are in a state of siege. The brigands are flocking to Rome, where they become desperate, as the Pope cannot receive them. So they infest the neighborhood, and rob and plunder. Everything tends to a crisis. Even the pro-

[1] By the following year Severn had changed his views. Perhaps one matter of minor importance had its influence on him: the commission by Mr. James T. Fields, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, to write his recollections of Keats. This now famous article, On the Vicissitudes of Keats's Fame, appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in 1863. For the last fifteen years of his life Severn was an enthusiastic friend of America and Americans, and many in this country still bear him in friendliest remembrance.

jected canonization of twenty-seven saints of Japan is a dangerous folly if a merely religious matter, and a perilous enterprise for both Church and State if one of Antonelli's schemes; for the Pope, I am told, has, for this precious canonization, three hundred cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, really to defend him at the last as regards his temporal power. Yet the fall of the papacy from its temporal sovereignty is soon or late inevitable. If it were nothing else than the wicked means the Pope adopts to sustain his government, 't would be enough to show how certain is the end. But it may come slowly. And what is to happen before the writing of Ichabod upon the walls of the Vatican?"

June 11. "The political world here is still in hopeless confusion and contradiction, and every one speculates wildly. I, too, may prognosticate, though I do not share the common belief that France and Austria and Spain will combine to maintain the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It is my belief that each of these countries — France and Austria, at any rate — is thankful that the Pope *is* restricted to Rome. He would be a firebrand in the side of France; he would be the fire itself in Austria. The day may come when he or his successors will erect the chief sanctuary in the United States of America, — the country, according to Cardinal Antonelli, where Roman Catholicism has such a magnificent future awaiting it. Perhaps my sons may live to witness a Pope Jonathan I. delivering, with a strong Yankee accent, his pontifical blessing *urbi et orbi* from the balcony of a new St. Peter's in New York!"

June 16. "Nearly half the French army has been ordered back to France, and departed yesterday. There was much excited speculation in Rome. Can it be that this is the beginning of the end?"

June 17. "The number and energy of the French priests here is one of the great difficulties the French Emperor has to encounter, and would alone justify him in urging the suspension of the temporal power. . . . In the midst of all this hopeless wrong and folly, the Pope can see nothing but his own righteousness, and the wickedness of all his adversaries, and of Italians in particular. His recent allocution has nothing but abuse of the Italians, charging them with all kinds of criminal violence, whereas there is no place in the world so given over to this madness as his own sacred city. Can it be that his Holiness believes his own monstrous falsehoods, like one who, by loving an untruth and telling it oft, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lies, as Shakespeare says?

"Old General Stratton told me that he had just heard from the Duc de Grammont that the first intimation for England to arm both in navy and army came from Louis Napoleon, and that he even [encouraged?] the volunteer movement. His real reason for this is his growing uneasiness on account of the unstable state of the French nation. He knew that he might be forced by public opinion to attack Great Britain at any time a capricious change in her fortunes offered the opportunity. He felt that by warning England, and that country being in readiness for war, he would be safe from having to attack it, and at the same time be assured of a useful curb for his own nation."

Exciting weeks passed, wherein the French garrison of Rome was displayed and withdrawn with puzzling alternations, and when wild Garibaldian rumors flew from mouth to mouth. On the 30th of July Severn writes: "Great news, — marvelous events approaching. Garibaldi at Marsala projects an immediate descent upon Rome! The French troops garrisoning all the smaller towns have been ordered to concentrate here at once, for the safeguarding of the Eter-

nal City. All Garibaldians are wildly enthusiastic, and their cry is said to be '*Rome or Death!*' . . . I find it is the impression of the papal ministers that Napoleon is betraying them, and perhaps into Garibaldi's own hands. It may well be so. The Emperor has done all he could to induce the Pope to settle the question, but, on account of his Holiness's unyielding obstinacy, perhaps he thinks that the best way out of the difficulty will be to let Garibaldi enter Rome as victor and popular champion. It would be a clever move, I think; for Louis Napoleon could adopt a *rôle* which would enable him to pose just as convenient to his ends. He could, under nominal protest (so as to convince the papal party and the French clericals at home), permit Garibaldi to free Rome, and then, to pacify Europe (and the Catholic powers in particular) and to make good conditions with Victor Emmanuel, he could soon send the revolutionary general about his business, though in the most outwardly flattering and courteous way. This encouragement of Garibaldi, moreover, is a game which would be useful to him in Paris, where Garibaldi is popular, and indeed likely to become an idol. The Pope, meanwhile, is alarmed lest the seven war-ships at Civita Vecchia are there for another purpose than represented, and are really waiting for the transshipment of the French troops the moment the first Garibaldian shot is fired outside the walls of Rome. And now, since Garibaldi's approach is certain, all the talk is, will an encounter take place, and if so, where? It is the greatest mistake to suppose that the papal troops are at heart disloyal, or even indifferent; and, moreover, they are quite able to meet, and probably vanquish, any army Garibaldi is able to bring hither at present."

August 10. "Momentous things are imminent. Garibaldi defies the king's proclamation, though he assumes to do all in the king's name. What will be the consequence if he really does advance in the face of this proclamation? The Italian troops will certainly not act or even stand against him. Naples will be up to a man for him; the provinces, too; and even Rome is on tiptoe already. The governmentists swear that Victor Emmanuel is all the time in league with this 'sacrilegious brigand;' though, so far as I can make out, he is much more a dangerous friend, a thorn in the flesh, than an ally."

August 12. "Garibaldi seems to be considered mad by all the northern papers, but from all the Italian accounts to-day I cannot but think that he is to 'loose the Roman question;' and it may be that the Turin ministers, not being able to move either the Pope or Emperor, have secretly decided to let Garibaldi be the firebrand. No doubt, if so, they hope that these rebellious movements of the general will frighten both parties into more accommodating ways. The Emperor is always alarmed at signs of revolution and rebellion, and the Pope lives on putting them down by bits. If General Red-Shirt advances, he will collect an army like Wallenstein. All Naples will now join him, and he seems to have ample money at his command. There has been another maddening countermove on the part of Napoleon, for a new supply of fifteen hundred French troops has dashed the hopes of Romans for a peaceful solution of the problem. 'T is too much of the Turin government to expect that the people of Italy, and Romans in particular, can bear it any longer."

August 27. "There seems almost no doubt now that Garibaldi is acting in accord with both Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel: if not, it is extraordinary why such shilly-shally can go on. The general has just landed on *terra firma*, in Calabria, and the Italian fleet must surely have connived at his escape, or he could not have accomplished it. 'T is now believed that he will proceed

hither by slow stages, and endeavor to gain a great moral force behind him for the emancipation of Rome. Here many of the ministers believe that he will make his way to Ceprano, and that there the king, with the Italian army, will join him, and both will come on and occupy Rome. The state of the government is desperate."

August 30. "Startling news; sad to many, welcome to others. A telegram announces that Garibaldi has been taken prisoner in Calabria, has been wounded, and is on his way as a prisoner to Turin. Fourteen of his volunteers were shot. The papal party is jubilant. Is the whole liberal and generous movement at an end? Perhaps, if the Emperor is determined to bring about a civil war, this finale is best; but I am certain that either civil war, or the people driven to out-and-out republicanism, will be the result. How strange that the jealous diplomatic world would not let the Italian people go and establish their unity! The Italians had done so well that they excited the jealousy of the despotic sovereigns, who could not bear that so much should be done by so little aid except from the nation itself. The means by which Italy is becoming a great kingdom cannot be pardoned or permitted, and at the worst not without having the papal finger in the pie. Yet the great wave of civilization will bear Italy on, for she is with the advancing waters, and not in the eddy of the ebb. I am proud that I belong to a government and people favoring liberty and loving the cause. No doubt the multitude of Italians now in London are beginning to see the right side of our much-abused religio-politico system. The Church, sword in hand, and standing at the door of a dungeon, can no longer inspire religion as in the Middle Ages."

Apropos of the trans-Italian railway then being constructed to unite the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona, Severn recounts two amusing stories. The first gives the explanation of a phrase one often hears used in Rome concerning a person of doubtful rank or boorish manners: "Ma, c'è un' conte di Civita Vecchia!" The anecdote is of Gregory XVI., and the incident happened in the latter years of Severn's first Italian sojourn (*circa* 1834).

"His Holiness's objection to the trans-Italian railway was really because it would unite his faithful subjects of Civita Vecchia and the downright and incorrigible rebels of Ancona. Soon after this the good Pope thought it his duty to visit his loyal people, and on approaching Civita Vecchia his horses were taken out of the carriage, and the people dragged his Holiness, crying out, 'Noi siamo vostri cavalli, Santo Padre!'[1] The Pope, with true Italian politeness, answered, 'No, you are my *cavalieri*.' As this was repeated again and again, the whole mob of ragamuffins in the end claimed to be cavalieri, and this included about eighty persons of the lowest class. The matter had afterwards to be judged at Rome, and the Pope could only get off by making thirty cavalieri; so that Civita Vecchia is famed for its superabundance of ready-made knights.

"As regards the Ancona rebels, they grew worse and worse, until the Pope was obliged to excommunicate them. I remember the notice being sent off by courier with great formality, so that the Ancona people should be well prepared for their awful fate. They were well prepared; for when the papal bull reached them, some ten days after, it was received in the Piazza in full public. The rebels had prepared a fire balloon, bearing the text 'Render unto God the things that are God's;' they popped the papal bull into the balloon, and up it went to its rebel destiny. I was assured by Baron Bunsen that this excommunication was never taken off; for, though the Pope made a gracious

[1] "We are your horses, Holy Father!"

visit to Ancona, he was afraid to stir up this delicate matter.

"Then another amusing papal anecdote was related to me by Mr. Gladstone, now Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he was presented to the Pope, in 1834, the conversation turned on railways, and the Pope told him 'that he would never permit railways in his dominions, as they would injure the health of his subjects.' Mr. Gladstone, thinking the Pope was not serious, pressed him more closely, and the Pope then said seriously that he was 'sure the English people were subject to consumption from passing through the air so rapidly in railways.' This Mr. Gladstone told me himself."

Severn has much to say, in his 1864 journals, concerning robberies and brigandage outside Rome, and, within, the effort to create a National Guard; upon the signs of war, and the excitement in Rome on account of certain "inspired" articles, of a vehement nature, in the Morning Post of London; upon the significant desertion of a papal troop to the king of Italy; and upon a presumed accord between Lord Palmerston and Mazzini and Garibaldi. "There is even a rumor that an Anglo-American legion is to be raised by Garibaldi or his emissaries, and that this will be encouraged, if not actually aided, by Lord Palmerston. But to what end such madness? England can interfere if she will, but she must not play hot and play cold at the same time."

Of the many deaths which Severn chronicles, by far the most momentous, of course, was that of Lord Palmerston, which was greeted in Italy "with something akin to consternation on the one part, and to jubilation on the other." That of Massimo d'Azeglio was a loss to Italy, and in a sense to Severn; but what affected him more than any death since that of Keats was the decease of his friend of near half a century, John Gibson, the sculptor.

January 21, 1866. "Gibson died yesterday morning at half past seven. Queen Victoria had sent a telegram to Mr. Odo Russell to learn about him, as the home papers had reported his death some days ago. The poor fellow held this telegram firmly in his left hand for hours, yet unable to express a word. He expired tranquilly and without pain, and resigned in death as he had always been in life. So ends his beautiful career of half a century, wherein he was always producing works of his own choice, uninfluenced by changes of fashion; rather, indeed, sometimes directing taste. In his native land, somehow, his fame had vicissitudes, but at Rome he was unaffected by these changes, and always devoted to and inspired by his ideals, which he found in Greek art. His Greek feeling in his sculpture was born with him. He scorned the public meretricious taste, and would never bow to it. He was working to the last, and has left an unfinished group of Theseus killing the robber, — a composition he had, from his first year in Rome, 1817, studied. His works, although numerous, show no sign of want of thought or completeness; for his genius had all the principles of completeness, familiarity with Greek art and even literature, skill in anatomy, great knowledge of proportions, natural grace, and withal a power of finish which will give to his works, when they are arranged in the Royal Academy of London, the appearance of a museum collection, inasmuch as each statue and group has its characteristic style and complete finish. Perhaps he may be regarded by the side of Flaxman and Chantrey as the most perfect sculptor England has ever produced; for he had the imagination, taste, and design of the first, and the finish and nature of the last; so that it may be said he combined the genius of each of these great sculptors, and thus advanced the art beyond the limit where they had left it. As a man, he was an honor to

society in the simple, unaffected honesty of his character, and in the rigid truthfulness with which he acted; then his benevolence was also a prominent mark in all doings, for he would leave his work on any occasion wherein he could aid any young artists, either by taking patrons to them or by giving his excellent advice, — excellent inasmuch as it seemed to reduce everything to rule, so that he was ready with the most valuable suggestions founded on the finest art, and given in simple and earnest language such as never could be mistaken. In this way it may be said that he indirectly ruled the world of Anglo-Roman art; for not only were his dictates supported by his own noble works, but also his success in a worldly sense gave stable force to his remarks. He was an admirable draughtsman in pen and ink and chalks. A striking trait of mind, and one which never forsook him, was that he would never allow himself to think or judge of anything that seemed out of his way as regards Greek art and literature; he would not even answer a question that in this respect seemed inapplicable to him; and no doubt he was thus enabled to carry the powers of his mind and heart onward, concentrated on one sole point; and this was so strong in him that his friends did not think of troubling him on certain matters that they had for other people. He was singularly amiable in his nature, and nothing had the power of ruffling him. I remember Captain Baynes tried a joke upon him, by meeting him in the street with the false news that his work people, in his absence, had knocked off the head of his Psyche. 'Well, well,' he said, 'we must go and see what can be done;' but he was unmoved. And again, some working lad threw down a clay bust, which he had just finished, right on its face; and on my asking him what he did, he answered, 'Nothing, for the poor boy was as pale as death.'

"That fine benevolence of Gibson's character, I can well remember, first charmed me with Rome and made me decide to make it my artistic sojourn. On my first visit to him, when I was a young unknown student, at the end of 1820, he was receiving a very great man, Lord Colchester, who had been speaker of the Commons, and so, according to London artistic custom, I was for retiring; but he would not allow this, and literally dragged me into his studio, wherein he showed me equal, if not even greater attention than he showed to my lord. I was so struck with admiration at this conduct that I came away reflecting that if a man like Gibson could afford to do such a thing as this, then Rome was the place for me; and in this I was not mistaken, for it was and is the characteristic of Rome, and perhaps Gibson himself may have made it so. A charm, also, in his manner was that he would sit down and think over one's work just as though it had been his own, suggest and even draw distinctly what he felt; and I have no doubt that, during half a century of his life, scarce a work which he may have seen had not in some way profited by his excellent and ready advice.

"He was ever a warm and active friend of Wyatt, whose studio was opposite to him, and whose sculpture was of the same nature. Gibson was so proud of him that he was accustomed to take all his patrons and intelligent visitors over to see the works of his friend; and at Wyatt's death Gibson made a monument to him and sculptured the portrait medallion with his own hand, and paid the whole expense.

"He was so simple, plain, and sometimes even shabby in his attire that, on one occasion, when he was wearing a ragged waistcoat, several of his friends made a conspiracy against the said waistcoat, and begged me to make a party for the purpose of destroying it, which we did; for after tea we all attacked, not him, but his waistcoat, and he bore it

like another Cæsar. As we tore away the waistcoat in strips, he laughed and enjoyed it as a first-rate joke, but he insisted on my providing another waistcoat for him to go home in. I cannot say that he so much had fun as he had good nature, for he was always rigidly the true artist, and only as the art allowed itself to unbend in mirthful enjoyment, so much was he formed to be a good fellow as regards conviviality; yet his good nature made him always a pleasant companion. But his conversation invariably turned on art, with which he was so thoroughly acquainted, and could refer to every period and every example, contrasting judiciously the good with the bad. He had a horror of all art wherein rule and order were not apparent, and he shuddered if you asked him about the many unfinished blocks of sculpture by Michael Angelo. He could not endure anything like vulgarity in art, and evidently regarded the ancient Greeks with nothing in common in their nature with the modern world. No doubt, like Keats, he was born with the classic gift of ancient Greece, but it is interesting to observe in what the two geniuses differed. Gibson was always striving to abstract his mind and art from all the commonplaces of nature, in order to raise a structure of ancient Greece with nothing like the common world. Keats, on the contrary, was able to familiarize his mind with all that seemed in common between the ancient and modern works; and he loved to dwell upon this, and some of his finest poems are formed upon it. Gibson would have been unable to introduce 'milking-pails,' and yet Keats, in his Endymion, does it consistently. But they both exulted in the essence of beauty which characterized the Greeks: Gibson, as though nature had altogether differed and was more bounteous; Keats, as though she were the same and ever unchanged to us, and that we might will another Greek world if such were our feeling, but yet he did not touch those points wherein the difference was apparent, whereas Gibson did and was proud of them."

February 1. "On Monday, the 29th ult., the funeral of Gibson took place at Monte Testaccio. All the company met there, and an unusual pomp attended the funeral, as the illustrious artist was a member of the Legion of Honor, and so a guard of honor was present, lining the procession, and after the funeral service was read each soldier fired into the grave. The director of the French Academy, M. Schertz, was present; and there was no religious distinction of parties, for the pall was borne by six friends, both Protestants and Catholics, — M. Schertz, Wolff, Santine, Desoulavy, Chief Mourner T. Webster, R. A., and myself. Mr. Watts read the service, and was responded to. There were about four hundred persons present, of whom at least fifty were ladies. No attempt was made at an oration over the grave, and if the request had been made to me I should have been unequal to it, as I felt unable to speak to any one in this loss of a friend of forty-six years. It was pleasant to find that Gibson was universally beloved by all classes and nations, and on the day of his funeral an order of decoration arrived from the king of Prussia."

In November of 1869 Severn lost another intimate friend in the person of Frederick Overbeck, the famous German painter. His remarks will be of interest to many.

November 16. "To-morrow is the requiem for Frederick Overbeck. . . . He was a man of genius in the same sense as the Cinquecento poets who preferred Latin to their native language. Overbeck considered that painting should be produced like poetry, — that is, without any direct reference to nature; in other words, that the painter should be so thoroughly familiar with nature as to render every form and aspect readily without models. In this he always

seemed to me to forget that painting is addressed to the sight, and therefore that direct imitation (or imitative interpretation) is essential to it. Otherwise it may be unintelligible in its language. In this way Overbeck excelled in his simple outlines and simplest drawings, but always seemed to me to fail when painting them on the canvas, where they seemed to me merely like bad copies without the charm of fine painting in rendering the freshness of nature. Petrarch wrote his epic poem in Latin, and we know nothing of it; but his Italian poems are the warrant of his immortality, written spontaneously as they were. If Shakespeare or Milton had written their works in Latin, we would know nothing of them, either. Even Dante would have perished in Latin. Overbeck strove to design wholly in the manner of early art, and so, instead of being the child of nature, he became the grandchild. Yet he had a fine imagination and noble taste in composition, and but for this false bias might have been a fine painter. Personally he was a man of fine character and mind, and a true friend."

July 18, 1870. "I believe that marvelous things are about to happen for Italy, whichever way the Fates decide. France has just declared war against Prussia. What will be the end of it? Here, as elsewhere, it is thought that France will not only gain the Rhine as a frontier, and perhaps more, but will do her utmost to crush Prussia. No doubt the war was bound to come. France could no more endure to see the growing dominance of Prussia than the Southern States of America could bear the overwhelming trend to supremacy of the Northern States. Will England intervene? If so, it will be in favor of Prussia; and yet Mr. Gladstone would never consent to this, nor, perhaps, the new political power in Great Britain. Will Italy throw in her lot with one or the other? It seems to me she will fall between two stools if she does. If France wins, she may buy Italy's future help; if she loses, then Italy must make a bold stroke for freedom before Prussia can inherit France's tutelage. I mistrust the Prussian minister, Bismarck. I hear him spoken of as no match for Louis Napoleon, but it seems to me that Napoleon is as a puppet compared to him. There is something more than a Franco-Prussian war in this man Bismarck's brain. The French here speak of him as a brutally successful savage; but from all I hear he is a man of profound insight and infinite patience. It may be that this war is a duel between Napoleon and Bismarck, with the domination of Europe as prize."

July 20. "The war was declared most ostentatiously and arrogantly on the 16th. On the same day the incredible and incredibly foolish dogma of infallibility was proclaimed. The world is going mad, and all the dreams of civilization are coming to an end. . . . Will the Prussians beat the French? I think they will, though that is not the general view. I also believe that the war will be of comparatively short duration, and be, I fear, one of the most frightful and destructive in history. . . . Napoleon seems false in saying that all the courts of Europe approve his monstrous war, when it is evident not one approves it or the manner of it. Perhaps England may yet bring Europe through this awful peril. I remember the remarkable words of Cardinal Antonelli: 'The British principle of justice will always exist, whatever party be in power; indeed, England is always governing Europe by the sole force of her moral power.'"

On the 3d of August the French troops in Italy left for the north. Metz followed erelong. The drama drew to a close more rapidly than even Severn had anticipated. Pasquin's riddle in Rome, one morning, gave the disastrous result to the Napoleonic dynasty in a few words: "What will this war cost

France?" "Why, two 'Napoleons'!" In rapid succession came the declaration of the French republic, the barricading of Rome, and the wild excitement of expectation. The Pope refused to disband his mercenaries, almost his last act of mistaken sovereignty. On the 18th of September Rome was attacked. On the 16th Severn wrote: —

"All mediation is at an end. Rome will now probably be surrounded and attacked at various points at the same moment. The Pope seems blind to the possibility that he may lose the Leonine City as well as larger Rome and his sovereignty. He and his counselors believe that one or other of the powers will intervene at the last moment, — a mad hope. They hope much from England, even, but I know that Mr. Gladstone is as opposed to the fatal decree of infallibility as any one could be, and that this and the papal blindness to facts put all intervention out of the question, even if it were now practicable, which it is not. The impression of the populace is in every way favorable to the invasion, and they will rejoice in the change if for nothing else than the much-needed revival of trade and commerce. But still there are thousands of the more ignorant sort who believe that God himself will interfere at this sacrilegious assault upon his vicar, and that in some way the Pope's position will be saved and his enemies be confounded. The priests encourage this, though they add the wise rider that God may possibly wait and punish the 'royal robbers and assassins' in some other way, perhaps by another visitation of the cholera. The poor people believe and tremble.[1] Yet, as the Italian army is said to be at least sixty thousand strong, and the Pope has but twelve thousand at most, I fear that might will carry the day. Still, the Zouaves will fight. The Popolo gate is being strongly fortified, though no doubt the king's artillery will smash it in five minutes. . . . I hear that the attack will be at eleven A. M. I am selfishly glad that my home is in such a position that it is unlikely to suffer damage from the cannon-balls. There is a rumor that the Pope will leave the city at the first firing of the guns, but I doubt if he will now be allowed to depart; and in any case he could be captured at once. Besides, his strength now is to sit still and be 'usurped.' He can do this with dignity and pose as a martyr, whereas if he left Rome he would simply be a dethroned refugee. The wisest of his advisers now urge sole reliance upon his spiritual authority. I hear that some of the cardinals want his Holiness to go forth in full pontificals, and, all alone, confront the army of the king, and, under ban of excommunication, forbid any to enter Rome. But the day for such a threat has gone by, and even a decree of infallibility cannot make the papal condemnation an effective curse. What folly to run the risk of bartering his unique and splendid spiritual headship of Christendom for the preservation of his trumpery temporal dominion, especially as he is so unfitted for the exercise of the temporal rights!"

Twelve o'clock. "An awful pause. The streets almost empty, and scarce a sound. There is anticipation of an attack at every moment. It is as though Rome were one throbbing nerve, and strained to the uttermost."

September 18. "Eight o'clock. I hear the first and second cannons, so now the attack has begun. God grant there be not much slaughter! . . . It is expected that an attack will be made at all the gates at once. If brought to bay, the Zouaves will fight with desper-

[1] I was told in Rome, last winter, by an old lady who lived just at the meeting of the four streets at the summit of the Via delle Quattro Fontane, that, on the entry of the Italian troops, she stood, crucifix in hand, waiting to see the hand of God stretch forth from heaven and annihilate the usurpers. — W. S.

ation. The populace has gone to extremes, and now hopes mad things from the king's almost certain victory. But they do not foresee the doubling of the taxes, the advance in the price of all necessaries, and even the immediate loss involved; for now the vintage will be spoiled, and no end of misery in the coming winter caused. This is a strange Sunday. It must be a day of terrible import for the poor old Pope. All Europe looks on; and here the guns fire like distant thunder, and we eat and move about as though the destinies of Christianity were not at this moment, perhaps, being vitally affected forever."

September 19. "Yesterday 't was but a spurt. Perhaps the king hoped the Pope would give in at the first word of the cannon. But now there is a double fear of slaughter. This evening, in the Piazza Colonna, every Roman seemed to have a spy or soldier at his elbow; and now a massacre is feared, if the siege does *not* take place!"

September 20. "The siege began at dawn, at five o'clock. The cannonade may be heard all round the city. 'T is difficult to guess how long Rome will hold out. Twenty years back it held out a month, but 't was ably defended by Garibaldi. The walls are strong and the Zouaves indomitable. I have just seen the first ambulance go by with wounded soldiers."

September 21. "In four hours Rome fell — and rose, the capital of Italy. Before twelve the Italian troops entered through a breach in the wall at the Porta Pia, where the two statues were demolished and the Villa Paulina burnt. The Romans received their countrymen with utmost enthusiasm. The thirty thousand troops entered well and in great order. The standard of the king of Italy was soon raised on the tower of the Capitol. Thereafter, ten thousand Zouaves were disarmed and made prisoners."

September 22. "The unbounded joy of the Romans has to be seen to be believed. The whole city is illuminated, and the crowds in the Corso are exulting with banners, torches, and music. It is like a glorious carnival. May no new horror fall upon this suffering people! I am aghast and bewildered at the great number of exiles now returning, nobles and commoners. Verily the Pope has destroyed himself, and may now set up again as the vicar of Antichrist. . . . So the papal dominion is down forever, at last; and now Rome is part and capital of the great kingdom of Italy! . . . The essential things will improve, — the essential in a commercial sense. No more temples, alas, like S. Paolo fuori del Muro, and yet perhaps more awful things."

September 30. "I have known Rome for fifty years. I have seen five Popes. And now in my old age the Rome I have known is passing away like a dream. Shall I live to see Italy great and powerful, or is the doom that has so long haunted this sovereign but dispossessed land not yet removed? Shall Rome again be the shuttlecock of wild ambitions, of contending powers? Is the Pope survivor of the papacy, or is he to be a greater and more potent monarch in the history of the world than ever before? I believe in Italy. And I believe in God."

William Sharp.

DON ORSINO.[1]

X.

Orsino went directly to San Giacinto's house, and found him in the room which he used for working, and in which he received the many persons whom he was often obliged to see on business. The giant was alone, and was seated behind a broad polished table, occupied in writing. Orsino was struck by the extremely orderly arrangement of everything he saw. Papers were tied together in bundles of exactly like shape, which lay in two lines of mathematical precision. The big inkstand was just in the middle of the rows, and a paper-cutter, a pen-rack, and an erasing-knife lay side by side in front of it. The walls were lined with low bookcases of a heavy and severe type, filled principally with documents neatly filed in volumes, and marked on the back in San Giacinto's clear handwriting. The only object of beauty in the room was a full-length portrait of Flavia, by a great artist, which hung above the fireplace. The rigid symmetry of everything was made imposing by the size of the objects: the table was larger than ordinary tables; the easy-chairs were deeper, broader, and lower than common; the inkstand was bigger; even the penholder in San Giacinto's fingers was longer and thicker than any Orsino had ever seen. And yet the latter felt that there was no affectation about all this. The man to whom these things belonged, and who used them daily, was himself created on a scale larger than other men.

Though he was older than Sant' Ilario, and was, in fact, not far from sixty years of age, San Giacinto might easily have passed for less than fifty. There was hardly a gray thread in his short, thick black hair, and he was still as lean and strong, and almost as active, as he had been thirty years earlier. The large features were perhaps a little more bony and the eyes somewhat deeper than they had been, but these changes lent an air of dignity rather than of age to the face.

He rose to meet Orsino, and then made him sit down beside the table. The young man suddenly felt an unaccountable sense of inferiority, and hesitated as to how he should begin.

"I suppose you want to consult me about something?" said San Giacinto quietly.

"Yes. I want to ask your advice, if you will give it to me, about a matter of business."

"Willingly. What is it?"

Orsino was silent for a moment and stared at the wall. He was conscious that the very small sum of which he could dispose must seem even smaller in the eyes of such a man, but this did not disturb him. He was oppressed by San Giacinto's personality, and prepared himself to speak as though he had been a student undergoing oral examination. He stated his case plainly, when he at last spoke. He was of age, and he looked forward with dread to an idle life. All careers were closed to him. He had fifteen thousand francs in his pocket. Could San Giacinto help him to occupy himself by investing the sum in a building speculation? Was the sum sufficient as a beginning? Those were the questions.

San Giacinto did not laugh, as Sant' Ilario had done. He listened very attentively to the end, and then deliberately offered Orsino a cigar and lit one himself, before he delivered his answer.

"You are asking the same question which is put to me very often," he said

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan & Co.

at last. "I wish I could give you any encouragement. I cannot."

Orsino's face fell, for the reply was categorical. He drew back a little in his chair, but said nothing.

"That is my answer," continued San Giacinto thoughtfully; "but when one says 'no' to another the subject is not necessarily exhausted. On the contrary, in such a case as this I cannot let you go without giving you my reasons. I do not care to give my views to the public, but, such as they are, you are welcome to them. The time is past. That is why I advise you to have nothing to do with any speculation of this kind. That is the best of all reasons."

"But you yourself are still engaged in this business," objected Orsino.

"Not so deeply as you fancy. I have sold almost everything which I do not consider a certainty, and am selling what little I still have as fast as I can. In speculation there are only two important moments, — the moment to buy and the moment to sell. In my opinion this is the time to sell, and I do not think that the time for buying will come again without a crisis."

"But everything is in such a flourishing state" —

"No doubt it is, to-day. But no one can tell what state business will be in next week, nor even to-morrow."

"There is Del Ferice" —

"No doubt, and a score like him," answered San Giacinto, looking quietly at Orsino. "Del Ferice is a banker, and I am a speculator, as you wish to be. His position is different from ours. It is better to leave him out of the question. Let us look at the matter logically. You wish to speculate" —

"Excuse me," said Orsino, interrupting him. "I want to try what I can do in business."

"You wish to risk money, in one way or another. You therefore wish one or more of three things, — money for its own sake, excitement, or occupation. I can hardly suppose that you want money. Eliminate that. Excitement is not a legitimate aim, and you can get it more safely in other ways. Therefore you want occupation."

"That is precisely what I said at the beginning," observed Orsino, with a shade of irritation.

"Yes. But I like to reach my conclusions in my own way. You are, then, a young man in search of an occupation. Speculation — and what you propose is nothing else — is no more an occupation than playing at the public lottery, and much less one than playing at baccarat. There at least you are responsible for your own mistakes, and in decent society you are safe from the machinations of dishonest people. That would matter less if the chances were in your favor, as they might have been a year ago, and as they were in mine from the beginning. They are against you now, because it is too late, and they are against me. I would as soon buy a piece of land on credit, at the present moment, as give the whole sum in cash to the first man I met in the street."

"Yet there is Montevarchi, who still buys" —

"Montevarchi is not worth the paper on which he signs his name," said San Giacinto calmly.

Orsino uttered an exclamation of surprise and incredulity.

"You may tell him so, if you please," answered the giant, with perfect indifference. "If you tell any one what I have said, please to tell him first, — that is all. He will not believe you. But in six months he will know it, I fancy, as well as I know it now. He might have doubled his fortune, but he was and is totally ignorant of business. He thought it enough to invest all he could lay hands on, and that the returns would be sure.

He has invested forty millions, and owns property which he believes to be worth sixty, but which will not bring ten in six months; and those remaining ten millions he owes on all manner of paper, on mortgages on his original property, in a dozen ways which he has forgotten himself."

"I do not see how that is possible!"

"I am a plain man, Orsino, and I am your cousin. You may take it for granted that I am right. Do not forget that I was brought up in a hand-to-hand struggle for fortune such as you cannot dream of. When I was your age I was a practical man of business, — I had taught myself; and it was all on such a small scale that a mistake of a hundred francs made the difference between profit and loss. I dislike details, but I have been a man of detail all my life, by force of circumstance. Successful business implies the comprehension of details. It is tedious work, and if you mean to try it you must begin at the beginning. You ought to do so. There is an enormous business before you, with considerable capabilities in it. If I were in your place, I would take what fell naturally to my lot."

"What is that?"

"Farming. They call it agriculture in parliament, because they do not know what farming means. The men who think that Italy can live without farmers are fools. We are not a manufacturing people any more than we are a business people. The best dictator for us would be a practical farmer, a ploughman like Cincinnatus. Nobody who has not tried to raise wheat on an Italian mountain side knows the great difficulties or the great possibilities of our country. Do you know that, bad as our farming is, and absurd as is our system of land taxation, we are food exporters, to a small extent? The beginning is there. Take my advice, — be a farmer. Manage one of the big estates you have amongst you for five or six years. You will not do much good to the land in that time, but you will learn what land really means. Then go into parliament and tell people facts. That is an occupation and a career as well, which cannot be said of speculation in building lots, large or small. If you have any ready money, keep it in government bonds until you have a chance of buying something worth keeping."

Orsino went away disappointed and annoyed. San Giacinto's talk about farming seemed very dull to him. To bury himself for half a dozen years in the country in order to learn the rotation of crops and the principles of land draining did not present itself as an attractive career. If San Giacinto thought farming the great profession of the future, why did he not try it himself? Orsino dismissed the idea rather indignantly, and his determination to try his luck became stronger by the opposition it met. Moreover, he had expected very different language from San Giacinto, whose sober view jarred on Orsino's enthusiastic impulse.

But he now found himself in considerable difficulty. He was ignorant even of the first steps to be taken, and knew no one to whom he could apply for information. There was Prince Montevarchi, indeed, who, though he was San Giacinto's brother - in - law, seemed, by the latter's account, to have got into trouble. He did not understand how San Giacinto could allow his wife's brother to ruin himself without lending him a helping hand; but San Giacinto was not the kind of man of whom people ask indiscreet questions, and Orsino had heard that the two men were not on the best of terms. Possibly good advice had been offered and refused. Such affairs generally end in a breach of friendship. However that might be, Orsino would not go to Montevarchi.

He wandered aimlessly about the streets, and the money seemed to burn

in his pocket, though he had carefully deposited it in a place of safety at home. Again and again Del Ferice's story of the carpenter and his two companions recurred to his mind. He wondered how they had set about beginning, and he wished he could ask Del Ferice himself. He could not go to the man's house, but he might possibly meet him at Maria Consuelo's. He was surprised to find that he had almost forgotten her in his anxiety to become a man of business. It was too early to call yet, and in order to kill the time he went home, got a horse from the stables, and rode out into the country for a couple of hours.

At half past five o'clock he entered the familiar little sitting-room in the hotel. Madame d'Aranjuez was alone, cutting a new book with the jeweled knife which continued to be the only object of the kind visible in the room. She smiled as Orsino entered, and laid aside the volume as he sat down in his accustomed place.

"I thought you were not coming," she said.

"Why?"

"You always come at five. It is half past to-day."

Orsino looked at his watch.

"Do you notice whether I come or not?" he asked.

Maria Consuelo glanced at his face, and laughed.

"What have you been doing to-day?" she inquired. "That is much more interesting."

"Is it? I am afraid not. I have been listening to those disagreeable things which are called truths by the people who say them. I have listened to two lectures delivered by two very intelligent men for my especial benefit. It seems to me that as soon as I make a good resolution it becomes the duty of sensible people to demonstrate that I am a fool."

"You are not in a good humor. Tell me all about it."

"And weary you with my grievances? No. Is Del Ferice coming this afternoon?"

"How can I tell? He does not come often."

"I thought he came almost every day," said Orsino gloomily.

He was disappointed, but Maria Consuelo did not understand what was the matter. She leaned forward in her low seat, her chin resting upon one hand, and her tawny eyes fixed on Orsino's.

"Tell me, my friend, are you unhappy? Can I do anything? Will you tell me?"

It was not easy to resist the appeal. Though the two had grown intimate of late, there had hitherto always been something cold and reserved behind her outwardly friendly manner. To-day she seemed suddenly willing to be different. Her easy, graceful attitude, her soft voice full of promised sympathy, above all the look in her strange eyes, revealed a side of her character which Orsino had not suspected, and which affected him in a way he could not have described.

Without hesitation he told her his story from beginning to end, simply, without comment, and without any of the cutting phrases which came so readily to his tongue on most occasions. She listened very thoughtfully to the end.

"Those things are not misfortunes," she said; "but they may be the beginnings of unhappiness. To be unhappy is worse than any misfortune. What right has your father to laugh at you? Because he never needed to do anything for himself, he thinks it absurd that his son should dislike the lazy life that is prepared for him. It is not reasonable, it is not kind."

"Yet he means to be both, I suppose," said Orsino bitterly.

"Oh, of course! People always mean to be the soul of logic and the paragon of charity, especially where their own children are concerned."

Maria Consuelo added the last words with more feeling than seemed justified by her sympathy for Orsino's woes. The moment was perhaps favorable for asking a leading question about herself, and her answer might have thrown light on her problematic past. But Orsino was too busy with his own troubles to think of that, and the opportunity slipped by and was lost.

"You know now why I want to see Del Ferice," he said. "I cannot go to his house. My only chance of talking to him lies here."

"And that is what brings you? You are very flattering!"

"Do not be unjust. We all look forward to meeting our friends in heaven."

"Very pretty. I forgive you. But I am afraid that you will not meet Del Ferice. I do not think he has left the Chambers yet. There was to be a debate this afternoon in which he had to speak."

"Does he make speeches?"

"Very good ones. I have heard him."

"I have never been inside the Chambers," observed Orsino.

"You are not very patriotic. You might go there and ask for Del Ferice. You could see him without going to his house, without compromising your dignity."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because it all seems to me so absurd. You know that you are perfectly free to go and see him when and where you will. There is nothing to prevent you. He is the one man of all others whose advice you need. He has an unexceptionable position in the world. No doubt he has done strange things, but so have dozens of people whom you know. His present reputation is excellent, I say. And yet, because some twenty years ago, when you were a child, he held one opinion and your father held another, you are interdicted from crossing his threshold! If you can shake hands with him here, you can take his hand in his own house. Is not that true?"

"Theoretically, I dare say, but not in practice. You see it yourself. You have chosen one side from the first, and all the people on the other side know it. As a foreigner, you are not bound to either, and you can know everybody in time, if you please. Society is not so prejudiced as to object to that. But because you begin with the Del Ferice in a very uncompromising way, it would take a long time for you to know the Montevarchi, for instance."

"Who told you that I was a foreigner?" asked Maria Consuelo, rather abruptly.

"You yourself" —

"That is good authority!" She laughed. "I do not remember — ah! because I do not speak Italian? You mean that? One may forget one's own language, or, for that matter, one may never have learned it."

"Are you Italian, then, madame?" asked Orsino, surprised that she should lead the conversation so directly to a point which he had supposed must be reached by a series of tactful approaches.

"Who knows? I am sure I do not. My father was Italian. Does that constitute nationality?"

"Yes. But the woman takes the nationality of her husband, I believe," said Orsino, anxious to hear more.

"Ah, yes, — poor Aranjuez!" Maria Consuelo's voice suddenly took that sleepy tone which Orsino had heard more than once. Her eyelids drooped a little, and she lazily opened and shut her hand, and spread out the fingers and looked at them.

But Orsino was not satisfied to let the conversation drop at this point, and after a moment's pause he put a decisive question.

"And was Monsieur d'Aranjuez also Italian?" he asked.

"What does it matter?" she asked,

in the same indolent tone. "Yes, since you ask me, he was Italian, poor man."

Orsino was more and more puzzled. That the name did not exist in Italy he was almost convinced. He thought of the story of the Signor Aragno, who had fallen overboard in the South Seas, and then he was suddenly aware that he could not believe in anything of the sort. Maria Consuelo did not betray a shade of emotion, either, at the mention of her deceased husband. She seemed absorbed in the contemplation of her hands. Orsino had not been rebuked for his curiosity, and would have asked another question if he had known how to frame it. An awkward silence followed. Maria Consuelo raised her eyes slowly and looked thoughtfully into Orsino's face.

"I see," she said at last. "You are curious. I do not know whether you have any right to be, have you?"

"I wish I had!" exclaimed Orsino thoughtlessly.

Again she looked at him in silence for some moments.

"I have not known you long enough," she said. "And if I had known you longer, perhaps it would not be different. Are other people curious, too? Do they talk about me?"

"The people I know do. But they do not know you. They see your name in the papers as a beautiful Spanish princess. Yet everybody is aware that there is no Spanish nobleman of your name. Of course they are curious. They invent stories about you, which I deny. If I knew more, it would be easier."

"Why do you take the trouble to deny such things?"

She asked the question with a change of manner. Once more she leaned forward, and her face softened wonderfully as she looked at him.

"Can you not guess?" he returned.

He was conscious of a very unusual emotion, not at all in harmony with the imaginary character he had chosen for himself, and which he generally maintained with considerable success.

Maria Consuelo was one person when she leaned back in her chair, laughing or idly listening to his talk, or repulsing the insignificant declarations of devotion which were not even meant to be taken altogether in earnest. She was pretty then, attractive, graceful, feminine, a little artificial, perhaps, and Orsino felt that he was free to like her or not, as he pleased, but that he pleased to like her for the present. She was quite another woman to-day, as she bent forward, her tawny eyes growing darker and more mysterious every moment, her auburn hair casting wonderful shadows upon her broad, pale forehead, her lips not closed, as usual, but slightly parted, her fragrant breath just stirring the quiet air Orsino breathed. Her features might be irregular. It did not matter. She was beautiful for the moment, with a kind of beauty Orsino had never before seen, and which produced a sudden and overwhelming effect upon him.

"Do you not know?" he asked again, and his voice trembled unexpectedly.

"Thank you," she said softly, and she touched his hand almost caressingly.

But when he would have taken her hand, she drew back instantly, and was once more the woman whom he saw every day, careless, indifferent, pretty.

"Why do you change so quickly?" he inquired, in a low voice, bending towards her. "Why do you snatch your hand away? Are you afraid of me?"

"Why should I be afraid? Are you dangerous?"

"You are. You may be fatal, for all I know."

"How foolish!" she exclaimed, with a quick glance.

"You are Madame d'Aranjuez now," he answered. "We had better change the subject."

"What do you mean?"

"A moment ago you were Consuelo," he said boldly.

"Have I given you any right to say that?"

"A little."

"I am sorry. I will be more careful. I am sure I cannot imagine why you should think of me at all, unless when you are talking to me, and then I do not wish to be called by my Christian name. I assure you, you are never anything in my thoughts but His Excellency Prince Orsino Saracinesca, with as many titles after that as may belong to you."

"I have none," said Orsino.

Her speech irritated him strongly, and the illusion which had been so powerful a few moments earlier all but disappeared.

"Then you advise me to go and find Del Ferice at Monte Citorio?" he observed.

"If you like." She laughed. "There is no mistaking your intention when you mean to change the subject," she added.

"You made it sufficiently clear that the other was disagreeable to you."

"I did not mean to do so."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what do you mean, madame?" he asked, suddenly losing his head in his extreme annoyance.

Maria Consuelo raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Why are you so angry?" she asked. "Do you know that it is very rude to speak like that?"

"I cannot help it. What have I done to-day that you should torment me as you do?"

"I? I torment you? My dear friend, you are quite mad."

"I know I am. You make me so."

"Will you tell me how? What have I done? What have I said? You Romans are certainly the most extraordinary people. It is impossible to please you. If one laughs, you become tragic. If one is serious, you grow gay. I wish I understood you better."

"You will end by making it impossible for me to understand myself," said Orsino. "You say that I am changeable. Then what are you?"

"Very much the same to-day as yesterday," said Maria Consuelo calmly; "and I do not suppose that I shall be very different to-morrow."

"At least I will take my chance of finding that you are mistaken," said Orsino, rising at once, and standing before her.

"Are you going?" she inquired, as though she were surprised.

"Since I cannot please you."

"Since you will not."

"I do not know how."

"Be yourself, — the same that you always are. You are affecting to be some one else to-day."

"I fancy it is the other way," answered Orsino, with more truth than he really owned to himself.

"Then I prefer the affectation to the reality."

"As you will, madame. Good-evening."

He crossed the room to go out. She called him back.

"Don Orsino!"

He turned sharply round.

"Madame?"

Seeing that he did not move, she rose and went to him.

He looked down into her face, and saw that it was changed again.

"Are you really angry?" she asked. There was something girlish in the way she asked the question, and for a moment in her whole manner.

Orsino could not help smiling. But he said nothing.

"No, you are not," she continued. "I can see it. Do you know, I am very glad. It was foolish of me to tease you. You will forgive me? This once?"

"If you will give me warning the

next time." He found that he was looking into her eyes.

"What is the use of warning?" she asked.

They were very close together, and there was a moment's silence. Suddenly Orsino forgot everything, and bent down, clasping her in his arms and kissing her again and again. It was brutal, rough, senseless, but he could not help it.

Maria Consuelo uttered a short, sharp cry, more of surprise, perhaps, than of horror. To Orsino's amazement and confusion, her voice was immediately answered by another, which was that of the dark and usually silent maid whom he had seen once or twice. The woman ran into the room, terrified by the cry she had heard.

"Madame felt faint in crossing the room, and was falling when I caught her," said Orsino, with a coolness that did him credit.

And in fact Maria Consuelo closed her eyes, as he let her sink into the nearest chair. The maid fell on her knees beside her mistress and began chafing her hands.

"The poor signora!" she exclaimed. "She should never be left alone! She has not been herself since the poor signore died. You had better leave us, sir. I will put her to bed when she revives. It often happens, — pray do not be anxious."

Orsino picked up his hat and left the room.

"Oh, it often happens, does it?" he said to himself, as he closed the door softly behind him and walked down the corridor of the hotel.

He was more amazed at his own boldness than he cared to own. He had not supposed that scenes of this description produced themselves so very unexpectedly, and, as it were, without any fixed intention on the part of the chief actor. He remembered that he had been very angry with Madame d'Aranjuez, that she had spoken half a dozen words, and that he had felt an irresistible impulse to kiss her. He had done so, and he thought with considerable trepidation of their next meeting. She had screamed, which showed that she was outraged by his boldness. It was doubtful whether she would receive him again. The best thing to be done, he thought, was to write her a very humble letter of apology, explaining his conduct as best he could. This did not accord very well with his principles, but he had already transgressed them in being so excessively hasty. Her eyes had certainly been provoking in the extreme, and it had been impossible to resist the expression of her lips. But at all events he should have begun by kissing her hand, which she would certainly not have withdrawn again; then he might have put his arm round her and drawn her head to his shoulder. These were preliminaries in the matter of kissing which it was undoubtedly right to observe, and he had culpably neglected them. He had been abominably brutal, and he ought to apologize. Nevertheless, he would not have forfeited the recollection of that moment for all the other recollections of his life, and he knew it. As he walked along the street he felt a wild exhilaration such as he had never known before. He owned gladly to himself that he loved Maria Consuelo, and resolutely thrust away the idea that his boyish vanity was pleased by the snatching of a kiss.

Whatever the real nature of his delight might be, it was for the time so sincere that he even forgot to light a cigarette in order to think over the circumstances.

Walking rapidly up the Corso, he came to Piazza Colonna, and the glare of the electric light somehow recalled him to himself.

"Great speech of the Honorable Del Ferice!" yelled a newsboy in his ear. "Ministerial crisis! Horrible murder of a grocer!"

Orsino mechanically turned to the right, in the direction of the Chambers. Del Ferice had probably gone home, since his speech was already in print. But fate had ordained otherwise. Del Ferice had corrected his proofs on the spot, and had lingered to talk with his friends before going home. Not that it mattered much, for Orsino could have found him as well on the following day. His brougham was standing in front of the great entrance, and he himself was shaking hands with a tall man under the light of the lamps. Orsino went up to him.

"Could you spare me a quarter of an hour?" asked the young man, in a voice constrained by excitement. He felt that he was embarked at last upon his great enterprise.

Del Ferice looked up in some astonishment. He had reason to dread the quarrelsome disposition of the Saracinesca as a family, and he wondered what Orsino wanted.

"Certainly, certainly, Don Orsino," he answered, with a particularly bland smile. "Shall we drive, or at least sit in my carriage? I am a little fatigued with my exertions to-day."

The tall man bowed and strolled away, biting the end of an unlit cigar.

"It is a matter of business," said Orsino, before entering the carriage. "Can you help me to try my luck — in a very small way — in one of the building enterprises you manage?"

"Of course I can, and will," answered Del Ferice, more and more astonished. "After you, my dear Don Orsino, after you," he repeated, pushing the young man into the brougham. "Quiet streets — till I stop you," he said to the footman, as he himself got in.

XI.

Del Ferice was surprised beyond measure at Orsino's request, and was not guilty of any profoundly nefarious intention when he so readily acceded to it. His own character made him choose as a rule to refuse nothing that was asked of him, though his promises were not always fulfilled afterwards. To express his own willingness to help those who asked was of course not the same as asserting his power to give assistance when the time should come. In the present case, he did not even make up his mind which of two courses he would ultimately pursue. Orsino came to him with a small sum of ready money in his hand. Del Ferice had it in his power to make him lose that sum, and a great deal more besides, thereby causing the boy endless trouble with his family; or else the banker could, if he pleased, help him to a very considerable success. His really superior talent for diplomacy inclined him to choose the latter plan, but he was far too cautious to make any hasty decision.

The brougham rolled on through quiet and ill-lighted streets, and Del Ferice leaned back in his corner, not listening at all to Orsino's talk, though he occasionally uttered a polite though entirely unintelligible syllable or two which might mean anything agreeable to his companion's views. The situation was easy enough to understand, and he had grasped it in a moment. What Orsino might say was of no importance whatever, but the consequences of any action on Del Ferice's part might be serious and lasting.

Orsino stated his many reasons for wishing to engage in business, as he had stated them more than once already during the day and during the past weeks, and when he had finished he repeated his first question.

"Can you help me to try my luck?" he asked.

Del Ferice awoke from his reverie with characteristic readiness, and realized that he must say something. His voice had never been strong, and he leaned out of his corner of the carriage in order to speak near Orsino's ear.

"I am delighted with all you say," he began, "and I scarcely need repeat that my services are altogether at your disposal. The only question is, how are we to begin? The sum you mention is certainly not large, but that does not matter. You would have little difficulty in raising as many hundreds of thousands as you have thousands, if money were necessary. But in business of this kind the only ready money needed is for stamp duty and for the wages of workmen; and the banks advance what is necessary for the latter purpose, in small sums on notes of hand guaranteed by a general mortgage. When you have paid the stamp duties, you may go to the club and lose the balance of your capital at baccarat, if you please. The loss in that direction will not affect your credit as a contractor. All that is very simple. You wish to succeed, however, not at cards, but at business. That is the difficulty." Del Ferice paused.

"That is not very clear to me," observed Orsino.

"No, no," answered Del Ferice thoughtfully. "No, I dare say it is not so very clear. I wish I could make it clearer. Speculation means gambling only when the speculator is a gambler. Of course there are successful gamblers in the world, but there are not many of them. I read somewhere, the other day, that business was the art of handling other people's money. The remark is not particularly true. Business is the art of creating a value where none has yet existed. That is what you wish to do. I do not think that a Saracinesca would take pleasure in turning over money not belonging to him."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Orsino. "That is usury."

"Not exactly, but it is banking; and banking, it is quite true, is usury within legal bounds. There is no question of that here. The operation is simple in the extreme. I sell you a piece of land on the understanding that you will build upon it, and instead of payment you give me a mortgage. I lend you money from month to month in small sums at a small interest, to pay for material and labor. You are responsible only upon one point, — the money is to be used for the purpose stated. When the building is finished you sell it. If you sell it for cash, you pay off the mortgage, and receive the difference. If you sell it with the mortgage, the buyer becomes the mortgagor and pays you the difference only, which remains yours, out and out. That is the whole process from beginning to end."

"How wonderfully simple!"

"It is almost primitive in its simplicity," answered Del Ferice gravely. "But in every case two difficulties present themselves, and I am bound to tell you that they are serious ones."

"What are they?"

"You must know how to buy in the right part of the city, and you must have a competent assistant. The two conditions are indispensable."

"What sort of an assistant?" asked Orsino.

"A practical man. If possible, an architect, who will then have a share of the profits instead of being paid for his work."

"Is it very hard to find such a person?"

"It is not easy."

"Do you think you could help me?"

"I do not know. I am assuming a great responsibility in doing so. You do not seem to realize that, Don Orsino."

Del Ferice laughed a little in his quiet way, but Orsino was silent. It was the first time that the banker had reminded him of the vast difference in their social and political positions.

"I do not think it would be very wise of me to help you into such a business as this," said Del Ferice cautiously. "I speak quite selfishly and for my

own sake. Success is never certain, and it would be a great injury to me if you failed." He was beginning to make up his mind.

"Why?" asked Orsino. His own instincts of generosity were aroused. He would certainly not do Del Ferice an injury if he could help it, nor allow him to incur the risk of one.

"If you fail," answered the other, "all Rome will say that I have intentionally brought about your failure. You know how people talk. Thousands will become millions, and I shall be accused of having plotted the destruction of your family, because your father once wounded me in a duel, nearly five-and-twenty years ago."

"How absurd!"

"No, no; it is not absurd. I am afraid I have the reputation of being vindictive. Well, well, it is in bad taste to talk of one's self. I am good at hating, perhaps, but I have always felt that I preferred peace to war, and now I am growing old. I am not what I once was, Don Orsino, and I do not like quarreling. But I would not allow people to say impertinent things about me; and if you failed and lost money, I should be abused by your friends, and perhaps censured by my own. Do you see? Yes, I am selfish. I admit it. You must forgive that weakness in me. I like peace."

"It is very natural," said Orsino, "and I have no right to put you in danger of the slightest inconvenience. But, after all, why need I appear before the public?"

Del Ferice smiled in the dark.

"True," he answered. "You could establish an anonymous firm, so to say, and the documents would be a secret between you and me and the notary. Of course there are many ways of managing such an affair quietly."

He did not add that the secret could be kept only so long as Orsino was successful. It seemed a pity to damp so much good enthusiasm.

"We will do that, then, if you will show me how. My ambition is not to see my name on a doorplate, but to be really occupied."

"I understand, I understand," said Del Ferice thoughtfully. "I must ask you to give me until to-morrow to consider the matter. It needs a little thought."

"Where can I find you, to hear your decision?"

Del Ferice was silent for a moment.

"I think I once met you late in the afternoon at Madame d'Aranjuez's. We might manage to meet there to-morrow and come away together. Shall we name an hour? Would it suit you?"

"Perfectly," answered Orsino, with alacrity.

The idea of meeting Maria Consuelo alone was very disturbing, in his present state of mind. He felt that he had lost his balance in his relations with her, and that in order to regain it he must see her in the presence of a third person, if only for a quarter of an hour. It would be easier, then, to resume the former intercourse and to say whatever he should determine upon saying. If she were offended, she would at least not show it in any marked way before Del Ferice. Orsino's existence, he thought, was becoming complicated for the first time; and though he enjoyed the vague sensation of impending difficulty, he wanted as many opportunities as possible for reviewing the situation and for meditating upon each new move.

He got out of Del Ferice's carriage at no great distance from his own home, and after a few words of most sincere thanks walked slowly away. He found it very hard to arrange his thoughts in any consecutive order, though he tried several methods of self-analysis, and repeated to himself that he had experienced a great happiness, and was probably on the threshold of a great success. These two reflections did not help him much. The happiness had been of the

explosive kind, and the success in the business matter was more than problematic, as well as certainly distant in the future.

He was very restless, and craved the immediate excitement of further emotions, so that he would certainly have gone to the club that night, had not the fear of losing his small and precious capital deterred him. He thought of all that was coming, and he determined to be careful, even sordid if necessary, rather than lose his chance of making the great attempt. Besides, he would cut a poor figure on the morrow, if he were obliged to admit to Del Ferice that he had lost his fifteen thousand francs and was momentarily penniless. Accordingly, he shut himself up in his own room at an early hour, and smoked in solitude until he was sleepy, reviewing the various events of the day, or trying to do so, though his mind reverted constantly to the one chief event of all, — to the unaccountable outburst of passion by which he had perhaps offended Maria Consuelo beyond forgiveness. With all his affectation of cynicism he had not learned that sin is easy only because it meets with such very general encouragement. Even if he had been aware of that undeniable fact, the knowledge might not have helped him materially.

The hours passed very slowly during the next day, and even when the appointed time had come Orsino allowed another quarter of an hour to go by before he entered the hotel and ascended to the little sitting-room in which Maria Consuelo received. He meant to be sure that Del Ferice was there before entering, but he was too proud to watch for the latter's coming, or to inquire of the porter whether Maria Consuelo were alone or not. It seemed simpler in every way to appear a little late.

But Del Ferice was a busy man and not always punctual, so that, to Orsino's considerable confusion, he found Maria Consuelo alone, in spite of his precaution. He was so much surprised as to become awkward, for the first time in his life, and he felt the blood rising in his face, dark as he was.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked, almost timidly, as he held out his hand.

Maria Consuelo's tawny eyes looked curiously at him. Then she smiled suddenly.

"My dear child," she replied, "you should not do such things. It is very foolish, you know."

The answer was so unexpected and so exceedingly humiliating, as Orsino thought at first, that he grew pale and drew back a little. But Maria Consuelo took no notice of his behavior, and settled herself in her accustomed chair.

"Did you find Del Ferice last night?" she asked, changing the subject without the least hesitation.

"Yes," answered Orsino.

Almost before the word was spoken there was a knock at the door and Del Ferice appeared. Orsino's face cleared as though something pleasant had happened, and Maria Consuelo observed the fact. She concluded, naturally enough, that the two men had agreed to meet in her sitting-room, and she resented the punctuality which she supposed they had displayed in coming almost together, especially after what had happened on the preceding day. She noted the cordiality with which they greeted each other, and she felt sure that she was right. On the other hand, she could not afford to show the least coldness to Del Ferice, lest he should suppose that she was annoyed at being disturbed in her conversation with Orsino. The situation was irritating to her, but she made the best of it, and began to talk to Del Ferice about the speech he had made on the previous evening. He had spoken well, and she found it easy to be just and flattering at the same time.

"It must be an immense satisfac-

tion to speak as you do," observed Orsino, wishing to say something at least agreeable.

Del Ferice acknowledged the compliment by a deprecatory gesture.

"To speak as some of my colleagues can, — yes, it must be a great satisfaction. But Madame d'Aranjuez exaggerates. And, besides, I make speeches only when I am called upon to do so. Speeches are wasted in nine cases out of ten, too. They are, if I may say so, the music at the political ball. Sometimes the guests will dance, and sometimes they will not, but the musicians must try and suit the taste of the great invited. The dancing itself is the thing."

"Deeds, not words," suggested Maria Consuelo, glancing at Orsino, who chanced to be looking at her.

"That is a good motto enough," he said gloomily.

"Deeds may need explanation *post facto*," remarked Del Ferice, unconsciously making such a direct allusion to recent events that Orsino looked sharply at him, and Maria Consuelo smiled.

"That is true," she said.

"And when you need any one to help you, it is necessary to explain your purpose beforehand," continued Del Ferice. "That is what happens so often in politics, and in other affairs of life as well. If a man takes money from me without my consent, he steals; but if I agree to his taking it, the transaction becomes a gift or a loan. A despotic government steals; a constitutional one borrows or receives free offerings. The fact that the despot pays interest on a part of what he steals raises him to the position of the magnanimous brigand who leaves his victims just enough money to carry them to the nearest town. Possibly it is after all a quibble of definitions, and the difference may not be so great as it seems at first sight. But then, all morality is but the shadow cast on one side or the other of a definition."

"Surely that is not your political creed!" said Maria Consuelo.

"Certainly not, madame, certainly not," answered Del Ferice, in gentle protest. "It is not a creed at all, but only a very poor explanation of the way in which most experienced people look upon the events of their day. The idea in which we believe is very different from the results it has brought about, and very much higher, and very much better. But the results are not all bad, either. Unfortunately the bad ones are on the surface, and the good ones, which are enduring, must be sought in places where the honest sunshine has not yet dispelled the early shadows."

Maria Consuelo smiled faintly, and the slight cast in her eye was more than usually apparent, as though her attention were wandering. Orsino said nothing, and wondered why Del Ferice continued to talk. The latter, indeed, was allowing himself to run on because neither of his hearers seemed inclined to make a remark which might serve to turn the conversation, and he began to suspect that something had occurred before his coming which had disturbed their equanimity.

He presently began to talk of people instead of ideas, for he had no intention of being thought a bore by Madame d'Aranjuez; and the man who is foolish enough to talk of anything but his neighbors, when he has more than one hearer, is in danger of being numbered with the tormentors.

Half an hour passed quickly enough after the common chord had been struck, and Del Ferice and Orsino exchanged glances of intelligence, meaning to go away together, as had been agreed. Del Ferice rose first, and Orsino took up his hat. To his surprise and consternation, Maria Consuelo made a quick and imperative sign to him to remain. Del Ferice's dull blue eyes saw most things that happened within the range of their vision, and

neither the gesture nor the look that accompanied it escaped him.

Orsino's position was extremely awkward. He had put Del Ferice to some inconvenience on the understanding that they were to go away together, and he did not wish to offend him by not keeping his engagement. On the other hand, it was next to impossible to disobey Maria Consuelo, and to explain his difficulty to Del Ferice was wholly out of the question. He almost wished that the latter might have seen and understood the signal. But Del Ferice made no sign, and took Maria Consuelo's offered hand in the act of leave-taking. Orsino grew desperate, and stood beside the two, holding his hat. Del Ferice turned to shake hands with him also.

"But perhaps you are going, too?" he said, with a distinct interrogation.

Orsino glanced at Maria Consuelo as though imploring her permission to take his leave, but her face was impenetrable, calm, and indifferent. Del Ferice understood perfectly what was taking place, but he found a moment while Orsino hesitated. If the latter had known how completely he was in Del Ferice's power throughout the little scene, he would have then and there thrown over his financial schemes in favor of Maria Consuelo. But Del Ferice's quiet, friendly manner did not suggest despotism, and he did not suffer Orsino's embarrassment to last more than five seconds.

"I have a little proposition to make," said the fat count, turning again to Maria Consuelo. "My wife and I are alone this evening. Will you not come and dine with us, madame? And you, Don Orsino, will you not come too? We shall just make a party of four, if you will both come."

"I shall be enchanted!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, without hesitation.

"I shall be delighted!" answered Orsino, with an alacrity which surprised himself.

"At eight, then," said Del Ferice, shaking hands with him again, and in a moment he was gone.

Orsino was too much confused, and too much delighted at having escaped so easily from his difficulty, to realize the importance of the step he was taking in going to Del Ferice's house, or to ask himself why the latter had so opportunely extended the invitation. He sat down in his place with a sigh of relief.

"You have compromised yourself forever," said Maria Consuelo, with a scornful laugh. "You, the blackest of the Black, are to be numbered henceforth with the acquaintances of Count Del Ferice and Donna Tullia."

"What difference does it make? Besides, I could not have done otherwise."

"You might have refused the dinner."

"I could not possibly have done that. To accept was the only way out of a great difficulty."

"What difficulty?" asked Maria Consuelo relentlessly.

Orsino was silent, wondering how he could explain, as explain he must, without offending her.

"You should not do such things," she said suddenly. "I shall not always forgive you."

A gleam of light, which indeed promised little forgiveness, flashed in her eyes.

"What things?" asked Orsino.

"Do not pretend that you think me so simple," she remarked, in a tone of irritation. "You and Del Ferice come here almost at the same moment. When he goes, you show the utmost anxiety to go, too. Of course you have agreed to meet here. It is evident. You might have chosen the steps of the hotel for your place of meeting instead of my sitting-room."

The color rose slowly in her cheeks. She was handsome when she was angry.

"If I had imagined that you could be displeased" —

"Is it so surprising? Have you forgotten what happened yesterday? You should be on your knees asking my forgiveness for that; and instead you make a convenience of your visit to-day in order to meet a man of business. You have very strange ideas of what is due to a woman."

"Del Ferice suggested it," said Orsino, "and I accepted the suggestion."

"What is Del Ferice to me, that I should be made the victim of his suggestions, as you call them? Besides, he does not know anything of your folly of yesterday, and he has no right to suspect it."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

"And yet you ought to tell me, if you expect that I shall forget all this. You cannot? Then be so good as to do the only other sensible thing in your power, and leave me as soon as possible."

"Forgive me, this once!" Orsino entreated in great distress, but not finding any words to express his sense of humiliation.

"You are not eloquent," she said scornfully. "You had better go. Do not come to the dinner this evening, either. I would rather not see you. You can easily make an excuse."

Orsino recovered himself suddenly.

"I will not go away now, and I will not give up the dinner to-night," he said quietly.

"I cannot make you do either, but I can leave you," returned Maria Consuelo, with a movement as though she were about to rise from her chair.

"You will not do that."

She raised her eyebrows in real or affected surprise at his persistence.

"You seem very sure of yourself," she said. "Do not be so sure of me."

"I am sure that I love you. Nothing else matters." He leaned forward and took her hand so quickly that she had not time to prevent him. She tried to draw it away, but he held it fast.

"Let me go!" she cried. "I will call, if you do not!"

"Call all Rome, if you will, to see me ask your forgiveness. Consuelo, do not be so hard and cruel. If you only knew how I love you, you would be sorry for me; you would see how I hate myself, how I despise myself for all this" —

"You might show a little more feeling," she said, making a final effort to disengage her hand, and then relinquishing the struggle.

Orsino wondered whether he were really in love with her or not. Somehow, the words he sought did not rise to his lips, and he was conscious that his speech was not of the same temperature, so to say, as his actions. There was something in Maria Consuelo's manner which disturbed him disagreeably, like a cold draught blowing unexpectedly through a warm room. Still he held her hand and endeavored to rise to the occasion.

"Consuelo!" he cried, in a beseeching tone. "Do not send me away; see how I am suffering; it is so easy for you to say that you forgive!"

She looked at him a moment, and her eyelids drooped.

"Will you let me go, if I forgive you?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I forgive you, then. Well? Do you still hold my hand?"

"Yes."

Orsino leaned forward and tried to draw her toward him, looking into her eyes. She yielded a little, and their faces came a little nearer to each other, and still a little nearer. All at once a deep blush rose in her cheeks; she turned her head away and drew back quickly.

"Not for all the world!" she cried, in a tone that was new to Orsino's ear.

He tried to take her hand again, but she would not give it.

"No, no! Go, — you are not to be trusted!" she cried, avoiding him.

"Why are you so unkind?" he asked, almost passionately.

"I have been kind enough for this day," she answered. "Pray go — do not stay any longer — I may regret it."

"My staying?"

"No, my kindness. And do not come again for the present. I would rather see you at Del Ferice's than here."

Orsino was quite unable to understand her behavior, and an older and more experienced man might have been almost as much puzzled as he. A long silence followed, during which he sat quite still, and she looked steadily at the cover of a book which lay on the table.

"Please go," she said at last, in a voice which was not unkind.

Orsino rose from his seat and prepared to obey her, reluctantly enough, and feeling that he was out of tune with himself and with everything.

"Will you not even tell me why you send me away?" he asked.

"Because I wish to be alone," she answered. "Good-by."

She did not look up as he left the room, and when he was gone she did not move from her place, but sat as she had sat before, staring at the yellow cover of the novel on the table.

Orsino went home in a very unsettled frame of mind, and was surprised to find that the lighted streets looked less bright and cheerful than on the previous evening, and his own immediate prospects far less pleasing. He was angry with himself for having been so foolish as to make his visit to Maria Consuelo a mere appointment with Del Ferice, and he was surprised beyond measure to find himself all at once engaged in a social acquaintance with the latter, when he had meant only to enter into relations of business with him. Yet it did not occur to him that Del Ferice had in any way entrapped him into accepting the invitation. Del Ferice had saved him from a very awkward situation. Why? Because Del Ferice had seen the gesture Maria Consuelo had made, and had understood it, and wished to give Orsino another opportunity of discussing his project. But if Del Ferice had seen the quick sign, he had probably interpreted it in a way compromising to Madame d'Aranjuez. This was serious, although it was assuredly not Orsino's fault if she compromised herself. She might have let him go without question, and since an explanation of some sort was necessary she might have waited until the next day to demand it of him. He resented what she had done, and yet within the last quarter of an hour he had been making a declaration of love to her. He was further conscious that the said declaration had been wholly lacking in spirit, in passion, and even in eloquence. He probably did not love her, after all, and, with an attempt at his favorite indifference, he tried to laugh at himself.

But the effort was not successful, and he felt something approaching to pain as he realized that there was nothing to laugh at. He remembered her eyes and her face and the tones of her voice, and he imagined that if he could turn back now and see her again he could say in one breath such things as would move a statue to kisses. The very phrases rose to his lips, and he repeated them to himself as he walked along.

Most unaccountable of all had been Maria Consuelo's own behavior. Her chief preoccupation seemed to have been to get rid of him as soon as possible. She had been very seriously offended with him to-day, — much more deeply, indeed, than yesterday, though the cause appeared, to his inexperience, to be a far less adequate one. It was evident, he thought, that she had not really pardoned his want of tact, but had yielded to the necessity of giving a reluctant forgiveness, merely because

she did not wish to break off her acquaintance with him. On the other hand, she had allowed him to say again and again that he loved her, and she had not forbidden him to call her by her name.

Orsino had always heard that it was hard to understand women, and he began to believe it. There was one hypothesis which he had not considered: it was faintly possible that Maria Consuelo loved him already, though he was slow to believe that, his vanity lying in another direction. But even if she did, matters were not clearer. The supposition could not account for her sending him away so abruptly and with such evident intention. If she loved him, she would naturally, he supposed, wish him to stay as long as possible. She had only wished to keep him long enough to tell him how angry she was. He resented that again, for he was in the humor to resent most things.

It was all extremely complicated, and Orsino began to think that he might find the complication less interesting than he had expected a few hours earlier. He had little time for reflection, either, since he was to meet both Maria Consuelo and Del Ferice at dinner. He felt as though the coming evening were in a measure to decide his future existence, and it was indeed destined to exercise a great influence upon his life, as any person not disturbed by the anxieties which beset him might easily have foreseen.

Before leaving the house he made an excuse to his mother, saying that he had unexpectedly been asked to dine with friends, and at the appointed hour he rang at Del Ferice's door.

F. Marion Crawford.

HOME SCENES AT THE FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

As the Hebrew felt when the Roman eagles soared above the holy mount; as the Saxon felt when the rout from Hastings roared through hamlet and town; as the Greek felt when the Moslem hordes broke like the waves of the sea over the walls of Constantinople; so, with all the added capacities for suffering which modern life has brought, felt the Southerner when the conviction was forced upon him that Lee's army was no more.

North Carolina went into the war for secession reluctantly. Her attachment to the Union was strong. Her public men were dispassionate and conservative. To the last they believed a reconciliation possible, and, backed by the people, labored earnestly to bring it about. Not till the time came when she must stand either with her Southern sisters or against them did she draw the sword and cast away the scabbard. But, the war once begun, she gave to the Confederate cause not only her strong right arm, but her heart also; and to the bitter end the great body of her people neither wavered nor doubted. Death entered every door, and into many doors death and want came hand in hand. Yet the greater their sacrifices, the stronger their love for the Confederacy and their faith in it.

Towards the close of 1864 we who remained at home began dimly to realize that the flower of the Confederate army was no more, and that Lee was hard bestead. But so had Washington been hard bestead, we averred, till his great genius plucked victory from defeat, and Lee was Washington's peer. We might have much to endure, much to suffer, but all would yet be well. To us Lee had long been the embodiment

of the Southern cause. Beauregard's, even Davis's star had dimmed, but Lee's had grown brighter as the night of war grew darker. Our hopes and affections had centred in him as never before had the hopes and affections of a whole people centred in one man. Even Washington had rivals in the hearts of his countrymen; Lee had none. What Washington is to posterity Lee was to his contemporaries. He belonged to that small band of historic characters who have been idealized while still in the flesh.

The days passed, while Sherman and Grant drew closer and closer together. Richmond fell. Our faith was strong enough to bear even that. What was the fall of a city, even our capital city, so long as Lee and Lee's army were left us? So had Philadelphia fallen, New York, Savannah, Charleston, and every other colonial city regarded by the British worth taking, while none the less did fate await the victorious enemy at Yorktown.

Richmond evacuated, the trains on the railroad near us stopped running, the bridges were burnt, and the telegraph wire was cut. The Confederate stores at an adjacent hospital were packed, teams and negro drivers in the neighborhood impressed into service, and a hurried departure was taken for Greensborough. The local warehouses in which were collected the Confederate tithes were looted by the few who had the heart for such business. The tidings came that Lee was making for the impregnable fastnesses of the western mountains, whither Johnston was hastening to join him. At first, on the still April air the faint sound of guns to the south was echoed by the fainter sound of guns to the north. Suddenly the latter ceased. "Lee has shaken off his foes and escaped," we fondly said. The firing to the south drew nearer, swung round to the west, and grew silent. "Johnston has checked his pursuers and is off to the mountain rendezvous," prompted hope. Then for a long time, a time too intense to be measured by the common metewand of hours and days, there was an utter blank. The outside world could not have been more non-existent to shipwrecked mariners on the loneliest island in untraveled seas. A suspense, to which the direst reality was as nothing, lengthened the hours into years, the days into ages.

One evening, about dusk, — it must have been the 15th of April, 1865, — while the supper of corn bread, sorghum, and rye coffee was being placed on the table, a small squad of men came in sight at the farther end of the lane through which the public road ran past our home. There was just light enough for us to see that they wore the Confederate gray, but bore no arms. A strange sight that, — Confederate troops without arms! Who could they be? Not deserters, for deserters usually brought their guns. Besides, even at that time deserters dared not travel the public road by daylight.

A gray coat was then, as the memory of one is yet, a passport to the Southern heart. The consciousness of having given anything to a Confederate soldier was to us the highest pay. The supper was left untouched till our uninvited but not unwelcome guests should arrive. In a body, flanked on both sides by the negro servants, the family flocked to the front gate to greet and bring them in. The men in gray plodded wearily, dejectedly, forward. The step and bearing of the Confederate veteran were wanting. Of the half dozen or more unkempt men, one was barefooted, another hatless, while the garb of all was in sad plight. Mud covered them from head to heel, and they had evidently been on a long tramp. We bowed and greeted them warmly, as was our wont in such cases. The soldiers saluted.

"To what command do you belong, gentlemen?" inquired my mother.

"We are Lee's men, madam," they said.

"Lee's men!" she repeated in sur-

prise. "In days like these Lee's men ought to be with Lee's army."

"He has n't any army, madam," was the solemn and sententious reply. "*Lee has surrendered.*"

"That can't be! No, that can't be! General Lee would never surrender!" we said with one accord.

"Gentlemen," my mother continued, "I am sorry to have to doubt your word or to look upon you as deserters; but you ask us to believe the impossible."

"Ah, madam, it was hard for us to believe our own eyes when the white flag went up. Our paroles will prove us to be no deserters, but true Southern soldiers, who followed Lee to the last," said the speaker, drawing a paper from his pocket and handing it to her. Further words of explanation followed, till at last, clutching at every straw, we descended into the abyss of despair. Our tears, scarce dried at the death of a father, now flowed afresh at the death of a country; for in those days of care and anxiety there were no children. Truly has it been said that great sorrows mature the heart of the young as frost matures the grain.

Of course the wayfarers were ushered in and seated at the waiting table, old and young vying with one another as waiters. Meanwhile, all such dishes as could be speedily prepared, and that our depleted larder admitted of, were added to the homely bill of fare. Old hams that we would hardly have afforded ourselves a good look at were cut up and fried, accompanied by eggs without count. Pitiful hoards of preserves and citron, whose very existence had to us children become a faint tradition, were drawn from their hiding-places and heaped before our guests. Considering our means, it was indeed a royal supper, royally given, royally enjoyed.

That night, after we had questioned our guests about the great, sad news, the surrender, till our compassion would let us worry weary men no longer, they were given the best rooms in the house. One of them, a waggish young fellow, amused the smaller children immensely — for on that eventful night the youngest lids were the lightest — when, with well-acted alarm, he fled at the sight of a bed, declaring that he had not seen one for so long he had really forgotten what it was, and begged for a soft stick of wood and a bundle of fodder outdoors, on the warm side of the barn. Even when he ventured to approach the bed, it took the children a long time to explain what it was for and how it must be used. Poor fellow, a mere lad despite his long soldiership, he was a born comedian, and I have many a time since then wondered what became of him, with his fund of irrepressible humor. But his very name has long since faded from my memory, though his pinched face, bare feet, limp cap, and gaunt form clad in faded, tattered gray are yet more vivid to me than the scenes of yesterday. But this little comedy in the midst of the long tragedy then enacting was soon over, and the gloom, lifted for a moment, settled heavier than before.

The plantation was astir betimes, the next morning, to prepare a breakfast that should be worthy of the occasion. Chickens were slaughtered with a ruthless hand. A generous supply of fried ham and eggs, the Confederate soldier's delight, was made ready. Our treasured mite of "real coffee" and loaf sugar was used as freely as if the world were made of those two commodities only. Other things were in keeping, for it was truly a generous old-time Southern breakfast. Before our guests left, every nook and corner of the house were rummaged, to make them as comfortable as possible in the matter of shoes and dress.

After bidding us a tender farewell — for the wonted levity and exuberance of even the Confederate soldier were subdued then, breaking out only at long intervals, and in such half-pathetic scenes as that of the night before — they took

their leave, though we would fain have had them stay longer. For in them we saw, not half a dozen forlorn, unkempt men, but the cause we loved so well and to which we had given such pledges. We felt towards them as one feels when the being he held dearest has passed forever beyond his reach, and, filled with agonizing regrets, he strives to make amends for lost opportunities by heaping affection on the dulled, disfigured remains.

During the day other soldiers passed, and what we had to eat or to wear was pressed upon them. Just as the sun was setting we were gladdened by the last sight of armed Confederates, for a spirited little band of horsemen drew up at the gate. Not having been included in Lee's surrender, they were making their way to Johnston. He having succumbed, they would endeavor to cross the Mississippi and join Kirby Smith. We gathered around them, as they sat their horses in the lane, tendering such food as we had, and begging them to tarry a little while, for their buoyancy and hopefulness gave us strength. But there was urgent need of haste, and in a few moments they were spurring bravely forward on their hopeless mission.

Then came another period of harrowing suspense. To grief and sorrow were now added fear and apprehension. Sherman's army was, we well knew, within two days' march of us. Swift-footed rumor told how around Raleigh was being drawn an ever-increasing circle of pillage and devastation. Johnston's movement to the west had uncovered our country and left it open to the same fate. Every hour, every minute, we looked for the marauders in our midst, pillaging, burning, and torturing to force the disclosure of hidden valuables. We scanned the horizon by day for the smoke, and by night for the flames, of burning houses.

With all diligence and secrecy we set to work to hide not only silverware, jewelry, and other valuables, but food also. To this end all sorts of expedients were resorted to. Bags of wheat and of shelled corn were carried out by night and hid in hollow logs and trees. Many a cavity, under overhanging rocks, in the ivy-clad bluffs was converted into temporary crib or granary, in which grain was deposited, and covered with stones to keep off the hogs, a bank of leaves topping and concealing the stones. Hollow trees were turned into "smoke-houses," where, on nails driven high up on the inside walls, were hung hams, "sides," and such edibles as hungry, keen-scented curs would have appropriated, no matter how deeply buried or well covered. Jars of lard and jugs of the inevitable "sorghum" (home-made molasses) were securely tied up and buried in the woods or "old fields." Such microscopic remnants of coffee and sugar as still remained among us were usually classed and hid with the valuables. The preservation of the stint of salt which the energy and foresight of the idolized Vance had enabled him to dole out to us a few months before, so many pounds *per capita*, and at nominal prices, gave us much concern. Sometimes it was trusted in bags hung up in the improvised smoke-houses, but oftener it was deposited in jars and buried with the utmost care and circumspection.

But it was in the concealment of valuables that infinite varieties of ingenuity were displayed, some worthy of Poe's pirate (*vide* The Gold Bug), and some pathetic in their innocent disregard of the world and the world's craft. Rarely left above ground, these valuables were buried in all sorts of places, and all sorts of means were taken to leave no sign that the earth had been disturbed. Some persons preferred to dig holes in the woods, where the spot could be covered with leaves or pine needles. A favorite choice was by the side of the briery fence-corners in remote, unfrequented fields, especially if, as was usually the

case in untilled fields, a thicket of young pines shut in the spot. Behind a dense screen of this kind small packages were often buried in the daytime; otherwise all such work had, of course, to be done under cover of darkness. Sometimes, to make assurance doubly sure, a small brook would be dammed, the treasure, rendered as near waterproof as possible, buried in the bed beneath, and then the water allowed to resume its former channel. It will be seen at a glance that, so far as danger of discovery was concerned, this mode was the safest of all, provided it could be carried out unobserved. The concealer did not need to make a track on *terra firma*, either in approaching or leaving the spot, for he had before him the Indian path of running water; while the stream, rolling down its detritus of sand and gravel, soon made all parts of its bed alike. However, only articles of small bulk could well be hidden in this way. A near neighbor of ours had several very fine gold watches, one of them, at least, a valued family heirloom, whose safety caused him much anxiety. After earnestly considering every possible mode of concealing them, he finally decided to adopt the one last mentioned. A fruit-jar was selected, tested as to being perfectly air-tight, and the watches, after being wrapped in flannel, were placed therein, the jar was securely sealed, and the next day found the current of the spring branch flowing serenely above the treasure.

A few trusted their watches and jewelry to hollow trees and to clefts in lonely rocks, though the enterprise of the ubiquitous negro opossum-hunter rendered this mode somewhat precarious. Such places being the favorite retreat of the opossum, there was danger that he might lead his pursuers straight to the selected cleft or hollow, and, in getting him out, they could scarcely fail to discover other contents of the lair. In one instance this really did occur. A gentleman, having concealed a watch and some valuable diamonds in a small hollow tree, was startled, on reconnoitring the place a few days later, to find that the tree had not only been felled, but actually split open. He had given up his property for lost, when he happened to spy it buried in the leaves, where it had dropped as the trunk was rent asunder. Fortunately, the sable hunter had been too eager after his quarry to have an eye for anything else.

Many people preferred to bury their most valuable possessions near their dwellings, where, whatever the robber might do, they would at least be safe from the thief. Usually the treasures would be distributed in several places; such as were held most liable to damage from moisture being placed in fruit-jars wrapped in oilcloth, or else the package would be coated with beeswax, tallow, or something of the kind to exclude water. A favorite though somewhat awkward and very suspicious plan was to dig a pit just under the house. Sometimes the wood-pile would be chosen, where the chips, the accumulations of years, could be used to cover all traces. They also rendered futile the prodding of iron ramrods, which we apprehended. Again, an ancient pile of stones in the garden or adjacent field would be moved, a hole dug, the box deposited therein, then dirt and stones replaced; great pains being taken to restore everything exactly. Some buried in the stables; some built a hog-pen over the spot. Just under where a fire was continually kept to boil clothes, make soap, and for such outdoor work was another very neat hiding-place. Any spot was preferable to the open ground, where the slightest disturbance of the soil would have been hard to conceal. Even a bank of leaves was liable to be blown off or removed through ignorance. Newly ploughed earth or freshly dug gardens were sometimes, though, as it proved, very unwisely, selected; for wherever the surface of the ground was broken, for

whatever cause or to whatever extent, thither the bummer repaired, nor did he leave till his ramrod probe told him that nothing more valuable than stones and earth was to be found thereunder.

The cleverest work of this kind that I heard of was performed by two old ladies. After casting around for a secure hiding-place for the things on which they set the greatest store, they finally hit on the following novel expedient. At the dead of night, while all the negroes slept, with much toil they succeeded in removing the front steps, and where the bottom one lay, fortunately a broad plank, a hole was dug, the treasure secreted therein, and the steps and surroundings replaced and made to look as if untouched for half a century. The surplus earth from the hole was thrown into the well. As the rest of the ground, except where the bottom step very naturally rested, was perfectly open to the eye, the shrewdest bummer might have entered the house many times without suspecting on what he trod.

One old woman, with a sublime ignorance of the *penchant* of Mars, hid her hoard of silver coin, which not even the allurements of war times had been able to wrest from her grasp, under a sitting hen. Martin gourds, clusters of which were to be seen at every house, hung on poles as inviting building-places for this mortal enemy of the chicken-hawk, held many a gold trinket and family heirloom in those troublous times. More than one urchin's rough homespun roundabout, like Shakespeare's toad, bore yet a precious jewel in its midst; urchin being innocent as toad of its presence.

As a rule the negroes were not relied on, and were kept in ignorance of what was going on. A few families confided in their house servants, committing silverware, watches, jewelry, valuable papers, and all to their care. In not a single instance in our neighborhood was this confidence betrayed. Since the slaves were distrusted, all the labor of concealment fell on the whites, and very often, indeed, on the white women; the men being in their graves, or absent in the field, or in prison. Ladies who had never in their lives left the house, even in the daytime, without an escort, wielded other tool than a riding-whip or lifted heavier weight than a tea-urn, bore heavy burdens, unaided, to the woods at midnight, and plied the grubbing-hoe and the spade, when the sustenance of their children was at stake. The conditions under which the work had to be done, and the nervous tension inseparable from it, rendered it vastly more onerous and wearing. The plantation negro, even yet a "night hawk," was then much more of one. Few were the hours of the night when he was not astir. If he were eluded, his dog had to be counted on. These dangers past, there came the confusion of localities under the strange, weird aspect they wear in the dark, and the stumble over stones and vines, when, heavy freighted as they were, a fall meant serious injury. Then, no sooner was a site selected and digging begun than it did seem as if, by common consent, the roots and stones of the whole neighborhood had preëmpted that particular spot. The interment effected, and no pains spared to leave the place exactly as it had been, the chances were that daylight would disclose such a bungling attempt at concealment that much, if not all, of the work would have to be done over again. The nearer a graveyard or other "ha'nted" spot the hiding was done, the less the danger of interruption or of subsequent discovery. The negro never tarried near such places as these. If by night he heard or saw aught thereabouts, he lingered all the less.

That no condition of life, however sad, is without its humorous side we had still other reminders. Two ladies, after getting all their negroes out of the way, had, in the daytime, lugged a valuable and heavy box off into the woods. Here they set about burying it. With

infinite labor and worry a hole had been dug among the roots, their burden deposited therein, and mould and leaves were being placed *in statu quo*, when they were startled by the sound of footsteps rustling among the dead leaves. The novices in woodcraft crouched on the ground, keeping very still and conversing in low whispers. As to the number of the intruders their opinions differed. One thought, from the noise made, that there were four or five; the other declared there must be at least twice as many. Alarm grew into consternation when the footsteps came straight towards them, and along the very way they had just trod. The pine thicket was too dense to be seen through, but the leisurely advance was proof enough that their trail from the house was being studied and followed. To the question Who followed trails? there could be but one answer: Bummers! Too frightened for flight, even if, with the foe upon them, flight had not been hopeless, all that could be done was to lie low and pray that Providence might lead the pursuers astray. Forty yards dwindled to thirty, to twenty, to ten. The inmost screen of pines was now a-quiver. A long black cylinder was thrust through, which imaginations much less wrought up than theirs might easily have transformed into a gun-barrel, had not a sudden "Whoof!" and scampering betrayed the presence of a rambling porker.

Not very far away lived a man who had been a negro trader. Among his effects, tools of his odious business, were a number of handcuffs. Whatever betided, he felt that a bluecoat must never see these. Gold and silver lay untouched till these tell-tale implements had been safely disposed of. As it turned out, they did prove a veritable Nemesis. First they were placed in a bag and buried in the woods. The hogs rooted them up. Then they were removed, and buried more deeply in an old field. In a few days a washing rain swept off the litter, and disclosed the presence of fresh digging. In the small hours of the night following, up came the handcuffs, and into the well they went. There, it seemed, they must be safe. But not so. In the hurry of the moment their owner had failed to remove the bag; and just at the wrong time, when the Federals were hourly expected, the bag, very naturally getting entangled in the iron-bound well-bucket, was brought up to its half-frantic owner. After that the irons were separated, and cast, one at a time, into a distant stream, where, so far as I know, they still repose.

More than one family, after a night's work done, as was thought, in the profoundest secrecy, would be panic-stricken when a pickaninny let slip a word going to show that everything was known to the negroes. Perhaps when a hoe or spade was missed and inquired after, some sable youngster would be ready to "'clar' fo' God, I ai' sot eyes awn hit sence dat night mistis had it out in de back er de gyarden," etc. But these things seem a great deal funnier now than they did then.

I will turn from this digression to take up the thread of events. The neighbors having thus disposed of more or less of their effects, according to the value set upon them by each, and his apprehension of a Federal advance in our direction, we now awaited tidings of an actual approach before hurrying off the horses and cattle to fastnesses already chosen. This was deferred till the last moment, partly because of the difficulty of feeding them in remote places, but mainly from the impossibility of keeping their whereabouts long hidden from malicious or indiscreet persons. There was only one bridge across the river anywhere in the vicinity, and this was closely watched from the adjacent hills. I well remember acting as sentinel on one occasion.

Throughout the forenoon not a living soul came in sight. A little later, a

solitary wayfarer was espied tramping up the railroad track, near which I had taken my stand. He was so deeply absorbed in a newspaper that not even the difficulty of stepping from sleeper to sleeper, awkward business at best, drew his attention from it. On a nearer approach I noticed that broad bars of black bordered the pages and separated the columns. I had never before seen a paper so marked. The man informed me that Lincoln had been assassinated, and that the paper was in mourning for him. From the same source I learned that Johnston was on the point of surrendering.

About the middle of the afternoon a storm of wind and rain arose. I took refuge in a dwelling near by, in which several neighbors had collected. During the progress of the storm there came a sudden trampling in the yard. Hurrying to the windows, we found the yard in the possession of Federal horsemen. That was the first glimpse of the bluecoats in our neighborhood. However, they were evidently scouts, and not marauders; and in a few minutes, after some inquiry as to the roads, were spurring back across the river to the point whence they came. The dread of Wheeler's rough riders had not yet lost its force. Although we never saw one of Wheeler's men, nor were they ever, I think, at a less distance than forty miles, their very name, as we afterwards learned, served from afar to protect a large territory in which we were comprised. A plunderer got short shrift at their hands. When, at Johnston's surrender, they were disbanded, Schofield called upon the people to protect their property and to shoot robbers without mercy. One man, at least, took him at his word, shot a bummer while in the act of forcing his cellar door, placed the body in a wagon, carried it twenty-five miles to this officer's headquarters, and was commended for the deed.

Some of the negroes about us fled to Raleigh as soon as it was occupied by the Union army. Occasionally, a whole family, children and all, would slip off between the suns, as if they feared pursuit, which of course no one thought of giving. But these were exceptional cases. The great body of the race remained quietly at home, giving no sign that they knew or cared aught as to the great events that were taking place. In this they acted wisely. The camp was no place for such people as these. Their demoralization amid such surroundings was even more rapid and thorough than that of the Indians under like conditions. Husbands and wives parted; children were deserted, and in some cases destroyed. Numbers fell a prey to contagious diseases. Vice and vagrancy claimed most of them.

The Confederacy, depleted of men and of supplies, collapsed. Johnston surrendered. The war ended. The negroes carried off by the hospital authorities as drivers of the impressed teams straggled back to their homes. Yet the glimpse of bluecoats in the April storm was all we had so far seen of the Federals. That the advent of peace had in no wise checked the activity of the bummers we well knew. We felt little, if any, safer than before.

It was on a clear, calm spring day, the very soul of May, that there flashed through the neighborhood the tidings "The Yankees are coming!" Traveling a less-frequented road higher up the river, they had thrown a pontoon bridge across the stream and sent twenty thousand men over before we knew that they were out of Raleigh. The advance proved to be the twentieth corps on their march to Washington to be disbanded. They went into camp just opposite us and a mile to the west. Another corps filled the road four miles to the east. Our position between the two proved a fortunate one indeed. The bummers, now somewhat awed by more rigorous measures taken for their sup-

pression, ventured but little between the lines of march, confining their depredations mostly to the outer flanks of each column.

Great was our surprise at the conduct of the troops. Strict orders must have been issued forbidding the entrance of any private house; for although numbers straggled over from the main body, it was only after a sharp lookout for officers and much pressing on our part that one would venture in to partake of the food prepared as a peace offering. Still greater was our surprise, in our ignorance of the indiscriminating license of the camp, when they pillaged the negro houses, taking bacon, chickens, and such eatables as they saw and fancied.

Our chief apprehension was for the night; and miserable indeed would have been the hours of darkness but for the opportune arrival of a friend just returned from the Confederate army, who remained till the next day. Reassured by his presence, with loaded firearms secreted within easy reach, we made the best of it. The night passed without disturbance. Before the following noon the column had swept by and disappeared, leaving among other mementos of the call the corps marks, XX, chopped on the wayside trees, where, after more than a quarter of a century, faint, blurred traces of them may still be seen.

Peace and quiet once more restored, the business next in order was to recover the hidden things. This may seem simple enough; but it was not. Intent only on secreting their valuables past detection, some succeeded even better than they intended, and put them not only beyond discovery, but beyond recovery also. In fact, not a few, like Captain Kidd's treasure, are yet unfound. Many a box of spoons and of old family silver committed to Mother Earth, amid the hurry and excitement of those feverish days, or rather nights, still reposes in her broad bosom, dumb, impartial old guardian that she is.

Till tested as a landmark, no one dreamed how many duplicates a certain tree, gully, or rock-pile could have, or how many hollows and fissured stones there can be in a small piece of woods. The finding of things buried along fence-corners, the spot being marked on the fence, was sometimes hindered by the accidental burning of the fence, and oftener still by the appropriation by some strolling darky of the marked top rail for fuel.

A very humorous and yet very pathetic case occurred near our schoolhouse. A worthy but somewhat miserly old man had a small sum of silver, — perhaps a hundred dollars, — the hoardings of many years, which, at the first note of alarm, he buried at night by a rock-pile in an adjacent cornfield. When, all danger past, he sought to unearth it, he found that the number of rock-piles in that cornfield had multiplied amazingly, and all grown strangely alike. Fearing, in those unsettled days, to be known as the owner of so much wealth, he dug, prodded, and thumped among stones and briers night after night for a long time before he disclosed his trouble to any one. Then he took into confidence an old crony of his, and in conjunction with him the digging, prodding, and thumping were all done over again. These also failing, more and more were called into council, and their brains and muscles invoked, till first and last the whole neighborhood had taken a hand, and it had become a very open secret indeed. Yet not only was the coin never found, but there was no spot where the earth showed the least sign of disturbance, which seemed to preclude the idea of its having been stolen. Finally, "as hard to find as Uncle Billy Knuckle's silver" — as I will call it — passed into a proverb. Still Uncle Billy never gave up, although enough labor must have been expended on that field to yield many hundred dollars, had it been turned to planting corn instead of digging coin.

He always persisted in searching and pestering. Not till the other day was the matter finally ended; and then, alas, in that summary manner that most of our little affairs are settled. For a long while I had lost sight of the old man, but then, happening to be driving that way, I met in the road a straggling line of vehicles. It was a funeral procession. Death had at last disposed of the matter for Uncle Billy.

Many stories were told of the narrow escapes from discovery of hidden valuables. A squad of Federals built a camp-fire just over a box of buried silverware, yet found it not. The hoof of a trooper's horse actually sank in the soft, fresh dirt that filled a treasure pit, by a happy stroke of luck without causing suspicion. Many a family sat in fear and trembling while iron ramrods probed every spot but the right one.

A word as to the condition of the recovered things. Almost without exception their plight was a sorry one, and in many instances they were entirely ruined. Buried silverware was tarnished so deeply that it was never the same again. Valuable deeds and bonds had often turned to pulp, or become illegible. If a single watch thus concealed ever after served as a timekeeper, I never heard of it. Even when buried in air-tight fruit-jars and in the driest places, the mere condensation of the moisture in the inclosed air, caused by contact with the chilled earth, always sufficed to rust and spoil the delicate steel works beyond repair. Those hid above ground fared much better. There is still in use in the village an excellent gold chronometer that, during April and May, 1865, adorned the inside of a hollow tree.

Paintings, many of which had been cut from their frames and buried, being first rolled and, as it was thought, rendered waterproof, fared almost as bad. At the Raleigh Exposition, held in 1884, there were exhibited two very fine portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose glory had been thus dimmed forever. Little could the genial knight or the stately pair who sat for him have dreamed of the strange vicissitudes that, in a foreign land, these richly colored canvases were to pass through, or the strange hiding-places they were to seek.

David Dodge.

THE SOUL'S RIDE.

"Horseman, springing from the dark,
Horseman, flying wild and free,
Tell me what shall be thy road,
Whither speedest far from me?"

"From the dark into the light,
From the small unto the great,
From the valleys dark, I ride
O'er the hills to conquer fate!"

"Take me with thee, horseman mine!
Let me madly ride with thee!"
As he turned I met his eyes, —
My own soul looked back at me!

Lilla Cabot Perry.

THE PRESENT REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO HARVARD COLLEGE.

In the last ten years great changes have taken place in the course of study required of boys in preparation for Harvard College. The present list of requirements was published in the College Catalogue for 1886–87, after much discussion in the college and outside of it. The main point of dispute was the compulsory study of Greek. The opponents of Greek attacked it as being of no practical value to any person who was not to become either a student of language or a teacher, and argued, from this point of view, that it was absurd to require all boys to study it. Many other persons, trained under the old system, could not conceive of a liberally educated man to whom Greek was but a name, and therefore defended the requirement. The college authorities have settled the question for a time by admitting pupils with no knowledge of Greek, but only under very stringent conditions.

This is a wide departure from traditional standards, but the college has made other changes even more far-reaching in their results than this. Changes in the form of examination set by the college in many of the old subjects of study have altered the whole course of preparation in them. These great changes have been so slow and gradual that the general public has almost no knowledge of them, and even many of the preparatory schools have no adequate appreciation of them. Nevertheless, parents with sons to be fitted for college, and all persons interested in education, ought to understand the present requirements in order to see the general tendency and the purpose of them. It is well worth while, also, to consider whether they make a good foundation for a liberal education before other changes are suggested.

The studies required for admission are divided into two classes, elementary and advanced. The first class is prescribed for all students except under two conditions, which will be mentioned later, while the second class is elective. Without going into troublesome details, it may be said that the examinations in the elementary studies test the following acquirements: an elementary working knowledge of four languages, two ancient, Latin and Greek, and two modern, French and German; some acquaintance with English classical literature, and the ability to write clearly and intelligently about the books which have been read; a knowledge of elementary algebra and plane geometry; an acquaintance with the laws and phenomena of physics obtained from experiments performed by the pupil in a laboratory, or a knowledge of descriptive physics and elementary astronomy; and last, a knowledge of the history and geography either of ancient Greece and Rome or modern England and America. In addition to examinations in these prescribed elementary studies the candidate must be examined on two more subjects, chosen, according to his tastes and natural aptitude, from the following list of nine advanced studies: —

Latin Translation.
Greek Translation.
Latin and Greek Composition.
French.
German.
Trigonometry and Solid Geometry, or Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry.
Advanced Algebra and Analytical Geometry.
Physics.
Chemistry.

Although the college, by implication, if not by actual words, recommends the

above course of study as the best, she permits two deviations from it. Candidates are allowed to substitute one additional advanced study for either French or German, and also to substitute two additional advanced studies for either Latin or Greek; but in that case the subjects chosen must be either mathematics alone or mathematics and natural science. The permission to make these two alterations in the recommended course of study is wise, and reasons for it, I think, are not difficult to find. It is clear that the study of both the modern languages is considered necessary to a liberal education, because the candidate who offers only one of them for admission is obliged to study the other during his first year in college. But as many schools in the past have been very deficient in good teaching of the modern languages, and some would still find it hard to teach both French and German, it is very probable that the college does not wish to demand more than they can do. The second permission is the one which has caused so much discussion, and has made many persons think that Harvard has lowered her standard; in other words, has made it easier to enter her doors. Any one, however, who examines carefully the subjects which must be substituted for the omitted ancient language will see that only those minds which are especially adapted to the study of mathematics and natural science can possibly master them. It seems very wise to permit boys with such minds to devote their time to mathematics and science for which they have a natural bent, and drop the study of language to which they are not suited, provided they do not lose entirely the peculiar training to the mind which is given only by classical study. Under the present requirement, they will obtain this from the one ancient language, which must be retained under any and all circumstances.

Let us examine these studies in detail, and notice what changes have been made in the methods of examination in them, in order to see and understand the new methods of instruction which are required to meet the new tests. In the elementary examination in the classics, the test applied is the translation at sight of passages from Cæsar and Nepos in Latin, and from Xenophon in Greek. These authors all have a simple narrative style, and their thought is neither involved nor profound, so that their works are entirely within the comprehension of the average boy. Such a test as this requires an entire change from traditional methods of classical teaching, but unfortunately many persons do not understand just what this change is. Formerly the candidate was asked to show that he had read certain specified works by translating passages from them, and to show his knowledge of some standard Latin or Greek grammar by explaining the grammatical construction of certain words in these passages. To be able to do this the pupil stored in his memory a translation of passages from the books he had himself read or had heard some one else read. Unless he had a natural fondness for language, he read these passages as combinations of words, for each of which he had to have some English equivalent word, but rarely realized, or cared to realize, the thought which was meant to be conveyed by them. He was taught to pick out his Latin or Greek words by means of their English equivalents in an English order; that is, first the subject, then the verb, and last the object, each with its modifiers. He then studied these English words in the English order to make something out of them which, according to his English notions, made sense. His thoughts and conceptions were only his own English ones. He was made to learn all the rules of syntax before he did any reading, because he must explain each construction he met by making it fit under one of these rules. This whole

system of teaching looked at the classics only from an English point of view. The student gained very little more than a confused knowledge of the arbitrary names which grammarians have given to Latin and Greek constructions, and some insight into ancient life and customs, which would have been clearer and would have been obtained more easily if he had read any good translation of his author. He did not learn to read the languages, nor realize that thoughts were expressed by them. Now the college requires him to be so familiar with the vocabulary and forms of thought of the classics that he can read a passage he has never seen before, in which the style is not different from that to which he is accustomed, and the thought not more profound than it is in the books which he has read. In order to do this at all, the pupil must read each sentence as he reads an English or French one; that is, he must take in the ideas in the order in which they are presented in the Latin or Greek sentence. He must learn how a Roman or a Greek thought, to be able to grasp the new thoughts which may be presented to him in a new passage. He must get at the ideas expressed by his author before he attempts to translate; that is, before he puts these ideas into good English. The new system of teaching, if it would meet the new test, must keep these two processes — the understanding of the Latin or Greek thought, and the expression of it in English translation — entirely distinct, because the student can arrive at the ideas in a passage he has never seen only through the language in which they are found; whereas, under the old system, the two were confused, and the tendency of the teaching, as we have seen, was to make him translate before he had a clear understanding of the thought. The student must look at the different constructions of the language as ways of conveying thoughts, and be asked to explain the thought which is contained in them rather than to give some arbitrary rules of syntax for them which he often does not understand. In order to read the thought, he must be familiar with the syntax; but he gets this familiarity by reading, as the physicist, by observing phenomena in his laboratory, arrives at the knowledge of nature's laws. This new method of teaching gives, as it were, a laboratory training in language. The aim is now, not to read a certain quantity of Latin and Greek, but to learn how to read these languages, and to make the student realize that, although the languages are dead, they were and are still vehicles of thought.

Reading with this aim is what the phrase "reading at sight" really means. In many schools this is too little understood. It is supposed to mean guessing at words to save the use of a dictionary, while in reality the dictionary has to be used much more thoughtfully than before, as the boy must learn what each word meant to a Roman or a Greek, and not simply find some English word for it which will fit into his preconceived notion of what the sentence means. Pupils are too frequently allowed to pass over forms in a slipshod way without learning them. Experience with pupils in preparation for college has shown me that an exact knowledge of the forms is absolutely essential in order to see at a glance the relations between words, and so to grasp the thought which is expressed by them. Such exact knowledge of the forms can be got only by memorizing them.

This method of studying the classics brings out clearly their educational value. The conceptions of Latin and Greek and the forms of expression are so different from the student's own that he must analyze words, phrases, and sentences containing complex ideas to arrive at any real comprehension of the author's meaning. Being thus obliged to look at each thought from two points of view, the Latin or Greek and the

English, he is forced to get a clearer conception of the thought than he could possibly get by looking at it from the English side only. As few words in two widely different languages have exactly corresponding conceptions behind them, — that is, are synonyms, — he must get at these conceptions to see what a sentence really means. He must think, and think clearly. He grows accustomed to clear thinking, and therefore expresses his own thoughts more clearly both in speech and in writing. From this kind of classical training, as from mathematics, he learns to reason logically, but with this fundamental difference: in mathematics he reasons from letters and figures representing quantity, and from this limitation in the symbols he receives only narrow conceptions; while in language study he reasons from words representing thought, and from this breadth of the symbols he receives broad conceptions. Something of this mental training was got under the old system of classical teaching, but the college examination did not then test this power of thinking as the present one does. A pupil cannot translate a passage he has never seen before without this power. To read at sight, a student must have a large vocabulary of Latin or Greek words, of which each word represents to him not one English equivalent word, but an idea. Under the old system of examination this vocabulary was not necessary, because he had read the passages before, and could often remember the context without knowing the meaning of separate words. This vocabulary will always be a valuable possession to him, when we consider that a large part of our English vocabulary is derived from Latin and Greek, so that a perfectly intelligent use of English words is impossible without some knowledge of these languages. This system of teaching the classics is for these reasons practical, and this study of them is as valuable to the business man as to the college professor.

The desire to banish all studies which are not to be of immediate money value to the student, which has given rise to the discussion of the comparative usefulness of ancient and modern languages, has caused many persons to overlook the true value of a right study of Latin and Greek. The study of them is valuable to every man for the mental training which they give much more than for the knowledge of ancient life and literature which is obtained through them. This knowledge can be and often is obtained by reading English translations of the classics, and modern works on ancient art, life, and literature; but this training can be got only by the study of the languages themselves. The man who says his Greek or Latin is of no use to him in business or elsewhere does not realize that if he really studied either language his powers of thinking were increased, even though he has forgotten every fact learned about the language itself.

The modern language requirement is the ability to read ordinary French and German prose at sight. This requirement is the same as the classical one, and demands the same kind of teaching. But as these languages have always been studied from a practical point of view rather than that of the grammarian, there has had to be no change in methods of study. No arguments are heard against these languages on the score of uselessness, but, on the contrary, it is sometimes claimed that the purpose of classical study, which I have spoken of above, is entirely fulfilled by them. This is only partially true. The student of elementary French and German does get some training of the kind I have mentioned, but he gets much less of it. These languages are so little different from English in forms of thought that he can arrive at the ideas expressed in them with very little careful thinking. The new point of view from which he looks at each thought is so nearly the

same as his own English one that he gets no clearer conceptions. The ideas represented by French and German words are not sufficiently different from those presented to him by English words to make him do much analytical thinking. Hence French and German are easier to learn to read than Latin and Greek, and the unconscious training which the mind receives is proportionately less, although the knowledge of them is of enormous practical value.

The training in mathematics which is tested by the college examination of to-day, and really secured in the best schools, is almost as different from the old as the new classical training is different from the old. To be prepared for the old system of examination, the pupil had to know a certain number of problems or propositions. He was very sure to meet enough of these old friends on the examination paper to pass creditably, even if he had only memorized them, without really understanding the reasoning of them. Now the candidate must go to Cambridge so trained in algebraic analysis and geometrical reasoning that he can reason out the problems which are given him with intelligence and accuracy, even though, as is extremely likely, he has never seen one of them before. No amount of cramming can enable him to do this. He is no longer examined as to his memory of certain proofs and solutions, but as to his ability to use the training his mind has received from these proofs and solutions. To meet this requirement he must have received a training in exact reasoning which will help him all his life.

The change in the physics requirement has been more radical than that in any other subject. Such a change in a comparatively new branch of human study is, however, not so remarkable as are the changes in other branches which the world has studied from the same point of view for ages, and in which the methods of study had become stereotyped and fossilized. For years the college required only such a memory knowledge of physical laws and phenomena as could be got from a descriptive textbook. In schools where there was money at command the study of the textbook was accompanied by illustrative experiments shown to the pupil, but under the best of circumstances the pupil's thinking was largely done for him. By this method of teaching, as by the old classical training, his memory was loaded with facts of which he might or might not have any real understanding, while he did very little real thinking. So marked was this attitude of the college toward physics that for years, at the examination in that subject, the candidate was asked which of the textbooks recommended by the college he had studied, and he was given a paper of questions prepared from that very book. Hence any boy could be sure of knowing the correct answers to these questions, if he had learned the text of his book by heart, and had never exercised his powers of thinking. This was a system of teaching hardly calculated to train his mind, or to awaken an interest in a branch of science in which the nineteenth century is doing its most active thinking and producing its greatest results.

How different is the present attitude of the college! It now publishes a descriptive list of forty experiments, covering the elementary principles of mechanics, sound, light, heat, and electricity. These, so far as possible, are quantitative experiments; that is, they require careful measurements from which the laws and principles of physics can be reasoned out. Where, for any reason, such measurements are impossible, the experiments are merely illustrative; but even from these the pupil must reason carefully to arrive at the principles which they illustrate. The pupil must perform these experiments himself in a laboratory, under the supervision of a teacher. He must keep a record of all his obser-

vations and measurements, together with the conclusions which he draws from them. The laboratory book in which this record is kept, bearing the certificate of his instructor, must be presented for critical examination when he comes to Cambridge. In addition to this, he is tested by a written paper and by a laboratory examination.

This very complete form of examination, although it takes a long time, really tests the candidate's knowledge of physics, his skill in experimenting, and his power of reasoning. It is very unfortunate that the time devoted to the mathematical examinations is too short to make the tests as fair as this. One hour is all that is allowed for each of the mathematical examinations. The result of this is that the pupil is asked to do more thinking than he can do in the time allowed, or the ground covered by the examination is so small that the examiner cannot estimate the candidate's knowledge and ability accurately.

In the laboratory study of physics the pupil learns fewer facts, perhaps, than he did in the textbook study, but each fact is impressed upon his mind with the additional force of personal discovery; just as we all have a deeper impression of a fact which we have discovered for ourselves than we have of one which is told us by others, or of which we read. He learns to observe and make an intelligent record of what he sees, and, what is most important, he learns to reason from these observations to the broad generalizations which are called physical laws. Such a course of study as this, under a good teacher, is certainly practical. The pupil's mind must be trained, and his interest awakened by it.

Unfortunately, the expense of laboratories has compelled the college to allow the old physics requirement to remain as an alternative to the new one, but the study of elementary astronomy is coupled with it; so that the amount of work required is greater than in the laboratory course, and schools are rapidly coming to teach the new in preference to the old. No such remarkable changes have been made in the examinations in history and English, but in these subjects, by comparing the old and the present examination papers, one sees the same tendency which has been noticed in each of the previous subjects. The pupil is not examined on facts alone, but is also obliged to show his powers of analysis. The questions in history are now broader, and frequently deal with the development of nations rather than with the incidental facts which marked this development. In the English examination, the candidate is obliged to show his practical acquaintance with English forms and good use by correcting specimens of bad English, and by writing a short composition on a subject chosen from the books he has read. To be able to do this he must have read the books intelligently, and must have had sufficient practice in writing to express himself readily and clearly.

The advanced studies are supposed to occupy equal amounts of time in preparation, and in that sense are considered equivalent. Hence the student, in making his choice of two or more of them, is guided only by his tastes and abilities. The examinations in them demand the same kind of training that has been pointed out in reference to the elementary studies. Each subject must be studied from this same point of view, namely, to train the thinking powers as well as to store the mind with useful facts.

In the four language studies the pupil must read more advanced works; that is, works in which the style is less simple and the thought more profound. He passes from simple narrative to poetry or argumentative prose. The requirement in Latin is the reading at sight of average passages from Cicero and Virgil. In Greek the passages are chosen from Homer or Herodotus. In Latin and Greek composition the candidate must

be able to translate passages of connected English narrative into good Latin and Greek. In French and German he must show his familiarity with certain specified works which have become classic, and, moreover, must also be able to read at sight any passage of standard French and German prose, and to write in these languages about the books which he has read. In physics he must perform sixty additional experiments, covering the same branches of the science which he has already studied, but requiring more skill and knowledge of physics. The examination is like that in elementary physics. In chemistry he must perform sixty experiments, covering the elements of the science. He must keep a laboratory record, as in physics, and his examination is of the same kind. In mathematics he goes from algebra and geometry into higher branches of mathematical science. In trigonometry he must not only study the science itself, but must also understand its practical application to surveying and navigation. In solid geometry he applies his power of geometrical reasoning which was got by a study of plane geometry to the study of surfaces and solids. In analytical geometry he applies his knowledge of algebra to the study of plane figures and conic sections. In advanced algebra he studies the more abstract conceptions of higher algebraic analysis.

From this brief discussion of the forms of examination and the kind of instruction which is required to meet such examination, it is seen that the desire of the college is to require each student who is admitted not only to have a large amount of useful knowledge, but at the same time to know how to use this knowledge to the best advantage. All the changes which have been made tend toward this desirable end. The old system of examination aimed to find out whether the candidate had studied those books in language or science which the college recommended. The new system aims to find out whether he can reason and use the knowledge he has gained from those books. For instance, he is not asked to show that he has read Cæsar, but that he can read it. No cramming can enable him to pass such examinations as these. Hence he must be educated. Every pupil lays a good foundation to build his superstructure on, and can pursue the courses of study offered to him in college to the best advantage. Each elementary study is of great practical value to every man, whatever is to be his calling in life, and can therefore be prescribed for all candidates without imposing unnecessary and profitless work upon any one. Each subject, if taught as the college evidently means to have it taught, makes the student think, and gives its own peculiar training to his mind, beside imparting useful knowledge. The classics give him broad yet exact conceptions, and enable him to read their ancient literature when he is older and can appreciate it. The modern languages give the same training to his mind, but to a much smaller extent, and open to him the living literatures of two great nations beside his own. The mathematics give exact but narrow conceptions, and the power to solve the practical problems which meet a man at every turn. The natural sciences, while enlarging his thinking powers, give him a knowledge of the forces around him, and show him how truth may be learned from phenomena. English teaches him how to write and speak his own tongue, and introduces him to the great thoughts of our own literature. History gives him an insight into the deeds and motives of great men and into the development of great nations. In short, every subject enlarges the student's mind, and stores this enlarged mind with knowledge. Surely such a requirement as this is a good foundation for a liberal education.

James Jay Greenough.

THE SLAYING OF THE GERRYMANDER.

EVER since the year 1812, when Governor Gerry, of Massachusetts, signer of the Declaration of Independence and doer of many other worthy things, was "damned to everlasting fame" by the verbalizing of his name, the "gerrymander" has been a source of much trouble to the lovers of political liberty. The anti-Federalists, during their temporary ascendency at that time, established a precedent which has been as a shining mark for every political trickster in the land down to this day; for, by cutting up old districts and dismembering counties, those astute politicians were able so to reconstruct the senatorial districts of the State that in the following election, though they polled but 50,164 votes, they secured twenty-nine Senators, while the Federalists, with 51,766 votes, got but eleven Senators. Such a result is one long to be remembered by those who look to their ancestors as the source of all wisdom and virtue; it is an ever-present incentive to the ambitious in evil ways. The fantastic figure outlined by the district which the Republicans made from portions of Worcester and Essex counties, and dubbed by the artist Gilbert Stuart a "Salamander," and by Mr. Russell, editor of the Columbian Centinel, a "Gerrymander," has been duplicated with more or less fidelity many times in the various States, as one party or another has gained the ascendency. And while the zealous followers of those old-time political assassins may not have turned out anything quite so artistic, zoölogically considered, it must be admitted that, diabolically, they have been quite as ingenious.

The term "gerrymander" applies to-day, as it did in 1812, to that action whereby a majority in a legislature so arranges the districts of the political unit that it can secure a much greater part of the representation than its vote entitles it to. These electoral districts, whether they be for aldermen, members of the legislature, or Congressmen, are supposed to contain a uniform population, so nearly as may be, and each is to be composed of contiguous territory whose people have common interests. But it will readily be seen that, as contiguous territory and uniformity of population are the only elements enjoined by the Constitution, the legislature can, by running the district lines in and out among the counties, arrange them in such a manner that the result will be altogether different from what it should be. As the votes in any given locality do not vary much from year to year, save when exceptional storm waves sweep over the country, it can be determined to a nicety just what results will follow from any given apportionment. Whenever a party, in apportioning a State, sees fit to throw the strongholds of its opponent into a few districts, and distributes its own votes so evenly throughout the remaining ones that they will constitute a bare majority in each, it can secure the same results as did the Massachusetts Jeffersonian Republicans in 1812.

Let Ohio serve as an illustration. The parties in that State are so evenly divided that it has long been the scene of intense political activity, and offers a most congenial climate for the gerrymander. In the election of Congressmen in 1880, the Republicans polled 50.9 per cent of the vote, and got seventy-five per cent of the representation, while the Democrats, with 47.8 per cent of the vote, secured only twenty-five per cent of the representation. The Democrats averaged 68,114 votes to a Congressman, the Republicans 24,203; it required nearly three times as many votes in one party as in the other to elect a representative.

The census giving Ohio another Congressman, the State was divided into twenty-one districts. At the following election, in 1882, the Republicans, with 46.9 per cent of the vote, secured but 38.1 per cent of the Congressmen, while the Democrats, with 50.3 per cent of the vote, got 61.9 per cent of the representation. This apportionment being unsatisfactory, the Democrats rearranged the districts just before the election of 1884, and were unintentionally quite generous to their opponents; for in the election of that year the Republicans got 47.6 per cent of the representation with a vote of 50.7 per cent, whereas the Democrats got but 52.4 per cent of the Congressmen with a vote of forty-eight per cent. But this was altogether too close to justice to suit the Ohio idea; it looked entirely too much like a representative government. The Republicans, therefore, rearranged the districts in the spring of 1886 in such a manner that in the fall elections of that year they got 71.4 per cent of the representation with 48.5 per cent of the vote, while their opponents, with 46.9 per cent of the vote, got but 28.6 per cent of the congressional delegation; the Republicans averaged 22,404 votes to a Congressman, and the Democrats 54,273. For some unknown reason the apportionment was not changed by the succeeding legislature, probably owing to the fact that the Republicans, who still controlled the legislature, thought it best to let well enough alone. With 49.7 per cent of the vote, the Republicans in 1888 obtained 76.2 per cent of the representation, while the Democrats, with 47.2 per cent of the vote, got but 23.8 per cent. The Republicans averaged 26,032 votes per Congressman, the Democrats 79,128; the Republican voter having more than three times as much representation in Congress as the Democratic voter. This seems to have been the high-water mark. The Democrats, though smarting from the depredations of the last gerrymander, reapportioned the State in 1890; but their hand had lost its cunning, for, notwithstanding the tidal wave which swept over the country in that year, they secured only 66.7 per cent of the representation with 47.5 per cent of the total vote, while the Republicans had 33.3 per cent of the Congressmen with a vote of 49.1 per cent. The Democrats averaged 25,109 votes per Congressman; the Republicans, 51,803. The present legislature is Republican, and is busily engaged in reconstructing the districts, and the political world awaits with impatient curiosity the result of its labors. Thus the State has been fought over for years, — gerrymandered and re-gerrymandered, and gerrymandered again; each party striving, as opportunity offered, to surpass the villainies of its opponent.

As a mathematical exercise, these jugglings with apportionments are good; as a crazy-quilt pattern, the congressional district maps rank high, for the running of their lines would put to shame the maker of the Cretan labyrinth; or such ingenuity may serve as an amusement for children and feeble-minded statesmen. But what in the name of political integrity has this to do with popular government? Are the citizens of this country such children or fools as to imagine for a moment that political liberty and morality can thrive, or even survive, in such an atmosphere? Or are they reckless knaves engaged in internecine strife?

By means of the all-potent gerrymander, the party controlling the legislature can not only deprive its opponent of a just share in the representation, but it can so make up the districts that a particularly obnoxious, because powerful, opponent will be overcome by an adverse majority. It was thus that Major McKinley was deprived of his seat in Congress by the Democrats, at the last election. In the same way the Republican legislature of Pennsylvania kept Mr. Randall in Congress; a protectionist

Democrat of his ability and prominence being of more use to them than any available Republican. It is thus that any man may be kept in or out of Congress as suits the ends of the party making the apportionments; men of national reputation are at the mercy of the petty politicians who can by hook or by crook get themselves into the state legislatures.

The political jugglery practiced in such States as Ohio is responsible for what may be called the artificial gerrymander; but there is another and more common form of disfranchisement, due to what may be called the natural gerrymander. A recent writer on this subject says that "a State may be fairly apportioned, and yet the minority party be able to elect none of the Congressmen, or a smaller number than its vote would seem to entitle it to." To say that a party may fairly be denied what it is entitled to is only to declare that water will not seek its level when frozen. And yet men who masquerade in the guise of statesmen accept as a perfect political system that in which a party may poll a third or two fifths of the vote year after year without securing any share in the representation. Under that system, it often happens that the voters are so evenly divided throughout the State that, no matter how the districts are made up, the majority party in the State will have a majority in each district. Such is the condition in Kansas, Minnesota, Texas, and other States. Again it may happen that the strength of one party lies within a very small compass, while that of the other is evenly distributed throughout the State. Thus in New York the Democratic strength lies mostly in and about New York city, while that of the Republicans is spread over the whole State. The Democrats often carry the State, but seldom get a majority in the legislature or in the congressional delegation.

But the difference between the natural and the artificial gerrymander is merely the distinction between manslaughter and murder. From a moral point of view it is very important to the slayer which term is applied to his deed, but it is the same in either case to the victim, — he is dead. The men who apportioned Massachusetts and Kansas may have done so with the utmost regard for justice and fair play, while those who arranged the districts in Ohio may have purposely distorted them; but the result is the same in both cases, — the victim is dead.

Much has been said of late about the gerrymander, — a little about the natural, and a good deal about the artificial, — and some spasmodic efforts have been made to destroy the beast. Many means have been proposed, but most of them have been in the nature of palliatives; they signally fail to go to the root of the matter. Sometimes it is proposed to raise the people to such a degree of political integrity that they will not tolerate such doings. As well try to mend the wrong-doings in the city's police department by making the citizens so honest that policemen will be unnecessary. It has also been proposed that Congress take charge of the congressional apportionments; but it may be anticipated that this would merely change the scene of action without material benefit. Another proposition is that Congressmen be elected by majority vote from the State at large; but this would only destroy the disease by killing the patient, since, under such a plan, the minority party would have no representation at all. Still another suggestion is to give the voters first and second choice; this applies only to the majority party, for the minority has no choice at all. The cumulative vote has also been proposed, and was recommended by a special committee of the Senate in 1869. This is a long way in advance of the other proposals, as it would stop gerrymandering and give the minority parties representation, but the plan is objectionable because so wasteful.

A party might throw all its votes for one man when it could elect two, or it might divide its vote between two men and fail to get either when it could have had one; its uncertainty is a grave defect. Many other schemes have been proposed, but all of them are more or less weighed down by fundamental defects, save one, — the quota system.

There are various ways of applying the quota system, but the simplest, and for that reason perhaps the best, may be briefly stated thus: abolish the electoral districts entirely, and allow all parties in the State to put tickets in the field, each containing as many names as the party sees fit, up to the whole number to be elected. This of course includes tickets put up by independent organizations and the minority parties. The voter selects his ticket and votes it as a whole, but marks thereon the name of the candidate whom he prefers. When all the ballots cast in the State for Congressmen are counted, the whole number is divided by the number of men to be elected, which gives the quota, or number of votes necessary to elect one candidate. Each party vote is now divided by this quota, which gives to it the number of Congressmen to which it is entitled; the successful candidates of the party being those who stand highest in order of preference. If the party has a sufficient number of votes to fill one quota, that name on the ticket which is the choice of the greatest number of voters is taken; if two quotas are filled, the first and second go in, and so on. Thus in 1890 there were 739,063 votes cast for Congressmen in Ohio. Dividing this by twenty-one, the number of men to be elected, gives a quota of 35,193, the number of votes necessary to elect one Congressman. The Republicans polled 362,624 votes, which, divided by the quota (35,193), gives ten full quotas and a remainder of 10,694. The Democrats cast 351,528 votes, which, by the same process, gives nine full quotas and a remainder of 34,791. The Prohibitionists polled 21,891 votes, and the United Labor men 3020. There being still two men to be chosen, they are taken from the parties having the largest unfilled quotas, the Democratic and Prohibition. This gives a congressional delegation of ten Republicans, ten Democrats, and one Prohibitionist, instead of the present one of seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats.

The evils springing from the natural and from the artificial gerrymander are fundamental in their nature. All politicians might be as honest as saints, and yet the bad results of the present system would remain. The district lines gird about the body politic and hamper it in its movements just as do ligatures about the human body; and as the one prevents the flow of life-giving blood and causes disease, so the other, by preventing the expression of new ideas, prepares the way for corruption and decay. Remove these artificial restraints, and let the people in all parts of the State unite as their mutual interests dictate, and elect such representatives as they think best. When the change was made, in 1842, from electing Congressmen from the State at large by a majority vote, the district plan was the best known, and was a great improvement over the old way. But political science as well as physical science has made great progress in the last half century. It is not enough to say that the district plan is better than that which it displaced; nothing but the best is good enough. The quota system is as simple as the present one; it is as exact as it is possible to be without becoming complicated and cumbersome; and it requires the least possible change in present laws and customs. It would destroy utterly the gerrymander, natural and artificial, — there would be nothing left to gerrymander. It would remove from the hands of petty politicians the power to say who shall represent the people.

That the present state of affairs is unnatural and dangerous, not only Ohio, which elected sixteen Republicans and five Democrats in 1888, and seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats in 1890, with a change of only a few thousand votes in the whole State, but Indiana, New York, and many other States testify. Such doings may be good politics, but they are far from being good morals; they may serve temporary party ends, but, if persisted in, they will surely bring disaster upon the country which tolerates them. Men may try to ease their consciences by thinking that the other party would and does do the same thing when it gets the opportunity, or that their party must gerrymander this State because the other party has gerrymandered that; they may try to console themselves with the reflection that all is fair in love and politics, or that the general average is not so bad as it might be; but it will not do. So surely as there is order in nature, so surely as things make for righteousness, all this evil work will have to be undone. Nothing is lost in nature, nothing wasted; there are no short cuts in the journey of progress; every false step must be retraced, every false deed done aright. The plea of ignorance will not avail. The crime of chattel slavery was expiated in blood and tears none the less because people believed in human bondage; the law of nature had been violated, and she exacted the full penalty. What nature demanded of past generations she will exact of this and of those to come. The class legislation which has made millionaires of some and paupers of many, which has conferred public wealth upon private individuals, and which has brought the country to a grave social and industrial crisis will not go unrebuked because done in ignorance. Much of this is due to the fact that the representatives do not represent the people. Voters have been cooped up in political pens, constructed by the ingenuity of the leaders of the dominant party, where they have been as helpless as in an Asiatic despotism. From the very nature of the case, independent political action has been impossible. The saving remnant has been cast aside, trampled on or ignored. New ideas which might have leavened the lump have failed of utterance. Politics in close States has degenerated into contests between political adventurers, while in those States where one party or another has a decided majority stagnation and decay naturally follow.

The disease is self-evident, the cause is patent, the remedy is adequate.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

Miss Edwards's attractive book [1] contains the substance of a course of lectures recently delivered in this country, and now recast, with additions, notes, and references. It is in great part a compilation from the voluminous literature of the subject, but a compilation made by one who has seen much of what she describes, and who has a hearty intellectual sympathy with the work of discovery. The graphic chapter on the explorer in Egypt, with which the work opens, puts clearly before us the kind and the extent of the work to be done, the difficulties to be overcome, and the splendid rewards to be expected. The mounds which lie scattered over the

[1] *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers.* By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

delta of the Nile resemble gigantic ant-hills, and may be counted by hundreds. The greater number of these still await the spade of the explorer. The typical mound rests upon what was once the sand of the Mediterranean, and a vertical shaft might cut through "the relics of a hundred and sixty-eight generations of men, with a semi-barbarian settlement at the bottom and a Christian town at the top," stratum upon stratum of human habitations from about 4700 B. C. to 600 A. D.

The work of the Egypt Exploration Fund receives the notice which it so fully merits. In fact, perhaps the most interesting part of that work is the account of the recent discoveries of the French and English: Thus, tablets with cuneiform characters occur in large numbers at Tell el Amarna, in upper Egypt. In 1887, at Tell el Yahûdieh, in lower Egypt, M. Naville discovered an ancient Jewish cemetery. Some three years ago Mr. Petrie obtained a complete copy of the second book of the Iliad written in beautiful Greek uncial characters, and we may look forward to the discovery of the history of Egypt by Manetho, the poems of Sappho, the comedies of Menander, and the mimes of Sophron which Plato loved. One of the mimes of Herodas has been found and translated into English. Not least in importance are the masons' deposits under the corners of buildings observed by Mr. Petrie, and since detected under almost every building examined with proper care. These consist of models of tools and materials, and others commemorative of the ceremonies performed in laying foundations. They will be of great importance in determining the age of buildings.

The discovery of Pithom in 1883 was followed by excavations at Tanis, by that of the Greek city of Naukratis in 1885, and of Daphnæ in 1886. Daphnæ is the Defenneh of the Arabs and the Tahpanhes of the Old Testament. Tanis is the Zoan of the Jews, and the Pa-Tum of Sukkut is the Pithom of Succoth. The excavations made at Tanis recently are those which have most interested scholars. The dwelling of a certain Bekakhia contained a remarkable portrait statuette of himself, while in a neighboring house was found a zodiac painted in gold and colors on a sheet of thin glass, and supposed to be the only known example of ancient glass-painting. In this house there were also seven waste-paper baskets full of letters, deeds, memoranda, and other writings, some on parchment and some on papyrus, both in Greek and in Egyptian. The discovery of a work on the constitution of Athens, attributed to Aristotle, is doubtless familiar to all. It has been edited and published in full. Details of the recent discoveries as to early Greek colonies in Egypt will be new to most readers. Two of these were first recognized by Mr. Petrie, one being three thousand and the other fifteen hundred years before our era. But of still greater interest is the apparently highly probable identification of a people known to the Egyptians as "Tursha" with the Etruscans, who appear originally to have occupied a portion of Lydia. The identification is not absolutely complete, but the evidence in its favor is strong.

The chapter on portrait painting in ancient Egypt is interesting. From the multiplicity of details we select a few which are, we think, but little known outside of the circle of professed Egyptologists. Portraits of a very remarkable character have been found, and Mr. Petrie has given us photographs of four typical heads, the Syrian, the Libyan, the negro, and the Sardinian. But there are also photographs of portraits taken from mummy cases, painted upon flat panels, and marking the first appearance of the art of true painting in Egypt. These are thirteen in number, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian, and are extremely characteristic.

The chapter on portrait sculpture con-

tains much that is comparatively new. Perhaps, in view of the yet unsolved mystery of the Hyksos people, the colossal head of a Hyksos king sculptured in black granite is most interesting, from its ethnological character.

Miss Edwards's work is, as we have stated, principally a compilation, and, except for her account of the recent discoveries of the Egypt Exploration Fund, contains little that is strictly new to those versed in the subject. But it is well written and exceedingly well illustrated, and readers who take it up with little or no knowledge of the subjects of which it treats will find it most acceptable. Chapters on Egyptian literature, religion, language, and modes of writing follow those which we have specially noticed.

Mr. Martin Brimmer, in a volume of exceptionally fine mechanical form,[1] gives a *résumé* of what is best worth knowing about Egypt, — drawn from sources accessible to all, it is true, but presented with scholarly grace, and with a certain delicacy of feeling which lends to the work a peculiar charm. There is here no flavor of the guidebook or museum catalogue, but our author leads us, with grave courtesy, through the no longer tangled mazes of what is dear to all scholars, the history, religion, and art of ancient Egypt. In a work like this the old Egyptian lives again. "We know what were the teachings, what the ritual, what the fundamental ideas, of the religion of Egypt. We know the story of its monumental art and the three purposes to which that art was limited: to adorn the worship of the gods, to glorify the living, to express reverence for the dead."

Mr. Brimmer begins by describing clearly the peculiar character of the country, for there is an intellectual as well as a geographical topography, and to a certain degree the latter determines the former. The Egyptian was shut in as by a wall. The desert, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean formed his geographical, and to a great extent limited his mental horizon. Egypt is one great plain, watered by one great river. At the earliest period of its history the nation was homogeneous and spoke a single language. It was essentially peace-loving, and, though sometimes engaged in war, appears never to have recognized the truth of the Greek saying πόλεμος πατὴρ πάντων. Of all nations of antiquity, the Egyptian alone had no traceable beginning. There was in Egypt no stone age, and no succession of bronze and iron. The author is disposed to admit the theory that the Egyptians came from Asia, and that their racial affinities were with the Semites. But, so far as we know, the ethnologist has not yet fully traced the analogies and the differences between the physical characters of the Egyptians and those of other races. The extraordinary breadth of chest and shoulders which we find in all Egyptian statues and portraits and in mummies characterizes no other nation. The Egyptian face is not Semitic, and verbal coincidences carry no great weight when not supported by other and independent evidence.

In his essay on the religion of ancient Egypt Mr. Brimmer gives with great clearness the results of the most recent discoveries. For these we must refer the reader to the work itself. The essay contains a number of translated inscriptions, many of which are singularly beautiful. The analogies between the ancient religion and Christianity in certain points are very striking. The essay on the art of ancient Egypt gives us perhaps little that is wholly new, but is an acceptable and attractive statement of origin, progress, and decay. Mr. Brimmer's work has a real value for the large class of cultivated readers who have no time for

[1] *Egypt.* Three Essays on the History, Religion, and Art of Ancient Egypt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

profound and detailed study, but who wish to have at least that acquaintance with the subject which every well-educated person must desire, and who enjoy good taste, delicate feeling, and good English.

Mr. Fullerton's sketch of Cairo and Cairene life [1] is a trifle, scarcely more than a long magazine paper, but it is worth the necessary half hour's reading, for it gives a vivid picture of a city which is fast losing its Oriental character and becoming European. The work has a few words upon ancient Egypt. The picture is well painted, with a pleasant lightness of touch, though we see everywhere the marks of the brush on the canvas, the writer's style suggesting a somewhat deliberate attempt at fine writing. The smallness of the book saves the reader from the weariness which would come over him if he were forced to make a longer journey with the author.

Only a few years have elapsed since an English traveler, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, visited Siberia, studied the Russian system of penal servitude, and, returning home, wrote a work in which Siberian mines and prisons were described as all that could be desired, from the point of view of humanity and justice. Mr. Kennan, who went over substantially the same ground, presents us with two elaborate volumes [2] of what is virtually a report, and draws for us pictures of cruelty and savage neglect which have few parallels in history, and none in modern times. He states expressly in his preface that a very small proportion of his report — probably less than one fifth — rests upon the statements of exiles or prisoners, while perhaps more than half of his information in regard to Siberian prisoners and the working of the exile system has been taken directly from official sources. As we propose to deal chiefly with this report, we shall pass over the part of the work which relates to the author's journeyings and his description of the country visited, and only remark that his work is extremely well written and beautifully illustrated. In fact, simply as a book of travels it is of great interest.

Passing over, then, the details of his journey, we find Mr. Kennan and his friend and companion, Mr. Frost, at Tiumen, a town of 19,000 inhabitants, 1700 miles east of St. Petersburg, near the junction of the Túra and Toból rivers. All persons condemned to banishment, colonization, or penal servitude are sent first to the Tiumen prison. There are kept the records of the exile system. From these it appears that between the years 1825 and 1887 inclusive 772,979 exiles were sent to Siberia. These may be arranged in four classes: —

1. Hard-labor convicts.
2. Penal colonists.
3. Persons simply banished.
4. Women and children who go voluntarily with exiled relatives.

Exiles of the third class comprise: —

a. Vagrants, persons without passports who refuse to disclose their identity.

b. Persons banished by the sentence of a court.

c. Persons banished by the village communes to which they belong.

d. Persons banished by order of the Minister of the Interior.

It appears from the statistics given that the largest single class is composed of women and children, who go to Siberia voluntarily with husbands or fathers, and that of all who go to Siberia as criminals less than half have had a trial by a court, the rest having been exiled by a simple order from the Minister of the Interior. The political exiles are distributed among all classes, and there is no

[1] *In Cairo.* By William Morton Fullerton. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

[2] *Siberia and the Exile System.* By George Kennan. In two volumes. New York: The Century Co. 1891.

way of distinguishing political criminals from common felons. The number of political offenders is much smaller than is commonly supposed, approximately, at least, one per cent of the total number of exiles. This estimate is, however, only for the six years between 1879 and 1885, and does not include about one hundred thousand Polish insurgents and some thousands of political conspirators.

At Tiumen all exiles go into the forwarding prison, and lie there about two weeks. They are then sent in convict barges to the city of Tomsk. Mr. Kennan's description of the prison at Tiumen reminds one of the holds of the slavers in the days of the African trade, and we shall refer the reader to the original for the sickening details. The hospital, so called, was in a horrible condition. The warden said that about three hundred patients died every year, and that there was an epidemic of typhus almost every fall. "What can you expect," said he, "when buildings hardly adequate to the accommodation of eight hundred persons are made to hold eighteen hundred?" The death-rate in the hospital was 23.1 per cent, but in the prison from 23.7 to 44.1, while in seven years out of eleven it was thirty per cent.

At Tiumen Mr. Kennan witnessed the departure of a marching exile party, nearly all persons banished by Russian communes. The impression which we get in this case is one of great harshness, but not necessarily of cruelty. Criminals destined for points in eastern Siberia are transported from Tiumen to Tomsk in convict barges towed by the passenger steamers. The voyage occupies from seven to ten days, and between 1880 and 1884, 52,717 convicts and exiles were transported in this way. Without going into detail, we may say that here, also, there appeared to be no signs of cruelty, so far, at least, as external conditions were concerned.

Our travelers first met political exiles at Semipalátinsk, where they obtained introductions to a number of very interesting persons. Mr. Kennan relates his conversations with many of these. He found them to be "bright, intelligent, well-informed men and women, with warm affections, quick sympathies, generous impulses, and high standards of honor and duty." There were no signs of ill treatment. They had books, and seemed tolerably contented. At Urbinsk other political exiles were met with, chiefly professional men and students. At Ust-Kámenogórsk most of the exiles were of noble birth, or belonged to the privileged classes.

The chapter on exile by administrative process is one of the most instructive in the work. Mr. Kennan defines such exile to be "the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that in most civilized countries precede the deprivation of rights and the restriction of personal liberty." A great number of cases are given to illustrate the definition. Mr. Kennan justly says: —

"The grotesque injustice, the heedless cruelty, and the preposterous 'mistakes' and 'misunderstandings' that mark the history of administrative exile . . . are due to the complete absence in the Russian form of government of checks upon the executive power, and the almost equally complete absence of official responsibility for unjust or illegal action. . . . Theoretically, the Minister of the Interior, aided by a council composed of three of his own subordinates and two officers from the Minister of Justice, reviews and reëxamines the cases of all political offenders who are dealt with by administrative process; but practically he does nothing of the kind, and it is impossible that he should do anything of the kind, for the very simple reason that he has not the time."

The description of the Tomsk forwarding prison is a fit pendant to that of the

prison at Tiumen. This prison was designed to hold fourteen hundred prisoners. When Mr. Kennan saw it, it contained more than three thousand, and the convict barges, as they arrived every week, increased the number by from five to eight hundred, while only four hundred a week could be forwarded. The account of the *balagins*, or prison sheds, is too shocking for repetition here. The acting governor of the province stated that the condition of affairs at Tomsk had been reported to St. Petersburg every year, but that nothing had been done, and that he had sent four urgent telegrams during the summer of Mr. Kennan's visit.

The chapter on the life of political exiles contains details of personal history, causes of exile, etc., which are of great use in enabling us to form a judgment of the workings of the exile system. The life of exiles on the road is also the subject of study under the heading Deportation by Étape, or exile station house. Marching parties of convicts, three or four hundred strong, leave Tomsk for Irkútzk every week during the year, marching from station house to station house. The condition of these is, perhaps, best described by Mr. Anuchin, the governor-general of eastern Siberia:

"During my journey to Irkútzk I inspected a great number of penal institutions, including city prisons, forwarding prisons, and *étapes*, and I regret to have to say that most of them are in a lamentable condition. The étapes are particularly bad. With very few exceptions, they are tumble-down buildings in bad sanitary condition; cold in winter, saturated with miasm, and offering very little security against escapes."

Very curious is the account given of the "Artel," a secret criminal organization. Mr. Kennan sums up his conclusions as to the transport system by saying, "The result of my investigations was a deliberate conviction that the suffering involved in the present method of transporting criminals to Siberia is not paralleled by anything of the kind that now exists outside of the Russian Empire."

The prisons at Irkútzk do not require special notice. Mr. Kennan found them, in his own language, "a little better, that is less bad, than those of Tiumen and Tomsk." The chapter on police surveillance gives a clear idea of the hardships to which political exiles are subjected by rules which prohibit them from engaging in any sort of work, no matter how well qualified they may be; the government allowing those who have no pecuniary resources three dollars per month. The kinds of torture which a brutal official can practice are, of course, numerous, and Mr. Kennan gives the world a few facts with regard to the lives of political offenders, which are impressive enough, but for which we must refer the reader to his work. The picture is one representing the effect of entrusting with absolute power ignorant, brutal, and irresponsible officials. The results are precisely those with which history has from the earliest times made us acquainted.

The mines at Kars and Nertschinsk were also visited. Of these, as penal settlements, we need only say that the latter, at least, was in rather better condition than the prisons we have already described. The chapter on the character of political exiles is of much importance as well as interest. Mr. Kennan asserts that there is no anti-government party in Russia; no party that deliberately chooses violence and bloodshed as the best means of attaining its ends, and no party that preaches or practices a philosophy of mere negation and destruction, — we use his own words. The term "nihilist" is unjust and misleading. There are, of course, fanatics and political cranks. There are men and women who have been driven mad by the infamous brutality of the Russian *régime*. But Mr. Kennan offers his own testi-

mony to the fact that, morally, the Russian revolutionists whom he met would compare favorably with any body of men and women of equal numerical strength whom he could collect from the circle of his own acquaintance.

It is a relief to turn from Mr. Kennan's account of the prisons at Tiumen, Tomsk, and Irkútzk to that which he gives of the new convict prison at Vérkni Údinsk, — one of the best, he says, which he has ever seen in any country; to that of the Alexandrófsky convict prison, near Irkútzk; and to that of the prisons in Krasnóyarsk. He is far from indiscriminately condemning the Russian officials in Siberia, many of whom appear in his pages very favorably. There are lights as well as shadows in the picture which he draws, and we believe that, on the whole, his picture is a truthful one. The appendix contains a great deal of very interesting matter connected with the text of the work.

Mrs. Bishop's work [1] consists of a series of letters "written in haste at the conclusion of fatiguing marches." Mrs. Bishop was robbed of the carefully written notes which were to have served for correction, and so apologizes for defects which the average reader is not likely to detect. The ground over which she passed has been visited by travelers innumerable, and we cannot honestly say that she adds much to our knowledge. It is chiefly as a personal narrative that the work interests us. The plucky Englishwoman had excellent opportunities for seeing the country and the people. She went through every species of hardship and discomfort, and more than once ran the risk of her life. She gives her experiences in great and often unnecessary detail, but that is the fault of all travelers. The part of the work which relates to the Bakhtiari tribes is interesting, as those savages have seldom been visited. The account of the Kurds and their lives of plunder and murder corresponds with that of travelers in general, and makes one hope that Russia will soon absorb the whole of Armenia, and so of necessity assume the duty of protecting its inhabitants. From the earliest times the Kurds — the Karduchi of Xenophon — have occupied the same district, and their record comes very near to that of the Apaches of New Mexico. Mrs. Bishop speaks with high praise of the American and English missionaries. Of these, the medical brethren are respected and beloved by all races, and conciliate all by the example of their noble, unselfish, and devoted lives. For Christianity makes no progress among Mohammedans, but the *hakim* brings with him the irresistible religion of doing good. Among the Armenians and Syrians the missionaries are more successful, and their colleges and schools are worthy of all praise. Mrs. Bishop's work is pleasant reading for those not already familiar with the districts which she traversed. All must admire her courage and self-reliance.

In a portly volume [2] Bishop Hurst attempts nothing less than a general description of India and Ceylon as they are to-day. His work is essentially a series of essays upon well-selected special subjects, and contains a great amount of information in an attractive form. Enough of historical matter is introduced, and we have an excellent book for ordinary reference, covering a very wide range of subjects, with sufficient detail for most readers, and, to say the least, pleasantly written. Such a work is of necessity, to a great extent, a compilation, but the author has been personally over most of the ground, and seen much that he has described. In

[1] *Journeyings in Persia and Kurdistan.* By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: John Murray. 1891.

[2] *Indika.* The Country and the People of India and Ceylon. By John F. Hurst, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891. Published by subscription.

reviewing Bishop Hurst's book, we are first of all met by the difficulty of making a judicious selection from so great a mass of matter. Yet as India has been described in very many works, we may, perhaps, do most justice to the book before us by calling attention to the changes in religion, manners, and customs now actually going on under the influence of British rule. The account of the Parsis of Bombay is much fuller than in ordinary books of travel. For intelligence, public spirit, and charity, they stand easily the first among Oriental races. Our author cites the denial of the educated Parsis that they worship fire, the truth being that they regard it simply as a manifestation of Deity. He admits that thus far Christianity has made almost no progress among the Parsis. With them, as with other Eastern races, the doctrine of the Trinity appears to be the great obstacle to the acceptance of the Christian faith. Not the least interesting chapter is that on the Theosophy of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. The founders of the new faith arrived in India in 1879, and began their work in Bombay. They ran a short career of successful fraud and imposture, and then departed for England. The Society for Psychical Research took up the matter, and sent an expert to India to investigate the "phenomena." With the report of this expert the whole imposture collapsed. Bishop Hurst attributes its success in India to the hostility of the natives toward Christianity. The account of the Indian languages is a good popular compend, and the struggles of the natives with English are illustrated by many ludicrous examples. Readers of the famous New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English will rejoice to hear that a similar feast awaits them in the Memoir of Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee by his admiring nephew, Mohindranauth Mookerjee. The description of this excellent person is worth quoting, as is also a touching notice of the impression produced by his untimely death: —

"When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge, and so much so that he weighed himself two *maunds*, and three and half *seers*, on Monday the 10th of April, 1871, and many able doctors said that he will very soon be caught by palsy; but to put him on guard it was required that he should take some physical exercise — which he used to do since that time. He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Lilliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and rubiform lips. He had moulded arms and legs, and the palms of his hands and feet were very small and thick with their proportionate fingers. His head was large; it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip. . . . What becomes of this spiritual is a *pons asinorum*.

"When the Hon'ble Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee left this earth all wept for him and whole Bengal was in lachrymation, and more I shall say that even the learned judges of the High Court heaved sighs and closed it on its Appellate and Original Sides."

The account of the recent departures from Brahmanism is full and interesting. Four distinct associations have appeared, all theistic in their character, and each with its literature, apostles, churches, and zealous adherents. All seem to have arisen from a general discontent with the debased forms of the old religion, and mark in a very striking manner the intellectual awakening of the Hindu race. The liquor and opium trades are treated at length. In this country, probably very few persons are aware of the extent to which the use of opium and ardent spirits prevails in India with the encouragement of the British government.

We have touched very briefly upon a few of the numerous topics of Bishop Hurst's work. The author claims our respect in many ways. He is temperate in his language, and, though a Protestant, he speaks respectfully of the Roman Church and its work, and can see good even in the heathen. The book has real and solid merit, and is eminently readable, though there is a certain flavor of the Tract Society in the style. As a very laborious and faithful compilation it must have value, no other work on India with which we are acquainted covering so much ground.

Is it disrespectful to speak of a lady as a globe-trotter? If not, we must apply the term to Miss Cumming, who has seen far more of the world than most men, and has published more books of travel than we have space to enumerate. The present work [1] is pleasantly written, or perhaps we ought to say compiled. It is full of what may be called popular natural history, — descriptions of plants and animals which are in no sense scientific, but which gratify the laudable curiosity which many persons feel about such matters, and make agreeable light reading for those who would travel if they could. Ceylon appears to be a very paradise of flowers, and Miss Cumming describes the various species of palms, the flowering trees and shrubs, the kinds of wood used for furniture, and useful plants of all kinds. The accounts of animals are still more detailed, and not a few facts of real value to the professed naturalist may be found. Miss Cumming makes the curious but by no means novel statement that the bodies of monkeys which die are never found, so that both in India and in Ceylon there is a saying to the effect that the man who sees a dead monkey, a nest of the Padda bird, or a straight palm-tree will never die. Elephants also contrive in some way to dispose of their dead, and, with the exception of a few which have died from bullet wounds, their remains are never found in the jungle. Readers of Darwin will remember his use of such observations. Less generally known is the fact that elephants take pleasure in climbing mountains which would seem to be inaccessible to them. Witness the testimony of Skinner and Hofmeister that they climb almost to the summit of Adam's Peak. Miss Cumming devotes a great deal of space to the different religions which prevail upon the island, and especially to Buddhism, in which she finds nothing to admire. In fact, we must admit that the Buddhism of the lower classes is not much above fetichism. The account of the Christian missions is very full of details, doubtless substantially true; but in all such matters one feels that the whole story is not told, and that there is necessarily another side to the picture. At the present day, out of a total population of 3,000,000, 1,800,000 are Buddhists professedly, 630,000 are Hindus, 220,000 are Mohammedans, and, according to the latest census, 285,000 are Christians. Yet the great mass of the people still believe in and practice the propitiation of evil spirits. The besetting sin of the Singhalese is their inordinate love of litigation, to which we must add their proneness to prefer false accusations and to bear false testimony. One of the chief sources of crime is the monopoly of the liquor traffic held by the government, which has consequently a direct interest in encouraging habits of drunkenness by licenses for the sale of intoxicants. Miss Cumming's book, if perhaps a little heavy, contains a great deal of information about a most interesting island, and, with some sifting and selection, is certainly attractive. The numerous reproductions of photographs are interesting; some are really charming. A good map accompanies the work.

Mr. Rockhill, who writes The Land

[1] *Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* By C. F. Gordon-Cumming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

of the Lamas,[1] is an American, who, during four years' sojourn at Pekin as secretary of our legation, acquired a knowledge of the Chinese and Tibetan languages. He is, we believe, the only American who has ever visited Tibet, and, as he himself states, parts of the country which he traversed had been visited only by Prjevalsky and the Pundit Kishen Sing, a British emissary, whose interesting journey is well known to readers of geographical periodicals. Mr. Rockhill dressed and lived like a Chinese, and was incumbered by none of the usual impedimenta of travelers. He decided to enter Tibet from the north, as Fathers Huc and Gabet had done in 1845, and, leaving Pekin with one servant, started upon his journey through northern China to Tibet. His route map is, unfortunately, executed upon much too small a scale, being apparently a reduction of a larger map. The names are in extremely fine print, and the whole route is, consequently, very difficult to follow. The sketch map of the Chinese Empire is better, but not good. A cart journey of 1350 miles from Pekin brought our author to Lanchou, a city of from 70,000 to 80,000 inhabitants, chiefly Mohammedans, and the chief town of the province of Kan-su. The Mohammedans here are far from conversant with the tenets of their faith, having but slight acquaintance with Arabic, and quoting the Koran in Chinese. The total number of Mohammedans in western China, according to the best authorities, is now about 30,000,000. They have several times risen against the Chinese, and it is easy to see that sooner or later they will undertake to propagate their faith by the sword. Mr. Rockhill, like other travelers, notices the fact that the Salar Mohammedans differ physically from the Chinese, having aquiline noses, long oval faces, and large eyes, indicating a strain of Turkish blood. Further on, at Hsi-ning, our traveler dressed himself in a Mongol gown and fur cap, and with a clean-shaved head and face reached Lusar. Here the mixture of races, Chinese, Mongols, Tibetans, and tribes of mixed Turkish descent, was remarkable. The author gives a detailed account of the manners and customs of the Tibetans at this place and its neighborhood, for which we must, however, refer the reader to his work. The route then led to Lake Koko-nor, the azure lake. This lake is some 230 miles in circumference, and about 10,900 feet above sea level. The water is salty, and apparently not very deep. In this district boots are the unit of value, and goods are paid for in boots. Mr. Rockhill warmly defends the accuracy and integrity of Father Huc, who has been severely attacked. Huc appears to have written his work from memory some years after the events he describes. Our author says that this work cannot be too highly praised, and that if it had been properly edited and accompanied by notes Prjevalsky's accusation would never have been accepted.

Leaving the Koko-nor, Mr. Rockhill went through the province of Ts'aidam. The Mongols here are devoted Buddhists, and are continually mumbling prayers, twirling prayer-wheels, or doing both. The number of Lamas in Tibet is simply astounding. In a distance of 600 miles the author found forty Lamaseries, in the smallest of which there were 100 monks, while in five there were from 2000 to 4000. The Lamas are everywhere *de facto* the masters of the country. "Nearly all the wealth acquired by trading, donations, money-lending, and bequests is in their hands. Their landed property is frequently enormous; their serfs and bondsmen swarm." Our traveler compares the Lamas to the Templars. Every Lama is well armed and well mounted,

[1] *The Land of the Lamas.* By WILLIAM WOODVILLE ROCKHILL. New York: The Century Co. 1892.

and always ready to resist the local chiefs or the Chinese, or to attack a rival Lamasery. The account of Tibet is very full. Mr. Rockhill thinks that the total population will not exceed 3,800,000, of which about 2,000,000 inhabit the kingdom of Lhasa. The author arrived safely at Shanghae, descending the Yang-tsu-Chiang. His courage and pluck command our hearty admiration, and his book is a really valuable contribution both to geography and ethnology. A number of very interesting supplementary notes and tables conclude the work.

Mr. Norman has given us a work [1] which is at once instructive and agreeable. In the author's own language, his essays constitute an attempt to place before the reader an account of some of the chief aspects and institutions of Japanese life as it really is to-day. He had uncommon facilities for his work. Every opportunity for the study of the various departments of government was offered him. A Japanese gentleman from the civil service was placed at his disposal as translator and interpreter, and he spent months of special investigation at the capital. The first essay, At Home in Japan, gives a lively and amusing description of a Japanese house, and of the mode of life in it. The summary of the dinner is eminently suggestive: "Delicate in form and substance, characterized by infinite kindliness and merriment, subject to strict and immemorial rules, a Japanese dinner is typical of the Japanese people. Most foreigners are delighted with it as a novel experience, and hasten to supplement it with a beefsteak or a dish of poached eggs." The *geisha*, or girl musicians who appear at such entertainments, made a great impression upon our traveler, and he devotes a number of photographs and much pleasant description to them and their attractive ways. The account of Japanese journalism is both amusing and suggestive. We find nearly all the "institutions" with which we are familiar, the interviewer, the reporter, the newspaper boy, perfectly well defined. We have personal sketches of various editors, remarks on the difficulties of using both the Chinese ideographic and the Japanese syllabic modes of writing, and a broad view of the whole subject of the Japanese press. Then follows a chapter on Japanese justice, which seems to be indeed justice tempered with mercy. The details of the modes of punishment are curious, and one may well ponder the forms of systematic labor to which convicts are subjected. We have next the subject of education. "It is intended," said an official address to the people of Japan, issued in 1872 by special order of the Emperor, "that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." This ideal has been sought under great difficulties. Mr. Norman sums up the result in a few words: "Education is compulsory and secular. It is not gratuitous. It consists of five parts, kindergartens, elementary schools, middle schools, special schools, and universities." Our limits will permit us only to refer to Mr. Norman's very interesting chapter. It will be sufficient to quote the words: "I found that in five years' time there will hardly be a position involving high practical scientific knowledge filled by a foreigner in Japan. The architects, the naval architects, the engineers, the chemical and agricultural experts, the physicians and surgeons, the assayers and masters of the mint, will all be graduates of Japanese universities."

The fact that Japan has become a military power of no small magnitude has hitherto, perhaps, excited little attention. Yet Mr. Norman states that

[1] *The Real Japan.* Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and Politics. By HENRY NORMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

the dockyard at Yokosuka is not behind Woolwich and Portsmouth in much except size. The Armstrong cruisers are among the finest vessels of their class afloat. The war department has at least 40,000 men under arms, and could put 100,000 well-armed men in the field. The men are solidly built and "stocky," and the army is a true European force, whose march and company drill are first-rate.

Very well written chapters on the arts and crafts of Japan follow, but the ground has been gone over so often that we may well refer the reader to the book itself. Two chapters full of painful suggestions conclude the work. One relates to the necessity for the abolition of the treaties with foreign nations by which Japan is ranked with semi-barbarous states, of the opening of Japan to the enterprise of the world's capitalists, and of her admission to the modern comity of nations. The other discusses the future of Japan. The various political questions and points in political history in these final chapters are carefully and thoughtfully considered. As critics, it is our duty to find at least some fault with Mr. Norman's work, but, with the best intentions, we have found nothing at which to cavil.

Mr. Norman saw Japan with the eyes of a cultivated man, full of taste and feeling. Sir Edwin Arnold saw Japan with the eyes of a poet. There is perhaps not much that is new in his work,[1] but the "mode of putting it" is at least very charming. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has all the while "divine caprices," and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come during the moist and chilly months, the light is very splendid and of a peculiar silvery tone, while the summer days are golden. While on the whole a healthy climate and excellent for children, it must not be too greatly extolled. Autumn and spring are the best seasons. From November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the winds are often savagely bleak. We pass over the pleasant descriptions of home construction, upon which many travelers have dwelt at length, as well as the account of Japanese religion, and come at once to the delightful and instructive chapter on the Japanese treatment of flowers from the æsthetic point of view. The Japanese have systematized their love of flowers, including all beautiful and ornamental leaves, stems, branches, and even stumps and roots, the blossom being rather a detail than the central point. The seven princely flowers are the chrysanthemum, narcissus, maple, cherry, peony, rhodea, and wistaria. The iris is also princely, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color. The arrangement of flowers is raised to a branch of art. The vessels which are to hold flowers are also subjects of study. Probably a Japanese would commit hara-kiri, if presented with one of the hideous colored glass vases into which the barbarous American delights to put flowers. The details which Sir Edwin gives of flower arrangement as a fine art are also well worth studying. In all that concerns flowers we have still much to learn from our Asiatic brethren. The florist's stiff bouquet must go, the sooner the better, and something at least approaching to artistic feeling govern the adjustment of even a bunch of mignonette.

Sir Edwin never tires of extolling the charming manners of the Japanese, even of the poorest, their exquisite personal cleanliness, and the sweet courtesy with which they acknowledge the smallest obligation. His admiration of the Japanese women has been so much quoted that we may assume that it is familiar to our readers. He embodies it in a charming poem called the Musmee. Yet

[1] *Japonica.* By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

one great fault of the Japanese character is the contempt with which women are regarded by men. The position of a woman is little if at all better than that of a slave, and she may be divorced at her husband's pleasure. We have touched very lightly upon Sir Edwin Arnold's charming work, and have sometimes used his own language to do him the more justice. The book contains no politics, no philosophical musings or views, but is what most readers will cordially welcome, a delightful picture of something worthy to be painted.

RECENT AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FICTION.

FICTION, for many persons, is the one form of art which they are permitted to enjoy to the full; it sets them free from imprisoning circumstance, and makes them for a while masters of themselves because admitted to the freedom of another world. It is a great gain, therefore, when a novel, besides carrying one away, as the phrase is, by its story-telling power, borrows elements from other forms of art, and enriches the reader by appeals such as architecture, sculpture, music, painting, or poetry makes to the sensitive mind. If, for example, one has never seen a great architectural structure, massive in its complex form, rich in its multitudinous detail, but has read Victor Hugo's Les Misérables, he has received from that work, beyond a notion of other human lives, an impress which is a faint simulacrum of that offered by a great building into which art has wrought a charm independent of the uses of the building. The rustic reader who has never stood before the still-breathing marble, but has brooded over the figures in Hawthorne's romance, Hilda, Donatello, Miriam, knows something of the charm which springs from companying with the figures of human sculpture when the sculptor has breathed into them the breath of life, yet left them remote, wrapped in the solitude of their own inscrutable being. Again, there is a lyrical beauty about the Vicar of Wakefield which affects one as Haydn's music may. But no doubt the art which lends most to the novel, and is most conspicuously present in it, is the art of design. That is to say, while the novelist and the draughtsman both desire to set vividly before the imagination scenes whether of landscape with figures or of figures with a background, and each uses his own means, one words and the other lines, the novelist suggests the draughtsman oftener than the draughtsman suggests the novelist. It is true that a picture is said to tell a story, and this is sometimes considered a condemnation of its value as a work of art, but more often a story is praised heartily for its pictorial effect. Yet there is a further, a heightened value now and then in a novel, which we can state to ourselves in no terms so exact as when we say not merely that the novelist is a designer, a term which may be made to cover pattern-making, but that the novelist is a painter, and this name we should give preëminently to Miss Murfree as represented in her latest book.[1]

Whoever has read In the "Stranger People's" Country attentively — and the book demands close attention — has seen a succession of masterly paintings, and is almost as much impressed by color, by light and shade, as if his very organs of sight had rested upon canvas

[1] *In the "Stranger People's" Country.* By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

and pigments. So intent is the author upon these successive effects that she relies upon them for carrying the story, and leaves the reader to construct one somewhat necessary link in the chain of events which constitutes the plot out of scattered hints and inferences. If one chooses so to regard it, the whole story turns upon the highway robbery and Steve Yates's connection with it; but one is not present at this scene, and is left to conjecture what circumstances compelled Yates to be a reluctant member of the gang. There is a fine art in this, but we suspect it was less premeditated than due to an instinctive subordination of the mere narrative to the dramatic conception, and the drama is developed rather by successive *tableaux vivants* than by action. The scene in the robber's hiding-place when Guthrie surprises the gang is a masterly piece of drawing. In the hands of a lesser artist the violence would have been the prominent element; in Miss Murfree's handling the attention is concentrated upon the lights and shadows, upon the figures in their changing relations, and all the violence is dispatched in a moment of lightning-like rapidity.

The vividness with which the scenes are presented is due to the meaning with which they are charged, and to the imaginative skill with which the details are perfected. Miss Murfree has completed her analysis of her characters before she draws them. Only now and then does she permit herself, as in the changing relations of Shattuck and Rhodes, to dwell at length upon the movement of mind before action. As a rule, all is translated into the terms of speech and behavior, and given so clear a tone, so sharp an accent, that the meaning cannot be mistaken. Her characters, for this reason, never seem to be getting ready to do something; they are in their places when the reader sees them, and, however slowly they may move, each step, each word, counts. For this reason, as we intimated, the reader finds himself closely attentive to the author's words, not that he fears he may miss some hidden disclosure on which events turn, but that the perfection of the whole rests upon the exquisite joining of the parts. There is no mere accumulation of details in the attempt to give elaborate fullness to a scene, nor are details elaborated while the reader waits impatiently for the story to move on; but they are lifted into significance by the author's imaginative power, which so selects and disposes as to disclose their meaning, not to invest them with some adventitious force. For example, there is a striking scene in which Shattuck, the representative of ultramontane civilization, — a character almost always introduced by Miss Murfree into her stories as a contrasting figure to the rude mountain folk, — thinks himself fired at by Yates's wife, who has threatened to shoot him if he attempts to explore certain pigmy graves which he looks upon with scientific curiosity, she with superstitious reverence; and so thinking, he rides fast to the cottage, and confronts Mrs. Yates, Letitia Pettingill, Baker Anderson, and little Mose, his companions following behind. The picture of the house and its inmates, the disposition of the group of men, the disclosure of character in the sharp conversation, the purposed confusion of the reader as to the actual fact involved, — there is not a word too much, there is no word lacking. Here, for example, is the scene which presented itself to Rhodes, one of Shattuck's companions, as he flung himself from his horse at the threshold of the house: —

"No friendly greeting had it been, to judge from the dismayed, deprecatory faces grouped about the fire. Adelaide had risen with a slow look of doubt, a sort of stunned surprise. Letitia, who had been out milking the cows, stood in the back doorway, the brimming piggin on her head, one hand lifted to stay it, the wind rustling the straight skirt of

her dress, the twilight and the firelight mingled on her face. Her blue eyes were alight with a sort of wonder, that held nevertheless an intimation of comprehension, which was at variance with the stolid amazement in Baker Anderson's countenance, as, just arrived and still breathless, he sat squarely in his chair, one hand on either knee, his jaw fallen, gaping thunderstruck at the intruder. The centre of the family group, Moses, was seated upon the floor in the firelight, and turned himself dexterously about to survey over his small shoulder the new-comers; he was silent in seeming recognition of the fact that their gaze overlooked him, and had no reference to his existence; his soft face only expressed a sort of infantile apprehensiveness and suspension of opinion. A tallow dip sputtered on the high mantelpiece; there was pine amongst the fuel, and the resin flared white in the flames. Very distinct the scene was, although, as the lights fluctuated, the fire flickered in the breeze, which swayed it like a canvas: the brown walls; the purplish-black squares where the night looked in through the windows, with here a feathery bough, and here a star, and here the dim contours of a dark summit against the sky; the red-bedecked warping bars; the table not yet set forth with the supper crockery, save only a great brown pitcher and a yellow bowl; the sheen of tinware on a shelf; even Shattuck's shadow, as sarcastically nonchalant as the substance which it mimicked, as it waved its hand in mockery of courtesy, while he reiterated his bitterly merry congratulations. The white light showed the very flare of fury in his eyes that oddly dallied with the smile on his face."

This is painter's work, and it is the kind which Miss Murfree delights in. Her groups are almost always her most distinct bits of painting, and in composing them she has a fine sense of disposition, so that the figures always have their place, and never crowd confusingly upon the reader's mind. It may be said, in fact, of the entire story that the figures which appear on the canvas are all so interesting to her, and group themselves so naturally in changing relations, that now one, now another, is the conspicuous man, the hero for the time being; and the reader, at the close, might be in some doubt whether Guthrie, or Shattuck, or Rhodes, or Yates, or even Buck Cheever was distinctly the central figure of the book. This is to repeat that the strength of Miss Murfree's art lies in her extraordinary faculty for painting scenes, for presenting tableaux vivants, and for so arranging the succession of these scenes that there is a moving narrative, culminating as this does in the tragic scene at the pigmy grave, where all the currents of life in the tale meet by no melodramatic contrivance, but by the impelling force resident in each.

This characteristic of Miss Murfree's art must be held to explain and in a large measure justify one feature of her work which has provoked censure, — her deliberate and frequent use of landscape effects. Where such carefully painted scenes detain the reader, restless to pursue an interrupted and exciting narrative, it may fairly be argued that the author has sacrificed to a momentarily dominating element of her art one which is permanently superior, but for the moment must be held as subordinate. That is to say, the material in which Miss Murfree is consciously dealing scarcely separates itself in her mind into the two elements of nature and human nature. The world in which her imagination dwells is geographically the heart of the Tennessee mountains. Here she finds a people at one with humanity, yet marked by distinctive features of their own. These features, whether or no impressed by the individuality of the nature that surrounds them, are at any rate blended with the characteristics of

this external nature of mountain, valley, gorge, with the ever-changing sky by day and by night. Thus to the eye of this marvelous painter the scene is one. For her, it is not a landscape with figures, nor a group with a landscape background. By a unity of impression nature and human nature are constantly present to her, and even when some bold action is in progress she cannot help feeling that the mountains, the trees, the sun, moon, and stars, are not merely spectators, but participants. Yet it is also true, and this book illustrates the truth, that, with a growing power in art, Miss Murfree is gradually condensing her expression of inanimate nature and heightening her human effects. Nature always will be present in her work, but we look for such art in her painting of nature as will make words do what sentences have done.

Brightly practical persons, it may perhaps have been noted, are wont to look on the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy with an ill favor. This lack of approval they often dissemble through fear of being thought not to care for and understand what is "artistic;" but when the disapproval finds vent, it is commonly discovered to have its animus in an irritated feeling that fate is allowed an undue predominance over human will in the most delightful examples of later Victorian fiction. The irritation is not less that Mr. Hardy so seldom offers a point for direct attack: partly because he deals very much in the *vraie chose*, in his selections from life; partly as well because he never is so ill-advised as to preach a doctrine, whatever doctrinal teaching may be inferred from his books. True it is that "the sisters three and such branches of learning" have never been handicapped in the race of life which Mr. Hardy so skillfully reflects from reality, and Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos have never had things quite so much their own way, even with Mr. Hardy, as in Tess of the D'Urbervilles, his latest work.[1] It is a veritable tragedy, as the Greeks understood and practiced tragedy, and must be accounted the author's masterpiece until he surpasses it. The Fates have indeed always played the rôle eminent in the works of the author of Desperate Remedies, — Mr. Hardy's first book, and one to be recommended to younger craftsmen as a deeply interesting study in the novel, — but their part has never been quite so sharply relieved. Under the Greenwood Tree, in fact, shows them bland, flower-crowned, almost to be thought the three Graces instead of the three Fates; and in The Hand of Ethelberta they seem to have borrowed their cynical divinity from Momus. But throughout the great book which now so widely engages the attention of English-reading people they "path their native semblance on;" and no classic is more relentlessly executed than the work rather unhappily entitled Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Tess makes one suggestion to English readers which is received in this country only by implication, and from the words "a pure woman faithfully presented" following the name of the heroine on the title page. This hinted defense of the singularly real creature of imagination, who has been finely described as an imperfect woman, nobly planned, is more explicitly (though still subtly) undertaken in a preface which the American publishers have seen fit to leave out, together with a chapter having much title to be called the most impressive of all the chapters in the book. "I baptize thee, Sorrow," the words spoken by poor Tess over the dying child of her misadventure, — a christening being beyond her reach, — will stand as the record of one of the most memorable episodes in modern fiction; and the chapter containing it should on every account be restored in a new American edition.

[1] *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

The eliminated preface, on the other hand, is to be regretted only because authors are supposed to have rights, as it is by way of polemic, and hints at least a wish to dispute the justice of the punishment for sins of the flesh meted out by the world's law to men and women respectively. The question has been often mooted of late, not always savorily, and it is a disagreeable surprise to find a consummate artist wishing to make arguments of supererogation from the point of view of art, and not contenting himself with the noble plan of his imperfect, thrice unhappy woman.

But, this slight adverse comment once made, there is nothing save praise to be uttered, for the preface does not injure the body of the work, especially for the multitude of readers who will never see these preliminary words; and, however little the author should enter into the argument, the question of Tess's purity will inevitably (and fittingly) be discussed by readers. It is easy to imagine a reader of the Hardy temperament arguing the matter out with one of opposite characteristics, and there could be no better test of the difference in belief between fatalist and non-fatalist, no more pathetic opportunity for the Hopkinsian attempt to reconcile predestination and free will, — if we may take refuge in theology, — than the story of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Granted the girl's good instincts in the beginning, the strenuous non-fatalist will insist that a vigorous exertion of the will should have kept them pure and delivered Tess from evil. But his interlocutor may meet him with the puzzling reply that the power to will, either in strong or weak degree, is as much a part of our inherited endowment as any other quality or any other defect. Mr. Hardy might well have made it more clear, not why Tess should have yielded in the first instance, — her youth and the power which circumstances gave D'Urberville over her explain that sufficiently, — but why she should have remained so long after her first submission to his wishes with a man whom she had never really loved. Whether, however, Tess's career justifies the aggressive sub-title of her history already quoted, there can be no doubt that all her instincts toward purity were as strong as those of many women in whom the quality is never questioned, either because temptation has never assailed them or because their lives are imperfectly known. "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one out of ten thousand," was spoken of the honor of men as men understand it, not of the honor of women as men and women understand it; but there are at least ten thousand out of this world's Lucretias who would conceal a past fault for the sake of making an honorable marriage. When, however, the marriage is to be made with a man whom the woman deeply and truly loves, as Tess loved Angel Clare, deceit assumes another complexion. And Mr. Hardy has not left this consideration unprovided for. The poor girl, having nerved herself to write to Clare, had every reason to believe that the letter had reached him, and that his unaltered demeanor was meant to tell her he forgave, if he could not forget. Then, after Tess had let her whole heart go out to him, came the crushing discovery that Clare had never received the letter of confession. Mr. Hardy might have baptized his story Sorrow, as Tess baptized her child; for it is only one of the piteous moments in a piteous tale, this moment when love had grown stronger than honor, and the woman allowed the man to marry her in ignorance of her fault.

It is a not insignificant testimony to the illusion of Tess of the D'Urbervilles that it has left at least one reader believing that many of the crimes served up morning and evening in the newspapers would seem less barbarous, less unintelligible, if there were at hand to explain the motives of them some seer

of human nature, some Thomas Hardy. Tess, as every one knows, ends with a murder, and the execution of the beautiful unhappy creature who committed it; but it is hardly to be doubted that any faithful reader, of open mind and a right heart, will find himself pitying, not condemning, the murderess, and accepting implicitly from the author the logic of the events that led to the dire conclusion. The seduction of Tess by D'Urberville, shown in the early chapters, is followed by the return home in disgrace. Then comes the second going out into the world, — a neighboring vale being the world for this daughter of a knightly race sunk to the peasant level, — and the pastoral content of life on a large dairy farm. But here, also, at dairyman Crick's, is Angel Clare, a gentleman learning to be a farmer. Each has a vague memory of having seen the other at a village dance, and soon "they were converging, under an irresistible law, as surely as two streams in one vale." The marriage is made. Immediately after it Tess confesses to her husband, and he goes away in righteous anger to the ends of the earth, first having told her to apply to his father and mother in case of need. Nothing in the book is finer than the description of her long journey on foot to that decent clerical abode, and the mingling of pride and timidity which sends her back again, without having made herself known, over the weary road to hard work and temptation. Nothing is more touching than the recital of the constancy and devotion of poor Tess. The man who had betrayed her is ever at her side. Her husband does not come and does not write. At last, in despair of ever seeing Clare again, she yields again to D'Urberville's importunities, in order to save her people from the lowest depths of poverty. Soon afterward Clare returns, and finds her living with D'Urberville. They have a brief, sorrowful interview, and then there is nothing for Clare to do but leave her. Tortured with the thought of the happiness they have lost, and exposed to the taunts of D'Urberville, what can she do but kill him, and hasten to overtake Clare? What can the justice of England do but kill her, in retribution? The author, classic again in his forbearance, spares us the horrors of the execution; but the unfurling of the black flag tells Clare and Tess's sister that she is dead. One is reminded, incongruously enough, as the flag goes up the staff above the prison, — incongruous, yet not unnatural, is the reminder, — of the end of another tragedy, the token of another ruined life, the black feather found floating on the surface of the water by Caleb Balderstone.

The mention of that humorous and pathetic figure is a reminder that, sombre as is Mr. Hardy's new volume, it is not without sundry of those touches which have helped to make his reputation unique. The story of William Dewey, the fiddle, and the bull could hardly find another environment so appropriate; but it would be a gem in any setting, this irresponsible and very brief narrative. William, returning with his fiddle from a wedding where he had been playing, was pursued by a bull. Happily mindful of the superstition that all the animals kneel and pray the night before Christmas, he played what he and his friends called the 'Tivity Hymn, "when, lo and behold, down went the bull on his bended knees, in his ignorance, just as if 't were the true 'Tivity night and hour. As soon as his horned friend were down, William turned, clinked off like a long-dog, and jumped safe over hedge before the praying bull had got on his feet again to take after him. William used to say that he 'd seen a man look a fool a good many times, but never such a fool as that bull looked when he found his pious feelings had been played upon, and 't was not Christmas Eve." The ruse was not hit upon

at first, but only at last and after much anguish of spirit, when, striving to please the bull *à l'Orphée*, William had begun to feel that there was only one tune "between him and eternal welfare." This formula for quitting the earthly scene recalls irresistibly one whose name was not William, but Launcelot, and his "deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven;" and is but another incentive to the often reiterated remark that Mr. Hardy's peasants are Shakespearean. Perhaps the truth is more indirect, and the peasants of Wessex have merely remained Shakespearean through the centuries, until there has come a man with eyes to see and ears to hear them; for most of us never know country folk anywhere. Their apparent simplicity often masks something more nearly akin to sophistication, as we occasionally find when we get a key to the combination; and the "when I were in Boston," which a good friend of ours uses at elegant moments, — the more grammatical *was* being thought sufficient for herself and her neighbors, — is a fair example of the company speech which corresponds to the company manners and company dress of the children of nature. Evidently they never say "when I were in Boston," or its Wessex equivalent, to Mr. Thomas Hardy. He has long since arrived at the point with his rustics where their oddities are not premeditated, where their grammar or un-grammar is a thing of custom. One of the most vigorous sketches after this kind to be found in any of Mr. Hardy's books is John Durbeyfield, father to Tess. He is hurried toward futility and defeat by the discovery that he is by right a D'Urberville, of a knightly family so old as to have become new and poor again; but John of the D'Urbervilles lives long enough to approve himself the peer of Joseph Poorgrass, Grandfer Cantle, and other of the very rarest of the Hardy autochthones. And the magnificent scene in which, after the antiquarian parson has told him of his rank, he stops work, lies down on his Norman back, kicks his knightly heels, and informs the passer-by of his name and lineage has the merit, not common to episodes of humor, of being an integral part of the story.

William and the praying bull, indeed, form the only interlude in a singularly coherent and well-knit fabric. Just here, in the matter of construction, is one of the two or three particulars in which the Hardy of Tess seems to us to have surpassed the Hardy of any former achievement. An artist he has ever been, and in a sense little understood, or at all events little practiced, by English writers; but the art has sometimes been qualified with artifice, as in Two on a Tower, or — a more common fault with this author — he has, in popular phrase, lost his grip of the theme, and faltered a little toward the end. This was notably the case in A Pair of Blue Eyes and A Laodicean. But his Fates have not deserted him in Tess. The end is the logical goal of the steps of incident by which the story moves forward from the beginning, through scenes which Mr. Hardy makes very near and clear to the inward eye that is the bliss of staying at home. Blakemoor Vale and Froom Vale, with their differences of soil and air, are communicated to the reader as a possession, not a mere territory of the imagination; and the same hand that draws the variety of green prospect in the two vales, where every prospect pleases, has sketched with a few masterly strokes the harsher outlines of Flintcomb-Ash, where poor Tess served part of her bondage. These pictures of nature do not exceed, though they equal, much that Mr. Hardy has done before; but more than ever he apprehends effects of light and atmosphere with a sensitiveness that taxes even his flexible power of expression. Never, it would seem, has he been quite so subtle as in what follows: —

"The gray half tones of daybreak are not the gray half tones of the day's close, though the degree of their shade may be the same. In the twilight of the morning, light seems active, darkness passive; in the twilight of evening, it is the darkness which is active and crescent, and the light which is the drowsy reverse.

. . . . . .

"The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay often made him think of the Resurrection-hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side. Whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade, his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist-stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality, her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the north-east; his own face, though he did not think of it, wore the same aspect to her.

"It was then, as has been said, that she impressed him most deeply. She was no longer the milkmaid, but a visionary essence of woman, — a whole sex condensed into one typical form. He called her Artemis, Demeter, and other fanciful names, half teasingly, which she did not like because she did not understand them.

"'Call me Tess,' she would say, askance; and he did.

"Then it would grow lighter, and her features would become simply feminine; they had changed from those of a divinity who could confer bliss to those of a being who craved it."

It must not be supposed that in Mr. Hardy's latest book scenery is out of proportion to character, drama, and narrative. Nothing is out of proportion, and everything lends itself to exhibit in the fullest light the central figure of the story. There is no one chapter, unless indeed it be the unhappily omitted one of the midnight baptism, which has the Old Testament grandeur of that chapter in The Return of the Native telling how the mother was turned away from her son's house, and went down the hill alone to die; but Tess as a whole definitely surpasses the rest of Mr. Hardy's books, — surpasses even The Return of the Native, — if only for its wider intellectual horizon, and its larger, sadder, less bitter irony. The exceeding technical perfection of the novel has already been spoken of. Tess alone remains for comment, and she alone would almost make a novel great. It has been an accompanying quality, and with scarcely a doubt a resulting quality, of Mr. Hardy's extreme sensitiveness to the play of circumstance upon human lives that his characters have rarely been what is called sympathetic. What happens to them is too paramount. Even his women, fascinating as they never fail to be at the moment of reading, are remembered (do we err in saying it?) after a fashion that, for the most part, fuses individuals in one seductive type, and leaves a pleasantly blurred recollection of a series of beguiling chapters about Eve. Unless we are much at fault, Tess, for some reason, steps forth from the group. Thus she may easily be seen by the reader, and there is no need of an attempt, with blundering, ineffectual words, to analyze the charm of a woman who will be better known, better loved, more deeply pitied, than most women are known, or pitied, or even loved, either in the world of fact or the world of art.

Is it a mere matter of personal preference that Mr. Hardy should almost invariably, in these latter days, deal with the errors of human passion, and Mr. Howells quite as invariably ignore the subjects which spring from the debasement of sexual love? We are tempted to indulge in a pretty bit of social philosophy, and to argue that to a novelist in the Old World, seeking to penetrate the recesses of life, the inevitable theme

is the disorder of human passion, because the whole structure of society is in defiance of a genuine social equality, and lust fattens upon social inequality, with the result that the mightiest power in human life is by the conventions of men distorted and made the parent of all evil; while to a novelist in the New World, studying the phases of social democracy, the delicate adjustments of the code of society are of less consequence than those elemental relations which are translating themselves into new terms. To take the great passion of love and confine it in its manifestation to the relations between the socially strong and the socially weak no longer seems the necessity of fiction in the eyes of such a writer, because in the expansion of society the passion of love itself stands revealed in an infinitely greater variety, and for one thing love of one's neighbor rises to view as capable of affording an endless succession of dramatic situations, of stating profound problems of life. In truth, without attempting too broad generalizations of this nature, it is the confinement of life, the village idea, which gives Mr. Hardy his opportunity, and so fixed are the boundaries of that life that the resultant ethical problem is a piece of casuistry; it is the expansion of life which gives Mr. Howells his opportunity, and so fluent are the conditions that the ethical contents of his story resolve themselves into large problems to be solved, and open vistas to the thoughtful reader which end in almost undiscovered territory.

We are moved to these vague and rather high-sounding phrases by a reading of Mr. Howells's latest novel.[1] The love-making is so wholly subordinate to the main theme of the story, is indeed in one case so almost imperceptible, that the reader finds himself, if he would be interested at all, forced to transfer his attention from the lovers to the central figure of the story, a defaulter, whose misdeeds and subsequent dreary attempt to escape from himself into Canada involve all the characters who appear. There can be no harm in apprising the reader what he is to expect in the way of a story.

J. Milton Northwick, a prosperous self-made man, falls into the habit of speculating with the funds of the company of which he is treasurer, and falsifying the books to cover his transaction. At the opening of the tale the secret is out in the board of directors; the president, Mr. Hilary, has given the transaction its real name, but has persuaded his associates to allow the defaulting treasurer three days in which to make up his shortage. Returning to his country seat, where he lives with his two daughters, Northwick makes up his mind to skip to Canada — it was before the days of the extradition treaty — and retrieve his fortune. He goes off ostensibly for a short journey, and a railway accident so covers his movements that, although no positive evidence of his death is brought forward, the circumstantial evidence points pretty directly to it. At any rate, this is the general conviction. Meanwhile, the story of his dishonesty begins to leak out, the newspapers get hold of some of the facts, and there is a brief period when the fugitive from justice is put in the pillory. His daughters do not lose faith in their father's probity, but seclude themselves from the world. The only intruders into their seclusion from the world they have lived in are the rector, the doctor, a lawyer who has been the bitter enemy of their father on socialistic grounds, and the family of Mr. Hilary. Mr. Hilary's son, Matt, is an amateur Tolstóy carrying on a farm in the neighborhood, but on terms of intimacy with his more conventional family. He falls in love with Suzette Northwick, after looking over the field carefully to see that he is not trespassing. Meanwhile, Northwick

[1] *The Quality of Mercy.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

really has escaped to Canada, and is attacked there not only by a fever, but by a paralysis of will, so to speak, and gives no signs of life for many months, when he makes himself known by a letter to the newspaper which had made the most parade of his case, and sets on foot new movements among the characters in the story, resulting finally in his voluntary return to the United States in charge of the reporter who had worked up the subject. Northwick meets his death before his actual delivery into the hands of Justice as enthroned in the courts.

From this bare outline the reader can easily perceive the use which a novelist intent on adventure and incident would be likely to make of the material at his service. No lover of mere excitement probably would penetrate the book very far, and even one in sympathy with Mr. Howells's aims may ask himself if the story is not unnecessarily tame; if a somewhat more dramatic use of the situations might not have heightened the interest without the loss of the effect produced by probability and naturalness. It may be, however, that in the absence of sharp dramatic scenes the reader's mind turns more readily to the considerations which plainly governed Mr. Howells in his choice and treatment of subject.

Here is an incident vulgarized by the newspaper, and so common as to excite attention only so long as its details are fresh in the minds of men, which fills the thought of a novelist whose whole business it is to interpret life. What, he asks himself, is its meaning? Is it symptomatic of a condition of our social health? Into what elemental forces of human nature is it to be resolved? Then, as he seeks to set it forth in its reality, he finds himself drawn to consider how this act of moral decadence affected the man himself, his family, his neighbors, the corporation of which he was the agent, the whole community; and having followed the subject in its parallel lines of personal and social destiny, he falls back at last upon the absolute conditions: behind the right and the wrong involved in this course of human affairs, is there an eternal truth which illustrates the whole subject?

We are aware that in this statement we are rather exploring the recesses of Mr. Howells's mind than making a brief of the story, and that the author, in the interest which he takes in his characters, may well be supposed to have dismissed such general purposes into the sub-cellar of consciousness; but only thus can we explain to ourselves why there is a certain latent power in a novel which, in the ordinary terms of fiction, cannot be pronounced a marked success. The figures in it are not exactly shadowy, — Mrs. Hilary strikes us as an exceptionally well-modeled figure, — but the author seems to take them almost too much for granted, and to be so intent on his speculations concerning Mr. Northwick's mind and the general state of social justice and morality as to miss something of his customary fineness of delineation, except perhaps in the case of Pinney, the newspaper reporter, who suggests a sculptor's piece of work capitally done in clay, but not worth being chiseled in marble. Possibly this lack is due to the familiarity of some of the characters to the author through his use of them in a previous novel, to the occasional bewilderment of the reader, who thinks now and then he must have skipped some passages, and has to be told by the critic that he has skipped the whole of Annie Kilburn.

The book is so inferior to The Hazard of New Fortunes in respect of its characterization and its play of persons that we have taken a little alarm lest Mr. Howells should have been misled by his subject, and be in danger of overvaluing what may be called the essay element in fiction. Up and down through the pages the various phases of this social disease of defalcation are touched with keen,

thoughtful words, and great insight is shown into the working of Northwick's mind. Yet we doubt if a novel has justified itself fully when its persons fade in the mind of the reader, and a few abstract principles remain as his chief possession.

Paulo-post future predictions are a crude form of criticism, but to say that a book of to-day will not be read by our descendants is to make an effort to detach the accidental circumstance from the essential art. Modernity is hardly likely to be a password to posterity, which will have its own contemporaries to look after. We are quite willing to give Mr. Howells the benefit of a doubt, because his book is not something to be taken once an hour till the fever subsides; but how is it with books intended to convert the present generation?

That no sane person can entertain the thought of our children, much less our grandchildren, perusing the history of David Grieve [1] is not necessarily a belittling of the talents of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is merely to say that, both in Robert Elsmere and in the latest pledge of her philanthropy, she has chosen to employ them on subjects which change their complexion so rapidly that books treating of particular phases share the early antiquity of the phases themselves. Every novel in the world, except Don Quixote, has faded more or less, after a sufficient time has been given it for the process. Every novel with a purpose, except Don Quixote, — if indeed Cervantes seriously meant to smile "Spain's chivalry away," — has faded and withered in a surprisingly short time; and it has already been discovered that the propagation of the New Unitarianism is no exception to the rule which includes the circumlocution office and the re-Judaizing of the Jews. It may confidently be foretold that no better luck is in store for the consideration of the problem which is apparently the motif of David Grieve, namely, whether marriage or the *union libre* be the greater failure. David tells his dreary little wife, with scant gallantry, that the most unsatisfactory marriage is rather to be chosen than a union of ideal elements not made binding by the law. The profane layman will be likely to suggest, if indeed he has not done so ere now, that Mrs. Ward has given neither the bond marriage nor the free a fair show, in her arrangement of partners; and he may, moreover, indulge in the curious though not very important reflection that, had David and Elise been legally united, they would probably have contrived a *modus vivendi* in which each would have enjoyed the gifts and graces of the other. Had David and Lucy, on the contrary, entered into the union libre, David's generosity would have kept him faithful to an arrangement to which Lucy would have clung desperately, through "hope to rise or fear to fall." These words, taken from a noble little poem, remind us that in David Grieve there is also a very great deal about religion, and that David is left substantially where Elsmere was, — in a radical but ardent Unitarianism, with a secularized Christ and an infinitely distant God.

This statement of the aims and the results of David Grieve is a meagre, but not, we believe, an unfair summary of a book in which are everywhere to be seen the same largeness and earnestness of spirit, the same high cultivation of mind, the same lucid and ample expression, that were the notes of Robert Elsmere. But Robert Elsmere was a tract writ large, and David Grieve, in spite of still greater pains to disguise its essence, is only less imperfectly a novel. It is, further, appreciably less interesting as controversial literature. Mrs. Ward ought nevertheless to be given the palm freely for managing the novel of purpose better than any one else has done. Being

[1] *The History of David Grieve.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

a mortal, she could not be expected to succeed where the conditions of the attempt put absolute success out of the question, and where such writers of authentic genius as Dickens and George Eliot failed. But what she has done is to make a book less unsuccessful as a work of art than Little Dorrit, or Daniel Deronda, or any other novel of tendency in the language; and this perhaps should console her for the lack of any such splendid redemption of failure as the creation of a Gwendolen or a Grandcourt. In character-drawing, to be sure, as in other details, Mrs. Ward is at least as far from inspiration and from spontaneity as she was in Robert Elsmere. Catherine was distinctly a real person, and Rose and Langham were both cleverly drawn. Over against these are to be set, to the credit of David Grieve, two realities in Louie and Lucy, one moderate bit of cleverness in the delineation of Elise Delaunay, and a good degree of skill in several minor characters. But it is these same lesser personages, with their number and insistence, who help to swamp the story. Mrs. Ward is not content to tell about David, his sister, his mistress, and his wife; but their friends and relations and forbears must be described, and even some of the servants of their friends and relations, not altogether forgetting the consanguinities of the servants. These servile ramifications are peculiarly trying. In the enormous population of the novel, death, by the law of averages, is a frequent incident. Mrs. Ward shows herself nothing if not mortuary, until at last the death-rate is so high that the whole book seems, like Lear's hand, to smell of mortality. In her deaths as in her lives Mrs. Ward exhibits the strong literary quality which was so much an emphasis of Robert Elsmere. David's first journey brings him to gaze upon the tablet in Haworth church bearing the names of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë; and at the end Mrs. Ward tucks Lucy grotesquely away with the poet's Lucy in the churchyard by Rotha's wave. A quotation from Wordsworth is of course the blessing with which she is dismissed. This disposition of Lucy may not afflict the public in general, but Wordsworthians will feel the difference to them.

For the rest, David is made the mouthpiece of much suggestive and stimulating modern thought; but he and most of the other personages of the book are "once removed," as they say of cousins, in respect of their reality. A film of literature and reflection hangs between them and the reader. Grieve is, besides, as much a woman's man as Elsmere, or, it may be added, as Deronda; and Mrs. Ward's two much-tried heroes are not keenly differentiated by the mere fact of one arriving at the New Unitarianism by the path of orthodoxy, the other over that of agnosticism or "infidelity." In the relations of David and Louie as children there is an obvious suggestion of Maggie and Tom. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding its length, there is much that is charming in this first outdoor division of David Grieve; and the Paris division, Storm and Stress, — in which, by the way, the noble figure of Henri Regnault is introduced with contagious enthusiasm, — contains a good deal of interest appropriate to a work of fiction. To be brief and to be fair, Mrs. Ward might write a more than tolerably good novel if she would but remember that the working armament of polemics is impedimenta in art.

It may be doubted if the readers of The Atlantic last year had a positive advantage over those who now read Mrs. Catherwood's serial[1] as a completed book. The retardation of the movement in the earlier pages, the suppressed fire which flames forth in the great culminating passages of this remarkable historical romance, are more

[1] *The Lady of Fort St. John.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

apparent and have greater value to one who reads the book at one or two sittings than was likely to be the case where a few months intervened between one's reading of the first chapter and of the last. The nervous compression of style commands respect, but also compels close attention, for it is not long before one discovers that he has to do with a work of art closely conceived and firmly executed. The appalling historical incident upon which Mrs. Catherwood builds her tale is well known to readers of history, but its tragical elements are heightened by an art which composes the picture with so much contrasting beauty and incisive grotesqueness. We cannot be done with admiring the poetic skill which constructed Le Rossignol and touched the whole tale with the fine nobility of Edelwald. Here is novel-writing which might go far to reconcile us with the theory that all forms of literary art are to be merged in that which goes by the name of fiction. If poetry has had its day in metrical form, the soul of poetry has suffered transmigration in such prose form as this, where one has not to contend with a hybrid prose poem, but is aware that a writer of poetic instinct has used a perfectly well-accepted mode of historical romance as the medium for impressing upon the mind a singularly exalted conception.

We have intimated our opinion that Mr. Thomas Hardy is the most notable artist in English fiction to-day. We do not institute a general comparison between him and a very admirable artist in design who has unexpectedly entered the field of the art of fiction, but we point out a resemblance of curious note: both in Tess and in Peter Ibbetson[1] is a murder committed. With Mr. Hardy it is virtually the conclusion of the whole matter; Mr. Du Maurier, on the contrary, makes his hero's deed but the beginning of the end, and uses it as the foundation of the remarkable second half of Peter Ibbetson, which is one of the most original things in fiction. Yet, consummate artist as is Mr. Hardy, and amateur as the other consummate artist becomes on being removed from his own field, the author of Tess is scarcely more skillful than the clever new-comer in causing the tragedy to seem logical, or, as the modern phrase has it, inevitable. Circumstance follows circumstance unfalteringly, until in each case surprise is a very small element in the shock which the reader receives from the murder. It could not be expected that Mr. Du Maurier should be equally professional in all the details of his first novel, — a word, by the way, most imperfectly descriptive of a work so rare and so unusual, — and a certain raggedness as to paragraphs, with even a Sigismundane attitude toward grammar on one or two occasions, betrays the 'prentice hand in writing. But these flaws are extremely trivial, and what appears to be a fault of inexperience on a larger scale is doubtless planned with reference to the following dream chapters of the book. For although the charming recollections of child life at Passy, with all those handsome and unlucky and delightful people, — in whom Mr. Du Maurier cannot take more pleasure than his readers, — although the early records of Gogo Pasquier, otherwise Peter Ibbetson, and Mimsey Seraskier, afterward Duchess of Towers, may seem to be too much protracted, it is soon discovered that the minuteness employed in them adds measurably to the verisimilitude and to the pathos of the dreams which take the poor prisoner and his lost love back to "Parva sed Apta" and happy hours.

But in one regard Mr. Du Maurier would certainly have done well to seek professional advice, which would have warned him against carrying his dream theory too far. We accept the baseless fabric of the lovers' ability to meet,

[1] *Peter Ibbetson.* Edited and Illustrated by George Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

sleep having once set their spirits free, and, so strongly has Mr. Du Maurier's imagination willed, the duration of this marvel through twenty-five years makes little difference in one's credulity. But to see a great-great-grandmother in a vision is quite another thing, and still less do the lovers "dream true" — to use the now famous phrase — when they get back to the period of the mammoth. Mr. Du Maurier's hand is subdued here to what it has so long worked in, — Punch; and the realism of the extra-natural becomes for the moment its burlesque. As well might Gogo and Mimsey have climbed the ladder of dreams to the topmost branches of the family tree of the race, and there looked upon "Probably Arboreal," the greatest grandfather of all.

This, it should hastily be said, is the only real blemish in an exquisite and a very sad book. The latter word is used advisedly, although Peter Ibbetson contains not a few lively observations, and many persons, including most of the professional critics, appear not to have felt the melancholy which is of its essence. But this will not escape parted lovers or travelers in the world who look wistfully back on a childhood passed in some beautiful and distant place. Still less will the sadness of the spell Mr. Du Maurier has woven fail to touch those who are acquainted with grief. And more people than would be willing to admit it have contributed their own bit of pathos to Peter Ibbetson by trying to dream true. "'It 's very easy,' said the duchess; '*ce n'est que le premier pas.* My father taught me: you must always sleep on your back with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it, and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there; and you must never forget in your dream where and what you were when awake. You must join the dream on to reality.'"

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria, from the French of G. Maspéro; with one hundred and eighty-eight Illustrations. (Appleton.) An admirable example of the use and function of imagination in scientific research. The eminent author of this work has not sought, like Ebers, to cast the results of his investigation into the form of fiction, but he has drawn upon the great store of his knowledge of antiquity to give minute and vivid pictures of the life, both courtly and common, which is revealed by monuments and inscriptions. There is something extraordinary in this rehabilitation of ancient life, and its very smoothness and certainty do not greatly imperil one's confidence in the accuracy of the work. — The third and closing volume of H. Morse Stephens's A History of the French Revolution (Scribners) takes up the narrative at the meeting of the Legislative Assembly in October, 1791, and carries it forward to the close of the Reign of Terror. There is a studied temperateness of tone, for the most part, but the narrative is by no means colorless; a vigorous characterization attests the author's independence of thought, and the reader commits himself to Mr. Stephens's guidance with the confidence that his leader is not a mere *raconteur*, nor so philosophical in his bent as to have arranged the French Revolution upon a neat ground plan. — The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon, the Story as told by the Imperial Ambassadors resident at the Court of Henry VIII., by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) Mr. Froude calls this a volume supplementary to his History; it is in effect

a recapitulation and reassertion of the points made by him which were most severely criticised. He uses material not at his hand when writing the History, but he finds it now reinforcing the positions he then took. — History of the Buccaneers of America, by James Burney. (Macmillan.) A reissue of Captain Burney's book published seventy or eighty years ago. He relies, of course, a good deal on Dampier, but he uses also the French narratives. There is a British hostility to Spain latent in the book, but the author himself plainly makes an effort at impartiality, and writes with a capital eye to good narrative effect. The personal tales of the buccaneers themselves are often very racy. — Spanish Institutions of the Southwest, by Frank W. Blackmar. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) A most welcome work, for while it is scarcely more than a full sketch of the subject treated, it opens the way for students into a very inviting field, and not only suggests lines of investigation, but inspires with a wise spirit. Professor Blackmar shows a keen appreciation of the interests involved in his pursuit, and does not stop with any near-sighted view of the existing remains of Spanish civilization in the southwest, but seeks to trace their origin beyond the immediate origin in Spain to the primitive source in Rome. The book ought to stimulate other minds. — The Afghan Wars, by Archibald Forbes. (Scribners.) The two wars which Mr. Forbes recounts took place, the first in 1839–42, the second in 1878–80. The first, springing out of British complications with Persia, ended in disaster, and was relieved only by some signal acts of heroism ; the second, arising from the desire of the English to interpose the force of an independent state between their possessions in India and the Russian frontier, was attended by more satisfactory conduct, and resulted practically in the accomplishment of what was aimed at. The volume has plans and some good photogravure portraits. — The Battle of Gettysburg, by S. A. Drake. (Lee & Shepard.) A small volume in the author's series of Decisive Events in American History. It is rather a popular than a scientific military piece of work, and gives in animated fashion a summary of the battle, with some criticism on the parts played by Lee, Meade, Halleck, and others. — Life of Benjamin Harris Brewster, with Discourses and Addresses, by E. C. Savidge. (Lippincott.) It was scarcely necessary for Dr. Savidge to assume such a majestic tone in his biography, nor was it expedient, for the reader almost inevitably confuses the subject with the author, and thinks of Mr. Brewster as taking fine attitudes at every turn. Yet the material out of which this biography is constructed is most valuable and interesting, and the student who wishes to remind himself of the stirring scenes which accompanied the opening of Garfield's administration will find this book a useful aid in recalling the particulars of the great Star Route trial. — Life of General Oglethorpe, by Henry Bruce. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) In the series Makers of America. Mr. Bruce has hunted his subject down with diligence, and availed himself, apparently, of all the printed material bearing upon it, and possibly also had access to unpublished documents, though he appears to have made little or no direct use of such material. As a mosaic, the book seems to offer one a ready reference to pretty much everything that has been said about the hero, and by means of his varied extracts the author has added a borrowed liveliness to his own rather slap-dash comments. The effect is somewhat crude, as though the material needed to be worked over, and there is considerable that is remotely relevant and needs to be adjusted by the reader to its true relations, but the faults are at least not those of dull and uninterested book-making. — Mark Hopkins, by Franklin Carter. (Houghton.) A volume in the series American Religious Leaders. Dr. Hopkins can never be left out of account in any study of American religious life during the second and third quarters of this century, and, whatever our colleges may be in the future, the country college of New England was so distinctly the model of a great many colleges elsewhere, especially in the northwest, that a study of one of the most characteristic is essential to any clear understanding of our educational system. Dr. Carter has made his book at once an inquiry into the sources of Dr. Hopkins's power and into the force resident in the college over which he presided. He is often penetrating, always candid, and sometimes, as in his story of Dr. Hopkins and the manikin, in his account of the college rebellion, and in

his presentation of the American Board issue, he shows himself a picturesque and impressive writer.

Literature and Criticism. The fifth volume of Mr. Crump's edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations (Macmillan) completes the Dialogues of Literary Men, gives the Dialogues of Famous Women, and enters on the section Miscellaneous Dialogues. An etching of Alfieri prefaces the volume. The notes, as before, are judicious, and not excessive. — Under the title The New World and the New Book (Lee & Shepard) Colonel T. W. Higginson has collected twenty-eight brief essays, all having a bearing more or less direct upon American life as affecting not only American literature, but the judgments passed by Americans upon the literature of other countries. The book is almost conversational in tone, using felicitously a great variety of illustration from contemporary men and books, and making the sort of comment which a good talker will draw forth from a larger experience and wider reflection than the particular occasion may suggest. If there be a shade of irritability in the talker, it may be taken as the flickering last movement of that candle of self-consciousness which once was a noticeable contribution of America to sweetness and light. — Writers and Readers, by George Birkbeck Hill. (Putnams.) Five lectures upon revolutions in literary taste and the study of literature as a part of education. Dr. Hill's familiarity with the writers of the eighteenth century shows itself not only in his constant reference to them, but in a certain impatience with mysticism, and a downright good sense in judgment. There are no remarkable opinions in his lectures, and there is no charm of style, but the reader takes satisfaction in listening to one who is steeped in strong English literature, and delivers himself emphatically of sane, robust literary sentiment. — Wells of English, by Isaac Bassett Choate. (Roberts.) A collection of forty brief studies in the byways of English literature from Thomas of Erceldoune to John Evelyn. Mr. Choate writes out of a mind in pleasant sympathy with his subjects, and his tone is that of a friendly commentator, and not that of a pedant or pedagogue. — Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Select Passages from her Letters, edited by Arthur R. Ropes, M. A. (Scribners.) That ingenuous lady who, as Mrs. Piozzi relates with much humor, declared that she had once read a book, and found it so vastly entertaining that she begged her clever friend to lend it to her for a re-perusal, and, on being asked what the book was, confidently replied, "An Abridgment," would not in our day have far to seek for every possible variety of her favorite work. Perhaps it was too much to hope that the letters of the ever-delightful Lady Mary would escape the general doom; and though we do not find the editor's reasons for his work very convincing, yet we will own that his selections have been made with judgment and good taste, considering the space at his disposal. The introductory sketch and running comments are carefully done, but might easily have been more vivid and picturesque. The portraits, generally from well-known engravings, sometimes have but slight connection with the subject of the work; but the excellent photogravures, after Kneller, of Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley Montagu are welcome and valuable additions to the book. — A Primer on Browning, by F. Mary Wilson. (Macmillan.) A handbook of Browning's poems, divided into chapters on his literary life, his characteristics, and a full analysis of each of his poems, — this last division filling about two hundred pages. The author has avoided the finical criticism, over-analysis, and adulation on which most Browning "guides" go to pieces. The result is thoroughly successful, — a simple, sensible, thoughtful book, which will be a real help to the reader or student of Mr. Browning's poetry.

Theology and Philosophy. The New Theology, by John Bascom. (Putnams.) A book of importance rather to the student than to the general reader; for, though the study is one by a layman, and proceeds upon general and philosophical lines, the author's style supposes a closer application to the thought than most lay readers are likely to give. Whoever masters the book, however, will be impressed by the insight shown and the far-reaching significance of the author's positions. The several divisions are headed Naturalism, The Supernatural, Dogmatism, Pietism, Spiritualism. — What is Reality? an Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion, by Francis Howe Johnson. (Houghton.) From its first page

this book impresses the reader as the work of an honest and a courageous thinker. His courage does not disclose itself in the declaration of results which imply a loneliness of position, — on the contrary, in his final outcome he will be found at one with a great body of men, — but in the manly way in which each step in the process of his thought is taken, as if the author found satisfaction in frankly facing whatever might be the consequences of his step. The whole argument is fresh and full of vitality, — far removed from merely scholastic exercise. — Horæ Sabbaticæ, by Sir James Stephen. First and Second Series. (Macmillan.) These papers were originally contributed to The Saturday Review, and, roughly speaking, are devoted to a consideration of English and French theologians and philosophical writers of the seventeenth century. The subjects are chosen often because they furnish opportunities for administering unpalatable advice alike to friend and foe, to whom it is irritating chiefly because it usually happens to be true. Thus the author possesses a mind which would fit him to be either a legal-minded bishop or an ecclesiastical lawyer. His essays are scholarly, shrewd, incisive, but saturated with a legal weighing of evidence uniformly calculated to confuse the reader, who would like to penetrate the diplomatic silence of Sir James Stephen as to his own views on the questions he suggests. Thus the essays form, as a whole, an interesting and clever though peculiarly baffling and inconclusive book.

Science and Travel. The Horse, a Study in Natural History, by William Henry Flower. (Appleton.) The first of a series — Modern Science Series — edited by Sir John Lubbock, in which the design is "to give on each subject the information which an intelligent layman might wish to possess." Mr. Flower considers the horse's place in nature, its ancestors and relations; then its nearest existing relations, like the tapir, wild ass, zebra, and quagga; and in the latter half of the volume analyzes the structure of the horse, chiefly as bearing upon its mode of life, its evolution, and its relation to other animal forms. The illustrations are to the point, but ineffective as the result of process work. There is a running reference to the bibliography of the subject. — My Canadian Journal, Extracts from my Letters Home written while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General, by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. (Appleton.) Lady Dufferin abstains from political comment, but, writing in diary form, gives a great many details, some petty, some piquant, of the social life, sports, and occupations of Canadians, with much description of scenery. She made a flying visit to Boston, and some of her Boston readers will be mildly grieved at learning that she went to King's Chapel for service and supposed herself in a Universalist church. The book has the liveliness of good nature about it. — Glimpses at the Plant World, by Fanny D. Bergen. (Lee & Shepard.) A pleasantly written series of sketches, in which one who is at home out of doors sets forth in untechnical language, yet not wholly at random, some of the features of plant life which might attract the notice of a good observer. One of the merits of the book is in its attention first to particular plants rather than to general. — The Chinese, their Present and Future, Medical, Political, and Social, by Robert Coltman, Jr. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) Dr. Coltman has recently returned from a few years' residence and travel in north China as a missionary physician, and records his experience and observation in a lively, readable book, in which there is some technical matter relating to his profession, but which is for the most part taken up with a free and easy narrative of light adventure and classified reflection. His enthusiasm and frankness make him a good companion. — A Song of Life, by Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated by the Author and Robert Forsyth. (McClurg.) A little volume, its pages decorated with copies of fauna and flora, which may be described to those who know Mrs. Barbauld as a sort of scientific hymn in prose. From flowers, through fishes, frogs, and birds, the development of life into the human form is traced, and the common as well as the distinctive elements of physical life are pointed out. The book is suggestive, and is conceived in a reverent spirit, with due restraint also when once the half-rhythmical style is accepted.

Fiction. The Tragic Comedians, a Study in a Well-Known Story, by George Meredith; with an Introductory Note on Ferdinand Lassalle, by Clement Shorter. (Rob-

erts.) The ordinary objection to an historical introduction to a novel disappears when one considers how closely Mr. Meredith has followed the actual facts of the personality of Lassalle and his relations to Helene von Dönniges. With a hero so marked as Lassalle and a Romeo and Juliet tragedy in real life, all the novelist's art is roused to enriching and vivifying, not idealizing, the scenes. — A Modern Aladdin, or The Wonderful Adventures of Oliver Munier, by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) Mr. Pyle takes the suggestion of the mysterious Count of St.-Germaine, recalls Raymond Lulli and the Count of Monte Cristo, catches a hint from mesmerism, and proceeds in a racy, good story-telling fashion to make up a tale of marvels. He saves himself from serious criticism by calling his tale an extravaganza in four acts, and he adopts a scheme by which a slight dramatic form is given to his work. The outcome is a half-melodramatic, half-grotesque tale, in which old stuffs are patched cleverly so as to make a cloak to throw over a well-jointed lay figure. It is, without being so in form, a book to entertain a lively boy. — The Princess Tarakanova, a Dark Chapter of Russian History, translated from the Russian of G. P. Danilevski by Ida de Mouchanoff. (Macmillan.) An historical romance having to do with the secret history of the Russian throne near the close of the last century. — Winifrede's Journal, by Emma Marshall. (Macmillan.) A story of English life in the time of Charles I. The heroine, whose journal the book purports to be, shares to a large degree the fortunes and misfortunes of the saintly Bishop Hall of Exeter and Norwich, under whose protection she is. While possessing no great power or originality, the book gives an interesting picture of its period, and is well written. — Adventures of a Fair Rebel, by Matt Crim. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.) The fair rebel, who tells her story herself, went through her adventures in the South during the war, managing always to keep within the neighborhood of some fierce battle, and marrying, as in duty bound, a Northern soldier. The book opens with good promise, and whenever the author is describing what may be taken as actual scenes which have come under her eye, and touches them with imagination, she achieves a fair success. The plot, however, is as rambling as the heroine, and the construction is inferior to single scenes. — The Grandmother, a Story of Country Life in Bohemia, by Bozema Nemec. Translated from the Bohemian, with a biographic sketch of the author, by Frances Gregor. (McClurg.) A pretty tale, with much incidental folk lore and custom. The story may be classed with Auerbach's Black Forest tales. — The Lesson of the Master, by Henry James. (Macmillan.) Although this title suggests a volume of sermons, it is only a book of short stories, some of which (if not all) have already been printed in the magazines. Mr. James's English is becoming more and more mannered and involved, and yet in spite of this, at the end of each story the reader feels that it has served him well ; for with it he has produced the precise effect that he intended. All the stories are clever, — Mr. James is always immensely clever, — but The Pupil and the tale which gives its title to the volume are little masterpieces.

Books for Young People. Looking Forward for Young Men, their Interest and Success, by Rev. G. S. Weaver. (Fowler & Wells Co.) Practical talk by an aged clergyman who has a healthy interest in life, and who illustrates his discourse by familiar examples. There is a kindly tone which leads one to be patient in listening, even though some of the advice may seem a trifle commonplace. — That Stick, by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.) The latest of Miss Yonge's novels will hardly take more than a middle rank in the long list of her works. But it is interesting and readable, and has the usual truthful characterization, unfailing good sense, and fine taste, which not too common qualities make it an excellent book for the young girls to whom it will chiefly appeal. — Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. (Scribners.) No writer's name is given to this book, which is marked as second edition, revised, but the copyright is taken out by Robert Bird. It is composed of a series of incidents and descriptions of scenes, addressed in form to a listening child. The writer seeks to make vivid the separate pictures, turning the passage from the gospels into a narrative in which all the Oriental circumstance is explained and amplified, and the words of the Saviour are treated in brief paraphrase where the text is not preserved exactly. The temper in which this book is prepared

is reverent, and yet we wish some of the scenes had been more reserved; the silence of Scripture is not without its deep force. Each scene has a brief application at the close, addressed almost with an affectation of quaintness to the listening child. The author plainly desired his book to be read aloud to the young, and with the interpretation of a mother's voice such reading doubtless would often be effective.

Fine Arts. L'Art for January 15 and February (Macmillan) has less range than usual. The customary etchings are here, including a vigorous one, La Paie des Moissonneurs, after the painting by Lhermitte. There is a bright series of character and life sketches accompanying the last of a series of papers entitled Un Coin de la Bibliothèque Nationale, a number of portraits in the paper Les Sociétés des Beaux-Arts des Départements à Paris, and, what should not be overlooked, a sharp, short, and stirring protest by F. Lhomme upon the degradation of dramatic art, under the title La Comédie d'Aujourd'hui, in which names are used without reserve. — L. Prang & Co. send us two examples of photo-color prints; that is, as we understand it, pictures produced by printing in color from plates prepared for lithography from a photographic negative. The interest is in the process. The result does not strike us as differing greatly from that obtained by chromo-lithography. — Introductory Studies in Greek Art, by Jane E. Harrison; with Map and Illustration. (Macmillan.) The author of this book has already won a claim upon respectful attention, and in the exact and full learning which she has shown passes here into systematic and well-thought-out consideration of the origin and the permanent characteristics of Greek art. It is the lesson of idealism enforced by the undying example of the most perfect expression of idealism. Constant use is made of Plato as the philosophic exponent. — Studies in the Wagnerian Drama, by H. E. Krehbiel. (Harpers.) A systematic and intelligent account of Wagner's principles and their illustration in his great operas. The author's discrimination is shown especially in his treatment of Parsifal. The criticism, though sometimes technical, is seldom beyond the comprehension of the ordinary laic, who will find his notions of Wagner's purpose tested by a clear and readable account.

Education and Textbooks. In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is Immensee, by Theodor Storm; with English notes and a German-English vocabulary, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. (Heath.) It is an idyl of a somewhat romantic turn. — The Literature of France, by H. G. Keene (Scribners), is one of the rather nondescript University Extension manuals, not exactly a textbook, and not exactly a treatise. Under somewhat fantastic titles, The Age of Infancy, of Adolescence, of Glory, of Reason, and of Nature, with a couple of chapters on the Sources of Modern French Literary Art, the author, or rather lecturer, — for he always seems to have an audience of both sexes and all ages and conditions before him, — makes a running comment on names and works; always bearing in mind that it is not facts which his hearers want, but facts tricked out in a system with a ready-made scheme of rewards and punishments.

Economics and Sociology. Economic and Industrial Delusions, a Discussion of the Case for Protection, by Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar. (Putnams.) The chief author of this work was a Republican until Cleveland formulated the Democratic low tariff doctrine, when he took his place in the Democratic party. The explanation might appear unnecessary in view of Mr. Farquhar's earnest assertion that his study of political economy is unaffected by party consideration, but the book is so strongly impregnated with party feeling that the reader, though he does not impugn Mr. Farquhar's honesty, does come to have some doubt about his scientific treatment. He has some admirable words on the question of free silver.

Sports. Duplicate Whist, its Rules and Methods of Play, by John T. Mitchell. (McClurg.) The appendix to this little volume contains, amongst other things, The Laws of American Whist, but the title is misleading. American whist is the game which has been thoroughly laid down by G. W. P. This body of laws is simply the code of rules adopted by the first American Whist Congress at Milwaukee in the spring of 1891.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Concerning University Extension.

As one of a University Extension committee which has founded a vigorous local centre in a large city, I have seen the most of the literature of the movement *pro* and *con*. Certainly nothing better has been written than Professor Palmer's contribution to the March Atlantic, Doubts about University Extension, and I am moved to confirm some of his statements by telling our experience in taking "the grand new step in American education."

Having organized an efficient committee, — one of the Board of Regents being our chairman, — and having brought the subject before the public through our daily press and a generous circulation of leaflets, we were still burdened with serious apprehension of the success of the project, when it should be fairly launched, because of the many popular lecture courses already under way, some of them free, and the innumerable study-classes, besides, and associations for special research. Ours is a college town. One of the professors had opened his class lectures upon American history to the public without charge, just as interest in University Extension began ; and so great was the attendance of outsiders upon those lectures that it was a problem whether we could compete with such attractions or not. Finally a public meeting was announced, in the interest of University Extension ; a great apostle of the movement having been secured for an address, with many lesser but brilliant lights. We were not a little fearful lest the medium-sized audience-room which we had decided upon would not be half filled, zealous as the committee and the press had been in securing a hearing, "admission free." On the contrary, the house was crowded to the doors, and by a most intelligent audience ; an expectant audience, as said the committee who studied its physiognomy from the platform. "Will it go ?" somebody was heard to ask after the meeting. "*It has gone !*" was the reply. Great enthusiasm was manifested at that first meeting. An expression was called for as to what the subject of the first course of lectures should be. American history and English literature were chosen, the votes standing about even for each, with calls for political economy, geology, etc.

So far, so good. A guarantee fund had been secured. There was every prospect of a large sale of lecture tickets. The best of lecturers was promised, — one who could inspire as well as teach. Our correspondence with lecturers had only begun ; we could promise great things. It did not take long to convince the committee that they were down for a course of lectures with little prospect of getting a lecturer. Had Mr. Palmer's article appeared earlier, we might have been better prepared for our perplexity and disappointment. In vain we turned the spigots of college reservoirs ; only slowly trickling drops of hope could we get. "And where," asks Mr. Palmer, "except at the colleges does a body of experts exist ?" The tickets were selling, the press was advocating the movement, and everybody was asking, "Why *don't* you begin ?" We had thought it would be best not to begin with one of our own college men, — that we must go abroad for a lecturer, although we knew that our home professors were second to none in the land. At last we were forced to turn to our own men, and secured one of them, but not easily, — the one already drawing a crowd to his free lectures on American history. He offered to give us a course upon English literature. It was only by setting aside other engagements that he could help us out of our dilemma. We made our arrangements for class work, which of course would add very much to his labor ; but we meant to do something more than open a popular lecture course. Verily ours was to be University Extension as carried out in thorough work and examinations. A hall was secured that would give desk-room to some two hundred students. One hundred would be mere listeners. Liberal rates were made to clubs of wage-earners. We were by no means confident that the class in English literature would quite fill the hall. The afternoon before the lecture, we discovered that we must stop selling tickets at once, and take a hall that would seat one thousand. The house was filled to overflowing with ticket-holders for the full

course. In vain the committee tried to divide the class, — to induce two thirds to withdraw from English literature and wait for the opening of other courses. There could be no class work in a class of eight hundred or more. But good-naturedly the crowd insisted upon having Professor ——'s lectures. The outcome was, he reads a charming paper to a crowded house once a week. Very few of his hearers do anything like class work. He is relieved, of course, of duties he would cheerfully have performed with a smaller class.

We are soon to open a course in American history, and have strictly limited the sale of tickets. Not without difficulty has a lecturer been obtained, — one of the overworked professors of a neighboring college. Mr. Palmer may well say: "A movement which places its reliance on the casual teaching of overworked men is condemned from the start. . . . The men it wants it cannot have without damaging them; and, damaging them, it damages the higher education of which they are the guardians."

Are we not ignoring a great deal which might as properly be called University Extension as is this popular movement, and, if wisely promoted on its own lines, would accomplish all that the enthusiasts for University Extension aim to accomplish, and that without encroachment on the strength of our universities? Look at the multitudinous organizations for special study in every community making any pretense to culture: the literary classics from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling, the national science societies, art clubs, political economy clubs, American history clubs, etc.; the object of each being to aid in providing as thorough an education as possible in some special field of knowledge. These classes and clubs are doing a great work for the higher education, absurd as it may be, perhaps, to compare their work as a whole with that of the University Extension scheme could it be carried out in this country as it is in England. The historical societies alone, in their focalization of research upon special localities, their verification of traditions, and the preservation of records and relics, are doing quite as much toward "rendering busy Americans intelligent," and that as regards their native heath, as if they were dubbed University Extension societies. And so of many kindred organizations. May we not well ask, in our zeal for the promotion of each and every movement that would make education one of the permanent interests of our national life, and infuse a missionary spirit into the highest culture, if the great object to be attained in this movement might not be gained by utilizing existing agencies; that is, by stimulating and developing those associations, classes, etc., founded upon educational aim and research along special lines? Take the local natural science associations, for instance, and their sections, their lectures, committee work, and exhaustive treatment of detail as seen in the botanical sections. Can any so-called University Extension movement do better work than they are doing? Why not recognize such organizations as a part of the movement, and so enlist the public in their behalf? "What you call University Extension, and make such an ado about," said the head of one of these societies, "we have been carrying on for years, and with results we could not have attained on any educational merry-go-round."

Now it will not do to call the new movement an "educational merry-go-round," or to say of it, "Drop a nickel in the slot, and you get a university education." But is there not danger in overestimating the movement, as has been shown by one of its advocates, who sees in this exaggerated valuation of it a sure reaction, and final loss of confidence in plans for popular enlightenment? Why are not our many associations for special study the very basis for a movement like the one we have chosen to call University Extension? Is it even necessary to organize a federation of such associations any more than for "local centres"? They do not need to draw on the "overworked faculty" of the colleges as a condition of their existence, — notably the many women's clubs of the country, whose object is the higher education. The scheme of study carried out by many of those clubs is parallel to that proposed by this new movement. The social limitations make the difference, — they are social cliques, as a rule. But these literary clubs are to be found among the employees of great dry-goods houses, etc. They are a phase of some of the working girls' clubs. When I asked a saleswoman of a great mercantile house to join a class which I thought would be for her advantage, she replied, "Oh, dear! I

have so many things of that kind already. I must not take any more." The papers prepared for the average literary or ethical women's club — say those of the Association for the Advancement of Women — do not indicate any crying need for assistance from overworked college men.

"Factotum here, Sir." — A turned-up nose and an insignificant figure, an absent mind and a treacherous memory, are offset in our man Friday by a never-failing courtesy, the friendliest smile, and the most willing legs that ever obeyed the beck of a kindly soul. Foreigners learning Italian grow desperate when they hear him talk, and are struck dumb with the conviction that they can never acquire his pretty grace notes, never put in the *già* at just the right place or imitate the graceful phrasing; in short, never speak the sweet idiom as a Tuscan peasant does. Though born and bred in a remote hamlet on the Pistoian hills, Gigi Mattei has dug in the Sardinian mines, pasted bills on the Roman walls, sold Bibles in Corsica, and swept the Senate House. At one time it was his part to play the "pedagogue," — in other words, to accompany the writer to and from school; for it was less then than now, even, the custom for girls to be seen on the Roman streets alone. Our walks were most animated, as Mattei is an enthusiastic politician, and, when alone, meanders through the crowded ways with an outspread newspaper close under his eyes, happily oblivious of carriages, carts, and horses, that seem, for some vague reason, to respect his studious, obscure person. Reading at every chance, he has picked up ideas on most subjects; and although, if sent for a paint-brush or lemon-squeezer, he will buy one which comes to pieces at the first stroke, he has his own conceptions of history and prophecy. After pursuing a lecturer on the Forum like a faithful shadow for several Sunday afternoons, he gave a racy *résumé* of Roman history, closing with the indignant ejaculation, "Eh! but a great rascal, that Marius!"

Coming down the palace stairs, books and lunch basket in hand, at four o'clock, I generally found Mattei in the hall poring over his journal, and ready to welcome me with a grin that put the Alice in Wonderland cat to shame. On our way home I was regaled with the latest news, or treated to reminiscences of the time when he was the village curate's right-hand man to sing in the Midnight Mass. I say *generally*, for sometimes the hall would be dismally empty, and after waiting until the sharp tramontane had penetrated to the marrow of my bones I would conclude that some disaster had occurred at home, and creep back alone through the fast-darkening streets, shying as the words "Pretty sympathetic one" or a prolonged smack of the lips greeted my progress. At home I usually found all serene, and late in the evening Mattei would saunter amiably in to know if the "signori" commanded anything; whereupon greeted by an irate relation with the angry query, "Why did you not fetch the signorina this afternoon?" the perennial grin would fade into utter despair of countenance, and Mattei, casting his soft, napless hat upon the ground, would exclaim, "By Bacchus! What a head! What a beast! I forgot," lost in such genuine and ludicrous contrition that the most hard-hearted accuser felt his thunder stolen.

Mattei's memory is always playing us tricks; he might safely be trusted with millions of francs, but he comes back with unanswered notes and uncashed checks, and leaves behind the bundle he went to get, until now any mention of his name raises a smile among our friends. Bacchus is being constantly invoked, for after every errand Mattei forgets where he has put his hat, and turns piteously to his wife: "Isola mine, *did* n't I have it on when I came in?"

One day, Chiara, who entertained an affectionate contempt for the household scapegrace, called him up for an errand of her own. "Sor Matteo" (she would distort his surname into a Christian one), "will you do a pleasure?" "Even two, Chiara mine." "Bravo, Matteo! You see this basket of kittens: well, I want you to take them out for me." "And drown them?" says Mattei. "Nevermore," responds Chiara. "What have they done, poor beasts, that they should make that ugly death? No; take them to an eating-house outside the gates, where they can find two bones to live on, and say to the host, with a little good manner: 'See, Sor Oste, I have brought you five fine cats who will drive all your mice away. They are splendid creatures. I would keep them myself, but I have no place.'" Mattei promised good-naturedly to obey, slipped the covered basket on his

arm, picked up his paper, and departed, to return some time later with a rueful face. Chiara asked how he had sped. "Eh! Chiara mine, I did just as you said, and I found a nice *osteria* near Porta Maggiore where the man said I might leave the poor creatures; but when I opened the basket to show them, not one was there!" Chiara interposed: "I wager, Sor Matteo, you were reading the Capitan Fracassa all the way." He shamefacedly acknowledged it, and Chiara laughed loud and long, regretting to the day of her death that she did not see "Sor Matteo" going along with his nose in the paper, while five kittens leaped out in the rear. "To think," she murmured, "that the imbecile never felt the difference in the weight of the basket!"

One grateful Boston lady, for whom Mattei had called more than one carriage and done many an errand, presented him, on her departure, with a resplendent black and yellow satin cravat. It was observed that only once a year, when this lady visited Rome, did Mattei don his finery; at other times a wilted black tie did duty under the cheerful grin. On my remarking, the third winter, that the cravat was wearing well, he replied: "What will you have, signorina? I put it on only when the Signora *Lorrrde* comes to find us. I am a poor man, but I am an Italian, and I cannot wear the colors of Austria."

Passionately fond as a lad of playing cards, his father came to him one day, saying, "Look here, Gigi, you will have to stop this; we can't have such squandering." "You do it," retorted he. "Yes, but no family can stand two gamesters at once." "Well, then," quoth Luigi, "*you* stop, for you have had your turn, and I have only just begun." He meant no disrespect, but was simply expressing his idea of justice; and when, years later, this same father came down from the mountains, after the death of his good old wife Columbine, to be cared for by his son in Rome, he was served with the devotion and tenderness of a loving woman. "Why, signorina," said Mattei, with tears in his eyes, a few weeks before his father's death, when he was tramping all over the city to find a bottle of the *sincere* wine dear to the heart of the ancient peasant, "I would carry him on the palms of my hands."

Every life has its romance, and Mattei's is centred in a curly-headed little maid, who inherits her father's big mouth and *retroussé* nose, but has a face as bright as a flash and can declaim like a true daughter of the South; and in her mother, the first wife, a consumptive, shiftless Roman, whose tribe of vagabond relations borrowed his money, told his secrets, and infested the dirty kitchen. Her successor, a strong-minded, capable Tuscan, who keeps his house and children in irreproachable order and neatness, but thinks he has not backbone enough and lets him know it, has never won the love which embalmed the gentler Agnes. When congratulated by practical minds who assert that he could not have found a better wife for himself and mother for the children, he responds ambiguously, "I don't know;" and when he passes through the narrow streets near the Cancelleria he grows absent-minded, and says dreamily, "Eh! I know these parts. That tall, dark house is where my Agnesina lived when we were betrothed to each other, eighteen years ago."

I verily believe that, with the exception of King Humbert, Mattei has the largest bowing (or rather, nodding) acquaintance in Rome, and I have yet to hear of a trade in which he has not a friend. Of this large public he is the servant, the willing slave of every claimant. A colossal share of the *pan giallo*, Rome's Christmas dainty, which Mattei won at the lottery, lingers with grateful fragrance in a child's memory, but I have waited five years to obtain a set of shelves for which this factotum amiably advanced the money (refunded by me) to a strange but handsome and beguiling young carpenter. It is Mattei who registers the community's babies and attends to the details of the funerals; every one calls on him for everything, and of course every one snubs and scolds him, too. The scanty hair is growing very gray, and he does not forget as often as of old. Perhaps some day, when the insignificant body has gone to its rest, Isola and the other critics may find that a loving spirit dwelt among them, and that they comprehended it not.

The Melancholy of Modern Fiction.

— If the modern novel — the most modern — is the exponent of modern thought and feeling, it must be inferred that life is nowadays a much more melancholy affair than it used to be. To whatever cause we may attribute

it, the fact is very striking as it is thus manifested in the fiction of the period. I read a good many novels, and I object so much to spending my time over decidedly unpleasant ones that I wish authors would kindly label their works in some such way that one might be warned off by the title page from the perusal thereof. It is not that I cannot read a sad story ; but some sad stories are beautiful and carry in them a compensation for the pain they inflict, and other sad stories are simply unpleasant without mitigation. I can read Mrs. Gaskell's Sylvia's Lovers and like it ; such a novel as The Wages of Sin, by Charles Kingsley's daughter, I would not willingly have read, had I known what manner of book it was. There are kinds of sadness and degrees of it. Mr. Thomas Hardy is a writer who is almost uniformly grievous, yet his art is so rare and so powerful that the reader consents to follow him to whatever dreadful end he leads. No one has a more profound apprehension of the force of circumstance to entangle men and women in its net, and no one paints so vividly momentous situations, where the history of a life hangs upon some thread of impulse, some apparently trifling turn of events. And yet Mr. Hardy has this in common with Shakespeare and other truly great artists, that his deepest tragedy is consequent upon character, and is not the simple working of fate. The Mayor of Casterbridge brings about his own downfall ; his destiny is involved in his nature, and circumstance does but help to determine foregone conclusions. Mr. Hardy's last novel is a tragedy truly of a most piteous and heart-rending sort, where the catastrophe is the result less of character than of fate ; the complications of circumstance are most to blame for the fatal web in which poor Tess is caught.

Beside the novels which portray special types of character, carrying with them each its own individual destiny, there are others peculiarly characteristic of the period, which depict life itself as it appears to the modern observer in its general aspect or in some one of its phases, usually the most melancholy one. It is this scene of life rather than the actors in the scene on which the real interest is concentrated. Take such a book as A Marked Man. While the hero is a well-painted figure, it is not what he is so much as what happens to him that concerns the author. His life is a spoiled one, his best affections are denied their natural channel, and at the end of his days he leaves his life with the mournful complaint, "But three years [of happiness] in fifty!" and his daughter echoes his thought, sighing out, "Oh, why is it? *why?*" and finds no answer to her hopeless query. As another example of this school of fiction-writing whose aim is to depict life as it is, take The House by the Medlar Tree. It is too unhappily true to life to be tolerable reading for any one past youth who knows what trouble is, who does not need and does not wish to have the woe of life thrust upon his notice and pressed down into his soul more than it already and inevitably is. For my own part, I think that a preface by Mr. Howells, recommending a book for its realism, will hereafter be enough to guard me against it. Some may agree with him to prize such novels as masterpieces of modern art, but is the depression they produce a wholesome effect to receive from a work of art ? In no other form of art is *that* the outcome of the highest efforts of genius, — a clouding of the aspect of the world, a lowering of the mental nerve. To read such books as A Country Town, A Modern Instance, The Wind of Destiny, The Failure of Elizabeth, is gratuitously to weaken one's vitality, which the mere fact of living does for most of us in such measure that what we need is tonic treatment, and views of life that tend to hopefulness, not gloom.

Royalty in the Genesee Country.

— The story of Louis Philippe in a Wigwam, given in the Contributors' Club of the February Atlantic, has filled several gaps in a historical study of great interest, and awakened a desire to know more of the experiences of the three Bourbon princes who, as exiles, wandered through the forests and clearings of the "wild West" of 1797, four years after the execution of Louis XVI. It is said that the full story may not be known until papers in the possession of the New York Historical Society are published ; but many are the stories that have come down to those whose ancestors lived in the Genesee country of the three princes following the Indian trails on horseback, attended by a single servant and sharing the hospitality of the border cabins. Sometimes they were

escorted by the great landowners of the locality, — Thomas Morris, James Wadsworth, or Colonel Williamson. They were in an important sense the guests of Gouverneur Morris, assistant financier of Robert Morris. He had bought of Phelps and Gorham an immense tract, thousands of broad acres on the flats of the upper Genesee, where Mount Morris now is. The Duke of Orleans, the future Louis Philippe, had been enabled to come to this country through the invitation of Gouverneur Morris, who had placed some fifteen thousand pounds to his credit in London, adding to this sum when the duke was joined by his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais. Let it be remembered of the royal exiles that they drew very sparingly upon their liberal allowance, repaying every dollar in good time ; the whole amount not exceeding thirteen thousand dollars.

Wild as the Genesee country then was (it was but nine years after the sale to Phelps and Gorham of the hunting-grounds of the Senecas), a titled or distinguished personage was not infrequently wrapped up in a blanket before the blaze of the campfires along the much-traveled route between Albany and Niagara Falls. The old register of "the Hosmer stand," near the scow-ferry crossing of the Genesee at what is now Avon Springs, contained autographs that would be priceless to collectors of to-day. There were not only those of the three exiled princes of the House of Bourbon, but those of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, Kosciusko, the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Count Niemcewicz, Marshal Grouchy, Talleyrand ; to say nothing of Joseph Brant (Red Jacket), John Jacob Astor (a foot traveler and Indian trader with a pack of furs on his back), and heroes of the Revolution by the score.

Among the stories that come down to us from the pioneers of the Genesee Valley is one illustrating the travel of those early days, and, like most pioneer reminiscences, it is aggravatingly lacking in detail. The three princes had dined with Mrs. Orange Stone, in the house still to be seen in the eastern suburbs of the city of Rochester ; and a very fine, spacious house it must have been for a backwoods settler. The future king of France and his party, escorted by Thomas Morris, had walked to the Genesee Falls, a good three miles, and, pushing through the dense thicket along the banks, they had heard what they thought to be an Indian skulking in the bushes, or a wild beast. They shouted an alarm, and were soon face to face with a high-bred Englishman, — he who was afterwards Lord Ashburton, — who could not have been more surprised at meeting the princes in such a place than were they to meet him. It is bits of story like this that make those to whom they have been handed down impatient for the verification and fuller details which may possibly be given in the family papers of Louis Philippe and of the Morrises, each of whom was intimately associated with the Duke of Orleans during his stay in this country. The princes, having seen the falls of the Genesee, returned to Canandaigua, it is said, where they were the guests of Thomas Morris. One of the historic treasures of that historical town is the slipper that the future king of France left behind him. From Canandaigua they went, according to the Genesee pioneers, to Elmira, on foot, over the Indian trail. At Elmira a bateau was built for them, on which they sailed down the Chemung and the Susquehanna to Harrisburg. It is hard to make this account tally with that given in the February Contributors' Club, unless the princes made two journeys to the Genesee country. If they were going to Niagara Falls, why did they not push on when at the Genesee River ? And there is the story of their having been at Canawaugus (Avon), and the tradition that their names were on the old register of the Hosmer tavern. Did they take in Niagara on their way to New York from New Orleans ? Were they in the United States a little more than three years ?

We hear of them in the gay life of New York and Philadelphia in the winter of 1797–98, at the dinner parties of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and of Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, when the Duke of Kent, the father of the future queen of England, was also conspicuous in society. There seems to have been a great deal of dignity in embryo moving on the social currents of the metropolis just then : he that was to be king of France, he that was to be the father of the queen of England, and he that was to be Lord Ashburton being woven into the traditions of the time. There is the story of a dinner party given by the future Louis Philippe

at his modest lodgings, where one half the guests were seated upon the side of the bed, for want of room to place chairs.

Not until thirty-three years after this trip through our Western settlements did "the citizen king" come to the throne. In all the changes and chances of his mortal life, we may believe that he was never happier than when wandering over the trails of the Genesee country, learning what raccoon steak was like, and succotash, and seeing the big rattlesnakes infesting the ledges of "the little Seneca's River." The impression he made upon the pioneers whose hospitality he shared was that of a good, true, simple-hearted gentleman, — an impression which their children will perpetuate, no matter what royal archives may bring to light.

The Actor and Himself.

— A member of the Club recently treated us to some words of wisdom on Le Cothurne Étroit, throwing a light on its qualities sadly needed by our theatre. But I find a certain infelicity in his question, "What, then, becomes of the oft-repeated assertion that one must *feel* the part in order to be 'natural' or 'effective'?"

This query is, of course, not a full expression, even by implication, on the point at issue, but I think it unfortunately misleading. It is because they feel that the doctrine of law in expression contradicts this assertion that the great mass of English-speaking players and their public distrust it, or, in other words, Delsarte, whose name is considered synonymous with it, and also, unfortunately, as authorizing much charlatan teaching that takes his name in vain. Their antagonism does not prove, to be sure, the doctrine wrong, even though it were based on a fair understanding of it; but nevertheless I think their belief in the necessity of emotion sound, based on deep and true instincts, and that their error lies in a misunderstanding of Delsarte and his best expounders. The "natural" result sought by all is not literally natural, but, as in all the arts, has the effect of nature, more or less idealized as the case may be, limited and modified by the technical conditions of the creation.

A wordy war has long raged between Mr. Irving and M. Coquelin on this subject, and I am fully aware of the disadvantage it must be, in any kindred discussion, to be found on the great English manager's side; but I declare that is not my position. I am only not on Coquelin's. I have never seen or heard an expression from a competent artist or critic — and I am thinking of Salvini for one — as to the comedian's insistent assertion that he never "feels" his parts, that the commenter did not attribute it to a deficiency of self-analysis, the diverse use of words by different people, the natural perversity aroused by the popular over-valuation of feeling, and insufficient appreciation of technique among such an inartistic people as the English, — one or all of these things, — or did not, worse than all, and, I think, unjustly, dismiss the subject by saying that Coquelin's acting would have led him to suppose the case to be exactly as he states it.

The fact is, acting, psychologically considered, is the most curiously subtle thing in the world, and while all possible training can make nothing of a part but an empty shell unless there exists in the performance the feeling that gives the actor a sense of momentary identity with it, that sense of identity should cover but a small part of his consciousness (to speak, perforce, metaphorically); and outside of this emotional centre the critic part of him should stand unmoved, guiding, more or less consciously, his excitement, and turning it to the best artistic account.

One of Delsarte's great arguments for the study by actors of the beautiful, eternal principles of expression he formulated was that the knowledge and assumption of the outward symbols of a mood would powerfully aid in producing it; whereupon, of course, the reciprocal play of action and reaction would continuously add to the result.

In a recent beautifully lucid little paper, which I have not now by me, and so cannot quote directly, Salvini, who was a close pupil of Delsarte's, describes the emotional exaltation of acting, and the process of mastering it to the actor's purposes, instead of being mastered by it, with all the charming typical *naïveté* of a great plastic artist. And when I read what he had to say I was consoled for Coquelin's incredible, tiresome paradoxes, and, in my own mind, complacently congratulated the greatest actor in the world upon saying exactly what I had always thought.

Ignis Fatuus. — Bayard Taylor relates that, in crossing the square in Frankfort, he encountered a man who was singing softly to himself. Our American abroad might not have noticed the appearance of this stranger, although the latter was young and handsome, except for a striking peculiarity of the eyes. These were large, expressive, and extraordinarily luminous, — luminous with the phosphorescent light which had been observed in the wild beasts of the forest or of the desert, and which, as in the case of this famous musician, Mr. Taylor remarks, is rarely absent in men of great genius. Additional testimony to this effect is furnished by Vincent Nolte in his Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres, in which one finds the following picture of Napoleon alighting from a carriage in Leghorn: "A man of small stature, pallid complexion, hair long and straight as that of a Florida Indian; the countenance wearing the perpetual smile of the man of affairs; the eyes dull with introspection, and actually dim with a phosphorescent glare." It may be remarked that this description refers to a date shortly before Marengo, and at a period in which the energies of the great captain were at their highest; for, prodigious as were his later achievements in wielding vast armies and vast nations, it was at this very time of which Nolte writes that he performed his most extraordinary miracles of creating armies and of dallying with thrones.

In our own immediate times, "Bull Run" Russell, the famous war correspondent and word-painter of the London Times, lays stress upon this same characteristic as to the eyes in his description of Wigfall, of Texas: "A man of prepossessing appearance, of genial manner, of great originality in expression, but bearing ever in his eyes the phosphorescent glare of the wild beast." Another instance of this mysterious light in the window of the soul is to be found in the case of a most amiable and lovely lady of our own day, who was believed by partial friends to have been the original of Zenobia in Hawthorne's portraiture. So noticeable was this peculiarity that many poetic compliments and not a few fugitive verses were inspired by the glow which the darkness always revealed in her eyes. More than once, in reference to this subject, were quoted the lines from Lalla Rookh about

> "Gems in darkness issuing rays
> They 've treasured from the sun that 's set."

On the other hand, some feminine commentators referred the matter back to natural history, and talked about *cats*.

True, this so-accredited signal-fire of genius becomes a baleful light when found in the eyes of maniacs, just as the stars, in Hiawatha, grew to look like the eyes of wolves to the starving Indians. Indeed, this glow which sometimes illumines the human orb of sight may be either a blessing or a curse, for it denotes preternatural activity of the nervous centres. Phosphorus plays a mysterious rôle in the nouriture and chemistry of the brain; and the cerebral perturbation which might make this irradiation manifest in the struggles of genius might also, if still further increased, light up a noble wreck.

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THE EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.[1]

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the president of the board of trustees of the Peabody fund, said in his address, October 1, 1890, at the twenty-ninth meeting of that board: "If there be a race problem anywhere, time and education can alone supply its solution. But time without education will only render it the more insoluble. Continued ignorance is a remedy for nothing. It is itself the disease to be cured and eradicated. Free common schools with industrial, agricultural, and mechanical departments attached to them, and with all the moral and religious influences which can be brought to bear on them, . . . these seem to me the great need, if not the one and only thing needful, for the countless masses of colored children of the South at this moment."

The religious idea at the bottom of our civilization is the missionary idea. According to our most Christian theologies, the divine Being is conceived as possessed of the spirit of this idea from all eternity. The divine decrees broke up the eternal Sabbath of blessed perfection, and created finite, imperfect beings, in order, it would seem, that there should be occasion for the exercise of this missionary spirit, a spirit of divine charity. For those divine decrees ordained a supreme sacrifice, the descent into finitude on the part of the Divine, a descent to its bitterest depths. For the Eternal Word tasted of death and descended into Hades, the very nadir of the Divine, to make it possible for finite beings to ascend into participation with Him and to grow forever into His image.

That this is the deepest thought in our civilization, and to all appearances a permanent and final idea, we may be assured by a glance at all religious and other protests against the ecclesiastical forms in which this doctrine is stated and the institutions founded upon it. All religious protests that have obtained a following within Christendom have taken pains to ground their opposition on a more explicit assertion of this very doctrine of good will towards men of all conditions, the possibility of salvation for finite beings in their lowest debasement.

If we question, in the name of science or philosophy, the significance of this religious faith in the divine altruism, and endeavor to support our objections

[1] This article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment on the assertions made and the suggestions offered. Among these correspondents were Hon. Randall Lee Gibson, Senator from Louisiana; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, chairman of the Educational Committee of the John F. Slater fund; Philip A. Bruce, Esq., editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times, and author of The Plantation Negro as a Freeman; and Lewis H. Blair, Esq., of Richmond, Va. The comments made by them severally appear as footnotes. Other communications were received in connection with the paper which were of the nature of general considerations, not readily reduced to the form of annotations, but indicating the profound interest taken in the subject by representative men in the South. — Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.

by an appeal to the results of dispassionate observation and reflection, we shall find only its confirmation. Outside of religious movements, the other activities of man in modern civilization all emphasize the same idea with the strangest unanimity. Science comes to say through Darwin that all nature in time and space is a process of nurturing individuality, — the principle of survival of that which develops the most intelligence and will-power. Nature is a process for the creation of souls. It implies, of course, the supremacy of mind, since all its lower processes exist for the production of spiritual beings; they depend on mind, so to speak, and demonstrate the substantiality of mind. Mind is the final cause and purpose of nature. This again implies that mind creates nature to reflect it. God creates nature, and through nature creates spiritual beings who participate in his blessedness. Hence nature presupposes a God of grace and good will towards his creatures.

Through Comte and Spencer Science also announces altruism as the highest law of social existence, and as the necessary condition for the most perfect development of individualism. Finally, the political and industrial activities proclaim the same thing: the former by continual approaches towards democracy; the latter by the progressive introduction of machinery to perform the drudgery of labor, and to elevate the human being to a directing power using and controlling the forces of nature. Without machinery he used his bone and sinew to obtain his livelihood, and was a "hand;" but with the aid of machinery he saves most of the severe bodily labor, and substitutes for it brain labor and directive intelligence. Hence man's wants have come to necessitate his intellectual education and the development of his individuality. All the people as people must be educated in schools, in order to secure that directive power over nature requisite for national safety in a military as well as in an industrial sense.

Thus religion, which states the deepest principle of our civilization, is confirmed by the scientific, political, and social movements of our age, and all agree in this supreme doctrine, that the lowest must be lifted up by the highest, — lifted up into self-activity and full development of individuality.

Religion states this in sentimental forms. Science and philosophy echo, with more or less inadequacy, the dogma of religion in their account of the physical and social structure of the universe. The one lost sheep shall occupy more attention than the ninety and nine that went not astray. The return of the prodigal furnishes the chief source of blessed satisfaction and joy in the divine world.

It is evident that any problem relating to a lower race, savage or downtrodden, must be discussed in the light of this religious principle. The utterance of Mr. Winthrop, quoted above, in regard to the race problem in the South was dictated by this lofty ideal of our civilization. Fortunate it is for our age, too, that science has come to an altruistic first principle, and is in process of readjusting all its conclusions in subordinate spheres so as to harmonize with it; likewise fortunate that the political and social welfare is now seen to involve the care of the weakling classes, and their elevation into self-help by moral, industrial, and intellectual education.

I shall endeavor here to expand and apply these considerations to our race problem, and to show how this Christian solution meets the given conditions.

The negro was brought to this country as a slave almost from the date of its first settlement. Two hundred and fifty years of bondage had elapsed when the issue of civil war set him free. He had brought with him from Africa the lowest form of civilization to be found

among men, — that in which the most degrading superstition furnishes the forms of public and private life. His religion was fetichism. But by contact with the Anglo-Saxon race in the very close relation of domestic servitude, living in the same family and governed by the absolute authority which characterizes all family control, the negro, after two and a half centuries, had come to possess what we may call the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. For the negro of the South, with the exception of a stratum of population in the dark belt of large plantations, where he has not been brought into contact with white people through domestic servitude, but segregated as oxen and horses are, — the negro of the South, with this exception, I repeat, is thoroughly imbued with nearly all the ideals and aspirations which form the conscious and unconscious motives of action with the white people among whom he lives.[2] It would be very easy to convince one's self of this by free conversation with any specimen of the colored race, and a comparison of his thoughts with those of a newly arrived immigrant from Ireland, Italy, Germany, or Scandinavia. It would be found that the negro is in thorough sympathy, intellectually and emotionally, with our national point of view, while the immigrant looks through the dark glass of his own national presuppositions, and misinterprets most that he sees around him here. Only in the second generation, and after association with the native population in common schools, the workshop, and the political meeting, does the European contingent of our population become assimilated.[3]

Of course I do not say this in disparagement of the European immigrant, for he stubbornly resists our national idea only in proportion to the value of his own. But I do insist on the practical fact that the negro of the South is not an African in his inner consciousness, but an American, who has acquired our Anglo-Saxon consciousness in its American type through seven generations of domestic servitude in the family of a white master. That this has been acquired so completely because of the inherent aptitude of the African race to imitate may be admitted as probable, and it follows from this that the national consciousness assumed by the black race is not so firmly seated as in other races that have risen through their own activity to views of the world more advanced than fetichism. Hence we may expect that the sundering of the negro from

[2] It is a matter for discussion whether the negro has come into the possession of what may be called "the Anglo-Saxon consciousness." I cannot see how, so long as the people of this race constitute a distinct and insoluble entity in our political society, it will be possible for them to acquire the characteristics which it has taken such a long period of time to develop in the Caucasian race. — R. L. G.

[3] Withdrawn by force from his original physical and moral environment, the negro has adapted himself to his American surroundings, and in doing so has necessarily acquired, so far as his lower intelligence permitted, the ideals and aspirations of the people to whom he was bound so long in slavery; but he is essentially still an African in the controlling tendencies of his character. When left to an exclusive association with his own people, there is a powerful inclination on the part of the Southern negro to revert to all of the distinctive features of his African ancestors. This is a fact of the utmost importance in the consideration of the proper means to be employed for the improvement of his character. The principal cause of the many failures which have been made in the effort to produce this improvement has been the unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of to-day is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin. The American descendants of European immigrants are, in the second generation, thoroughly assimilated with the surrounding white population. The grandsons of an American, a German, and an Englishman differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character. It can hardly be said that the negroes even of those Northern communities in which their race has enjoyed freedom for five generations are so assimilated with the surrounding white population that they are not to be discriminated from it in racial characteristics. — P. A. B.

close domestic relations with the white race will be accompanied with tendencies of relapse to the old fetich-worship and belief in magic; and this would be especially the case in the dark belt where the large plantations are found. Fetichism, as the elemental or first form of religion that arises among conscious beings, — animals cannot have even fetichism, — attributes arbitrary power to inanimate things, but does not arrive at the idea of one absolute Being. It remains in some of its forms even in the most advanced of religious peoples, as a limited belief in magic, faith in charms, amulets, lucky-bones, signs and omens, sacred places and times, etc. Even the high doctrine of Special Providence, so eminently Christian, easily passes over into fetichism (as the magical control of events through prayer), and is in fact blended with it in all minds devoid of scientific education.

Here is the chief problem of the negro of the South. It is to retain the elevation acquired through the long generations of domestic slavery, and to superimpose on it the sense of personal responsibility, moral dignity, and self-respect which belongs to the conscious ideal of the white race. Those acquainted with the free negro of the South, especially with the specimens at school and college, know that he is as capable of this higher form of civilization as in slavery he was capable of faithful attachment to the interests of his master.

The first step [4] towards this higher stage which will make the negro a valued citizen is intellectual education, and the second is industrial education.[5] By the expression "industrial education," I do not refer so much to training in habits of industry, for he has had this discipline for two hundred years,[6] but to school instruction in arts and trades as applications of scientific principles. Nor do I refer even to manual and scientific training, valuable as it is, so much as to that fundamental training in thrift [7] which is

[4] The first step really to be taken must be by the whites about him, in letting the negro feel that he possesses inalienable rights. What he now possesses is by sufferance only. He knows that he is neither a citizen nor a man, in the full sense. — L. H. B.

[5] I should prefer to define the course thus: first, religious; second, industrial; and third, intellectual. An ideal public school system for the Southern negroes for many generations to come would be a system under the operation of which each schoolhouse would be devoted to the religious instruction of the colored pupils, with a sufficient amount of industrial training to impart habits of industry, and a sufficient amount of intellectual training to facilitate the inculcation of the religious teachings. As far as possible, the public school system should be made supervisory of the moral life of the pupils; it should take the place of the parental authority, which is so much relaxed now that the watchful eye and firm support of the slaveholders have been withdrawn. — P. A. B.

[6] One of the discouraging features in the character of the young Southern negro is that apparently he has inherited but a small share of the steadiness and industry which were acquired under compulsion by his fathers. I am referring now to the young negro to be found in the agricultural communities. He is in a marked degree inferior to the former slave in agricultural knowledge and manipulating skill, for the very simple reason that his employer is unable to enforce the rigid attention to all the details of work which he would do if the young negro were his property. — P. A. B.

Dr. Harris seems to me to overestimate the value of the slave's experience in developing the habits of punctuality and obedience in descendants who were never slaves. I fear that the result is far other; that in the descendants of the slave there is an inherited disposition to be disobedient to law as a proof of the newly acquired freedom. — Anon.

[7] There is need of the inculcation and of the adoption in home life, in daily conduct, of sounder principles of economy and of consumption. What to eat, what to wear, how to cook, how to provide and preserve home conveniences and comforts, how to lay by for a rainy day, must be indoctrinated, ingrained, and become a habit. In other days the African slave was cared for from cradle to coffin, and literally took no thought for the morrow. Comparatively few negroes now living were ever slaves, but the habits of servitude have been transmitted. — J. L. M. C.

so essential to the progress of industry. The negro must teach himself to become a capitalist. There are two stages to this: first that of hoarding, second that of profitable investment. The first stage of thrift may be stimulated by adopting the postal savings device. If it be true, as is plausibly asserted, that the so-called poor white of the South is less thrifty than the negro, such adoption by our government of the postal savings institution would be a blessing to both races.[8] We know, indeed, that the poor white in the North is chiefly in need of the thrift that has a habit of hoarding; that is, the habit of saving something from its weekly pittance, no matter how small.

The introduction of manufacturing industries throughout the South is favorable to the rise of the poor white from his poverty. In the early days of cotton manufacture in New England, the unthrifty white people, who hitherto had lived in cottages or hovels near the large farms, removed to the villages that were springing up near water privileges. They learned how to "work in the mill," all the members of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, and the aggregate wages was wealth compared with what they had known before. In fact, they earned more than the well-to-do farmers in whose service they had formerly labored. The children now earned more wages than the parents had earned before. The work on the farm was varied and intermittent, depending upon the season. Ploughing, planting, weeding, haying, harvesting, threshing, marketing, wood-cutting, etc., are regulated by the farmer's calendar. There are rainy days, when the day laborer loses his hire; and, besides these, there are intervals between the season of one species of work and that of the next, in which no employment is offered him by the farm proprietor. If he had thrift, he would find work of some kind for himself at home; he would save money and own his house. But thrift he does not possess. Hence what he earns in the days of the working season is prodigally expended while it lasts, and the days of idleness after harvest are days of want in the household. The children are educated in the same habits of unthrift.

The rise of manufactures[9] and the removal of the ill-to-do families from the farm to the mill put an end to the periodic alternation of want and plenty in the house. Plenty now prevails, but does not generate thrift; for there is less occasion for it. The week's wages may be expended as fast as earned, thanks to the demoralizing institution of credit at the grocery kept by the proprietors of the mill. But, notwithstanding this drawback, there is more self-respect on the part of the children, who now have the consciousness that they earn their living. Manufactures and commerce bring about urban life as contrasted with rural life. The village grows into the city; the railroad carries the daily newspaper from the metropolis to the suburbs and to all towns on its line, and thus extends urban life indefinitely.

The difference between these two orders of life, the urban and rural, is quite important, and its discussion affords us an insight into a process going on rapidly throughout the South. The old *régime* of the large farm, with its cordon of dependent families, rendered possible a sort of patriarchal constitution. The farm proprietor, in the North as well as in the South, wielded great power over the unthrifty families of day laborers

[8] Until the negro learns thrift he will never be a man, no matter what his scientific or industrial education may be; therefore postal savings banks are especially desirable, indeed necessary, for him. — L. H. B.

[9] It is vain to look for manufactures in the South. Manufactures flourish only in a cool climate. Manufacturing has for years been diminishing in the South, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding. — L. H. B.

who lived near him. He helped them do their thinking, as he mingled with them in the daily work. He was called upon to assist whenever their unthrift pinched them. His intellect and will in a measure supplanted the native intellect and will of his hired laborers, not merely in directing their work on his farm, but also in their private matters, it being their habit to consult him. The farm proprietor thus furnished a sort of substantial will-power that governed his small community as the head of a family governs his.

This semi-patriarchal rule which exists in the exclusively agricultural community produces its own peculiar form of ethical life. The head of the farm, who does the thinking and willing for the others in all matters that are not fixed by routine, so penetrates their lives that he exercises a moral restraint over them, holding them back from crime of all kinds. Such ethical influence is, however, of the lowest and most rudimentary character in the stage next above slavery. It presupposes a lack of individual self-determination in the persons thus controlled. They are obsessed, as it were, by his will and intellect, and fail to develop their own native capacities. He rules as a clan leader, and they are his henchmen. They are repressed, and are not educated into a moral character of their own. There is little outward stimulus impelling them to exercise their independent choice. Hence agricultural communities are conservative, governed by custom and routine, taking up very slowly any new ideas.

The change to urban life through the intermediary step of village life breaks up this patriarchal clanship, and cultivates in its place independence of opinion and action. The laborer in the "mill" recognizes his right to choose his employer and his place of labor, and exercises it to a far greater degree than the farm laborer. He migrates from village to village; in the city he has before him a bewildering variety of employers to choose from. The city employer does not act as patriarch, nor permit his laborers to approach him as head of a clan. The urban life protects the laborer from the obsessing influence of the employer, and throws a far greater weight of responsibility on the individual. Hence the urban life stimulates and develops independence of character.

In the case of the Southern slave there was none of this alternation between idleness and industry, plenty and want, that comes to the poor white at the North and South by reason of his freedom. But his will and intellect were obsessed more effectually because the slave could not be allowed the development of spontaneous, independent self-activity. Since the civil war, however, the condition of the negro has changed, and in the agricultural regions it now resembles more nearly the status above described as that of the poor white in rural in contradistinction from urban surroundings. Where the country is sparsely settled the proprietor farmer retains the dominant influence. Where the villages are getting numerous the tendency to independence manifests itself in a partial revolt from the patriarchal rule of the plantation, and the struggle leads naturally to an unpleasant state of affairs for all parties. But the urban factor in the problem is certain to gain the ascendency, and we must see in the near future, with the increase of railroads and manufacturing centres, the progressive decadence of the patriarchal rule. The old system of social morality will perish, and a new one will take its place. In the formation of the new one the present danger lies.

If the negro separates entirely from the white classes so far as domestic relations are concerned, and forms his own independent family, he separates from the clan influence also, and loses the education of the white master's family in

manners.[10] He loses, too, the education of the master's counsel and directing influence. Unless this is counterbalanced by school education, it will produce degeneracy; for to remove the weight of authority is productive of good only when there has been a growth of individuality that demands a larger sphere of free activity. In case of entering upon village life and mechanical industries greater freedom from authority is demanded, and its effects are healthful; but with the isolated life on the plantation the opposite holds.

The remedy for evils incident to these changes is, as before said, school education, provided it is inclusive enough to furnish industrial and moral as well as intellectual training.

Education, intellectual and moral, is the only means yet discovered that is always sure to help people to help themselves. Any other species of aid may enervate the beneficiary, and lead to a habit of dependence on outside help. But intellectual and moral education develops self-respect, fertility of resources, knowledge of human nature, and aspiration for a better condition in life. It produces that divine discontent which goads on the individual, and will not let him rest.[11]

How does the school produce this important result? In what way can it give to the negro a solid basis for character and accomplishments? The school has undertaken to perform two quite different and opposite educational functions. The first produces intellectual training, and the second the training of the will.

The school, for its intellectual function, causes the pupil to learn certain arts, such as reading and writing, which make possible communication with one's fellow-men, and impart certain rudimentary insights or general elementary ideas with which practical thinking may be done, and the pupil be set on the way to comprehend his environment of nature, and of humanity and history. There is taught in the humblest of schools something of arithmetic, the science and art of numbers, by whose aid material nature is divided and combined, — the most practical of all knowledge of nature because it relates to the fundamental conditions of the existence of nature, the quantitative structure of time and space themselves. A little geography, also, is

[10] The increasing isolation of the negro of the South from the whites is, so far as his own advancement is concerned, the most significant fact connected with his present condition. In one point only does he come in contact with the white man, and that is in the formal relation of employed to employer. The negro and the white man are driven into this relation of necessity. In their social spheres they are as wide apart as if they inhabited different countries. They have separate churches and separate schools, and it is only a question of time for them to have, in all parts of the South, separate public conveyances. The two races resemble two great streams that flow side by side, never commingling nor converging. There is no disposition to unite. On the contrary, the tendency is to swerve still further apart. This is a fact of supreme importance in its bearing upon the prospects of the negro race in the South, for that race is essentially imitative and adaptive in its character, showing a parasitic loyalty to its environment. In a state of servitude, the negro was disciplined into a fixed and industrious life by the regulations of the system which enslaved him; he was improved in manners and elevated in his general conceptions by his daily association with the individuals of a superior white caste. The semi-military discipline of slavery is gone, and no social or personal tie now unites the home of the negro with that of the white man. — P. A. B.

[11] Self-respect is near akin to self-support. Any one who has lived in a foreign land where class distinctions prevail knows how ineffaceable is deference to rank, sometimes approaching servility. The negro seems to assume, to feel, to act on, his inferiority. The action of the government, of party managers, of religious organizations, of givers of pecuniary aid, of administrators of charitable benefactions, has tended to make him look to and rely upon Hercules. Slavery subordinated will, repressed intelligence, did not cultivate individuality or self-determination, and what is needed for the African is a strengthening at weak points so as to build up self-reliant character. — J. L. M. C.

taught; the pupil acquires the idea of the interrelation of each locality with every other. Each place produces something for the world-market, and in return it receives numerous commodities of useful and ornamental articles for food, clothing, and shelter. The great cosmopolitan idea of the human race and its unity of interests is born of geography, and even the smattering of it which the poorly taught pupil gets enwraps this great general idea, which is fertile and productive, a veritable knowledge of power from the start.

All school studies, moreover, deal with language, the embodiment of the reason, not of the individual, but of the Anglo-Saxon stock or people. The most elementary language study begins by isolating the words of a sentence, and making the pupil conscious of their separate articulation, spelling, and meaning. The savage does not quite arrive at a consciousness of the separate words of the language, but knows only whole sentences. All inflected languages preserve for us their primitive form of language consciousness, the inflections being the addition (to the roots or stems) of various subjective or pronominal elements necessary to give definiteness of application. The Turanic languages are called "agglutinative," because the power of analytic thinking has not proceeded so far as to differentiate the parts of speech fully. Every sentence is as it were some form of a conjugation of its verb.

Now, the steps of becoming conscious of words as words involved in writing and spelling, and in making out the meaning, and, finally, in the study of grammatical distinctions between the parts of speech, bring to the pupil a power of abstraction, a power of discriminating form from contents, substance from accidents, activity from passivity, subjective from objective, which makes him a thinker. For thinking depends on the mastery of categories, the ability to analyze a subject and get at its essential elements and see their necessary relations. The people who are taught to analyze their speech into words have a constant elementary training through life that makes them reflective and analytic as compared with a totally illiterate people.

This explains to some degree the effect upon a lower race of adopting the language of a higher race. It brings up into consciousness, by furnishing exact expressions for them, complicated series of ideas which remain sunk below the mental horizon of the savage. It enables the rudimentary intelligence to ascend from the thought of isolated things to the thought of their relations and interdependencies.

The school teaches also literature, and trains the pupil to read by setting him lessons consisting of extracts from literary works of art. These are selected for their intensity, and for their peculiar merits in expressing situations of the soul brought about by external or internal circumstances. Language itself contains the categories of thought, and the study of grammatical structure makes one conscious of phases of ideas which flit past without notice in the mind of the illiterate person. Literary genius invents modes of utterance for feelings and thoughts that were hitherto below the surface of consciousness. It brings them above its level, and makes them forever after conscious and articulate. Especially in the realm of ethical and religious ideas, the thoughts that furnish the regulative forms for living and acting, literature is preëminent for its usefulness. Literature may be said, therefore, to reveal human nature. Its very elementary study in school makes the pupil acquainted with a hundred or more pieces of literary art, expressing for him with felicity his rarer and higher moods of feeling and thought. When, in mature age, we look back over our lives and recall to mind the influence that our schooldays brought us, the time spent

over the school readers seems quite naturally to have been the most valuable part of our education. Our thoughts on the conduct of life have been stimulated by it, and this ethical knowledge is of all knowledge the nearest related to self-preservation.

The school, even in its least efficient form, does something on these lines of intellectual insight. For the most fruitful part of all intellectual education is the acquisition of the general outline and the basal idea, — the categories, so to speak, of the provinces of human learning. This intellectual part of school education could not well be more accurately directed to aid the cause of civilization. For the kind of knowledge and mental discipline that conserves civil life is the knowledge that gives an insight into the dependence of the individual upon society. The school is busied with giving the pupil a knowledge of the conditions of physical nature and human nature; the former in mathematical study, the latter in language study.

The school also educates the will through its discipline. It demands of the pupil that he shall be obedient to the rules of order, and adopt habits that make it possible to combine with one's fellows. The school is a small community, in which many immature wills are combined in such a way as to prevent one from standing in the way of another, while each helps all and all help each. For the pupil learns more by seeing the efforts of his fellows at mastering the lesson than he does by hearing the teacher's explanations. In order to secure concert of action, the semi-mechanical moral habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, and industry are insisted on. Moral education is not accomplished by lectures on morals so much as by a strict training in moral habits. The American school is proverbially strict in the matter of these semi-mechanical moral habits. They constitute the basis of self-control as related to combination with one's fellows. Leave out punctuality and regularity, and no combination is practicable; leave out silence and industry, and the school work is not possible. Without industry and abstention from meddlesomeness (and this is the equivalent of silence in the school) there can be no combination in civil society at large. The school secures peaceful co-operation, repressing the natural quarrelsomeness that exists among boys who are strangers to one another, and insuring civil behavior. Good behavior is the general term that characterizes the ideal aimed at by the school in the matter of will-training. A mastery of the "conventionalities of intelligence," as the "three R's" are called by a thoughtful observer, characterizes in like manner the ideal of its intellectual training.

From these considerations we can see how the common school may work, and does necessarily work, to civilize the intellect and will of the child, and how it must affect any lower race struggling to master the elements of civilization. For this scholastic training gives one the power to comprehend the springs of action that move the races which possess the directive power, and thus he can govern himself. It enables the pupil to see the properties and adaptabilities of material things, and he can subdue nature and convert things into wealth.

Here is the ground for the addition of industrial training to the traditional course of study in the common schools. The negro must learn to manage machinery, and make himself useful to the community in which he lives by becoming a skilled laborer.[12] Every physical peculiarity may be converted by the

[12] It is well to understand clearly the formidable character of the obstacles which the negro mechanic will be called upon to overcome before he can acquire, in the mechanical trades, any substantial advantage from the prosperity which may surround him. In the first place, he will encounter race prejudice; employers will prefer mechanics of their own

cunning of intellect into some knack or aptitude which gives its possessor an advantage in productive industry. But the skill to use tools and direct machinery is a superior gift. Invention is fast discounting the value of special gifts of manual dexterity. Science is the seed-corn, while artisan skill — yes, even art itself — is only the baked bread.

The first step above brute instinct takes place when man looks beyond things as he sees them existing before him, and begins to consider their possibilities; he adds to his external seeing an internal seeing. The world assumes a new aspect; each object appears to be of larger scope than in its present existence, for there is a sphere of possibility environing it, — a sphere which the sharpest animal eyes of lynx or eagle cannot see, but which man, endowed with this new faculty of inward sight, perceives at once. To this insight into possibilities there loom up uses and adaptations, transformations and combinations, in a long series, stretching into the infinite behind each finite real thing. The bodily eye sees the real objects, but cannot see the infinite trails; they are invisible except to the inward eye of the mind.

What we call directive power on the part of man, his combining and organizing capacity, all rests on this ability to see beyond the real things before the senses to the ideal possibilities invisible to the brute. The more clearly man sees these ideals, the more perfectly he can construct for his behoof another set of conditions than those in which he finds himself.

The school, in so far as it gives intellectual education, aids the pupil by science and literature. Science collects about each subject all its phases of existence under different conditions; it teaches the student to look at a thing as a whole, and see in it not only what is visible before his senses, but also what is invisible, — what is not realized, but remains dormant or potential. The scientifically educated laborer, therefore, is of a higher type than the mere "hand laborer," because he has learned to see in each thing its possibilities. He sees each thing in the perspective of its history. Here, then, in the educated laborer, we have a hand belonging to a brain that directs, or that can intelligently comprehend, a detailed statement of an ideal to be worked out. The laborer and the overseer, or "boss," are united in one man. Hence it is that the productive power of the educated laborer is so great.

The school may indefinitely reinforce the effect of this general education by adding manual training and other industrial branches, taking care to make the instruction scientific; for it is science that gives scope and power of adaptation to new conditions. The instrument of modern civilization is the labor-saving machine. The negro cannot share in the white man's freedom unless he can learn to manage machinery. Nothing but drudgery remains for a race that cannot understand applied science. The productive power of a race that works only with its hands is so small that only one in the hundred can live in

race, if other conditions are equal. Then he will have to submit to the stress of modern competition. The skilled white mechanic protects himself by his trade union; into that he is not likely to admit the negro mechanic. If the skilled negro mechanics form their own trade unions, the superiority of the members must be of the most striking character to create a preponderating influence in their favor in the mind of the employer, who naturally leans towards individuals of his own race. Let the negro unions work at cheaper rates and the white mechanics be forced to come down to the same wages, the former would at once be exposed to those destructive conditions to which I have referred. These are the influences that diminish the prospect of the negro taking an active part in the manufacturing development of the South, except in those branches of labor which are distinctly below such as require special skill and training. — P. A. B.

the enjoyment of the comforts of life. The nations that have conquered nature by the aid of machinery can afford luxury for large classes. In Great Britain,[13] for example, thirty per cent of the families enjoy incomes of $1000 and upwards per annum, while the seventy per cent constituting the so-called "working classes" have an average of $485 to each family. When we consider how much this will buy in England, we see that the common laborer of to-day is better off for real comforts than the nobleman of three hundred years ago. In France, seventy-six per cent, including the working classes, receive $395 per family, while the twenty-four per cent, including the wealthy, get an average of $1300 and upwards. But in Italy the income returns show (in 1881) only 8500 families with incomes above $1000, while more than ninety-eight per cent of the population average less than $300 for each family.[14] Agriculture without manufactures and commerce cannot furnish wealth for a large fraction of the people. But with diversity of industry there is opportunity for many, and will be finally for all. The increased use of machinery multiplies wealth, so that production doubles twice as often as the population in the United States.

This is the significance of manual training in our schools. The youth learns how to shape wood and iron into machines, and thus how to construct and manage machines. The hand worker is to be turned into a brain worker; for the machine does the work of the hand, but requires a brain to direct it. Human productive industry needs more and more directive power, but less and less mere sleight of hand. The negro, educated in manual training, will find himself at home in a civilization which is accumulating inventions of all sorts and descriptions to perform the work necessary to supply the people with food, clothing, and shelter at so cheap a rate as to have a large surplus of income to purchase the means of luxury, amusement, and culture.

The friends of the education of the negro, North and South, have seen the importance of providing industrial education for him. So long as he can work only at the cultivation of staple crops he cannot become a salutary element in the social whole.[15] When he acquires skill in mechanical industries, his presence in the community is valued and his person is respected. Many colored institutions have been founded for the special promotion of skill in the arts and trades, and nearly all of the higher institutions have undertaken to provide some facilities for industrial education.

In analyzing the details of the school statistics for colored schools of the South for 1889, we find 25,530 pupils enrolled in private and endowed schools against 1,213,092 pupils in public schools. Although this number is relatively small, — less than one fortieth, — yet its importance cannot easily be overestimated, because of the fact that most of the secondary and higher education is received through these schools. Hence the efficiency of the colored teacher depends chiefly on the endowments made to institutions of this class. By teachers one is to understand preachers and all manner of professional men as well as those actually in charge of schools; for it is evident that every colored person who receives a higher education is a teacher of his race for good or evil in an exceptional sense.

[13] See Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics (new edition, 1890–91), pages 320–22. — W. T. H.

[14] The English laborer has a greater income than the Italian, because England is the common manufacturer for Italy. Southern climates, whether occupied by negroes or Caucasians, are fatal to the rigorous demands of scientific industry. — L. H. B.

[15] As yet public sentiment confines him principally to agricultural or other similarly unremunerative employments. — L. H. B.

With the growing isolation of the negro in his state of freedom comes the necessity of a well-educated clergy [16] to counteract an increasing tendency to relapse into fetichism and magic and all manner of degrading superstitions. The profession of Christianity in empty words does not avail anything, and the practical interpretation of those words by means of the ideas of fetichism secures and confirms the lowest status of savagery. The more highly educated the colored clergy, the more closely are the masses of the people brought into intelligent sympathy with the aspirations and endeavors of the white race with whom they live. For it is not the abstract dogma that gives vital religion, important though it be as a symbol of the highest. It is the correct interpretation of that dogma in terms of concrete vital issues which makes it a living faith. One must be able to see the present world and its Sphinx riddles solved by the high doctrines of his creed, or he does not possess a "saving faith." The preacher who cannot, for his illiteracy, see the hand of Providence in the instruments of modern civilization — in the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the morning newspaper, the popular novel, the labor-saving machine, the investigations in natural science — is not likely to be of much help in building up a new civilization, although he may, it is true, administer consolation to souls world-sick and weary.[17]

The Christian religion as interpreted by the modern spirit means not only the preparation for death, but, more than this, a preparation for living. The true missionary spirit is thoroughly of this character. It bids each human being help his brother in all ways that may secure his self-help. Hence the conquest of nature, first by means of natural science, and secondly by means of useful inventions, to the end that man may be lifted forever above a life of drudgery into a life of intelligent directive power, where brains count more than hands, — this conquest is demanded by religion as a preliminary missionary movement.

The labors in social science directed to the end of discovering the best means of administering charity so that it may create activity and enterprise, rather than demoralize society's weaklings; the improvement of tenement houses, hygienic precautions, public parks and innocent amusements, all that goes to increase the interest of man in his fellow-men, and especially all that goes to lift the burden from childhood, — the burden that is premature and causes arrested

[16] The improvement of the character of the negro preachers is even more important than the improvement of the character of the negro teachers; but it is an end more difficult to reach, because the preachers cannot be selected, like the teachers, after submission to an ordeal that tests their fitness for the positions to be filled. As a rule, the present spiritual guides of the Southern negroes are self-appointed. The most feasible plan for promoting this improvement of character seems to be the establishment of a large number of seminaries, to be controlled absolutely by the white religious denominations, in which the general system of instruction now pursued in the normal institutes, with religious courses predominating, shall be employed for the education of the students. A second Peabody or Slater, instead of leaving a large fund for the advancement of the usefulness of the normal schools for the Southern negroes, should set aside the same amount for establishing new seminaries for the education of negro preachers, or enlarging the scope and improving the methods of those already in existence. — P. A. B.

[17] One of the chief drawbacks to higher civilization in the negro race is the exceeding difficulty of giving a predominant ethical character to his religion. In the black belt religion and virtue are often considered as distinct and separable things. The moral element, good character, is eliminated from the essential ingredients of Christianity, and good citizenship, womanliness, truth, chastity, honesty, cleanliness, trustworthiness, are not always of the essence of religious obligation. An intelligent, pious, courageous ministry is indispensable to any hopeful attempt to lift up the negro race. — J. L. M. C.

development, stunting the soul in its growth, — these are Christian instrumentalities, and are seen to be such by an educated clergy. But an illiterate clergy condemns them as works of Antichrist, because it cannot see the spirit of the doctrines which it preaches. It sounds like a paradox to say that the illiterate is bound by the letter and cannot see the spirit, but it is true.

It is quite important that the higher education of the negro should include Latin and Greek. The Anglo-Saxon civilization in which he lives is a derivative one, receiving one of its factors from Rome and the other from Athens. The white youth is obliged to study the classic languages in order to become conscious of these two derivative elements in his life, and it is equally important for the colored youth. A "liberal" education by classic study gives to the youth some acquaintance with his spiritual embryology.

In 1889, the pupils in private and endowed schools and schools supported by taxation, performing this much-needed work of educating the spiritual leaders among the colored people, were classified as follows : —

Secondary schools	11,480
Normal schools	7462
Universities and colleges	5010
Theological seminaries	1008
Law schools	42
Medical schools	241
Institutions for deaf, blind	287
Total	25,530

These details as reported vary much from year to year, and quite naturally ; [18] for those who are receiving a secondary or higher education may intend to teach in schools for a time, at least, and the greater part may ultimately reach the pulpit. Hence they may be enrolled under the head of normal schools properly enough.

It is clear, from the above considerations, that money expended for the secondary and higher education of the negro accomplishes far more for him than similar expenditures accomplish for the white people. It is seed sown where it brings forth a hundred fold,[19] because each one of the pupils of these higher institutions is a centre of diffusion of superior methods and refining influences among an imitative and impressible race. State and national aid as well as private bequests should take this direction first. There should be no gifts or bequests for common elementary instruction ; this should be left to the common schools, and all outside aid should be concentrated on the secondary and higher instruction, inclusive of industrial education.

What may be done by the wise administration of an endowment fund has been demonstrated by the history of the Peabody education fund. Its benefactions have been distributed in such a manner as always to stimulate greater local effort, and never to paralyze. During the year 1889–90 the sum of $87,487 was given to aid institutions in ten States. The largest sum, $26,000, was given to the Peabody Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee, a central normal school for the education of white teachers from ten of the Southern States. The sum of one hundred dollars is paid as a scholarship to each regularly appointed pupil, and traveling expenses

[18] In 1888, the total value of property used for colored normal schools was $1,224,130, for colored secondary schools (high schools and preparatory) $549,865, colleges $1,816,550, schools of science $61,500, schools of theology $252,500, schools of law $40,000, schools of medicine $80,000. — W. T. H.

[19] The wisest course to pursue at present is to employ every means to widen the scope and perfect the methods of the normal schools for the negroes. The Hampton Institute represents in an eminent degree the true principle to be applied in this age to their improvement through the public school, that principle being embodied in the careful selection of the best material which the race affords for instructors of the young. — P. A. B.

are also allowed. This item amounted to $22,500 (scholarships and traveling expenses) in the year 1889–90. In the years from 1868 to 1886 a total of $1,576,649 was distributed from this fund for all purposes, making an average of upwards of $80,000 per annum. The funds are now managed so as to assist and encourage normal instruction chiefly.[20]

Since 1883 this work of discriminating endowment has been reinforced by the Slater fund, which has aided the industrial phase of education. From 1883 to 1886 the trustees of this fund disbursed an average of $25,000 per annum. In the year 1888–89 the amount appropriated had increased to $44,310. This fund has recently been placed under the management of the agent of the Peabody fund.

During the twelve years 1877–89 the enrollment of both races in the schools of the fifteen former slave States and the District of Columbia increased more than twice as fast as the population. While the white population, as a whole, during that period gained over thirty-four per cent, the white enrollment in school gained seventy-five per cent, or double the ratio. While the colored population increased about twenty-five per cent, the colored increment in school was one hundred and thirteen per cent, or quadruple the rate.

It appears that in the last thirteen years the South has expended of public money the sum of $216,000,000 for education. Of this sum the colored schools have received about one fourth, — say $50,000,000.[21] The colored school enrollment is about one fourth of the whole (twenty-seven and two thirds per cent in 1889). It is found that the white school population enrolls a larger proportion of children of school age than the colored; exceeding it, in fact, by about twenty per cent. This showing on the part of the South in the matter of school attendance stimulates and encourages the friends of the "new South." The friends of schools are at work in the legislatures of the Southern States to increase the length of the school term, which remains quite brief, being only ninety days, on an average, in the South Central States, and one hundred days in the South Atlantic States.

In the words of the former agent of the Slater fund, Rev. Dr. Haygood (recently appointed bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), in his report for 1889: "There has never been at any time in the past so much thought concentrated upon the subject of education in the South by Southern people as now. . . . Notably the public schools have been championed by the church and press as never before. If any proof were lacking of an awakened interest in the subject, it is found in the attention now paid to the subject of the education of the masses by the county newspapers."

[20] At first the Peabody fund was used to secure the establishment in the Southern States of systems of free schools, and to create a local sentiment favorable to the maintenance and patronage of such schools. Now an insignificant portion of the income is used in aid of individual schools, and in no instance unless state revenues are supplemented by local taxation. Help those who help themselves is an inflexible law. The bulk of appropriations is now applied to the training of teachers through the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, state normal schools, and teachers' institutes for both races. The Slater fund, given for "the lately emancipated race," makes prominent the industries in order to impart habits of steady and intelligent and remunerative application. Aid will hereafter be concentrated upon fewer institutions. The object is to promote directive intelligence, to develop leadership, to teach the application of science so as to enable men to rise above unintelligent, unproductive drudgery. — J. L. M. C.

[21] Alabama expended, from 1870 to 1887 inclusive, the sum of $4,610,947 for its white schools, and $3,296,793 for its colored schools. Of these sums, from 1872 to 1887, $124,000 went for normal schools for whites, and $107,500 for colored normal schools. — W. T. H.

This interest, however, except in the cities, takes the form of state aid rather than local taxation. Cities can aid themselves, for the urban public opinion is organized in a corporate form. Moreover, self-protection from the results of illiteracy becomes a conscious motive in the public opinion of a dense population. But the rural population of the South far exceeds that in the cities.

This is the strong ground on which the demand for national aid for education is urged. It is not for urban but for rural populations which will not assess local taxes sufficient to maintain schools of a suitable grade of excellence or adequate length of annual session. In this matter, it is the urban population everywhere that possesses the wealth, and can afford local taxation sufficient for education. In the State of Massachusetts, the value of the land held for building lots and urban purposes surpasses the value of the land held solely for agriculture in the ratio of ten to one, as may be seen by the data of the census taken by Hon. Carroll D. Wright for 1885.

The three symbols of our most advanced civilization are the railroad, the morning newspaper, and the school. The rural population everywhere is backward in its sympathies for these "moderns." The good school is the instrumentality which must precede in order to create this sympathy. But the good school will not spring up of itself in the agricultural community. It must be provided for by the urban influence of the State and nation. By judicious distribution of general funds, coupled with provisions requiring local taxation as a condition of sharing in these funds, even the rural districts may be brought up to the standard. The State as a whole gains in wealth and in the priceless increase of individual ability by education.

It was revealed by the census of 1880 that the colored race furnished a disproportionate share of illiterates even in the Northern and Pacific group of States. In the Northern group the percentage of colored illiterates was nearly five times as large as the percentage of white illiterates, — sixteen per cent for the colored, and three and a third per cent for the white. In the Pacific group the same disproportion prevailed. In the Southern section of the colored population of the ages of fifteen to twenty years the illiterates amounted to sixty-seven per cent, while the white illiterates were only seventeen per cent of their quota; colored illiterates from ten to fourteen were seventy per cent, and the white thirty per cent, of their respective quotas.

The illiterate person is apt to be intolerant and full of race prejudice, and to this cause we may attribute the larger portion of the feuds [22] between the races wherever they have existed in the South. But the worst feature of illiteracy is to be found in the fact that it is impenetrable to the influence of the newspaper. Enlightened public opinion depends so much on the daily newspaper that it is not possible without it; and lacking this, an ideal self-government is not to be thought of.

The most advanced form of government is that by public opinion. This is essentially a newspaper form of government. The extension of the railroad system into all parts of the South will carry the urban influence to the towns and villages; every station being a radiating centre for the daily newspapers of the metropolis. The education that comes from the daily survey of the events of the world, and a deliberate consideration of the opinions and verdicts editorially written in view of these events, is a supplement or extension of the school. It takes the place of the village gossip which once furnished the mental food

[22] The feuds spring almost wholly from the enmity of the whites. The negroes generally stand for the lamb drinking below and muddying the stream above. — L. H. B.

for the vast majority. School education makes possible this participation in the world process of thought by means of the printed page. The book and periodical come to the individual, and prevent the mental paralysis or arrested development that used to succeed the school-days of the rural population.

With the colored people all educated in schools and become a reading people interested in the daily newspaper; with all forms of industrial training accessible to them, and the opportunity so improved that every form of mechanical and manufacturing skill has its quota of colored working men and women; with a colored ministry educated in a Christian theology interpreted in the missionary spirit, and finding its auxiliaries in modern science and modern literature, — with these educational essentials, the negro problem for the South will be solved without recourse to violent measures of any kind, whether migration, or disfranchisement, or ostracism.[23] Mutual respect for moral and intellectual character, for useful talents and industry, will surely not lead to miscegenation, but only to what is desirable, namely, to civil and political recognition.

W. T. Harris.

THE EMERSON-THOREAU CORRESPONDENCE.

EMERSON IN EUROPE.

A FEW undated notes from Emerson to Thoreau may be of the years between 1843 and 1847, but I am inclined to place them as late as the latter year. Here is the only one which will be cited, and that to show how friendly was the service these two comrades required of each other. The "Mr. Brownson" mentioned was Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, who had examined Thoreau for his first district school, when he went, during a college vacation, to teach in the town of Canton, near Boston, where Brownson was then a Universalist minister.

Thursday, P. M.

DEAR HENRY, — I am not to-day quite so robust as I expected to be, and so have to beg that you will come down and drink tea with Mr. Brownson, and charge yourself with carrying him to the Lyceum and introducing him to the curators. I hope you can oblige me so far.

Yours, R. W. E.

I. THOREAU TO HIS SISTER SOPHIA AT BANGOR.

CONCORD, *October* 24, 1847.

DEAR SOPHIA, — I thank you for those letters about Ktadn, and hope you will save and send me the rest, and anything else you may meet with relating to the Maine woods. That Dr. Young is both young and green too at traveling in the woods. However, I hope he got "yarbs" enough to satisfy him. I went to Boston the 5th of this month to see Mr. Emerson off to Europe. He sailed in the Washington Irving packet

[23] Freedom itself is educatory. The energy of representative institutions is a valuable schoolmaster. To control one's labor, to enjoy the earnings of it, to make contracts freely, to have the right of locomotion and change of residence and business, have a helpful influence on manhood. These concrete and intelligible acts affect the negro far more than abstract speculations, or effusive sentiment, or the slow processes of remote and combined causes. They require prompt and spontaneous action, and one learns from personal experience that he is a constituent member of society. Unquestionably, he sometimes makes ludicrous mistakes, is guilty of offensive self-assertion, but despite these errors there is perceptible and hopeful progress. — J. L. M. C.

ship; the same in which Mr. [F. H.] Hedge went before him. Up to this trip the first mate aboard this ship was, as I hear, one Stephens, a Concord boy, son of Stephens the carpenter, who used to live above Mr. Dennis's. Mr. Emerson's stateroom was like a carpeted dark closet, about six feet square, with a large keyhole for a window. The window was about as big as a saucer, and the glass two inches thick, not to mention another skylight overhead in the deck, the size of an oblong doughnut, and about as opaque. Of course it would be in vain to look up, if any contemplative promenader put his foot upon it. Such will be his lodgings for two or three weeks; and instead of a walk in Walden woods he will take a promenade on deck, where the few trees, you know, are stripped of their bark. The steam-tug carried the ship to sea against a head wind without a rag of sail being raised.

I don't remember whether you have heard of the new telescope at Cambridge or not. They think it is the best one in the world, and have already seen more than Lord Rosse or Herschel. I went to see Perez Blood's, some time ago, with Mr. Emerson. He had not gone to bed, but was sitting in the woodshed, in the dark, alone, in his astronomical chair, which is all legs and rounds, with a seat which can be inserted at any height. We saw Saturn's rings, and the mountains in the moon, and the shadows in their craters, and the sunlight on the spurs of the mountains in the dark portion, etc., etc. When I asked him the power of his glass he said it was 85. But what is the power of the Cambridge glass? 2000!!! The last is about twenty-three feet long.

I think you may have a grand time this winter pursuing some study, — keeping a journal, or the like, — while the snow lies deep without. Winter is the time for study, you know, and the colder it is the more studious we are. Give my respects to the whole Penobscot tribe, and tell them that I trust we are good brothers still, and endeavor to keep the chain of friendship bright, though I do dig up a hatchet now and then. I trust you will not stir from your comfortable winter quarters, Miss Bruin, or even put your head out of your hollow tree, till the sun has melted the snow in the spring, and "the green buds, they are a-swellin'."

From your BROTHER HENRY.

This letter has been given to explain some of the allusions in the first letter to Emerson in England. Perez Blood was a rural astronomer living in the extreme north quarter of Concord, next to Carlisle, with his two maiden sisters, in the midst of a fine oak wood; their cottage being one of the points in view when Thoreau and his friends took their afternoon rambles. Sophia Thoreau was the youngest of the family, and was visiting her cousins in Maine, the "Penobscot tribe" of whom the letter makes mention, with an allusion to the Indians of that name near Bangor. His letter to her and those which follow were written from Emerson's house, where Thoreau lived as a younger brother during the master's absence across the ocean. It was in the orchard of this house that Alcott was building that summer-house at which Thoreau, with his geometrical eye, makes merry in the next letter.

II. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *November* 14, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am but a poor neighbor to you here, — a very poor companion am I. I understand that very well, but that need not prevent my *writing* to you now. I have almost never written letters in my life, yet I think I can write as good ones as I frequently see, so I shall not hesitate to write this, such as it may be, knowing that you will welcome anything that reminds you of Concord.

I have banked up the young trees

against the winter and the mice, and I will look out, in my careless way, to see when a pale is loose or a nail drops out of its place. The broad gaps, at least, I will occupy. I heartily wish I could be of good service to this household. But I, who have only used these ten digits so long to solve the problem of a living, how can I? The world is a cow that is hard to milk, — life does not come so easy, — and oh, how thinly it is watered ere we get it! But the young bunting calf, he will get at it. There is no way so direct. This is to earn one's living by the sweat of his brow. It is a little like joining a community, this life, to such a hermit as I am; and as I don't keep the accounts, I don't know whether the experiment will succeed or fail finally. At any rate, it is good for society, so I do not regret my transient nor my permanent share in it.

Lidian [Mrs. Emerson] and I make very good housekeepers. She is a very dear sister to me. Ellen and Edith and Eddy and Aunty Brown keep up the tragedy and comedy and tragic-comedy of life as usual. The two former have not forgotten their old acquaintance; even Edith carries a young memory in her head, I find. Eddy can teach us all how to pronounce. If you should discover any rare hoard of wooden or pewter horses, I have no doubt he will know how to appreciate it. He occasionally surveys mankind from my shoulders as wisely as ever Johnson did. I respect him not a little, though it is I that lift him up so unceremoniously. And sometimes I have to set him down again in a hurry, according to his "mere will and good pleasure." He very seriously asked me, the other day, "Mr. Thoreau, will you be my father?" I am occasionally Mr. Rough-and-tumble with him that I may not miss *him*, and lest he should miss *you* too much. So you must come back soon, or you will be superseded.

Alcott has heard that I laughed, and so set the people laughing, at his arbor, though I never laughed louder than when I was on the ridgepole. But now I have not laughed for a long time, it is so serious. He is very grave to look at. But, not knowing all this, I strove innocently enough, the other day, to engage his attention to my mathematics. "Did you ever study geometry, the relation of straight lines to curves, the transition from the finite to the infinite? Fine things about it in Newton and Leibnitz." But he would hear none of it, — men of taste preferred the natural curve. Ah, he is a crooked stick himself. He is getting on now so many *knots* an hour. There is one knot at present occupying the point of highest elevation, — the present highest point; and as many knots as are not handsome, I presume, are thrown down and cast into the pines. Pray show him this if you meet him anywhere in London, for I cannot make him hear much plainer words here. He forgets that I am neither old nor young, nor anything in particular, and behaves as if I had still some of the animal heat in me. As for the building, I feel a little oppressed when I come near it. It has no great disposition to be beautiful; it is certainly a wonderful structure, on the whole, and the fame of the architect will endure as long as it shall stand. I should not show you this side alone, if I did not suspect that Lidian had done complete justice to the other.

Mr. [Edmund] Hosmer has been working at a tannery in Stow for a fortnight, though he has just now come home sick. It seems that he was a tanner in his youth, and so he has made up his mind a little at last. This comes of reading the New Testament. Was n't one of the Apostles a tanner? Mrs. Hosmer remains here, and John looks stout enough to fill his own shoes and his father's too.

Mr. Blood and his company have at length seen the stars through the great telescope, and he told me that he thought it was worth the while. Mr. Peirce made

him wait till the crowd had dispersed (it was a Saturday evening), and then was quite polite, — conversed with him; and showed him the micrometer, etc.; and he said Mr. Blood's glass was large enough for all ordinary astronomical work. [Rev.] Mr. Frost and Dr. [Josiah] Bartlett seemed disappointed that there was no greater difference between the Cambridge glass and the Concord one. They used only a power of 400. Mr. Blood tells me that he is too old to study the calculus or higher mathematics. At Cambridge they think that they have discovered traces of another satellite to Neptune. They have been obliged to exclude the public altogether, at last. The very dust which they raised, "which is filled with minute crystals," etc., as professors declare, having to be wiped off the glasses, would erelong wear them away. It is true enough, Cambridge college is really beginning to wake up and redeem its character and overtake the age. I see by the catalogue that they are about establishing a scientific school in connection with the university, at which any one above eighteen, on paying one hundred dollars annually (Mr. Lawrence's fifty thousand dollars will probably diminish this sum), may be instructed in the highest branches of science, — in astronomy, "theoretical and practical, with the use of the instruments" (so the great Yankee astronomer may be born without delay), in mechanics and engineering to the last degree. Agassiz will erelong commence his lectures in the zoölogical department. A chemistry class has already been formed under the direction of Professor Horsford. A new and adequate building for the purpose is already being erected. They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all this earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep but his own skin, I say.

I have had a tragic correspondence, for the most part all on one side, with Miss ——. She did really wish to — I hesitate to write — marry me. That is the way they spell it. Of course I did not write a deliberate answer. How could I deliberate upon it? I sent back as distinct a *no* as I have learned to pronounce after considerable practice, and I trust that this *no* has succeeded. Indeed, I wished that it might burst, like hollow shot, after it had struck and buried itself and made itself felt there. *There was no other way.* I really had anticipated no such foe as this in my career.

I suppose you will like to hear of my book, though I have nothing worth writing about it. Indeed, for the last month or two I have forgotten it, but shall certainly remember it again. Wiley & Putnam, Munroe, the Harpers, and Crosby & Nichols have all declined printing it with the least risk to themselves; but Wiley & Putnam will print it in their series, and any of them, anywhere, at *my* risk. If I liked the book well enough, I should not delay; but for the present I am indifferent. I believe this is, after all, the course you advised, — to let it lie.

I do not know what to say of myself. I sit before my green desk, in the chamber at the head of the stairs, and attend to my thinking, sometimes more, sometimes less distinctly. I am not unwilling to think great thoughts if there are any in the wind, but what they are I am not sure. They suffice to keep me awake while the day lasts, at any rate. Perhaps they will redeem some portion of the night erelong.

I can imagine you astonishing, bewildering, confounding, and sometimes delighting John Bull with your Yankee notions, and that he begins to take a pride in the relationship at last; introduced to all the stars of England in succession, after the lecture, until you pine to thrust your head once more into a genuine and unquestionable nebula, if there be any left. I trust a common man will be the most uncommon to you before you return to these parts. I have

thought there was some advantage even in death, by which we "mingle with the herd of common men."

Hugh [the gardener] still has his eye on the Walden *agellum*, and orchards are waving there in the windy future for him. That 's the where-I 'll-go-next, thinks he; but no important steps are yet taken. He reminds me occasionally of this open secret of his, with which the very season seems to labor, and affirms seriously that as to his wants — wood, stone, or timber — I know better than he. That is a clincher which I shall have to avoid to some extent; but I fear that it is a wrought nail and will not break. Unfortunately, the day after cattle show — the day after small beer — he was among the missing, but not long this time. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots, nor indeed Hugh — his Hugh.

As I walked over Conantum, the other afternoon, I saw a fair column of smoke rising from the woods directly over my house that was (as I judged), and already began to conjecture if my deed of sale would not be made invalid by this. But it turned out to be John Richardson's young wood, on the southeast of your field. It was burnt nearly all over, and up to the rails and the road. It was set on fire, no doubt, by the same Lucifer that lighted Brooks's lot before. So you see that your small lot is comparatively safe for this season, the back fire having been already set for you.

They have been choosing between John Keyes and Sam Staples, if the world wants to know it, as representative of this town, and Staples is chosen. The candidates for governor — think of my writing this to you! — were Governor Briggs and General Cushing, and Briggs is elected, though the Democrats have gained. Ain't I a brave boy to know so much of politics for the nonce? But I should n't have known it if Coombs had n't told me. They have had a peace meeting here, — I should n't think of telling you if I did n't know anything would do for the English market, — and some men, Deacon Brown at the head, have signed a long pledge, swearing that they will "treat all mankind as brothers henceforth." I think I shall wait and see how they treat me first. I think that nature meant kindly when she made our brothers few. However, my voice is still for peace. So good-by, and a truce to all joking, my dear friend, from

H. D. T.

Upon this letter some annotations are to be made. "Eddy" was Emerson's youngest child, Edward Waldo, then three years old and upward, — of late years his father's biographer. Hugh, the gardener, of whom more anon, bargained for the house of Thoreau on Emerson's land at Walden, and for a field to go with it; but the bargain came to naught, and the cabin was removed three or four miles to the northwest, where it became a granary for Farmer Clark and his squirrels, near the entrance to the park known as Estabrook's. Edmund Hosmer was the farming friend and neighbor with whom, at one time, G. W. Curtis and his brother took lodgings, and at another time the Alcott family. The book in question was A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, finally published by James Munroe, of Boston, who was then Emerson's publisher.

The next letter must set out before an answer could come to the first one.

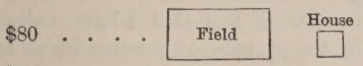
III. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *December* 15, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND, — You are not so far off but the affairs of *this* world still attract you. Perhaps it will be so when we are dead. Then look out. Joshua R. Holman, of Harvard, who says he lived a month with [Charles] Lane at Fruitlands, wishes to *hire* said Lane's farm for one or more years, and will pay $125 rent, taking out of the same a

half, if necessary, for repairs, — as for a new bank-wall to the barn cellar, which he says is indispensable. Palmer is gone, Mrs. Palmer is going. This is all that is known or that is worth knowing. Yes or no? What to do?

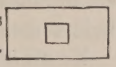
Hugh's plot begins to thicken. He starts thus: eighty dollars on one side; Walden, field and house, on the other. How to bring these together so as to make a garden and a palace?



1st, let $10 go over to unite the two lots.

$70

$6 for Wetherbee's rocks to found your palace on.



$64

$64 — so far, indeed, we have already got.

$4 to bring the rocks to the field.

$60

Save $20 by all means, to measure the field, and you have left

$40 to complete the palace, build cellar, and dig well. Build the cellar yourself, and let *well* alone, — and now how does it stand?

$40 to complete the palace somewhat like this.

For when one asks, "Why do you want twice as much room more?" the reply is, "Parlor, kitchen, and bedroom, — these make the palace."

"Well, Hugh, what will you do? Here are forty dollars to buy a new house, twelve feet by twenty-five, and add it to the old."

"Well, Mr. Thoreau, as I tell you, I know no more than a child about it. It shall be just as you say."

"Then build it yourself, get it roofed, and get in.

"Commence at one end and leave it half done,
And let time finish what money 's begun."

So you see we have forty dollars for a nest egg; sitting on which, Hugh and I alternately and simultaneously, there may in course of time be hatched a house that will long stand, and perchance even lay fresh eggs one day for its owner; that is, if, when he returns, he gives the young chick twenty dollars or more in addition, by way of "swichin," to give it a start in the world.

The Massachusetts Quarterly Review came out the 1st of December, but it does not seem to be making a sensation, at least not hereabouts. I know of none in Concord who take or have seen it yet.

We wish to get by all possible means some notion of your success or failure in England, — more than your two letters have furnished. Can't you send a fair sample both of young and of old England's criticism, if there is any printed? Alcott and [Ellery] Channing are equally greedy with myself.

HENRY THOREAU.

C. T. Jackson takes the Quarterly (new one), and will lend it to us. Are you not going to send your wife some news of your good or ill success by the newspapers?

IV. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER, *December* 2, 1847.

DEAR HENRY, — Very welcome in the parcel was your letter, very precious your thoughts and tidings. It is one of the best things connected with my coming hither that you could and would keep the homestead; that fireplace shines all the brighter, and has a certain permanent glimmer therefor. Thanks, ever more thanks for the kindness which I well discern to the youth of the house: to my darling little horseman of pewter, wooden, rocking, and what other breeds, — destined, I hope, to ride Pegasus yet, and, I hope, not destined to be thrown; to Edith, who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve; and to Ellen, whom by speech, and now by letter, I find old enough to be companionable, and to choose and reward her own friends in her own fashions. She sends me a poem to-day, which I have read three times!

I believe I must keep back all my communications on English topics until I get to London, which is England. Everything centralizes in this magnificent machine which England is. Manufacturer for the world, she is become, or becoming, one complete tool or engine in herself. Yesterday the time all over the kingdom was reduced to Greenwich time. At Liverpool, where I was, the clocks were put forward twelve minutes. This had become quite necessary on account of the railroads, which bind the whole country into swiftest connection, and require so much accurate interlocking, intersection, and simultaneous arrival that the difference of time produced confusion. Every man in England carries a little book in his pocket, called Bradshaw's Guide, which contains time-tables of every arrival and departure at every station, on all the railroads of the kingdom. It is published anew on the first day of every month, and costs sixpence. The proceeding effects of electric telegraph will give a new importance to such arrangements.

But lest I should not say what is needful, I will postpone England once for all, and say that I am not of opinion that your book should be delayed a month. I should print it at once, nor do I think that you would incur any risk in doing so that you cannot well afford. It is very certain to have readers and debtors, here as well as there. The Dial is absurdly well known here. We at home, I think, are always a little ashamed of it, — *I* am, — and yet here it is spoken of with the utmost gravity, and I do not laugh. Carlyle writes me that he is reading Doomsday Book.

You tell me in your letter one odious circumstance, which we will dismiss from remembrance henceforward. Charles Lane instructed me, in London, to ask you to forward his Dials to him, which must be done, if you can find them. Three bound volumes are among his books in my library. The fourth volume is in unbound numbers at J. Munroe & Co.'s shop, received there in a parcel to my address, a day or two before I sailed, and which I forgot to carry to Concord. It must be claimed without delay. It is certainly there, — was opened by me and left; and they can inclose all four volumes to Chapman for me.

Well, I am glad the Pleasaunce at Walden suffered no more; but it is a great loss as it is, which years will not repair. I feel that I have balked you by the promise of a letter which ends in as good as none, but I write with counted minutes and a miscellany of things before me.

Yours affectionately, R. W. E.

[On a separate sheet this message :]

Will Mr. Thoreau please to bear in mind that when there is good mortar in readiness Mr. Dean must be summoned to fit the air-tight stove to the chimney in the schoolroom? — unless Mr. T. can do it with convenience himself.

Mr. Lane was the English owner of the farm in Harvard, where he had lived with the Alcotts; and Emerson had the care of his property in America, now that he had gone back to England. In the letter which follows "Whipple" is E. P. Whipple, the essayist, then a popular lecturer, and the "traveling professor" is Agassiz.

V. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *December* 29, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I thank you for your letter. I was very glad to get it; and I am glad again to write to you. However slow the steamer, no time intervenes between the writing and the reading of thoughts, but they come freshly to the most distant port. I am here still, and very glad to be here, and shall not trouble you with any complaints because I do not fill my place better. I have had many good hours in the cham-

ber at the head of the stairs, — a solid time, it seems to me. Next week I am going to give an account to the Lyceum of my expedition to Maine. Theodore Parker lectures to-night. We have had Whipple on Genius, — too weighty a subject for him, with his antithetical definitions new-vamped, — what it *is*, what it is *not*, but altogether what it is *not*; cuffing it this way and cuffing it that, as if it were an India-rubber ball. Really, it is a subject which should expand, expand, accumulate itself before the speaker's eyes as he goes on, like the snowballs which the boys roll in the street; and when it stops, it should be so large that he cannot start it, but must leave it there. [H. N.] Hudson, too, has been here, with a dark shadow in the core of him, and his desperate wit, so much indebted to the surface of him, — wringing out his words and snapping them off like a dish-cloth; very remarkable, but not memorable. Singular that these two best lecturers should have so much "wave" in their timber, — their solid parts to be made and kept solid by shrinkage and contraction of the whole, with consequent checks and fissures.

Ellen and I have a good understanding. I appreciate her genuineness. Edith tells me after her fashion: "By and by I shall grow up and be a woman, and then I shall remember how you exercised me." Eddy has been to Boston to Christmas, but can remember nothing but the coaches, all Kendall's coaches. There is no variety of that vehicle that he is not familiar with. He *did* try twice to tell us something else, but, after thinking and stuttering a long time, said, "I don't know what the word is," — the *one* word, forsooth, that would have disposed of all that Boston phenomenon. If you did not know him better than I, I could tell you more. He is a good companion for me, and I am glad that we are all natives of Concord. It is *young Concord*. Look out, World!

Mr. Alcott seems to have sat down for the winter. He has got Plato and other books to read. He is as large-featured and hospitable to traveling thoughts and thinkers as ever; but with the same Connecticut philosophy as ever, mingled with what is better. If he would only stand upright and toe the line! — though he were to put off several degrees of largeness, and put on a considerable degree of littleness. After all, I think we must call him particularly *your* man.

I have pleasant walks and talks with Channing. James Clark — the Swedenborgian that was — is at the poorhouse, insane with too large views, so that he cannot support himself. I see him working with Fred and the rest. Better than be there and not insane. It is strange that they will make ado when a man's body is buried, but not when he thus really and tragically dies, or seems to die. Away with your funeral processions, — into the ballroom with them! I hear the bell toll hourly over there.[1]

Lidian and I have a standing quarrel as to what is a suitable state of preparedness for a traveling professor's visit, or for whomsoever else; but further than this we are not at war. We have made up a dinner, we have made up a bed, we have made up a party, and our own minds and mouths, three several times for your professor, and he came not. Three several turkeys have died the death, which I myself carved, just as if he had been there; and the company, too, convened and demeaned themselves accordingly. Everything was done up in good style, I assure you, with only the part of the professor omitted. To have seen the preparation (though Lidian says it was nothing extraordinary) I should certainly have said he was a-coming, but he did not. He must have found out some shorter way to Turkey, — some overland route, I think. By the way, he was complimented, at the conclusion

[1] The town almshouse was across the field from the Emerson house.

of his course in Boston, by the mayor moving the appointment of a committee to draw up resolutions expressive, etc., which was done.

I have made a few verses lately. Here are some, though perhaps not the best, — at any rate they are the shortest, — on that universal theme, yours as well as mine, and several other people's : —

The good how can we trust!
Only the wise are just.
The good, we use,
The wise we cannot choose;
These there are none above.
The good, they know and love,
But are not known again
By those of lesser ken.
They do not choose us with their eyes,
But they transfix with their advice;
No partial sympathy they feel
With private woe or private weal,
But with the universe joy and sigh,
Whose knowledge is their sympathy.

Good-night. HENRY THOREAU.

P. S. I am sorry to send such a medley as this to you. I have forwarded Lane's Dial to Munroe, and he tells the expressman that all is right.

VI. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *January* 12, 1848.

It is hard to believe that England is so near as from your letters it appears; and that this identical piece of paper has lately come all the way from there hither, begrimed with the English dust which made you hesitate to use it; from England, which is only historical fairy-land to me, to America, which I have put my spade into, and about which there is no doubt.

I thought that you needed to be informed of Hugh's progress. He has moved his house, as I told you, and dug his cellar, and purchased stone of Sol Wetherbee for the last, though he has not hauled it; all which has cost sixteen dollars, which I have paid. He has also, as next in order, run away from Concord without a penny in his pocket, "crying" by the way, — having had another long difference with strong beer, and a first one, I suppose, with his wife, who seems to have complained that he sought other society; the one difference leading to the other, perhaps, but I don't know which was the leader. He writes back to his wife from Sterling, near Worcester, where he is chopping wood, his distantly kind reproaches to her, which I read straight through to her (not to his bottle, which he has with him, and no doubt addresses orally). He says that he will go on to the South in the spring, and will never return to Concord. Perhaps he will not. Life is not tragic enough for him, and he must try to cook up a more highly seasoned dish for himself. Towns which keep a bar-room and a gun-house and a reading-room should also keep a steep precipice whereoff impatient soldiers may jump. His sun went down, *to me*, bright and steady enough in the west, but it never came up in the east. Night intervened. He departed, as when a man dies suddenly; and perhaps wisely, if he was to go, without settling his affairs. They knew that that was a thin soil and not well calculated for pears. Nature is rare and sensitive on the score of nurseries. You may cut down orchards and grow forests at your pleasure. Sand watered with strong beer, though stirred with industry, will not produce grapes. He dug his cellar for the new part too near the old house, Irish like, though I warned him, and it has caved and let one end of the house down. Such is the state of his domestic affairs. I laugh with the Parcæ only. He had got the upland and the orchard and a part of the meadow ploughed by Warren, at an expense of eight dollars, still unpaid, which of course is no affair of yours.

I think that if an honest and small-familied man, who has no affinity for moisture in him, but who has an affinity for sand, can be found, it would be safe to rent him the shanty as it is, and the land; or you can very easily and simply

let nature keep them still, without great loss. It may be so managed, perhaps, as to be a home for somebody, who shall in return serve you as fencing stuff, and to fix and locate your lot, as we plant a tree in the sand or on the edge of a stream; without expense to you in the mean while, and without disturbing its possible future value.

I read a part of the story of my excursion to Ktadn to quite a large audience of men and boys, the other night, whom it interested. It contains many facts and some poetry. I have also written what will do for a lecture on Friendship.

I think that the article on you in Blackwood's is a good deal to get from the reviewers, — the first purely literary notice, as I remember. The writer is far enough off, in every sense, to speak with a certain authority. It is a better judgment of posterity than the public had. It is singular how sure he is to be mystified by any uncommon sense. But it was generous to put Plato into the list of mystics. His confessions on this subject suggest several thoughts, which I have not room to express here. The old word *seer*, — I wonder what the reviewer thinks that means; whether that *he* was a man who could *see more than himself*.

I was struck by Ellen's asking me, yesterday, while I was talking with Mrs. Brown, if I did not use "*colored* words." She said that she could tell the color of a great many words, and amused the children at school by so doing. Eddy climbed up the sofa, the other day, *of his own accord*, and kissed the picture of his father, — "right on his shirt, I did."

I had a good talk with Alcott this afternoon. He is certainly the youngest man of his age we have seen, — just on the threshold of life. When I looked at his gray hairs, his conversation sounded pathetic; but I looked again, and they reminded me of the gray dawn. He is getting better acquainted with Channing, though he says that, if they were to live in the same house, they would soon sit with their backs to each other.

You must excuse me if I do not write with sufficient directness to yourself, who are a far-off traveler. It is a little like shooting on the wing, I confess.

Farewell. HENRY THOREAU.

At this date Alcott had passed his forty-eighth year, while Channing and Thoreau were still in the latitude of thirty. Hawthorne had by this time left Concord, and was in the Salem custom house; the Old Manse having gone back into the occupancy of Emerson's cousins, the Ripleys, who owned it.

VII. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

2 Fenny Street, Higher Broughton,
MANCHESTER, 28 *January*, 1848.

DEAR HENRY, — One roll of letters has gone to-day to Concord and to New York, and perhaps I shall still have time to get this into the leathern bag before it is carted to the wharf. I have to thank you for your letter, which was a true refreshment. Let who or what pass, there stands the dear Henry, — if indeed anybody had a right to call him so, — erect, serene, and undeceivable. So let it ever be! I should quite subside into idolatry of one of my friends, if I were not every now and then apprised that the world is wiser than any one of its boys, and penetrates us with its sense, to the disparagement of the subtleties of private gentlemen.

Last night, as I believe I have already told Lidian, I heard the best man in England make perhaps his best speech, — Cobden, who is the *cor cordis*, the object of honor and belief, to risen and rising England: a man of great discretion, who never overstates nor states prematurely, nor has a particle of unnecessary genius or hope to mislead him, nor of wasted strength; but calm, sure of his fact, simple and nervous in stat-

ing it as a boy in laying down the rules of the game of football which have been violated, — above all, educated by his dogma of Free Trade, led on by it to new lights and correlative liberalities, as our abolitionists have been, by their principle, to so many reforms. Then this man has made no mistake. He has dedicated himself to his work of convincing this kingdom of the impolicy of corn-laws, lectured in every town where they would hear him, and at last carried his point against immense odds, and yet has never accepted any compromise or stipulation from the government. He might have been in the ministry. He will never go there except with absolute empire for his principle, which cannot yet be awarded. He had neglected and abandoned his prosperous calico printing to his partners. And the triumphant League have subscribed between sixty and eighty thousand pounds as the Cobden Fund, whereby he is made independent.

It was quite beautiful, even sublime, last night, to notice the moral radiations which this Free Trade dogma seemed to throw out, all unlooked for, to the great audience, who instantly and delightedly adopted them. Such contrasts of sentiment to the vulgar hatred and fear of France and jealousy of America that pervade the newspapers! Cobden himself looked thoughtful and surprised, as if he saw a new future. Old Colonel Perronet Thompson — the Father of Free Trade, whose catechism on the corn-laws set all these Brights and Cobdens first on cracking this nut — was present, and spoke in a very vigorous, rasp-like tone. [Milner] Gibson, a member of the British government, a great Suffolk squire, and a convert to these opinions, made a very satisfactory speech; and our old abolition friend, George Thompson, brought up the rear, though he, whom I now heard for the first time, is merely a piece of rhetoric, and not a man of facts and figures and English solidity, like the rest. The audience play no inactive part, but the most acute and sympathizing, and the agreeable result was the demonstration of the arithmetical as well as the moral optimism of peace and generosity.

Forgive, forgive this most impertinent scribble.

Your friend, R. W. E.

Never did a letter require less apology than this. Its picture of Cobden and his environment is masterly. Perronet Thompson lived to see our civil war result in the emancipation of our slaves (he had been governor of Sierra Leone, a station in Africa to check the slave trade), and he wrote me in 1863, promising, if I would send him the music of the John Brown song, to set half a million English voices singing it, which I fancy he did.

In the next letter, "Frank" is the son of Mrs. Brown, and the older cousin of Edward Emerson.

VIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *February* 23, 1848.

DEAR WALDO, — For I think I have heard that that is your name, — my letter which was put last into the leathern bag arrived first. Whatever I may *call* you, I know you better than I know your name, and what becomes of the fittest name if in any sense you are here with him who *calls*, and not there simply to be called?

I believe I never thanked you for your lectures, one and all, which I heard formerly read here in Concord. I *know* I never have. There was some excellent reason each time why I did not; but it will never be too late. I have had that advantage, at least, over you in my education.

Lidian is too unwell to write to you, and so I must tell you what I can about the children and herself. I am afraid she has not told you how unwell she is, — or to-day perhaps we may say, has

been. She has been confined to her chamber four or five weeks, and three or four weeks, at least, to her bed, with the jaundice. The doctor, who comes once a day, does not let her read (nor can she now) nor *hear* much reading. She has written her letters to you, till recently, sitting up in bed, but he said he would not come again if she did so. She has Abby and Almira to take care of her, and Mrs. Brown to read to her; and I also, occasionally, have something to read or to say. The doctor says she must not expect to "take any comfort of her life" for a week or two yet. She wishes me to say that she has written two long and full letters to you about the household economies, etc., which she hopes have not been delayed. The children are quite well and full of spirits, and are going through a regular course of picture-seeing, with commentary by me, every evening, for Eddy's behoof. All the Annuals and "Diadems" are in requisition, and Eddy is forward to exclaim, when the hour arrives, "Now for the demdems!" I overheard this dialogue when Frank [Brown] came down to breakfast, the other morning.

Eddy. "Why, Frank, I am astonished that you should leave your boots in the dining-room."

Frank. "I guess you mean *surprised*, don't you?"

Eddy. "No, Boots!"

"If Waldo were here," said he, the other night, at bedtime, "we'd be four going upstairs." Would he like to tell papa anything? No, not anything; but finally, yes, he would, — that one of the white horses in his new barouche is broken! Ellen and Edith will perhaps speak for themselves, as I hear something about letters to be written by them.

Mr. Alcott seems to be reading well this winter: Plato, Montaigne, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir Thomas Browne, etc., etc. "I believe I have read them all now, or nearly all," — those English authors. He is rallying for another foray with his pen, in his latter years, not discouraged by the past, into that crowd of unexpressed ideas of his, that undisciplined Parthian army, which, as soon as a Roman soldier would face, retreats on all hands, occasionally firing backwards; easily routed, not easily subdued, hovering on the skirts of society. Another summer shall not be devoted to the raising of vegetables (Arbors?) which rot in the cellar for want of consumers; but perchance to the arrangement of the material, the brain-crop which the winter has furnished. I have good talks with him. His respect for Carlyle has been steadily increasing for some time. He has read him with new sympathy and appreciation.

I see Channing often. He also goes often to Alcott's, and confesses that he has made a discovery in him, and gives vent to his admiration or his confusion in characteristic exaggeration; but between this extreme and that you may get a fair report, and draw an inference if you can. Sometimes he will ride a broomstick still, though there is nothing to keep him, or it, up but a certain centrifugal force of whim, which is soon spent, and there lies your stick, not worth picking up to sweep an oven with now. His accustomed path is strewn with them. But then again, and perhaps for the most part, he sits on the Cliffs amid the lichens, or flits past on noiseless pinion, like the barred owl in the daytime, as wise and unobserved. He brought me a poem the other day, for me, on Walden Hermitage: not remarkable.

Lectures begin to multiply on my desk. I have one on Friendship which is new, and the materials of some others. I read one last week to the Lyceum, on The Rights and Duties of the Individual in Relation to Government, much to Mr. Alcott's satisfaction.

Joel Britton has failed and gone into chancery, but the woods continue to fall

before the axes of other men. Neighbor Coombs[1] was lately found dead in the woods near Goose Pond, with his half-empty jug, after he had been rioting a week. Hugh, by the last accounts, was still in Worcester County. Mr. Hosmer, who is himself again, and living in Concord, has just hauled the rest of your wood, amounting to about ten and a half cords.

The newspapers say that they have printed a pirated edition of your Essays in England. Is it as bad as they say, and undisguised and unmitigated piracy? I thought that the printed scrap would entertain Carlyle, notwithstanding its history. If this generation will see out of its hind-head, why then you may turn your back on its forehead. Will you forward it to him for me?

This stands written in your day-book: "September 3d. Received of Boston Savings Bank, on account of Charles Lane, his deposit with interest, $131.33. 16th. Received of Joseph Palmer, on account of Charles Lane, three hundred twenty-three $\frac{36}{100}$ dollars, being the balance of a note on demand for four hundred dollars, with interest, $323.36."

If you have any directions to give about the trees, you must not forget that spring will soon be upon us.

Farewell. From your friend,

HENRY THOREAU.

Before a reply came to this letter Thoreau had occasion to write to Mr. Elliot Cabot, who has since been Emerson's biographer, and a part of the letter may be cited. The allusions to the Week and to the Walden house are interesting.

IX. THOREAU CONCERNING EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, *March* 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR, — Mr. Emerson's address is as yet, "R. W. Emerson, care of Alexander Ireland, Esq., Examiner Office, Manchester, England." We had a letter from him on Monday, dated at Manchester, February 10, and he was then preparing to go to Edinburgh the next day, where he was to lecture. He thought that he should get through his northern journeying by the 25th of February, and go to London to spend March and April, and if he did not go to Paris in May, then come home. He has been eminently successful, though the papers this side of the water have been so silent about his adventures.

My book, fortunately, did not find a publisher ready to undertake it, and you can imagine the effect of delay on an author's estimate of his own work. However, I like it well enough to mend it, and shall look at it again directly when I have dispatched some other things.

I have been writing lectures for our own Lyceum this winter, mainly for my own pleasure and advantage. I esteem it a rare happiness to be able to *write* anything, but there (if I ever get there) my concern for it is apt to end. Time & Co. are, after all, the only quite honest and trustworthy publishers that we know. I can sympathize, perhaps, with the barberry bush, whose business it is solely to *ripen* its fruit (though that may not be to sweeten it) and to protect it with thorns, so that it holds on all winter, even, unless some hungry crows come to pluck it. But I see that I must get a few dollars together presently to manure my roots. Is your journal able to pay anything, provided it likes an article well enough? I do not promise one. At any rate, I mean always to spend only words enough to purchase silence with; and I have found that this, which is so valuable, though many writers do not prize it, does not cost much, after all.

I have not obtained any more of the mice which I told you were so numerous in my cellar, as my house was removed immediately after I saw you, and I have been living in the village since.

[1] This is the political neighbor mentioned in a former letter.

X. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, *March* 23, 1848.

DEAR FRIEND, — Lidian says I must write a sentence about the children. Eddy says he cannot sing, — "not till mother is a-going to be well." We shall hear his voice very soon, in that case, I trust. Ellen is already thinking what will be done when you come home; but then she thinks it will be some loss that I shall go away. Edith says that I shall come and see them, and always at tea-time, so that I can play with her. Ellen thinks she likes father best because he jumps her sometimes. This is the latest news from

Yours, etc., HENRY.

P. S. I have received three newspapers from you duly which I have not acknowledged. There is an anti-Sabbath convention held in Boston to-day, to which Alcott has gone.

This letter was addressed, "R. Waldo Emerson, care of Alexander Ireland, Esq., Manchester, England, *via* New York and Steamer Cambria March 25." It was mailed in Boston March 24, and received in Manchester April 19.

XI. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON, *March* 25, 1848.

DEAR HENRY, — Your letter was very welcome, and its introduction heartily accepted. In this city and nation of pomps, where pomps, too, are solid, I fall back on my friends with wonderful refreshment. It is pity, however, that you should not see this England, with its indescribable material superiorities of every kind; the just confidence which immense successes of all pasts have generated in the Englishman that he can do everything, and which his manners, though he is bashful and reserved, betray; the abridgment of all expression which dense population and the roar of nations enforce; the solidity of science and merit which in any high place you are sure to find (the Church and some effects of primogeniture excepted). But I cannot tell my story now. I admire the English, I think, never more than when I meet Americans; as, for example, at Mr. Bancroft's American *soirée*, which he holds every Sunday night. Great is the *aplomb* of Mr. Bull. He is very short-sighted, and, without his eyeglass, cannot see as far as your eyes to know how you like him, so that he quite neglects that point. The Americans see very well, — too well, — and the traveling portion are very light troops. But I must not vent my ill humor on my poor compatriots. They are welcome to their revenge, and I am sure I have no weapon to save me if they, too, are at this hour writing letters to their gossips.

I have not gone to Oxford yet, though I still correspond with my friend there, Mr. [A. H.] Clough. I meet many young men here, who come to me simply as one of their school of thought; but not often in this class any giants. A Mr. Morell, who has written a History of Philosophy, and [J. G.] Wilkinson, who is a socialist now and gone to France, I have seen with respect. I went last Sunday, for the first time, to see Lane at Hampstead, and dined with him. He was full of friendliness and hospitality; has a school of sixteen children, one lady as matron, then Oldham. That is all the household. They looked just comfortable. Mr. Galpin, tell the Shakers, has *married*. I spent the most of that day in visiting Hampton Court and Richmond, and went also into Pope's Grotto at Twickenham, and saw Horace Walpole's villa of Strawberry Hill.

Ever your friend, WALDO E.

If other letters passed between the two friends in 1848, they have not come into my hands. But here are letters of 1850, 1855, and 1856 which have an interest. The first relates to Emerson's lawsuit with a neighbor; the second to the shipwreck in which Margaret Fuller was lost, near New York.

XII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, *March* 11, 1850.

MR. HENRY D. THOREAU:

MY DEAR SIR, — I leave town to-morrow, and must beg you, if any question arises between Mr. Bartlett and me in regard to boundary lines, to act as my attorney, and I will be bound by any agreement you shall make. Will you also, if you have opportunity, warn Mr. Bartlett, on my part, against burning his wood-lot without having there present a sufficient number of hands to prevent the fire from spreading into my wood, which I think will be greatly endangered unless much care is used? Show him, too, if you can, where his cutting and his post-holes trench on our line, by plan, and, so doing, oblige, as ever, Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

XIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

FIRE ISLAND BEACH,
Thursday Morning, *July* 25, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND, — I am writing this at the house of Smith Oakes, within one mile of the wreck. He is the one who rendered most assistance. William H. Channing came down with me, but I have not seen Arthur Fuller, nor Greeley, nor Marcus Spring. Spring and Charles Sumner were here yesterday, but left soon. Mr. Oakes and wife tell me (all the survivors came, or were brought, directly to their house) that the ship struck at ten minutes after four A. M., and all hands, being mostly in their nightclothes, made haste to the forecastle, the water coming in at once. There they remained; the passengers *in* the forecastle, the crew above it, doing what they could. Every wave lifted the forecastle roof and washed over those within. The first man got ashore at nine; many from nine to noon. At flood tide, about half past three o'clock, when the ship broke up entirely, they came out of the forecastle, and Margaret sat with her back to the foremast, with her hands on her knees, her husband and child already drowned. A great wave came and washed her aft. The steward (?) had just before taken her child and started for shore. Both were drowned.

The broken desk, in a bag, containing no very valuable papers; a large black leather trunk, with an upper and under compartment, the upper holding books and papers; a carpet-bag, probably Ossoli's, and one of his shoes (?) are all the Ossoli effects known to have been found. Four bodies remain to be found: the two Ossolis, Horace Sumner, and a sailor. I have visited the child's grave. Its body will probably be taken away to-day. The wreck is to be sold at auction, excepting the hull, to-day.

The mortar would not go off. Mrs. Hasty, the captain's wife, told Mrs. Oakes that she and Margaret divided their money, and tied up the halves in handkerchiefs around their persons; that Margaret took sixty or seventy dollars. Mrs. Hasty, who can tell all about Margaret up to eleven o'clock on Friday, is said to be going to Portland, New England, to-day. She and Mrs. Fuller must, and probably will, come together. The cook, the last to leave, and the steward (?) will know the rest. I shall try to see them. In the mean while I shall do what I can to recover property and obtain particulars hereabouts. William H. Channing — did I write it? — has come with me. Arthur Fuller has this moment reached the house. He reached the beach last night. We got here yesterday noon. A good part of the wreck still holds together where she struck, and something may come ashore with her fragments. The last body was found on Tuesday, three miles west. Mrs. Oakes dried the papers which were in the trunk, and she says they appeared to be of various kinds. "Would they cover that table?" (a small round one). "They would if spread out. Some were tied up. There were twenty or thirty

books in the same half of the trunk. Another smaller trunk, empty, came ashore, but there was no mark on it." She speaks of Paulina as if she might have been a sort of nurse to the child. I expect to go to Patchogue, whence the pilferers must have chiefly come, and advertise, etc.

Yours, H. D. THOREAU.[1]

Late in 1855, when Emerson's English Traits, long delayed, was soon to appear, and when the author was setting forth for his annual lecture tour in the Northwest, he wrote to Thoreau requesting him to take charge of the last proof sheets of the volume.

XIV. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON,
December 26, 1855.

DEAR HENRY, — It is so easy, at distance, or when going to a distance, to ask a great favor which one would haggle at near by. I have been ridiculously hindered, and my book is not out, and I must go westward. There is one chapter yet to go to the printer; perhaps two, if I decide to send the second. I must ask you to correct the proofs of this or these chapters. I hope you can and will, if you are not going away. The printer will send you the copy with the proof; and yet, 't is likely you will see good cause to correct copy as well as proof. The chapter is Stonehenge, and I may not send it to the printer for a week yet, for I am very tender about the personalities in it, and of course you need not think of it till it comes. As we have been so unlucky as to overstay the market-day, — that is, New Year's, — it is not important, a week or a fortnight, now.

If anything puts it out of your power to help me at this pinch, you must dig up Channing out of his earths, and hold him steady to this beneficence. Send the proofs, if they come, to Phillips, Sampson & Co., Winter Street.

We may well go away, if, one of these days, we shall really come home.

Yours, R. W. EMERSON.

MR. THOREAU.

This letter may fitly close an intimate correspondence. I have omitted a few notes of different dates, usually asking Thoreau to perform some friendly or hospitable service for Mrs. Emerson or her sister, Mrs. Brown. It seems to have been habitual for Thoreau to take tea at the Emerson house whenever a lecturer from Boston or Cambridge was to speak in Concord and be entertained by the Emersons. In February, 1854, there were two notes from Emerson, who expected to be absent, inviting Thoreau to take charge of Professor Horsford and Theodore Parker in successive weeks.

"They are both to come to my house for the night. Now I wish to entreat your courtesy and counsel to receive these lonely pilgrims, to guide them to our house, and help the alarmed wife to entertain them; and see that they do

[1] It will readily be seen that this letter relates to the shipwreck on Fire Island, near New York, in which Margaret Fuller, Countess Ossoli, with her husband and child, was lost. A letter with no date of the year, but probably written February 15, 1840, from Emerson to Thoreau, represents them both as taking much trouble about a house in Concord for Mrs. Fuller, the mother of Margaret, who had just sold her Groton house, and wished to live with her daughter near Emerson. Emerson writes: "The dull weather and some inflammation still hold me in the house, and so may cost you some trouble. I wrote to Miss Fuller at Groton, a week ago, that as soon as Saturday (to-morrow) I would endeavor to send her more accurate answers to her request for information in respect to houses likely to be let in Concord. I beg you to help me in procuring the information to-day, if your engagements will leave you space for this charity." He then asks four questions about houses in the village, and adds: "If, some time this evening, you can, without much inconvenience, give me an answer to these questions, you will greatly oblige your imprisoned friend,

R. W. EMERSON."

not lose the way to the Lyceum, nor the hour. If you shall be in town, and can help these gentlemen so far, you will serve the whole municipality as well as

Yours faithfully,

R. W. Emerson."

Such notes, which were always complied with, show how far Thoreau was from that unsocial mood in which it has pleased some writers to depict him. The same inference can be drawn from the latest letter I shall here give, addressed to Sophia Thoreau from a kind of educational community in New Jersey. Miss Thoreau submitted it to Mr. Emerson for publication, with other letters, in the volume of 1865; but he returned it, inscribed "Not printable at present." The lapse of time has removed this objection.

XV. THOREAU, IN NEW JERSEY, TO HIS SISTER.

[Direct] Eagleswood, Perth Amboy, N. J.,
Saturday Eve, *November* 1, 1856.

Dear Sophia, — I have hardly had time and repose enough to write to you before. I spent the afternoon of Friday (it seems some months ago) in Worcester, but failed to see [Harrison] Blake, he having "gone to the horse race" in Boston; to atone for which I have just received a letter from him, asking me to stop at Worcester and lecture on my return. I called on [Theo.] Brown and [T. W.] Higginson; in the evening came by way of Norwich to New York in the steamer Commonwealth, and, though it was so windy inland, had a perfectly smooth passage, and about as good a sleep as usually at home. Reached New York about seven A. M., too late for the John Potter (there was n't any Jonas), so I spent the forenoon there, called on Greeley (who was not in), met [F. A. T.] Bellew in Broadway and walked into his workshop, read at the Astor Library, etc. I arrived here, about thirty miles from New York, about five P. M. Saturday, in company with Miss E. Peabody, who was returning in the same covered wagon from the Landing to Eagleswood, which last place she has just left for the winter.

This is a queer place. There is one large long stone building, which cost some forty thousand dollars, in which I do not know exactly who or how many work (one or two familiar faces and more familiar names have turned up), a few shops and offices, an old farmhouse, and Mr. Spring's perfectly private residence, within twenty rods of the main building. The city of Perth Amboy is about as big as Concord, and Eagleswood is one and a quarter miles southwest of it, on the Bay side. The central fact here is evidently Mr. [Theodore] Weld's school, recently established, around which various other things revolve. Saturday evening I went to the schoolroom, hall, or what not, to see the children and their teachers and patrons dance. Mr. Weld, a kind-looking man with a long white beard, danced with them, and Mr. [E. J.] Cutler, his assistant (lately from Cambridge, who is acquainted with Sanborn), Mr. Spring, and others. This Saturday evening dance is a regular thing, and it is thought something strange if you don't attend. They take it for granted that you want society!

Sunday forenoon I attended a sort of Quaker meeting at the same place (the Quaker aspect and spirit prevail here, — Mrs. Spring says, "Does thee not?"), where it was expected that the spirit would move me (I having been previously spoken to about it); and it, or something else, did, — an inch or so. I said just enough to set them a little by the ears and make it lively. I had excused myself by saying that I could not adapt myself to a particular audience; for all the speaking and lecturing here have reference to the children, who are far the greater part of the audience, and they are not so bright as New England children. Imagine them sitting close to the wall, all around a hall, with old Qua-

ker-looking men and women here and there. There sat Mrs. Weld [Grimké] and her sister, two elderly gray-headed ladies, the former in extreme Bloomer costume, which was what you may call remarkable; Mr. Buffum, with broad face and a great white beard, looking like a pier head made of the cork-tree with the bark on, as if he could buffet a considerable wave; James G. Birney, formerly candidate for the presidency, with another particularly white head and beard; Edward Palmer, the anti-money man (for whom communities were made), with his ample beard somewhat grayish. Some of them, I suspect, are very worthy people. Of course you are wondering to what extent all these make one family, and to what extent twenty. Mrs. Kirkland (and this a name only to me) I saw. She has just bought a lot here. They all know more about your neighbors and acquaintances than you suspected.

On Monday evening I read the Moose story to the children, to their satisfaction. Ever since I have been constantly engaged in surveying Eagleswood, — through woods, salt marshes, and along the shore, dodging the tide, through bushes, mud and beggar ticks, having no time to look up or think where I am. (It takes ten or fifteen minutes before each meal to pick the beggar ticks out of my clothes; burs and the rest are left, and rents mended at the first convenient opportunity.) I shall be engaged perhaps as much longer. Mr. Spring wants me to help him about setting out an orchard and vineyard, Mr. Birney asks me to survey a small piece for him, and Mr. Alcott, who has just come down here for the third Sunday, says that Greeley (I left my name for him) invites him and me to go to his home with him next Saturday morning and spend the Sunday.

It seems a twelvemonth since I was not here, but I hope to get settled deep into my den again erelong. The hardest thing to find here is solitude — and Concord. I am at Mr. Spring's house. Both he and she and their family are quite agreeable.

I want you to write to me immediately (just left off to talk French with the servant man), and let father and mother put in a word. To them and to aunts,

Love from HENRY.

The date of this visit to Eagleswood is worthy of note, because in that November Thoreau made the acquaintance of the late Walt Whitman, in whom he ever after took a deep interest. Accompanied by Mr. Alcott, he called on Whitman, then living at Brooklyn; and I remember the calm enthusiasm with which they both spoke of Whitman upon their return to Concord. "Three men," said Emerson, in his funeral eulogy of Thoreau (May, 1862), "have of late years strongly impressed Mr. Thoreau, — John Brown, his Indian guide in Maine, Joe Polis, and a third person, not known to this audience." This last was Whitman, who has since become well known to a larger audience.

F. B. Sanborn.

AGRIPPINA.

SHE is sitting on my desk, as I write, and I glance at her with deference, mutely begging permission to begin. But her back is turned to me, and expresses in every curve such fine and delicate disdain that I falter and lose courage at the very threshold of my task. I have long known that cats are the

most contemptuous of creatures, and that Agrippina is the most contemptuous of cats. The spirit of Bouhaki, the proud Theban beast that sat erect, with gold earrings in his ears, at the feet of his master, King Hana; the spirit of Muezza, whose slumbers Mahomet himself was not bold enough to disturb; the spirit of Micetto, Châteaubriand's ecclesiastical pet, dignified as a cardinal, and conscious ever that he was the gift of a sovereign pontiff, — the spirits of all arrogant cats that have played scornful parts in the world's great comedy look out from Agrippina's yellow eyes and hold me in subjection. I should like to explain to her, if I dared, that my desk is small, littered with many papers, and sadly overcrowded with the useful inutilities which affectionate friends delight in giving me at Christmas time. Sainte-Beuve's cat, I am aware, sat on his desk, and roamed at will among those precious manuscripts which no intrusive hand was ever permitted to touch; but Sainte-Beuve probably had sufficient space reserved for his own comfort and convenience. I have not; and Agrippina's beautifully ringed tail flapping across my copy distracts my attention and imperils the neatness of my penmanship. Even when she is disposed to be affable, turns the light of her countenance upon me, watches with attentive curiosity every stroke I make, and softly, with curved paw, pats my pen as it travels over the paper, — even in these halcyon moments, though my self-love is flattered by her condescension, I am aware that I should work better and more rapidly if I denied myself this charming companionship.

But in truth it is impossible for a lover of cats to banish these alert, gentle, and discriminating little friends, who give us just enough of their regard and complaisance to make us hunger for more. M. Fée, the naturalist, who has written so admirably about animals, and who understands, as only a Frenchman can understand, the delicate and subtle organization of a cat, frankly admits that the keynote of its character is independence. It dwells under our roof, sleeps by our fire, endures our blandishments, and apparently enjoys our society, without for one moment forfeiting its sense of absolute freedom, without acknowledging any servile relation to the human creature who shelters it. "The cat," says M. Fée, "will never part with its liberty; it will neither be our servant, like the horse, nor our friend, like the dog. It consents to live as our guest; it accepts the home we offer and the food we give; it even goes so far as to solicit our caresses, but capriciously, and when it suits its humor to receive them."

Rude and masterful souls resent this fine self-sufficiency in a domestic animal, and require that it should have no will but theirs, no pleasure that does not emanate from them. They are forever prating of the love and fidelity of the dog, of the beast that obeys their slightest word, crouches contentedly for hours at their feet, is exuberantly grateful for the smallest attention, and so affectionate that its demonstrations require to be curbed rather than encouraged. All this homage is pleasing to their vanity; yet there are people, less magisterial perhaps, or less exacting, who believe that true friendship, even with an animal, may be built up on mutual esteem and independence; that to demand gratitude is to be unworthy of it; and that obedience is not essential to agreeable and healthy intercourse. A man who owns a dog is, in every sense of the word, its master; the term expresses accurately their mutual relations. But it is ridiculous when applied to the limited possession of a cat. I am certainly not Agrippina's mistress, and the assumption of authority on my part would be a mere empty dignity, like those swelling titles which afford such innocent delight to the Freemasons of our severe republic. If I

call Agrippina, she does not come; if I tell her to go away, she remains where she is; if I try to persuade her to show off her one or two little accomplishments, she refuses, with courteous but unswerving decision. She has frolicsome moods, in which a thimble, a shoe-buttoner, a scrap of paper, or a piece of string will drive her wild with delight; she has moods of inflexible gravity, in which she stares solemnly at her favorite ball rolling over the carpet, without stirring one lazy limb to reach it. "Have I seen this foolish toy before?" she seems to be asking herself with musing austerity; "and can it be possible that there are cats who run after such frivolous trifles? Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, save only to lie upon the hearth-rug, and be warm, and 'think grave thoughts to feed a serious soul.'" In such moments of rejection and humiliation, I comfort myself by recalling the words of one too wise for arrogance. "When I play with my cat," says Montaigne, "how do I know whether she does not make a jest of me? We entertain each other with mutual antics; and if I have my own time for beginning or refusing, she, too, has hers."

This is the spirit in which we should approach a creature so reserved and so utterly self-sufficing; this is the only key we have to that natural distinction of character which repels careless and unobservant natures. When I am told that Agrippina is disobedient, ungrateful, cold-hearted, perverse, stupid, treacherous, and cruel, I no longer strive to check the torrent of abuse. I know that Buffon said all this, and much more, about cats, and that people have gone on repeating it ever since, principally because these spirited little beasts have remained just what it pleased Providence to make them, have preserved their primitive freedom through centuries of effete and demoralizing civilization. Why, I wonder, should a great many good men and women cherish an unreasonable grudge against one animal because it does not chance to possess the precise qualities of another? "My dog fetches my slippers for me every night," said a friend triumphantly, not long ago. "He puts them first to warm by the fire, and then brings them over to my chair, wagging his tail, and as proud as Punch. Would your cat do as much for you, I'd like to know?" Assuredly not! If I waited for Agrippina to fetch me shoes or slippers, I should have no other resource save to join as speedily as possible one of the bare-footed religious orders of Italy. But, after all, fetching slippers is not the whole duty of domestic pets. As La Fontaine gently reminds us,

"Tout animal n'a pas toutes propriétés."

We pick no quarrel with a canary because it does not talk like a parrot, nor with a parrot because it does not sing like a canary. We find no fault with a King Charles spaniel for not flying at the throat of a burglar, nor with a St. Bernard because we cannot put it in our pocket. Agrippina will never make herself serviceable, yet nevertheless is she of inestimable service. How many times have I rested tired eyes on her graceful little body, curled up in a ball and wrapped round with her tail like a parcel; or stretched out luxuriously on my bed, one paw coyly covering her face, the other curved gently inwards, as though clasping an invisible treasure! Asleep or awake, in rest or in motion, grave or gay, Agrippina is always beautiful; and it is better to be beautiful than to fetch and carry from the rising to the setting of the sun. She is droll, too, with an unconscious humor even in her most serious and sentimental moods. She has quite the longest ears that ever were seen on so small a cat, eyes more solemn than Athene's owl blinking in the sunlight, and an air of supercilious disdain that would have made Diogenes seem young and ardent by her side.

Sitting on the library table, under the evening lamp, with her head held high in air, her tall ears as erect as chimneys, and her inscrutable gaze fixed on the darkest corner of the room, Agrippina inspires in the family sentiments of mingled mirthfulness and awe. To laugh at her in such moments, however, is to incur her supreme displeasure. I have known her to jump down from the table and walk haughtily out of the room, because of a single half-suppressed but wholly indecorous giggle.

Schopenhauer has said that the reason domestic pets are so lovable and so helpful to us is because they enjoy, quietly and placidly, the present moment. Life holds no future for them, and consequently no care; if they are content, their contentment is absolute; and our jaded and wearied spirits find a natural relief in the sight of creatures whose little cups of happiness can so easily be filled to the brim. Walt Whitman expresses the same thought more coarsely when he acknowledges that he loves the society of animals because they do not sweat and whine over their condition, nor lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins, nor sicken him with discussions of their duty. In truth, that admirable counsel of Sydney Smith's, "Take short views of life," can be obeyed only by the brutes; for the thought that travels even to the morrow is long enough to destroy our peace of mind, inasmuch as we know not what the morrow may bring forth. But when Agrippina has breakfasted, and washed, and sits in the sunlight blinking at me with affectionate contempt, I feel soothed by her absolute and unqualified enjoyment. I know how full my day will be of things that I don't want particularly to do, and that are not particularly worth doing; but for her time and the world hold only this brief moment of contentment. Slowly the eyes close, gently the little body is relaxed. Oh, you who strive to relieve your overwrought nerves, and cultivate power through repose, watch the exquisite languor of a drowsy cat, and despair of imitating such perfect and restful grace! There is a gradual yielding of every muscle to the soft persuasiveness of slumber; the flexible frame is curved into tender lines, the head nestles lower, the paws are tucked out of sight; no convulsive throb or start betrays a rebellious alertness; only a faint quiver of unconscious satisfaction, a faint heaving of the tawny sides, a faint gleam of the half-shut yellow eyes, and Agrippina is asleep. I look at her for one wistful moment, and then turn resolutely to my work. It were ignoble to wish myself in her place, and yet how charming to be able to settle down to a nap, *sans peur et sans reproche*, at ten o'clock in the morning!

These, then, are a few of the pleasures to be derived from the society of an amiable cat; and by an amiable cat I mean one that, while maintaining its own dignity and delicate reserve, is nevertheless affable and condescending in the company of human beings. There is nothing I dislike more than newspaper and magazine stories about priggish pussies — like the children in Sunday-school books — that share their food with hungry beasts from the back alleys, and show touching fidelity to old blind masters, and hunt partridges in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice for consumptive mistresses, and scorn to help themselves to delicacies from the kitchen tables, and arouse their households so often in cases of fire that I should suspect them of starting the conflagrations in order to win applause by giving the alarm. Whatever a real cat may or may not be, it is never a prig, and all true lovers of the race have been quick to recognize and appreciate this fact.

"I value in the cat," says Châteaubriand, "that independent and almost ungrateful temper which prevents it from attaching itself to any one; the indifference with which it passes from the salon

to the housetop. When you caress it, it stretches itself out and arches its back, indeed; but that is caused by physical pleasure, and not, as in the case of the dog, by a silly satisfaction in loving and being faithful to a master who returns thanks in kicks. The cat lives alone, has no need of society, does not obey except when it likes, pretends to sleep that it may see the more clearly, and scratches everything that it can scratch."

Here is a sketch spirited enough and of good outline, but hardly correct in every detail. A cat seldom manifests affection, yet is often distinctly social, and likes to see itself the petted minion of a family group. Agrippina, in fact, so far from living alone, will not, if she can help it, remain for a moment in a room by herself. She is content to have me as a companion, perhaps in default of better; but if I go upstairs or downstairs in search of a book, or my eyeglasses, or any one of the countless things that are never where they ought to be, Agrippina follows closely at my heels. Sometimes, when she is fast asleep, I steal softly out of the door, thinking to escape her vigilance; but before I have taken a dozen steps she is under my feet, mewing a gentle reproach, and putting on all the injured airs of a deserted Ariadne. I should like to think such behavior prompted by affection rather than by curiosity; but in my candid moments I find this "pathetic fallacy" a difficult sentiment to cherish. There are people, I am aware, who trustfully assert that their pets love them; and one such sanguine creature has recently assured the world that "no man who boasts the real intimacy and confidence of a cat would dream of calling his four-footed friend 'puss.'" But is not such a boast rather ill-timed at best? How dare any man venture to assert that he possesses the intimacy and confidence of an animal so exclusive and so reserved? I doubt if Cardinal Wolsey, in the zenith of his pride and power, claimed the intimacy and confidence of the superb cat that sat in a cushioned armchair by his side, and reflected with mimic dignity the full-blown honors of the Lord High Chancellor of England. Agrippina, I am humbly aware, grants me neither her intimacy nor her confidence, but only her companionship, which I endeavor to receive modestly, and without flaunting my favors to the world. She is displeased and even downcast when I go out, and she greets my return with delight, thrusting her little gray head between the banisters the instant I open the house door, and waving a welcome in mid-air with one ridiculously small paw. Being but mortal, I am naturally pleased with these tokens of esteem, but I do not, on that account, go about with arrogant brow and boast of my intimacy with Agrippina. I should be laughed at, if I did, by everybody who is privileged to possess and appreciate a cat.

As for curiosity, that vice which the Abbé Galiani held to be unknown to animals, but which the more astute Voltaire detected in every little dog that he saw peering out of the window of its master's coach, it is the ruling passion of the feline breast. A closet door left ajar, a box with half-closed lid, an open bureau drawer, — these are the objects that fill a cat with the liveliest interest and delight. Agrippina watches breathlessly the unfastening of a parcel, and tries to hasten matters by clutching actively at the string. When its contents are shown her, she examines them gravely, and then, with a sigh of relief, settles down to repose. The slightest noise disturbs and irritates her until she discovers its cause. If she hears a footstep in the hall, she runs out to see whose it is, and, like certain troublesome little people I have known, she dearly loves to go to the front door every time the bell is rung. From my window she surveys the street with tranquil scrutiny, and, if boys are playing below, she follows their games with a steady scornful stare, very dif-

ferent from the wistful eagerness of a friendly dog, quivering to join in the sport. Sometimes the boys catch sight of her, and shout up rudely at her window; and I can never sufficiently admire Agrippina's conduct upon these trying occasions, the well-bred composure with which she affects neither to see nor to hear them, nor to be aware that there are such objectionable creatures as children in the world. Sometimes, too, the terrier that lives next door comes out to sun himself in the street, and, beholding my cat sitting well out of reach, he dances madly up and down the pavement, barking with all his might, and rearing himself on his short hind legs, in a futile attempt to dislodge her. Then the spirit of evil enters Agrippina's little heart. The window is open, and she creeps to the extreme edge of the stone sill, stretches herself at full length, peers down smilingly at the frenzied dog, dangles one paw enticingly in the air, and exerts herself with quiet malice to drive him to desperation. Her sense of humor is awakened by his frantic efforts, and by her own absolute security; and not until he is spent with exertion, and lies panting and exhausted on the bricks, does she arch her graceful back, stretch her limbs lazily in the sun, and with one light bound spring from the window to my desk. Wisely has Moncrif observed that a cat is not merely diverted by everything that moves, but is convinced that all nature is occupied exclusively with catering to her diversion.

There is a charming story told by M. Champfleury, who has written so much and so admirably about cats, of a poor hermit whose piety and asceticism were so great that in a vision he was permitted to behold his place in heaven, next to that of St. Gregory, the sovereign pontiff of Christendom. The hermit, who possessed nothing upon earth but a female cat, was abashed by the thought that in the next world he was destined to rank with so powerful a prince of the Church; and perhaps — for who knows the secret springs of spiritual pride? — he fancied that his self-inflicted poverty should win for him an even higher reward. Whereupon a second revelation made known to him that his detachment from the world was by no means so complete as he imagined, for that he loved and valued his cat, the sole companion of his solitude, more than St. Gregory loved and valued all his earthly possessions. The Pope on his throne was the truer ascetic of the two.

This little tale conveys to us, in addition to its excellent moral, — never more needed than at present, — a pleasing truth concerning the lovability of cats. While they have never attained, and never deserve to attain, the widespread and somewhat commonplace popularity of dogs, their fascination is a more potent and irresistible charm. He who yields himself to the sweet seductiveness of a cat is beguiled forever from the simple, honorable friendship of the more generous and open-hearted beast. The small domestic sphinx whose inscrutable eyes never soften with affection; the fetich animal that comes down to us from the far past, adored, hated, and feared, — a god in wise and silent Egypt, a plaything in old Rome, a hunted and unholy creature, suffering one long martyrdom throughout the half-seen, dimly-fathomed Middle Ages, — even now this lovely, uncanny pet is capable of inspiring mingled sentiments of horror and devotion. Those who are under its spell rejoice in their thralldom, and, like M. Champfleury's hermit, grow strangely wedded to this mute, unsympathetic comradeship. Those who have inherited the old, half-fearful aversion render a still finer tribute to the cat's native witchery and power. I have seen middle-aged women, of dignified and tranquil aspect, draw back with unfeigned dismay at the sight of Agrippina, a little ball of gray and yellow fur, curled up in peaceful slumber on the hearth-

rug. And this instinctive shrinking has nothing in common with the perfectly reasonable fear we entertain for a terrier snapping and snarling at our heels, or for a mastiff the size of a calf, which our friend assures us is as gentle as a baby, but which looks able and ready to tear us limb from limb. It may be ignominious to be afraid of dogs, but the emotion is one which will bear analysis and explanation; we know exactly what it is we fear; while the uneasiness with which many people behold a harmless and perfectly indifferent cat is a faint reflection of that superstitious terror which the nineteenth century still borrows occasionally from the ninth. We call it by a different name, and account for it on purely natural principles, in deference to progress; but the mediæval peasant who beheld his cat steal out, like a gray shadow, on St. John's Eve, to join in unholy rites, felt the same shuddering abhorrence which we witness and wonder at to-day. He simplified matters somewhat and eased his troubled mind by killing the beast; for cats that ventured forth on the feast of St. John, or on Halloween, or on the second Wednesday in Lent, did so at their peril. Fires blazed for them in every village, and even quiet stay-at-homes were too often hunted from their chimney-corners to a cruel death. There is a receipt signed in 1575 by one Lucas Pommoreux, — abhorred forever be his name! — to whom has been paid the sum of a hundred *sols parisis* "for having supplied for three years all the cats required for the fire on St. John's Day;" and be it remembered that the gracious child afterwards Louis XIII. interceded with Henry IV. for the lives of these poor animals, sacrificed to wicked sport and an unreasoning terror.

Girt around with fear and mystery and subtle associations of evil, the cat comes down to us through the centuries; and from every land fresh traditions of sorcery claim it for their own. In Brittany is still whispered the dreadful tale of the cats that danced with sacrilegious glee around the crucifix until their king was killed; and in Sicily men know that if a black cat serve seven masters in turn he carries the soul of the seventh into hell. In Russia black cats become devils at the end of seven years, and in southern Europe they are merely serving their apprenticeship as witches. Norwegian folk lore is rich in ghastly stories like that of the wealthy miller whose mill has been twice burned down on Whitsun night, and for whom a traveling tailor offers to keep watch. The tailor chalks a circle on the floor, writes the Lord's prayer around it, and waits until midnight, when a troop of cats rush in and hang a great pot of pitch over the fireplace. Again and again they try to overturn this pitch, but every time the tailor frightens them away; and when their leader endeavors stealthily to draw him outside of his magic circle, he cuts off her paw with his knife. Then they all fly howling into the night, and the next morning the miller sees with joy his mill standing whole and unharmed. But the miller's wife cowers under the bedclothes, offering her left hand to the tailor, and hiding as best she can her right arm's bleeding stump.

Finer even than this tale is the well-known story which "Monk" Lewis told to Shelley of a gentleman who, late one night, went to visit a friend living on the outskirts of a forest in east Germany. He lost his path, and, after wandering aimlessly for some time, beheld at last a light streaming from the windows of an old and ruined abbey. Looking in, he saw a procession of cats lowering into a grave a small coffin with a crown upon it. The sight filled him with horror, and, spurring his horse, he rode away as fast as he could, never stopping until he reached his destination, long after midnight. His friend was still awaiting him, and at once he recounted what had

happened; whereupon a cat that lay sleeping by the fire sprang to its feet, cried out, "Then I am the king of the cats!" and disappeared like a flash up the chimney.

For my part, I consider this the best cat story in all literature, full of suggestiveness and terror, yet picturesque withal, and leaving ample room in the mind for speculation. Why was not the heir apparent bidden to the royal funeral? Was there a disputed succession, and how are such points settled in the mysterious domain of cat-land? The notion that these animals gather in ghost-haunted churches and castles for their nocturnal revels is one common to all parts of Europe. We remember how the little maiden of the Mountain Idyl confides to Heine that the innocent-looking cat in the chimney-corner is really a witch, and that at midnight, when the storm is high, she steals away to the ruined keep, where the spirits of the dead wait spellbound for the word that shall waken them. In all scenes of impish revelry cats play a prominent part, although occasionally, by virtue of their dual natures, they serve as barriers against the powers of evil. There is the old story of the witch's cat that was grateful to the good girl who gave it some ham to eat, — I may observe here, parenthetically, that I have never known a cat that would touch ham; and there is the fine bit of Italian folk lore about the servant maid who, with no other protector than a black cat, ventures to disturb a procession of ghosts on the dreadful Night of the Dead. "It is well for you that the cat lies in your arms," the angry spirit says to her; "otherwise what I am you also would be." The last pale reflex of a universal tradition I found two years ago in London, where the bad behavior of the Westminster cats — proverbially the most dissolute and profligate specimens of their race — has given rise to the pleasing legend of a country house whither these rakish animals retire for nights of gay festivity, and whence they return in the early morning, jaded, repentant, and forlorn.

Of late years there has been a rapid and promising growth of what disaffected and alliterative critics call the "cat cult," and poets and painters vie with one another in celebrating the charms of this long-neglected pet. Mr. M. H. Spielmann's beautiful volume in praise of Madame Henriette Ronner and her pictures is a treasure upon which many an ardent lover of cats will cast wandering and wistful glances. It is impossible for even the most disciplined spirit not to yearn over these little furry darlings, these gentle, mischievous, lazy, irresistible things. As for Banjo, that dear and sentimental kitten, with his head on one side like Lydia Languish, and a decorous melancholy suffusing his splendid eyes, let any obdurate scorner of the race look at his loveliness and be converted. Mrs. Graham R. Tomson's pretty anthology, Concerning Cats, is another step in the right direction; a dainty volume of selections from French and English verse, where we may find old favorites like Cowper's Retired Cat and Calverly's Sad Memories, graceful epitaphs on departed pussies, some delightful poems from Baudelaire, and three, no less delightful, from the pen of Mrs. Tomson herself, whose preface, or "foreword," is enough to win for her at once the friendship and sympathy of the elect. The book, while it contains a good deal that might well have been omitted, is necessarily a small one; for poets, English poets especially, have just begun to sing the praises of the cat, as they have for generations sung the praises of the horse and dog. Nevertheless, all English literature, and all the literatures of every land, are full of charming allusions to this friendly animal, — allusions the brevity of which only enhances their value. Those two delicious lines of Herrick's, for example,

"And the brisk mouse may feast herself with
crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes,"

are worth the whole of Wordsworth's solemn poem The Kitten and Falling Leaves. What did Wordsworth know of the innate vanity, the affectation and coquetry, of kittenhood? He saw the little beast gamboling on the wall, and he fancied her as innocent as she looked, — as though any living creature *could* be as innocent as a kitten looks! With touching simplicity he believed her all unconscious of the admiration she was exciting.

"What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!"

Ah, the arrant knavery of that kitten! The tiny impostor, showing off her best tricks, and feigning to be occupied exclusively with her own infantile diversion! We can see her now, prancing and paddling after the leaves, and all the while peeping out of "the tail o' her ee" at the serene poet and philosopher, and waving her naughty tail in glee over his confidence and condescension.

Heine's pretty lines,

"And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam;
The flames keep flitting, and flicking, and
whirring;
My mind is wrapped in a realm of dream,"

find their English echo in the letter Shelley writes to Peacock, describing, half wistfully, the shrines of the Penates, "whose hymns are the purring of kittens, the hissing of kettles, the long talks over the past and dead, the laugh of children, the warm wind of summer filling the quiet house, and the pelting storm of winter struggling in vain for entrance." How incomplete would these pictures be, how incomplete is any fireside sketch, without its purring kitten or drowsy cat!

"The queen I am o' that cozy place;
As with ilka paw I dicht my face,
I sing an' purr with mickle grace."

This is the sphinx of the hearthstone, the little god of domesticity, whose presence turns a house into a home. Even the chilly desolation of a hotel may be rendered endurable by these affable and discriminating creatures; for one of them, as we know, once welcomed Sir Walter Scott, and softened for him the unfamiliar and unloved surroundings. "There are no dogs in the hotel where I lodge," he writes to Abbotsford from London, "but a tolerably conversable cat *who* eats a mess of cream with me in the morning." Of course it did, the wise and lynx-eyed beast! I make no doubt that, day after day and week after week, that cat had wandered superbly amid the common throng of lodgers, showing favor to none, and growing cynical and disillusioned by constant contact with a crowd. Then, one morning, it spied the noble, rugged face which neither man nor beast could look upon without loving, and forthwith tendered its allegiance on the spot. Only "tolerably conversable" it was, this reserved and town-bred animal; less urbane because less happy than the much-respected retainer at Abbotsford, Master Hinse of Hinsefeld, whom Sir Walter called his friend. "Ah, mon grand ami, vous avez tué mon autre grand ami!" he sighed, when the huge hound Nimrod ended poor Hinse's placid career. And if Scott sometimes seems to disparage cats, as when he unkindly compares Oliver le Dain to one, in Quentin Durward, he atones for such indignity by the use of the little pronoun "who" when writing of the London puss. My own habit is to say "who" on similar occasions, and I am glad to have so excellent an authority.

It were an endless though a pleasant task to recount all that has been said, and well said, in praise of the cat by those who have rightly valued her com-

panionship. Théophile Gautier's charming pages are too familiar for comment. Who has not read with delight of the Black and White Dynasties that for so long ruled with gentle sway over his hearth and heart; of Madame Théophile, who thought the parrot was a green chicken; of Don Pierrot de Navarre, who deeply resented his master's staying out late at night; of the graceful and fastidious Seraphita; the gluttonous Enjolras; the acute Bohemian, Gavroche; the courteous and well-mannered Éponine, who received M. Gautier's guests in the drawing-room and dined at his table, taking each course as it was served, and restraining any rude distaste for food not to her fancy. "Her place was laid without a knife and fork, indeed, but with a glass, and she went regularly through dinner, from soup to dessert, awaiting her turn to be helped, and behaving with a quiet propriety which most children might imitate with advantage. At the first stroke of the bell she would appear, and when I came into the dining-room she would be at her post, upright on her chair, her forepaws on the edge of the tablecloth; and she would present her smooth forehead to be kissed, like a well-bred little girl who was affectionately polite to relatives and old people."

I have read this pretty description several times to Agrippina, who is extremely wayward and capricious about her food, rejecting plaintively one day the viands which she had eaten with apparent enjoyment the day before. In fact, the difficulty of catering to her is so well understood by tradesmen that recently, when the housemaid carried her on an errand to the grocery, — Agrippina is very fond of these jaunts and of the admiration she excites, — the grocer, a fatherly man, with cats of his own, said briskly, "Is this the little lady who eats the biscuits?" and presented her on the spot with several choice varieties from which to choose. She is fastidious, too, about the way in which her meals are served; disliking any other dishes than her own, which are of blue and white china; requiring that her meat should be cut up fine and all the fat removed, and that her morning oatmeal should be well sugared and creamed. Milk she holds in scorn. My friends tell me sometimes that it is not the common custom of cats to receive so much attention at table, and that it is my fault Agrippina is so exacting; but such grumblers fail to take into consideration the marked individuality that is the charm of every kindly treated puss. She differs from her sisters as widely as one woman differs from another, and reveals varying characteristics of good and evil, varying powers of intelligence and adaptation. She scales splendid heights of virtue, and, unlike Sir Thomas Browne, is "singular in offenses." Even those primitive instincts which we believe all animals hold in common are lost in acquired ethics and depravity. No heroism could surpass that of the London cat that crawled back five times under the stage of the burning theatre to rescue her litter of kittens, and, having carried four of them to safety, perished devotedly with the fifth. On the other hand, I know of a cat that drowned her three kittens in a water-butt, for no reason, apparently, save to be rid of them, and that she might lie in peace on the hearth-rug, — a murder well planned, deliberate, and cruel.

> "So Tiberius might have sat,
> Had Tiberius been a cat."

Only in her grace and beauty, her love of comfort, her dignity of bearing, her courteous reserve, and her independence of character does puss remain immutable and unchanged. These are the traits which win for her the warmest corner by the fire, and the unshaken regard of those who value her friendship and aspire to her affection. These are the traits so subtly suggested by Mrs. Tom-

son in a sonnet which every true lover of cats feels in his heart *must* have been addressed to his own particular pet: —

"Half gentle kindliness, and half disdain,
Thou comest to my call, serenely suave,
With humming speech and gracious gestures grave,
In salutation courtly and urbane;
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,
For wiles may win thee, but no arts enslave;
And nowhere gladly thou abidest, save
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.

"Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deignst to dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries,
With sombre sea-green gaze inscrutable."

Agnes Repplier.

JOHN AUSTIN.

I AM often asked, "What was your grandfather like?" "What was it that prevented Mr. John Austin from achieving the success that seemingly ought to have been his?" In answer, I feel impelled to write a short sketch of this remarkable man, whose splendid abilities, owing to constitutional drawbacks, never received that public recognition and meed of fame which were his due.

John Austin was the eldest son of Mr. Jonathan Austin, a substantial miller and corn merchant, who had mills at Creeting and Ipswich, in Suffolk, England, and at Longford, in Essex. All his children were distinguished by force of character and brilliant intellectual qualities. I have heard that his grandmother, Anne Adkins, had gypsy blood in her veins. Mrs. Fleeming Jenkin, only daughter of my great-uncle, Mr. Alfred Austin, tells me that years ago she went with her father to Foxearth, where the Austins of five generations ago lie buried. There they found an old woman who remembered Anne Adkins, and gave them a striking description of her vivacity and her ringing laugh, her large dark eyes and her high temper. Her husband was not an easy man to live with, and, I suppose, made every one about him miserable, for one of the sons enlisted in the ranks and went to America. On her tombstone these few pregnant words are inscribed: "She died of a broken heart."

Her son Jonathan married Anne Redhouse, only daughter of a small gentleman farmer, or yeoman. Well educated, gently nurtured, and possessed of exceptional abilities, she must have inspired her husband with her love for learning. His education had been neglected, but he was always fond of reading, and acquired a great deal of knowledge of both history and political economy. He had a very exact mind, and particularly disliked any kind of exaggeration. To an acute sense of fun was joined considerable enthusiasm, and a touching story or a noble action moved him deeply. Even as quite an old man he was strikingly handsome, with silver-white hair. His wife was deeply religious, though in no narrow way. She was charitable and helpful, but a strong tinge of melancholy, probably increased by delicate health and fits of nervous depression, overshadowed her whole life. This she transmitted to several of her children, tempered with the Austin family characteristic of wit and fun. Her sense of duty was exceptionally high, and above all things she hated a lie. She died at about sixty.

John Austin was born on the 3d of March, 1790. He inherited his mother's delicate health and nervous organization. She must have imbued him with her

deep religious feeling, for when three years old he would kneel before a chair with the Bible laid upon it and read aloud to her. Later, as a boy of seven, he was found by his eldest sister on his knees, in the garden, praying earnestly for a bow and arrows he had long coveted. The gift of eloquence he evidently possessed when a child, and turned it to better account than in after life; for he used to sit by his father at dinner, and so engage him in talk that the worthy miller never noticed that John drank up his glass of beer.

He entered the army before he was sixteen, serving under Lord William Bentinck at Malta and in Sicily. There is in my possession a mutilated diary which the young officer kept during the year 1812, and from these pages we may glean hints which to some extent explain the problem of his comparative failure in after life. The diary shows him, at the age of twenty-two, to have been endowed with an introspective and critical temper, haughty in his intellectual attitude and almost morbidly conscious of his inert temperament. He speaks of "indolence, always the prominent vice of my character," "this lethargy of the faculties," "the listlessness of indolence and *ennui*." He complains that, while sharing in the sports and follies of his comrades, he finds but little pleasure in that "relaxation which none but the industrious can relish." It does not appear that these expressions are merely the outcome of a passing mood of melancholy. The tone of the diary is gray, austere, and inelastic. The passages in which the writer shows the greatest warmth and spring of energy are those dedicated to the analysis of philosophical works which he was studying, — Dugald Stewart's Essays, Enfield's History of Philosophy, and Drummond's Academical Questions. Of the preface to the last-mentioned book the young soldier remarks, "Though tainted with a little schoolboy pedantry, it is the most energetic and eloquent apology for the study of metaphysics that I recollect to have seen." Enfield's History he notes as "an abstract freely drawn from Brucker's work on the same subject. The book is not characterized by much philosophical depth, but the author displays a mild and liberal spirit truly edifying in a theologian. He now and then discovers the cloven foot in his attempts to enforce Dr. Priestley's modification of Christianity, but in a manner very different from that of his arrogant principal. I was much pleased with the clear statement given of the skeptical doctrines advanced by Pyrrho and his followers." Critical in his judgment of others, he was still more severe upon himself. After composing certain reports, he observes: "The style of these papers, though labored with great care, was stiff and monotonous. Indeed, whatever I write is wanting in copiousness and simplicity. The only excellences of my style are clearness and precision."

These early memoirs show that John Austin's vital energy was insufficient for the rough work of the world. Later on in life, the physical troubles which must even in youth have been dormant in his constitution manifested their presence in chronic depression and hypersensitiveness. Making enormous demands upon himself and others, refusing to acknowledge any work except of the most perfect quality, he exhausted his nervous strength in preparations, and stumbled repeatedly upon the very threshold of great undertakings. The travail of the brain reacted on the digestive organs, produced sickness and fever, and culminated in excruciating headaches which laid the powerful thinker and eloquent orator prostrate, before the thoughts with which his mind was teeming found their channel of relief in expression.

On the death of his second brother, in 1812, John Austin obeyed the earnest request of his parents and resigned his

commission. Friends had already strongly urged him to quit the military profession for one more suited to his studious tastes, and, after due reflection, he determined to study for the bar. Till the end of his life my grandfather retained a strong love and respect for the military character. As his wife says: "The high and punctilious sense of honor, the chivalrous tenderness for the weak, the generous ardor mixed with reverence for authority and discipline, the frankness and loyalty, which were, he thought, the distinguishing characteristics of a true soldier, were also his own; perhaps even more preëminently than the intellectual gifts for which he was so remarkable." [1]

Lord Brougham, Sir S. Romilly, and Sir W. Erle have all told me that the eminent lawyers under whom Mr. Austin studied, as well as his fellow-students, were astonished by the force and clearness of his mind, his retentive memory, and the scholarly aptness of his language. All were confident that he would attain the highest place in the profession. In 1818 he was called to the bar, being probably spurred on to considerable effort by his passionate attachment to Miss Sarah Taylor, who became his wife in the following year.

After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Austin occupied for some years part of a house in Queen's Square, Westminster. The windows looked into Mr. Bentham's garden, and just round the corner lived Mr. James Mill. This close neighborhood and a strong congeniality of tastes and opinions led to a great intimacy between Bentham, the Mills, and the Austins. Mr. J. S. Mill became as one of their own family, reading Roman law with Mr. Austin, and learning German from his wife. Of my grandfather Mr. J. S. Mill writes: "On me his influence was most salutary. It was moral in the best sense. . . . There was in his conversation and demeanor a tone of high-mindedness which did not show itself as much, if the quality existed, in any of the other persons with whom at that time I associated. My intercourse with him was the more beneficial owing to his being of a different mental type from all other intellectual men whom I frequented, and he from the first set himself decidedly against the prejudices and narrowness which are almost sure to be found in a young man formed by a particular mode of thought or a particular social circle." [2]

This coterie was the foundation of the Westminster school of utilitarian philosophy which afterwards produced important results.

After Mr. Austin was called to the bar, he went on the Norfolk circuit, but I never heard that he held a brief. The attorneys were afraid of him, and he was apt to be too late for a consultation. It is singular that the extraordinary eloquence which he displayed in private deserted him in public, and he felt great difficulty in addressing the court. I suspect that the legal studies to which he dedicated his powers, when he left the army, were injurious to a man of his peculiar temperament. They rendered him even more fastidious about the exact poise and verbal nicety of phrases, still more scrupulous in searching after that "clearness and precision" which he recognized to be the leading qualities of his style. Of this he seems to have been conscious, for he wrote as follows to his future wife about the influence of his training in a lawyer's chambers: "I almost apprehend that the habit of drawing will in a short time give me so exclusive and intolerant a taste (as far, I mean, as relates to my own productions) for perspicuity and precision that I shall hardly venture on sending a letter of much purpose even to you, unless it be labored with the accuracy and circumspection which are requisite in a deed of

[1] Preface to The Province of Jurisprudence Determined, p. v.

[2] Autobiography, J. S. Mill, p. 75.

conveyance." This precision of expression gives to his style something of an archaic and severe tinge; but his command of vigorous and apt language is remarkable, and the very reiteration to which some might object tends to impress his meaning on the mind of his reader.

His habitually calm and dispassionate judgment was allied to a naturally enthusiastic character, which found vent in severe blame or in generous admiration, and even veneration; as when he speaks of Locke to praise "that matchless power of precise and just thinking, with that religious regard for general utility and truth which marked the incomparable man who emancipated human reason from the yoke of mystery and jargon;"[1] and again in the masterly vindication of Hobbes.[2]

Mr. Austin was as intolerant of confused habits of thinking or of unmeaning expression in himself as in others, for we find him referring in one of his lectures to something he had stated in a former lecture, and which Mr. J. S. Mill (who was one of his class) had questioned: "I said that a negative servitude might be *jus in rem*, if it were possible for any but the owner or other occupant to violate the right. But that remark was absurd. For as Mr. Mill very truly observed," etc.[3] Again, with characteristic self-refutation, he remarks: "I said in a former lecture that an obligation to will is impossible. Why I said so I am somewhat at a loss to see. For it is quite certain that the proposition is grossly false, and is not consistent with my own deliberate opinion."

The legitimate hopes entertained by all who knew Mr. Austin were soon doomed to disappointment, for the constitutional peculiarities which lay at the root of the maladjustment between mental faculties of the highest order and their natural outcome in action or expression assumed in middle life the form of a real though apparently intangible malady. The pride and lofty standard which he cherished as an ideal rendered him incapable of doing rough-and-ready work, and after a painful struggle he gave up practice at the bar in 1825.

At this time the foundation of the London University occasioned the opening of a school of jurisprudence, and by common consent John Austin was chosen to fill the chair. He determined to spend the interval between his appointment and the commencement of his duties in enlarging his knowledge of Roman law and jurisprudence by some months' study among the German lawyers. For this purpose he resided for a time at Bonn. There was probably no man in England at that time who had studied Roman law with so much care as Mr. Austin; he was a master of the science. This visit to Germany made him acquainted with the works of Von Savigny and Mittermaier. The former afterwards became a personal friend. It also led to the warm interest taken by Mr. and Mrs. Austin in German literature, which they contributed to make known in England.

In the Law Magazine (May, 1860) Lord Brougham wrote: "For a teacher his [Mr. Austin's] qualifications were most eminent: profound learning, great reach and force of mind, and a wonderful faculty of exposition. . . . His lectures were admired by all, but mostly by those whose knowledge and sagacity made their approval of greatest value, and everything seemed to promise a continuance of the success with which his labors began, and which conferred upon the college a reputation in this department even beyond expectation. But, in spite of the brilliant commencement of his career as a professor, it soon became evident that this country could not afford such a succession of students of jurisprudence as would suffice to maintain a chair; and as there was no other

[1] The Province of Jurisprudence Determined, vol. i. p. 150.

[2] Idem, vol. i. p. 448, note.

[3] Idem, vol. iii. p. 128.

provision for the teachers than the students' fees, it followed of necessity that no man could continue to hold that office unless he had a private fortune, or combined some gainful occupation with his professorship. Mr. Austin, who had no fortune, and who regarded the study and exposition of his science as more than sufficient to occupy his whole life, and who knew that it would never be in demand amongst that immense majority of law students who regard their profession only as a means of making money, found himself under the necessity of resigning his chair in 1832." As Mrs. Austin wrote to her sister, "We cannot live on air, but must go somewhere where our small means will support us." The Province of Jurisprudence Determined was published in the same year, and gradually became the recognized textbook in this department of law.

In 1833 Mr. Austin was appointed a member of the Criminal Law Commission, "but," to quote again from Lord Brougham, "it soon appeared to his colleagues that his views were too abstract and scientific; they desiring to prepare a more practical report. Further, he differed from his colleagues as to the mode in which they were attempting to perform their duties; and the opinion, indeed, of Mr. Austin has been justified by the event. It is deeply to be regretted that an arrangement should not have been made for his forming a complete mass of the whole field of criminal law. He was of all others the man most capable to do this."

From every meeting of the commission Mr. Austin returned disheartened, and agitated by the notion that he was receiving public money for work which would be of no public utility. To his wife he said: "If they would give me two hundred pounds a year for two years, I would shut myself up in a garret, and at the end of that time I would produce a complete map of the whole field of crime and a draft of a criminal code. *Then* let them appoint a commission to pull it to pieces."

A few blotted and much-corrected sheets in my grandfather's bold handwriting, and the beginning of a criminal code, which are among his papers in my possession, show the painful struggle that was going on in his mind between a lofty sense of duty to the nation and a natural disinclination to sacrifice the well-being of his wife and child. Duty won the day, and he resigned his place.

The society of the Inner Temple had for some time desired to make an attempt to teach the principles and history of jurisprudence, and in 1834 Mr. Austin was engaged to deliver a course of lectures. This appointment could be regarded only as an experiment. The demand for anything like scientific legal education had to be created, and Mr. Austin was by nature disqualified from tentative or temporary work. Depressed by failure, bestowing an amount of labor hard to be appreciated on all he did, and harassed by anxiety about the future of his family, his health broke down completely, and he determined to abandon a conflict in which he had met with nothing but defeat. "I was born out of time and place. I ought to have been a schoolman of the twelfth century or a German professor!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Austin had been living at Boulogne for a year and a half when he was appointed royal commissioner to inquire into the grievances of the Maltese. Sir George C. Lewis (then Mr. Lewis), who had been his pupil at London University, went with him as second commissioner. To this day Austin's name is revered in the island. Justice and humanity were inherent parts of his nature. He had small sympathy with the insolence of a dominant race, and at the same time was too sagacious to be imposed upon by groundless complaints. Every measure he proposed was adopted, and Sir James Stephen used to say that the

reform of the tariff which was accepted by government on Mr. Austin's recommendation was the most successful piece of legislation he had seen in his time. Mr. Lewis having been recalled to England, my grandfather was about to apply himself to legal and judicial reform when he was abruptly recalled. He had been appointed when Lord Glenelg was colonial secretary, whose removal was as abrupt as his own, and whose successor probably thought that the termination of the commission was the most acceptable report he could give of it to the House of Commons.

Residence at Malta had not improved Mr. Austin's health, and he was advised to try the waters of Carlsbad. From 1840 till 1844 he passed the summers there, and the intervening winters at Dresden and Berlin. He used to tell with great gusto how once, when traveling in Germany with his wife, they came to a country inn. Mrs. Austin felt tired and went early to bed, setting, as is the custom, her little shoes outside the door. She had very small and beautiful feet. Mr. Austin went out for a walk, and on his return found that a party of students had arrived. As he entered the dining-room they were at supper, and drinking with many "*Hochs*" and great enthusiasm the health of the unknown owner of the little shoe which one of them had picked up in the passage and was holding aloft.

In 1844 the Austins settled in Paris, where, shortly afterwards, he was elected by the Institute a corresponding member of the Moral and Political Class. Mrs. Austin's small salon was a centre where Frenchmen of every shade of opinion met eminent representatives of England, Germany, and Italy. She spoke all three languages well, and was a good Latin scholar. Her beauty was still great and her intellectual power extraordinary, accompanied with a vigor of mind and body which was tempered by an excellent judgment and a kind heart.

During the revolution of 1848 Mr. Austin was in Paris, and in a long letter to his daughter, Lady Duff Gordon, I find a remarkable passage: "It is important to recollect that the present revolutionary tendencies are social rather than political; aiming at equality of possessions, or an equal distribution of the national revenue, rather than the mere establishment of democratical constitutions. This is the alarming feature in the present condition of France. In England socialist opinions and feelings have not as yet a definite shape; they are rather dispositions or tendencies than distinct theories or *formules*. But, in consequence of the vast inequalities of our social positions, these dispositions, though yet latent, are probably more strong and general than in France; for in this last country a large proportion of the people are small landowners, and have a visible and urgent motive to respect the properties of the rich. . . . The only remedy is the education of the people; especially the diffusing amongst them a knowledge of the natural causes which determine the distribution of the products of labor and capital. This knowledge, if diffused amongst them, would cut up revolutionary tendencies by the roots; for this last revolution has proved (what I always believed) that they arise from popular ignorance, and not from popular envy."

Convinced that permanent tranquillity was not to be looked for in France, Mr. and Mrs. Austin took a cottage at Weybridge, in England, and here the last ten years of my grandfather's life were passed in retirement and content.

I am not sure but I have unwittingly painted him in too sombre colors. The few people still left who knew Mr. Austin all dwell on his extraordinary eloquence. One writes: "It was beyond anything I ever heard, and it was of all kinds. A touching incident, a humorous situation, a satirical description, — all were equally good." Phrases which

struck my fancy when, as a child, I walked by my grandfather's side over the purple heather recur to my mind; and I seem still to see his erect figure, his white hair, and his large dark eyes, as, in his musical, rich voice, he told me that it was most important to think distinctly and to speak my thoughts with meaning. Mr. Burke and Mr. Bentham were names I learnt to revere as a very small girl, — long before I knew who they were; indeed, I have an idea I thought they had something to do with the Bible.

Janet Ross.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE TRAITS.

I HAVE repeatedly heard it said, and seen it written, that the Chinese race and civilization, compared with the Japanese, are of a decidedly inferior type. Unprogressive China is supposed to be ugly, prosaic, and degraded; mechanical in temperament, sordid and practical in aim. The art of Japan, especially, is thought to shine by contrast with that of her western neighbor. It is expressly asserted that the Chinese have never been a nation of artists, poets, and idealists.

This prejudice I believe to be unfounded. Although a lover of things Japanese, I can best show the grounds of my esteem, not by using China as a foil, but by acknowledging her as the classic source of inspiration. Whatever we admire most in the island race, be it the art, the gentle manners, the poetry, the unworldly ideal, — for all these the Japanese himself pays homage to his Chinese masters. Can it be that he knows less about the matter than our Western newspapers?

Our mistake is doubtless due to a pardonable ignorance of Asiatic history. We cannot truly exhibit the contributions of a great race to the cause of civilization by cutting, as it were, a cross-section through its organic structures. What value would attach to a comparative estimate of the Greek and Italian races drawn solely from a contrast of Florence with Constantinople in the fifteenth century? What more from a contrast of Tokio with Peking to-day? One is the home of a civilization of hoary age, with strength spent, struggle and crisis long since passed; the other, that of a youth in experience and temper, who has never till now been forced to grapple with the deepest social problems in a life-and-death struggle. Yet a comparative biography of these two racial lives would exhibit the closest affinities between them. From it we should discover that the specific types of far Eastern civilization have rested upon a common basis of constructive ideas; that the same moving principles which dominated the policy of successive Japanese eras, the same ideals which gave life and form to their myth, their poetry, and their art, had already created structures of similar nature, but on a far vaster scale, beyond the Yellow Sea. The continental art and literature and law, hot from the mortal struggle of China to objectify her highest ideals, were received and gayly worn as beautiful jewels, or wreathed anew into lovely garlands, by the more fortunate island mountaineers. To Chinese art and culture at their best in the Tang and Sung dynasties we must yield the palm for power, dignity, truth, and spiritual earnestness. No doubt there are an elusive subtlety and a buoyant geniality in the subsequent Japanese illuminations which have a distinct charm of their own. No

doubt, too, in Japanese character there is something which reminds us strongly of the modern French or of the ancient Athenians. Nevertheless, on the whole, and in spite of temperament, it may be, we are forced to say that China has played the part of Greece for the whole Eastern world. Just as all that is classic and supreme in the inspiration of Western literature and art and philosophy comes down the ages to us from its creative centre at Athens, so all that is vital and classic in Oriental culture radiates from Loyang and Hangchow; and just as frankly as Rome borrowed her models from Greece, so did Japan borrow hers from China.

Having said something in vindication of the rightful claims of Chinese civilization, I wish now to consider a charge of directly opposite import, which is sometimes made by writers and travelers, for the most part English. The Japanese are accused of being the most fickle and changeable people in the world, unstable, weak in character, vacillating in policy, and are unfavorably compared with the Chinese, who are praised for their solid, reliable, and manly qualities. The prudent conservatism of China condemns the hasty radicalism of Japan. The proof of this moral superiority of the former is supposed to lie in the fact that foreign merchants in Japan have to employ Chinese cashiers.

Now, to appreciate the mistake involved in this estimate, we must again go back to national history. Levity and change on the one side, stolidity and conservatism on the other, are not inexplicable race characteristics. In China there was no blind love for the past, no universal hatred of change or of foreigners, previous to a comparatively recent date. There was as sharp a conscious struggle of the new with the old, as full a development of great individualities, innovating statesmen, constructive philosophers, inspired poets, and original artists, in the great Sung dynasty as at any period of European civilization. Her great seaports harbored large colonies of Arab merchants; Jewish synagogues flourished in the interior; she gladly learned science and the useful arts from the Venetians. Even more recently, in the days of her decadence, she thankfully made the Jesuit missionaries her teachers.

On the other hand, it is not true that the history of Japan is characterized by fickleness, blind change, and weak innovation. In unswerving allegiance to the single dynasty of her divinely descended Emperor she exhibits the oldest political institution in all history. Her regard for Buddhism never wavered from the seventh century to the sixteenth. She grasped firmly the ideals of the Sung dynasty nearly five hundred years ago, and has perpetuated them through an unbreakable tradition to our day in the aristocratic courts of the Tokugawa *régime*. How near the last two centuries of solid despotism came to making of Japan a copy of formalistic China may be seen to-day in a wide streak of stupid conservatism, of which, too, the foreign merchants complain. Both races, then, have exhibited on the scale of centuries, in grand alternation or in strange mixture, the opposite traits of individuality and formalism; and their peculiar temperaments and national tendencies to-day are only final resultants of vast movements of rise and fall, of hopeful ideal, mortal struggle, and temporary exhaustion.

What now do I mean by individuality? Surely not that sickly cast of thought, that morbid self-consciousness, which is sometimes spoken of as the feeling of personality. This has been necessarily absent from creative periods, whether in the East or in the West. I mean by individuality, not the self of which we think, but the self by which we do. It is the power to produce freshly from within, to react and adapt under rapid change of environment. It

transcends institution, custom, love of approbation, fear of disapproval, all slowly acting forces of sheer mass. It is spontaneous origination, the salt of social life, the last hope of a race.

The problem, therefore, of each successive Oriental dynasty has been how to preserve all its inherited ideals, whether of patriarchal socialism, of Confucian statics, or of Buddhist discipline, by bringing to their support a renewed measure of individuality before success and organization should become so complete as to establish tyrannical rules. This could be done only when the stimulus of prolonged local warfare, or the shock of foreign contact, or the incidence of new constructive philosophies and religions gave a decided change to the conditions of the problem. Only three times in the course of three thousand years of Chinese history did these favorable conditions recur. On the third occasion, eleven centuries after Christ, the statesmen, scholars, poets, artists, priests, and philosophers of the great Sung dynasty waged a final and stupendous struggle with the hosts of formalism, and created the culminating glories of China's most individualistic illumination in an attempt to fuse together the three great religions of Taoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism. The downfall of this last movement, under the Mongol conquest, was the death-knell of Chinese individuality. All subsequent efforts to revive it were too weak and scattered. In the absence of new constructive matter, babbling Confucians of the narrowest commentating school have monopolized power and education for the last five hundred years, and have covered the glow of native genius with such a crust of literary formalism that intelligence has become stunted and government itself petrified.

But in Japan, in the course of the comparatively brief thirteen hundred years of its civilization, the disruptive forces and the renewed attack have recurred at five separate times, the last of which was as recent as the second half of the eighteenth century. It is not necessary for me here more specifically to characterize these five well-defined epochs in Japanese culture. It is enough for us to know that their rapid succession was caused either by the local independence and conflict of numerous feudal centres, or by the perpetual impact of foreign theories and religions. A happy rotation of cultures has prevented the Japanese mental soil from becoming exhausted; though it must not be inferred from this, as is frequently asserted, that the Japanese have been only borrowers and copyists. If this were true, if there had been no fresh individuality waiting to apprehend and restate the problem for its insular uses, no mere change of atmosphere would have galvanized into life a culture. The Japanese would have passed from idol to idol with the unintelligent submission of savages, and with a benumbing indifference to principles. But in fact Japan has ever and anon renewed her youth; and to-day one can warm himself at her living fires, kindled from those which grew cold in almost forgotten Chinese dynasties.

Here, then, is the key to the contrast. In China the outbursts of creative effort grew fainter and fainter, until they finally ceased; but in Japan they followed one another with such rapidity that individuality came to ingrain itself into the people as a race characteristic. So strong had this become that it was only half chilled and checked by two hundred and fifty years of the Tokugawa despotism, which it finally overthrew. Slowly and insidiously, during the last few centuries, China has sunk into the night of unthinking like a huge animal in a quicksand; just as the Greek intelligence sank under the formalism of the Byzantine Empire. But the underlying fact which explains the contradictory elements in the Japanese character of to-day is this:

that the old free shoots of individuality, never quite cut away, are sturdily working themselves up through the thin lava crusts of the last two centuries.

We are now in a position to estimate truly the relative values of these resultant traits. It is the extreme of short-sightedness to ascribe the recent changes of the Japanese to a fickleness of disposition and a lightness or weakness of character, as if they were mere children seeking some new toy for momentary amusement; and equally short-sighted to overpraise the solid or stolid traits of Chinese persistence and uniformity, as if they were grand, conscientious, and constructive moral qualities. That the mutual trust which comes from reliableness is an essential factor of our strong Western civilizations is doubtless true; and it is natural that it should be especially Englishmen, with their dogged tenacity of purpose and their lack of sympathy with alien institutions, who should most esteem this "staying" quality of the Chinese. By it, no doubt, they are better fitted to become successful business men. But, from a point of view beyond that of the foreigner who would use them as his tools, the incidence in advantage from national temper is on the other side. It is not blind, useless change that the Japanese is prone to, but the free facility to construct and reconstruct under the necessarily ever-changing environment. The very scientific idea of life is perpetual power of readaptation; and the highest life is reached when this readaptation implies a synthesis of all the organs and faculties through a free presiding intelligence. Failure to change, through the increasing inertia of the constitution, is the beginning of death, and the mere monotonous repetition of a single function is the nature of an automaton.

The success of Japan in taking up and solving the unprecedented, difficult, and sudden problems of the last thirty years certainly exhibits one of the most extraordinary feats of individuality on record. She is now actually putting into operation a new constitution, granted by the free act of her sovereign, in which his absolute power and prerogative become defined in relation to the other political forces of the nation. Imagine the boldest and most intellectual of the Chinese dreaming even for a second of accomplishing such a feat! The relative immobility of the atoms of the Celestial Empire renders all projects of reform well-nigh utopian. But variability, being the very raw metal out of which civilizations are stamped, is Japan's greatest strength. I go further, and say that it is a national strength in this sense unique in the whole recorded history of man. It lies in this: Japan is privileged to change so rapidly that she is able to pass through every phase of a problem in practical experience *within the lifetime of a single individual.* This unique circumstance conserves all the experience of the pre-revolutionary era as a basis for intelligent reconstruction at its end. The very *samurai*, who knew the old Tokugawa system of ideas and government, witnessed the alarming shock of foreign impact; rushed forward to seize the treasures of Western example lavishly offered; studied face to face the inner significance of European principles of organization; felt the throbs of his own national life, which refused to accept a manufactured civilization, and insisted that native ideals, necessities, and precedents should be taken into account; turned his attention back again to the national and Asiatic point of view, and studied with foreign eyes his own past life and institutions. This person is now the pilot at the helm, who brings the wealth of his cycle of experiences to solve the conscious problems of self-evolutionary reconstruction. In almost every other historical case of a return to ideas swept away by national convulsions, several generations have elapsed, and the consciousness of the past has

had coldly to be reproduced by scholars from written documents. Few men can do more than see and state one side of a question strongly. The Japanese statesman has the perplexity, but the unspeakably valuable opportunity, of seeing all sides of all questions. Let us then pardon the pent-up individuality of these Japanese, if at the first moment of relief it carried them to the extreme of extravagant change. It was like the fizzing of a champagne bottle which has just forced out its own cork. But, because it fizzed, did it follow that there was bad wine within? Or, on the other hand, because Chinese customs were apparently strong as steel, did it follow that China could hammer out for herself a newly armored ship of state? Can a machine clean, oil, and reconstruct itself? The Chinese may be splendid material in the hands of foreigners; but is it strength to have little or no power of self-determination toward rational ends? Is it not nobler to be a free, self-controlling Japanese, bravely meeting the unheard-of responsibilities which his deliberate act brings upon him, even though he be recalcitrant and unusable material in the hands of his neighbors? So it is that the very weakness of Japan is her strength, and the very strength of China is her weakness.

One more question concerning present Oriental traits remains for me to answer. If it really be that the strength of Japan to-day consists in her having preserved with freshness and vigor the essence of the old Asiatic and lost Chinese ideals, how comes it that she is so willing to masquerade in the custom and costume of antipodal Western races? Does not her very tergiversation prove the inferiority of the Chinese standard to that not of Europe alone, but of Japan also? Is not Professor Chamberlain correct when he says that the Japanese very much resent any praise of their finer and more delicate tastes and faculties, and that they are ready to throw these to the winds for a tithe of the wealth and the physical and mechanical vigor which endow England with her supremacy?

Doubtless there are such Japanese as this; the more shame to them! But I believe that I echo the opinion of the majority of the young educated Japanese of to-day when I say that Professor Chamberlain's mistake is most unfortunate, if not offensive. His covert sneer at those who, like Sir Edwin Arnold, have rendered the Japanese praise is a shaft not aimed in the interests of truth. How then shall I explain the double fact of their earnest adoption of Western practices, and their apparent indifference to Western appreciation of their earlier traits? In this way: first, because Western appreciation of these traits has been hitherto, for the most part, insufferably superficial. We have mistaken the monstrous and the fantastic for the genuine Japanese. We have praised the trivialities of their lightest fancy and the patient skill of their touch rather than their earnestness and their faith, the bold passion of their individuality. We have failed to see the depth of the great social issues which they have at stake. We have travestied in every way the inner harmony of their souls.

But, in the second place, though of more importance, I know that the readiness of the Japanese to undergo their present Western discipline by no means arises from love for the English type of civilization, but is a deliberate sacrifice, a momentary necessity of developing wealth and military strength, in order to preserve their national independence. This was the policy of all the great liberals who inaugurated the present era. Japan's position in the East, in close proximity to China, Corea, Russia, and England (at Hong-Kong), is extremely precarious. In the event of a war between any two of these nations, she would find it almost impossible to maintain her neutrality. She wants iron ships, and big battalions, and bags of

dollars, to hold an even position in any one of these balances. If, in a terrible emergency, she lose the power of self-determination, what will her artistic instincts, or polite amenities, or peaceful harmonic ideals of civilization avail her? Therefore she is willing to make every sacrifice, even to the throwing away for a time of her very ideals and choicest qualities, in order in the end to restore and conserve them. No doubt, of recent years, many leading Japanese have come to perceive that the sacrifice is too great, both because the necessity is not so urgent as supposed, and because the experiment is socially too dangerous. This is shown by the popular opposition to proposed treaties and codes of law, which would probably have strengthened Japan for the moment, but, as was believed, eventually at too high a price.

Moreover, there are many Japanese and not a few foreigners who think now that it will never be possible for Japan to develop herself into a great manufacturing nation like England. The temperament, the training, and the necessary materials are, for the most part, lacking. We can pardon the Japanese their quixotic desire to commit intellectual hara-kiri rather than be beheaded by an enemy; but that it will be hara-kiri, and not any very great strengthening along material lines, seems more and more clear. For the far-seeing are now beginning to recognize that, even in industrial lines, the greatest hope of Japan lies in her very genial and artistic temperament. It is along the way of the development of her indigenous art-industries that she has the greatest natural advantages over competing peoples. In her capacity to design she has stored away an enormous capital, which even the disastrous introduction of a bastard foreign system of pencil-drawing in her public schools has not wholly exhausted. It may be that, at some distant day, China will develop into a fully armed colossus which shall draw the attention of European coalitions to strategic centres far to the east of the Dardanelles and the Neva; but it is much more possible for the perfected arts of Japan, deriving inspiration from carefully nurtured refinement, unworldly ideal, and creative individuality, peacefully to invade the willing marts of the West with her laden "treasure ship of good fortune," and conquer the world by the sword of the spirit.

Thus, I believe that, theoretically and practically, it will be best for Japan to hold fast to her own ideals of Asiatic tradition. It is a solemn service which she owes to humanity. She is the last custodian of the sacred fire. She alone has the unspeakable advantage of seeing through the materialistic shams with which Western civilizations delude themselves, while she appropriates their sounder materials to rekindle her flame. In bringing to pass the fusion of Eastern and Western types which, two thousand years after Alexander the Great carried the borders of Greece to India, becomes for a second time possible, and which shall create in both hemispheres a far more rounded civilization than either has ever known, Japan has the inestimable privilege of becoming our most alert pioneer. Through her temperament, her individuality, her deeper insight into the secrets of the East, her ready divining of the powers of the West, and, more than all, through the fact that hers, the spiritual factor of the problem, must hold the master key to its solution, it may be decreed in the secret council chambers of Destiny that on her shores shall be first created that new latter-day type of civilized man which shall prevail throughout the world for the next thousand years.

Ernest Francisco Fenollosa.

NUREMBERG.

Over the wide tumultuous sea
In trancèd hours I dream of thee,
Ancient city of song and myth,
Whose name is a name to conjure with,
And make the heart throb, Nuremberg!

I see thee fair in the white moonlight;
The stars are asleep at noon of night,
Save one that between St. Lawrence' spires
Kindles aloft its silver fires, —
A flaming cresset, Nuremberg!

Leaning over thy river's brim
Crowd the red roofs and oriels dim,
While under its bridges glide and gleam
The rippling waves of a silent stream,
Sparkling and darkling, Nuremberg!

Oh, the charm of each haunted street,
Ways where Beauty and Duty meet, —
Sculptured miracles soaring free
In temple and mart for all to see,
Wherever the light falls, Nuremberg!

Even thy beggars lift their eyes,
Finding ever some new surprise;
Even thy children pause from play
To hear what thy graven marbles say,
Thy myriad voices, Nuremberg!

Other cities for crown and king
Wide their glorious banners fling,
Lifting high on the azure field
Blazoned trophies of sword and shield,
That pierce the far skies, Nuremberg!

But thou, O city of old renown,
Thou dost painter and sculptor crown;
Thou dost give to the poet bays,
Immortelles for the deathless lays
Chanted for thee, fair Nuremberg!

They are thy Lords of High Degree,
Marvels of art who wrought for thee,
Toiling on with tireless will
Till the wondrous hands in death were still.
Being dead, they yet speak, Nuremberg!

They were dust and ashes long ago;
Over their graves the sweet winds blow;
Yet they are alive whom men call dead, —
This is thy spell, when all is said,
This is thy glory, Nuremberg!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

II.

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN WE DID NOT FIND IN PROVENCE, TOURAINE, THE PYRENEES, ALGERIA, AND SPAIN.

THE dark, chilly Paris winter had imparted an especial value to sunshine and warmth. When I started, alone, on my journey southward to spy out the land for a new home, it was agreed that sunshine should be the first consideration. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun," said the Preacher, with the august authority of Scripture, and I might have blazoned the sentiment on my banner as its motto. We were to have floods of sunshine, an unlimited supply of it. Apart from that, we were to have a house and garden, and the surroundings of the house and garden were to be pleasantly romantic in the mediæval or other antiquarian way, as heretofore described. We had not liked the suburbs of Paris, but, of course, the nearer to Paris this could be realized, the better.

It will be seen in the sequel whether I grew — or possibly remained — unpleasantly over-critical as to everything that was presented to me, or whether it was only the effect of that alluring imagination which is always promising something better just a little further on. At all events, the result was an unexpectedly long journey. I made a great sweep southward through several foreign lands, touched at nearly all the typical points that vaunt, with reason, their winter climate, and returned to Paris from quite another point of the compass.

Allowing a sufficient interval for a presumable change of climate, the first place I got off at was Nevers, a hundred and fifty miles down the P. L. M. Naturally, you contract your railroads here, too. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean is reduced to those few letters, just as we talk about the cabalistic C. B. & Q. at home. Do I catch at once the remark that nobody ever heard of living at Nevers, or that it offered any inducements whatever? The observation permits me to say that I myself have more than once wondered whether those persons who are trying to do something nobody else has ever done, — a passion quite impossible of gratification, furthermore, in these populous times, — whether such persons are not all wrong. Very likely, the conventional people who follow the beaten track have been through it once for themselves, — or somebody else has for them, — and know there is nothing in it, and so do not let it interfere with their comfort. Thus, perhaps the would-be pioneers are only laggards instead. An eighteenth-century French writer, very notable in his day, says he thinks an excellent book could be made on prejudices justified; and so original a person as the great Goldsmith himself tells us bluntly, "Whoever does a new thing does a bad thing; whoever says a new thing says a false thing."

I can discourse in this tone with the

more freedom since we did not live in Nevers, nor were ever at all near doing so. It was a charming bright book that made me get off there, — Champfleury's The Faïence Violin, the most amusing satire I know of on the china craze. I did my best to make it known, some years ago, in The Atlantic. Dalègre, in Nevers, agrees to pick up, under instructions, some odd bits for Gardilanne, an old schoolmate in Paris. He imbibes the collecting mania himself, becomes guilty of astounding treasons, and the whole ends in comic catastrophe. I walked about, and looked at the houses where these worthies might have lived, and at the chief manufactory of pottery, and at some good specimens of the old ware in a small museum bundled up into the attic of the fine sculptured palace of the Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers, who introduced the manufacture into the place. But Nevers would not do.

A traveling acquaintance in the train had assured me I should find just what I was in search of on the Boulevard Victor Hugo. It was lately the Boulevard Saint Gildard, but the saint had been upset for the poet. Everywhere you go, in France, in these republican days, you are certain to find a boulevard or avenue, generally one of the best, named for Victor Hugo, another for Gambetta; and now Carnot, also, is having his turn. This was a raw new one, and the stiff little gardens had exactly the same lack of privacy I had already found so unpleasant in suburban Paris. It is a general complaint, I fear. As the wealthy have too much behind their massive walls, which spoil the prospect, an average is got by giving the more modest too little. Saint Jean — Midsummer's Day — is the great renting-day here, as it is also in Touraine and the Pyrenees, Saint Michel resuming his sway again further south. It is true, there were two first-story apartments in the old part of the town, close to the ducal palace and the cathedral, that might almost have done. They were thirteen hundred francs and six hundred and fifty francs respectively, and the latter was much in need of repairs; but we were not yet at the stage of considering apartments.

Lyons would not do. Tame and featureless, in spite of the bold heights around it, up which the *ficelle*, the string, as they call it, takes you, horses, carts, and all, like the cable-road in Cincinnati, I can only conceive of any one living in Lyons if he were kept there by some commercial appointment with handsome pay. Ancient Vienne, Valence, and Orange would not do. At Valence lodgings might have been had in the house next to the one occupied by the young Napoleon when a second lieutenant in garrison there, and I am not sure but in that very one itself. He must often have looked off from the eastern terrace of the town to the Alps, and from the western to the splintered old ruin of Crussol that accompanies the view so long as you journey down the wide plain of Provence. Of what were his meditations in those days? Surely not much of house-hunting. How are great things ever accomplished when the smallest require such a deal of pains?

What I had really thought of in advance was Avignon. I sincerely hoped Avignon would do. When we talked of Avignon in Paris, however, a French friend used to pooh! and bah! at it in what we should call a highly American spirit.

"You will have used up its antiquities in three days. Petrarch's Laura will last you but half an hour," he would say, "and then how will you occupy yourselves? No, if you *will* seek the Midi, keep on rather to Marseilles. There you will find movement, a proper stir of life, the theatre — a big city, in fact, and its resources."

Each one speaks after his own taste, and these considerations left us unmoved, though Marseilles itself, all unknown as it was, evoked ideas of southern warmth

and gayety, and it would have seemed by no means a disagreeable fate. Provence opened well as to the forwardness of vegetation. Cold and wintry behind us still, here, on the 9th of April, the peach and almond trees were in bloom, and the generality of the trees well budded out. In spite of this, however, and the perennial foliage of the olive, the moist green of Burgundy was abandoned. The face of the plain and the mountains that inclose it have a gray, mud-colored, sad tone that it would take all the traditional sunshine of Provence to brighten. It recalled Southern California in the dry season, but without the oranges. It recalled it, too, even to the winds, except that the winds that raise the dust-storms at Los Angeles or Riverside have no such persistency as the famous *mistral*, which tears through the gorges of Montélimar, and becomes the scourge of all the country down to Marseilles, and of Marseilles worse than all the rest.

The first requirement of an Old World town was always a good site for its fortress, just as the starting-point of a Western border town is its railway station, "saloon," and grocery. At Avignon was found an excellent bold, flat-topped rock to put the castle upon, and the broad Rhone beside it made the best of waterways for commerce. When the expatriated popes had acquired it, in the time of the great schism, they covered the rock with a gigantic brown-stone fortress palace, which ancient Froissart calls "the strongest and finest abode in all the world." It is on so great a scale that the city round about, though it contains forty thousand people, seems a mere scattering of tributary huts. Connect this with a ruinous suburb, having a mediæval fortress pure and simple on a like scale, by a bridge with most of its arches broken, — the bridge upon which, according to the nursery rhyme, there used to be so much dancing, — and you have Avignon. Its antiquities, its architecture, its traditions, were all charming, and corresponded to the preconceived ideal; occupation for one's idle moments would never have been wanting there. Then, too, the principal modern street, leading from the station, made an unexpectedly fine display of shops; there was a clinking of officers' swords, and a cheery promenading in the evening in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; and there was, above all, the fresh vitalizing breath of the Felibrige, the literary movement which has revived the glories of old Provençal poetry. It was my good fortune to see something of the new troubadours, — bluff, hearty old Roumanille in his little bookshop in the Rue Saint Agricol, and manly, kinglike Mistral in his village of Maillane. Amiable, genuine people of modest merit, all those leaders, who drew back in reserve, and would not willingly lend their countenance to a sort of traveling showman and foolish apostle of the moment, who was trying to turn their movement into a bombastic parade for his own notoriety.

On the Doms rock, the choicest of all sites, nothing rural appeared but the small public garden, whence you had the view over the level country, — the wide Rhone, turbid and headstrong as another Mississippi, and snow-patched Ventoux in the distance. Ventoux is the signal: while snow rests upon the head of Ventoux, it is not yet summer. In the old town, once compressed within ramparts, it was useless to seek any open space for living. And let us make a general rule of it at once; the same is true of all old towns everywhere. In the new district, near the station, which, crabbedly, never comes to meet an European town more than halfway, — this district — h-m! h-m! — it was low and flat, and filled up with factories smoking lustily, and the cottages of their hands. It was Avignon, to be sure, but, even supposing something presentable to offer there, — and it did not chance to, — such an environment was not within

the plan laid down for the expedition. I began to surmise for the first time that the search for the desired house and garden might be a difficult one.

I had been in wretched, many-storied Rue Abraham and Place de Jérusalem of the ancient Jews' quarter, not house-hunting, but curiosity-hunting, for the two pursuits were inextricably mingled; then under the brown awnings of the queer, crowded, entertaining market in the Place Pie; and had swung round back to the Rue Joseph Vernet and the chapel of the Oratoire, which, being circular and quite open within, pleasingly suggests a little Gothic Pantheon. There were bills out on two houses near by, — wide, respectable, even stately houses. My ring was answered by an ancient servant, or *concierge* (though the concierge system can hardly be said to prevail in the smaller towns), in an extraordinarily clean white cap. She retained a guarded air, as who should say, "You *may* be all right, coming along in this sudden way, with a stranger accent, making inquiries as if you meant to live here, and I shall say nothing to your face to the contrary, but the thing is very much open to doubt." She had a first-story apartment, at one thousand francs a year. It could not be shown, however, for another fortnight, and, as it would obviously have been imprudent for me to wait so long, I do not know to this day what it was like. The other was a second story, at only six hundred francs. It was up a very high cold stone stairway. The parquetry floors of the north have disappeared; we are in a land of stone and tiles now, a land that plans for summer rather than winter. There was no way of entering the various rooms, five or six of them and of good size, except through each other, there being no corridor. All the water to be used would have to be brought up from a fountain in the court below. It would be a compensation, of course, that there were some carven lions' heads, but I fear hardly enough.

I did not often avail myself of the services of house-agents, where they existed, nor of the notaries who sometimes charged themselves with renting property. These persons, quite unaware that you might have all Europe, with Africa thrown in, for your hunting-ground, or that you could think of settling in any other place than theirs, proceeded with a hopeless deliberation. They proposed to settle comfortably down to it and make a campaign of weeks, or, for what I know, of years, as the case might require. In the first place, they wanted to make an appointment with you, to prepare a list. Then they would accompany you themselves, and, being rheumatic or otherwise disabled, get on with mortal slowness; and they would try to show you everything, even to the last window-catch in a given apartment. Or they would send a blundering youth with you, who brought the wrong keys or could not find the right address. Or they would, perhaps by way of showing you the extent of their affairs, send you to places that were already rented, or that the occupants declared had never been to rent. And finally they would take great pains to prevent your getting any general grasp of all the vacancies in the place, or looking at any other than such as chanced to be in their hands. The advertisements in the local papers are but a slight resource, as these are not advertising communities. It is the general custom to put out bills on all houses to rent; thus you have only to choose the quarter that suits you, and if you do not find what there are it is the fault of your own diligence. My plan of verifying in advance the architectural and other attractions of the given place, to see if these were going to be strong enough to hold us, took me to all parts of it. Indeed, were it not for this plan, I should have to marvel, in summing up the general collection, how uniformly the habitations to rent found themselves in the neighborhood of some fine monument, — much

as that other sage traveler marveled that wherever you found a great city you were apt to find a great river flowing before it. It was precisely in issuing from these monuments that I saw the habitations to rent. Of course there was liability to oversight, under such a system, and I will not maintain that I did not overlook plenty of opportunities, veritable jewels of homes for our purpose.

The Rue de la Vieille Poste was a mere winding dark alley, but the apartment at the corner had a window looking into the Place du Palais. A mosaic-paved vestibule, a dining-room, and a kitchen on the damp entrance floor, the kitchen faced with Moorish-looking tiles; then, up a narrow winding stair, a handsome large sunny drawing-room and a bedroom, and above that, again, a servant's room; and finally the right to share in an inclosed square of garden, full of rather sober myrtles, laurels, and cypress, with a bit of historic tower looking down upon it. I tried to figure how, if we took it, we would harden our hearts to the lot of the maid in the damp kitchen, pass but the briefest possible moments daily in the damp dining-room, and then seek refuge in the sunny salon, and pass our time gazing out rapturously at the glimpse of the Palace of the Popes. It went down on the list, for want of something better. As I turned into that same Place again, the mistral was whistling loudly, and even rattling small gravel along the base of the grandiose Palais de la Monnaie, close by, which is more boldly original and striking in its way than its vaster rival across the square. My French local guidebook naively pretended that the streets of Avignon were made narrow and tortuous to defeat the searching violence of this remorseless north wind. This theory would do very well, except that every other town and village in Europe, Turin excepted, is built upon the same plan. What is more certain is that the modern Chamber of Commerce was put where it is, across the opening at the southern end of the Place, to break the irruption of the hurricane into the heart of the city.

Other apartments could have been had in a private palace of Julius II., the heritage of a decayed noble family, the vestiges of whose escutcheon remain over the door where it was battered to pieces in the Revolution. Henry IV., and even so much rarer a celebrity as Saint Francis de Sales, had slept in it. But it was in a darker and narrower street than all the rest; they did not mind such things in those days. Meantime, too, the mistral, which I would not greatly believe in at first, was more impressed upon me daily as a positive and standing disadvantage of climate. The best authorities, including those whose local patriotism might well enough have obscured their honesty, agreed that it was a veritable scourge. Stendhal says it is the drawback to all the pleasures one might enjoy in Provence. The lamented Roumanille told me it had flattened him against the wall like a leaf. It uproots trees and tears down houses, and blows three, nine, even twelve days at a time. What then should we do here, when I recollected that S——, in Paris, has a horror, above all things, of having her hat-brim blown about in the breeze?

Nevertheless, as there are degrees and variations of it, I continued to look longingly in Provence, and sometimes almost to forget it. I looked at Tartarin's — and King René's — Tarascon; at Saint Remy; at the rock-cut marvels of Les Baux, which some one has called "a Pompeii of the Middle Ages;" and at Arles. At Les Baux you could have bought a beautifully carved Renaissance dwelling outright for three hundred dollars, and could probably have rented it in proportion. It would not have been bad at all to pass a vacation in. At Arles there is a pleasant Moorish touch in the minor habitations, a trace still, perhaps, of the long Saracen domination

there. The house that chiefly caught my eye was on a street leading up to the Roman arena, and showing at the end a square Moorish watch-tower looming up grandly on the top of that massive work. It was at Tarascon, in the Rue des Halles, that the pleasant matron whom, in doubt, I asked as to the direction of the sun in her apartment answered, in affected confusion: "Mon Dieu! I have never stopped to think of it. I 've never taken my bearings here." Alas! it was bare, uncompromising north; nothing could have been more so.

Arrived at Marseilles, all warm, cheery anticipations, all romantic illusions about the city of Monte Cristo, were at once swept away. It was bleaker than any part of the Rhone Valley above, and vegetation which had been out there seemed here to have gone in again; a cold, gray, wind-swept place, lacking color, and composed of very tall buildings devoid of mouldings. Some of the shabby hill-climbing streets recalled streets of certain American towns, — Albany for one. The Allées de Meilhan were but a slatternly promenade, and the walking was muddy on the Cours Belzunce, which was not even graveled. The great merit of many of the more important buildings cannot be denied, but they cannot redeem the general raw effect.

Whither next, then? Surely further south, to Algeria; it began to seem as if only there was winter warmth a certainty. But the notion took me of a run through the Riviera first. It had not been in the programme. I had long permitted myself a sort of disdainful air towards it, as a mere nest of idle fashion and expense, not likely to agree with either our purse or our tastes; and on various former European journeys I had carefully avoided this route, going into Italy by others. I am sure there are not a few estimable people who think the same way. Only the other day we were reproached by friends in America, of a most intelligent sort, who were quite ignorant of the fund of ancient romance the Riviera contains, in connection with its exquisite scenery and climate, for our satisfaction and pleasure in it, since we have become converts to its charms. I shall have to return to this subject at length another time.

I went more out of curiosity than in prosecution of my general mission. It was the middle of April. Not expecting very much, I may have been somewhat *distrait* in the beginning of the journey. I do not recollect just where I was first fully under the shelter of the high Alpine ranges that make the Riviera what it is, "the sunny garden wall of Europe." Nor do I recall just where I saw the first oranges; it was the season of orange blossoms, rather, and the air was perfumed with their rich fragrance, the fruit having been mostly harvested. But when I did see them, they left an ineffaceable impression. They were like yellow lamps, and the landscape from which they were missing thereafter seemed cold and tame, as if some illumination necessary to it had gone out. At the small station of La Farlède, fifty miles east of Marseilles, I was suddenly aware that there was a delicious pink rose blooming in the hedge, not ten feet from the car window. Perhaps there had been plenty before, but I had not seen them. Thenceforward, judging by the flowers, it was June, and not April, though the Riviera spring can have a good deal of chill in it, too.

I traversed the stretch of one hundred and fifty miles to the Italian frontier, at Mentone, purposely leaving a house-hunting trip in Italy for another occasion. Saint Raphael, discovered by Alphonse Karr, and Cannes, by Lord Brougham; Nice, once a capital of the House of Savoy, and a place of consequence always, quite apart from the modern taste for winter stations; Monaco, with the evil brilliancy of its playhouse, and Mentone, a lesser Cannes, — this group, clustered near together in the last third of the

way, was the main field for examination. House-agents enough there; they were well used to receiving strangers, and had made ample provision for them. Pleasing surprises were in store in more ways than one. The greatest of all was that prices were not necessarily higher in this delightful region than in some forlorn little hyperborean places with hardly an attraction of any kind to offer. Passing between Nice and Monte Carlo, and again on the return, I stopped at the beautiful harbor of Villefranche. It receives the fleets and the yachtsmen of many lands, and it is said to have a peculiarly sheltered climate of its own. I met with an eccentric agent, who offered me something in the clean narrow main street of the old town. It would not have been bad in the town itself, with its mediæval charm and wide sea view, but this was not my house and garden. The agent had another place on the hill above, and we went up to see it. The house was large, and was capable of being made very comfortable; there was ample ground; there were oranges, lemons, and roses, and lovely views, and the price was tempting. But alas! he must let it immediately; he could not possibly wait beyond the first of May, whereas I had now committed myself to a journey in Algeria and Spain, returning by way of western France, and should not have been content to decide till I had seen what all that should offer. Added to which, the Paris apartment was paid for till the middle of July. So I left this house, though it was the best that I had seen.

The voyage from Marseilles to Algiers is supposed to be made in twenty-eight hours; we gave thirty-four to it, instead. A violent head wind and turbulent sea lay in wait for us outside the breakwater, and buffeted us all the way over. I had a similar experience, later, in going to Corsica. The blue Mediterranean of tradition is often, and even generally, a stormy sea, and the yachtsmen are quite right in laying up their craft for three months at a time and going comfortably to a hotel. *Imprimis*, then, it is difficult to get to Algeria, and, by a parity of reasoning, difficult to get away from it.

Lights were strung along the shore in beadlike lines, marking the streets of modern civilization, while others, scattered upon a hillside like dim coals of an expiring bonfire, marked the steep Moorish town. A sort of bare-legged Othello seized my belongings and piloted me to an hotel in the Rue Bab-el-Oued. It was raining, too, and I had obscure glimpses of the massive arches of the grand quay; the fine new Boulevard de la République, which is a military bastion as well; other weird Othellos; the Duke of Orléans on horseback in the large Place du Gouvernement, and at one side of it a spacious mosque, — a real Arabian mosque, — as fine, neat, and perfectly whitewashed as the best reproduction of itself in an international exhibition. The hotel was French, with some Spanish element in the management, I think. The Spanish are strong in the colony, even to the extent of causing some jealousy. At Oran, for instance, they are largely in the majority, and publish several journals in their own tongue.

The Rue Bab-el-Oued is one of the European streets that, with its continuation, the Rue Bab-Azoun, was once the main thoroughfare, but is now reduced to a second line, and is a sort of buffer between the later grandeurs in front and the Moors. Going along it, the next morning, I saw, from under the eucalyptus and palms of the Place du Gouvernement, the Moorish town shining high and white and minareted above. A temptation so novel was not to be resisted, and I climbed to it without a moment's delay. The plan of it on the map is like a congeries of Arabic letters. It is a sort of hill of Montmartre, covered with blind alleys, and turned into a grave Moorish hive of industry.

Let it be said at once that the characteristic Moorish life — the dwellings, dress, occupations, and habits — is still presented with surprising fullness. It is indeed Africa, another world; the rich Oriental subjects to which the painters have accustomed us still await them in unlimited supply. Algiers itself gives a better exhibition of this peculiar life than any other part of the province; its large population has resisted the aggressive European encroachments much better than the smaller communities have been able to do. The French are no respecters of this Mussulman antiquity, and it has been predicted with alarm that in a quarter of a century a Moorish building will be as great a curiosity for Algerians themselves as for the tourists from abroad. In that day the enthusiasm of tourists will be greatly cooled, as it has been in these late years by the commonplace spirit that has all but taken away the charm of Rome. No doubt there have been prodigious changes since the arrival of the French in 1830; but the stranger, ignorant of these, will think it an ample supply of bizarre entertainment that is still left him.

You may stroll about in it all with perfect freedom; you will come to no greater harm than a patch of whitewash on your sleeve from the door of the mosque, where you have taken off your shoes, or of Ali's diminutive café, or of Ahmed's basket-shop. The whitewash is universal, except where it is varied, with a happy effect, by blue wash or pink wash. The best point of view is the battlements of the ancient Casbah, the ruined palace where the janissaries used to set up a sovereign and assassinate him, — sometimes as many as seven in a day. Your eyes wink at the dazzling brightness of the town and the wide blue sea beyond it. You may look down upon some details of private life, — perhaps a woman in a lemon-colored jacket, come forth to talk to her maid on the flat roof of her whitewashed house. Singular figures promenade, in no small numbers, also in the European streets, — the mysterious white-robed waddling women, a horseman of Fromentin in long dull red mantle, or a group, like Joseph and his brethren, prodding some camels along towards the port.

So far so good. The living accommodations in the town are a scanty choice of apartments in the new French buildings. For house and garden you would have to go out of the gate of Bab-el-Oued or the gate of Isly. Passing the latter, the nearer suburbs, Mustafa Inférieur and Agha Inférieur, are found given up to machine-shops and a populace more or less connected with these interests. The freer upper portions were dusty and unfinished, and very steep to climb. I remember in Mustafa Inférieur a whole *pension* to rent — and this only — for the summer, furnished, and at such a price that it was evident this "Land of Thirst" retained very few of its *habitués* for the scorching summer season. But Mustafa Supérieur, two miles and more from the town, is the quarter enjoying the chief favor of strangers. Three-horse omnibuses mount to it. It was a curious sensation to have in the omnibus some of the mysterious veiled women as fellow-passengers. The district was sown, as you might say, entirely to modern villas of an expensive sort. It is the custom to rent them furnished for the winter, and it might be difficult to find one unfurnished. The merit of their spacious, well-kept grounds could not be denied; the fragrance of their flowers weighted the air. It would be charming to take up a comfortable country life there, with pleasant neighbors close at hand, and go down occasionally, by way of a change, for a dip into the decorative Moslemism of Algiers. But it was a high climb, and far from market. I should think you would want to have horses and plenty of servants there, and not be obliged to count the cost very closely. The governor-general's summer

palace is a white, fairy-like abode, embowered in luxuriant palms, that makes you think of another summer palace, the captain-general's *quinta* in sultry, tropical Havana.

The gate of Bab-el-Oued gives you more three-horse omnibuses to Saint Eugène and Point Pescade. These are on the level and on the border of the sea. Small merchants of the town live at Saint Eugène, a mile and a quarter out, and gay Sunday excursionists go to Point Pescade for fish chowder, such as Thackeray celebrated as Bouillabaisse. At Saint Eugène I could have lived in a two-story villa, Rue Salvandy, for one thousand francs. Its modest garden contained the orange, fig, almond, and pomegranate. It was too low to command the sea, but from the rear, the south (for the coast here looks directly north), there was a charming view of the green hill and Notre Dame d'Afrique, the striking church built in memory of those who have perished in the sea. That same green hill, most likely, cut off a great deal too much of the sun in the winter. Hereabouts horseshoe arches and bright tiling gave a graceful Moorish look to some of the villas; but it was a real Moorish house, in a small farm of its own, that most caught my fancy.

I heard part of the Easter service at Notre Dame d'Afrique. You could take such a position, a little within the porch, that — and most appropriately — nothing but the outspread blue sea was visible. How soft and blue it was, that morning! You could never have suspected it of malice. Thence upward to a signal station looking down on Notre Dame; thence upward again to a mountain height, from which the signal station was as far below as was Notre Dame d'Afrique below the signal station, and Algiers below Notre Dame d'Afrique; and so, round about, into the clean white village of Bouzarea. The snow peaks to the eastward are four-square, like a vast snow castle, and the white Moorish villas, amid their vegetation in the valleys, are like the sugar *pièces montées* of the confectioners. The Valley of the Consuls contains, happily, a patriotic memory for Americans. It was the abode of Shaler, a United States consul, who left behind him an impression which it would be well if more of our consuls could leave upon their districts. His Sketch of the State of Algiers, written in the barbarous old corsair times, remains the best authority on the subject to the present day. Even a French writer, discontented with reason, contrasts his energy and intelligence with the indifference of whole generations of French consuls. "Though our consuls had resided at Algiers ever since the sixteenth century," he says, "they had left us in the most absolute ignorance of its topography, customs, language, and history. And yet we had much more at stake in the country than the United States, for instance, whose representative, Mr. Shaler, has written a most interesting history of it." At the moment of the conquest such information was of pressing need, and from official sources none was to be had. It is to be hoped a like supineness does not really characterize the colonization work, so much stirred up in the French parliament of late.

I cannot linger upon the fascinating prospect from Bouzarea. It was the village that pleased me most of all I saw. Just as there was nothing African about the country, in the usual torrid, desert sense, there was nothing makeshift or immigrant-like about the village, standing on its broad, perfectly well made road. One could quite envy the urchins who were taught in the pretty white communal school and enjoyed its glorious view. A little further on was a cluster of Kabyle dwellings, like "hunks" of plum cake whitewashed; and on a knoll apart a white *marabout*, the tomb of a holy man, with a clean toadstool of a dome.

The genuine Moorish house I have referred to was easily reached by a short cut from Saint Eugène. It stood in the midst of a few cypress-trees, with a tract of two hectares in vines about it. It was white, square, blockish, flat-roofed, and had few or no windows without, being lighted, in the customary way, from an open court within. The rent was but four hundred francs, and the agent furthermore maintained that a return of from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred francs could be got from the vines. Here was something to cause an agreeable flutter of excitement: to turn farmer, in a Mussulman home, down in Algeria, and derive profit as well as pleasure from the experience, — that would be a novelty indeed.

I saw how a civilized family could make something quite delectable, quaint, and possibly habitable out of the house, fitting it up with draperies, and so on, in keeping with itself. The court had some columns and horseshoe arches, a well, and a kitchen and three chambers about it. Upstairs there were three more chambers. None of them received other light than what came in by the doors and some round holes over them. They were all tinted light blue, and the ceiling beams, openly displayed, were rounds of tree-trunk with the bark on. It was an altogether unheard-of sort of dwelling; but at the worst we could pass all our time out of doors, which really is what one goes to such a climate for. One would have to, if he were going to turn all those vines to account; they looked beyond the strength of a single person, and especially a novice.

"You could have a hired man for 80 francs a month," suggested the agent.

"And how much should I have to count on for his keep?"

"About 50 francs a month."

Let us take to our arithmetic: 80 and 50 make 130; equal to 1560 a year. If the yield of grapes were 1500 francs, we should be out by 60 francs. But perhaps it would be 1800. No doubt the estate had been cultivated in its time by Christian slaves taken by the corsairs, and it was allowable to presume that one of them had run away with his master's sympathizing daughter; the romantic should stand for something. Then, too, the yield might be increased. When I inquired of a *garde-champêtre*, afterwards, as to the character of the native servants, he replied: "For one thing, the *indigène* has no judgment about the vine. He can't get it through his head, like a white man." He said that these men were mild and tractable enough, in spite of their wild looks, and that their greatest vice was pilfering.

I journeyed by rail all along the northern belt of Algeria, more than two hundred and fifty miles, to Oran. The country was green and pastoral, planted with rich crops or flower-clad, like California in springtime. Now and again there were bananas waving their broad tattered leaves; orange groves with fruit glowing very red; muddy rivers cutting deeply into their clay banks; lonesome white marabouts afar; Arabs, old as the hills in type, minding their flocks, statue-like, under a bush. Next in attraction to Algiers, by a long remove, was Blidah. One of its own Arab poets has said of it, quaintly, "Others call you a little town, but I, I call you a little rose." A later poet might well find inspiration in its principal avenue. It consists simply of a double line of lovely orange-trees. They were all in flower at the time of my visit, and the perfume was so continuous and all-pervading that you wondered if you ought not to take precautions against it, just as you ought not to keep flowers in your chamber at night. The well to do lived on a comfortable avenue of new two-story houses amid shrubbery, near a small park, which, though new, contained part of an ancient Sacred Wood. A four-room brick cottage on the avenue leading from the station was seven hundred francs a year.

Prices were certainly not less than at Algiers. I spoke of this at my hotel. "Oh, yes," replied a resident, with a brisk, matter-of-course air, "things are dearer here." As I waited to have some peculiar local explanation of it, he added, "There is no competition, you see." I found that an American had been farming on a large scale near Blidah for ten years past. Have I said that cheap American chromos were rather frequent in the Moorish shops at Algiers, such subjects as Thanksgiving in New England and A Trotting-Match on the Bloomingdale Road?

Bou Farik and Beni Mered, before Blidah, and El Affroun, Affreville, and others, after, — prosperous new villages all. Each has its Moslem quarter, which has become much what "China-town" and "Spanish-town" are in California. The natives bear themselves with much more dignity, but when they have a service to demand of you they do it with a meek gentleness that reminds you of the Mexican Indians. I aided one of them to send an express package. He could neither read nor write, and it was a question of filling out the blanks in the printed formula. Between us we got off a basket of thirty-five kilogrammes from Haj Hamet Kaboosh, of Relizane, to Haj ben Ahmed, at the Moorish market Adelia. I sincerely trust it arrived safely. It rained hard a good part of the way, the slopes of the Atlas were sprinkled with snow, and it was chilly. Some pretend that, owing to the great planting of trees, the climate has wholly changed. The women used to wear muslins in winter time, and now, on April 25, a man got in with a fur cap. "Is it often like this?" I asked the depressed-looking ticket-agent at Oued Fodda. "Alas! it has done little else for three months," he replied.

Oran is of little account after Algiers, although, on the other hand, it has a mosque much more charming than anything in the larger city. You contemplate at leisure the plashing fountain and tropical vegetation in the semicircular cloister of this mosque, and the blue tiling all round its walls; you toil up and down the excessively steep Rue Philippe, take a refreshment on the level Place Kleber, wonder at the inaccessible forts on the naked environing crags, and you have finished Oran.

The question of residence, then, stands or falls by the attractiveness of Algiers proper. I need not go into formal statistics of the thermometer and the details that invalids of various sorts should have; all that is found in the regular treatises. It is certainly a charming flowery climate, where winter is almost abolished. In summer it is so hot that the favorite train from Algiers to Oran is run at night, only once a week at that, and people wait for it. Dr. Bennet asserts that in the summer malarial fevers exist there almost everywhere, in the high mountains as well as on the plains. It is much farther away than the Riviera, for instance, without corresponding advantages, since the lower latitude on the south side of the Mediterranean is counterbalanced by the sheltering mountain ranges on the north side, and the winter temperature remains much the same. I can see how it might be popular enough among English people, who in going there are not far away from home at the worst. But the question was whether, besides separating ourselves three or four days further from our letters, it agreed with our peculiar ideas of thrift to transport our household effects such a long journey by land and sea, and then still have before us the probable necessity of getting out of the country again and making the return journey northward for the summers.

I had a shrewd idea of my own that the question would speedily settle itself in Spain. We were forty-eight hours coasting along to various north African ports and crossing to Malaga. The auspices were favorable. This voyage was

as smooth and delightful as the other had been detestable. The process of elimination seemed to be placing our destiny there, and I was not at all sorry. I began to see how we should probably be led to call our new abode a castle in Spain, and I hoped the humor of this would not be considered too threadbare at a distance. But for our purpose the land of enchantment proved disappointing. There was a far-away, difficult-of-access feeling about it. I did not strike the ideal habitation that would have overcome the ideas of expense and remoteness from support. That is the truth of the matter. The domain of climate is confined chiefly to Andalusia. The elusive house and garden did not present themselves. Suburban life in Spain is unusually confined, whether because the environs of the cities have not been very safe, or the cities themselves have continued large enough without spreading out, or whether it is a matter of sociability and taste. Malaga was simply ugly. Granada alone, of all that I saw, really offered a considerable temptation. The warm-toned, half-ruinous Alhambra, somewhat inferior to its reputation as a spectacle, is very much beyond it as a comfortable thing to live with.

My notebook shows a plan of one of the few apartments I saw offered for rent there; not a house of one's own, mind you, but an apartment. It was in a small plaza precisely under the Alhambra tower of La Vela. At the left, as you faced it, was an old church, a little bridge across the Darro, and the route by which you would go up among the gypsies in their hillside caverns. It was a third *piso*, or story, which means, however, that you went up only two pairs of stairs; the ground floor being counted a story here, as it is not in France. It was in a very wide, brilliantly white house with an *azotea*, or *loggia*, on top, balconies to every window, and, at the moment, yellow draperies hanging from the balconies in honor of some festival. I much fear me that it was to the north once more, and the Alhambra hill shut off the sun from the south; but, looking at it merely as a type and basis, that makes no difference. That it was supposed to be warm enough in winter is inferred from the fact that there were no fireplaces except in the kitchen. There were eleven rooms, plain and large, brick-floored and calcimined. The doors were all paneled in a peculiarly elaborate way. One good idea, I thought, was closing the upper panels of the closet doors with only a pretty lattice-work, for the freer admission of air. In the kitchen, the swift water of the Darro was pumped into a reservoir consisting of a Forty-Thieves-like earthen jar. The chief characteristic of the place was its vast and labyrinthine extent. It had three courts of various sizes, and a proportionate amount of corridor to get around them. Most of the bedrooms received their light only from these courts, and were what we should call "dark rooms," though their cool obscurity may have been grateful enough in a fervid summer. All this, the grizzled, smiling proprietor assured me, would cost one hundred and forty-five *duros* (dollars). He said at first, good-naturedly, that that would arrange itself, not believing I would take it, and he was right. It was not conventional, at any rate. One could probably find a better; and what with the reasonable and attractive marketing, the lively shopping in the old street of the Zacatin, the university, the cathedral, the theatre, and the really grand cafés, — for it is a city of eighty thousand people, with modern resources, too, as well as those for which it is forever famous, — life at Granada ought to pass with economy, comfort, and charm.

Seville, though nearly twice the size of Granada, I should estimate as less than half as attractive. Neither the second piso of seven rooms I saw under the shadow of the Giralda, nor the other commanding a view of the delicious old

Alcazar, nor a third opposite the richly sculptured Ayuntamiento, — none of these was more than plain, neat, and commonplace. The dearest of the three was about two hundred and twenty-five dollars. They have a curious way of counting the rent by the day. Thus the one above was stated to be twelve reals a day, no matter how long the period. As the real is but five cents, you find yourself forever boiling down magnificent totals of thousands of reals, and finding the residuum a very modest sum. In general, in Spain, you can count on having a highly presentable apartment for four hundred dollars, — this in the large, expensive cities, including Madrid. Perhaps even one of the famous houses in Seville, with *patio*, or half-Moorish courtyard, could be had for that, if one of them could ever be found vacant. The cost of provisions cannot vary greatly from what it is in France. In servants' wages there is a notable reduction. You can have an excellent cook for thirty-five *pesetas* (francs), and a maid-of-all-work for no more than fifteen or twenty.

I had once thought very seriously of Madrid, but cold middle and northern Spain could never retain one who had tasted the charm of genial climate. Why, then, detail it all, — the inadequacy of Don Quixote's brown and lonesome La Mancha, of Madrid with all its Velasquez and its fine new *paseos*, and Salamanca with its venerable university, to square with our highly valuable ideas? I had been breathing the soft breath of summer, and everybody thereabouts was wearing a heavy winter overcoat on the blessed 10th of May. My last plan, curiously enough, was sketched at Philip II.'s gloomy Escorial. The village that holds the stern granite magnificence of that ascetic monarch is more or less of a summer resort for Madrid people. Even this usage does not brighten it. The only redeeming feature is the plentiful thyme and kindred balsamic plants which, as in sympathy, perfume the bleak granite hills. The court retainers who occupied the village in Philip's day used, no doubt, to express their opinion strongly of their ruler's attempt to turn life into death. I saw a bill out, and went in to see what country life was like where no cottages, but only cramped apartments, were offered even for the professed vacation season. The "bill," after a common Spanish usage, was only a bit of white rag tied to a railing. There were two stories, and two apartments of four rooms each. The floors were brick, the staircase was wood, — a concession to warmth which is made in the north; but thus much having been done for comfort, it was not thought necessary to paint it. The rooms had numerous closed alcoves for beds, so that a much larger family could have been stowed away in them than you might have thought. In the yard were two flowerless flower-beds, and backed against the end wall was an unsculptured fountain; for sculpture was never a fashion in this more than Puritanical village. The visit was, naturally, more one of curiosity than practical design; but "How much?" I asked. "Two hundred pesetas for the three months of the *temporada* [the summer season], and five duros the month if taken for all the year."

Surely not dear; and one who happened to be living at Madrid might do worse, as a student, than move some furniture out there, and pass the temporada in re-reading Prescott and thoroughly mastering Philip's vast Escorial. But there are other ideas. "Many thanks and good-day, señora."

"Vaya con Dios!" (Go with God), she mumbles piously.

The better and more frequent trains, the more active stir of life, were grateful, when back in France again. I carried the same programme of "ifs" and "buts" through Gascony, the Pyrenees, Touraine, and the Orléannais. All had

their peculiar charm, all had their attendant drawbacks. In particular, all had to contend with a memory, a subtile persuasive recollection from near the other end of the journey, which kept rising into greater and greater prominence. I see I must be yet briefer in this final stretch of the course, though, like Spain, it needs more ample treatment.

A sort of bargain offered at Saint Jean de Luz, a beach of yellow sand, a modest, dull little place just over the frontier, — good, like much of this district, for winter and summer alike. The houses, when not of gray granite, are in open timber-work and plaster, of a half-Swiss or Early English effect, as they are in northern Spain. A tradesman of the place would have let me have such a one, on the hill, across the port, a large one, well furnished and with a garden at last, for six hundred francs. I exclaimed in surprise at finding it furnished, which I had not expected; and his demands at first were much higher, but *mon Dieu! enfin* — he would let it go at that rather than be at the trouble of taking out the furniture. Breaking on the wheel would not draw a price from a proprietor until he had first shown you the attractions of his premises. The house had squalid neighbors, much too close, on one side, though they were very good on the other; the drinking-water had to be brought up from a public fountain down on the road, and other water from a neglected spring at the far end of the long garden. Still, this was a chance that did not fail to go into my notebook with an especial mark of approval.

Biarritz was too much like Dinard; it had an ephemeral, hasty look; the shops were full of the usual seaside knick-knacks, and of English tourists selecting keepsakes from them. The villa of the ex-Empress Eugénie did not redeem it; could it have been so bare, treeless, and ordinary as that in the days of the Empire? Pau, on the other hand, has a good deal of solidity. Like Nice, its great contemporary on the other side of France, it has an air of being there partly for its own people, and not merely for the swarm of passing strangers. Let us remember that the towns are not of the same dimensions; Nice has eighty thousand people, and Pau thirty thousand. What is very comfortable about both is that they are so well used to receiving strangers, and have made such ample provision for housing them, that a few more or less do not throw them into a flurry. Quarters are not difficult to find, and you see at once that you are not expected to sleep on a billiard-table if you want to stay there. Then the shops abound with everything to sustain life agreeably; they are numerous and substantial, and the fever of novelty being long past, and unscrupulous fleecing checked by wholesome competition, they furnish their goods at about as reasonable prices as if there were no question of a *ville de raison*.

The favor that Pau meets with from the large English colony is well accounted for by the beauty of the site, the magnificent view of the snow-crowned Pyrenees from the terrace, and the green and thrifty country round about. In a short promenade I had already found three lodgments, any one of which would have done. They were all, as it happened, on that most respectable thoroughfare, the Rue Henri Quatre. The dearest of them was eight hundred francs, and it had three or four more bedrooms than we should have needed. Another, a first story, in the house of a respectable official, consisting of antechamber, kitchen, dining-room, parlor, two bedrooms, and servant's bedroom, was but five hundred and fifty francs. Perhaps one would not need a garden so much in a semi-rural place like this, being low down, and with ample opportunity to debouch into the Place Royale and other spacious promenades close at hand.

The château of Henry IV., like the château of Francis I. at Saint Germain,

would be much better if it had been left to a little of its sentimental ruin. Directly underneath it is a smoking tannery, which scents up the town in a way it is hard to understand how an energetic ville de raison can put up with. The panorama of the snowy Pyrenees, too, is often veiled, for we are in a rather moist country, and not a dry one. Consult your weather-records; I have heard an acquaintance, somewhat given to exaggeration by nature, assert that he has seen it rain forty days at a time at Pau. You have lovely camellias there, and what not beside, but you have no oranges. The yellow lamps have gone out in the green landscape, and leave you almost sad.

Arcachon and its flat district redeemed from the once desert Landes, — a whiff of hygienic pine, and a pretty glimpse of garden-patch or so in the clearings, but not to the purpose. The two large cities of Bayonne and Bordeaux each in turn had something stately, smooth, green, and pleasant about it, but here we are in the rainy zone of Brittany again. I wanted to get off at Angoulême and Poitiers, as I had wanted to get off at Coutances and Avranches in Normandy; they occupy the same sort of position, on high terraces with borders of garden. Tours, in Touraine, focus of the best château life, and rendezvous of all those who esteem themselves most highly in the social way, was too large and level for me, forsooth. It was clear now that a place must be hilly to be truly picturesque. A hilly site, too, can be cleaner. The agent I saw had no notable bargains for me. The house he showed me in the Rue des Acacias was thoroughly commonplace; and one would need horses, I thought, if he lived in the others he indicated, some miles away from town. Orléans, again, seemed too level. We were getting very near to Paris now, and from Orléans on, the regimented fields of choice vineyards that had long embellished the land gave place to flatter, more ordinary plain. A second-story apartment, close to the grand atrium of the cathedral, for one thousand francs, the rooms more numerous, but no better, than our own in Paris; and a pleasing two-story house, with high slate mansard, in the shady little Place Saint Aignan, at twelve hundred francs: these are the items I noted there. I would gladly have taken the latter, had it been elsewhere than in storied Orléans.

Blois alone, thirty-five miles farther from Paris than Orléans, — I keep it to the last, — Blois alone checked the course of this universal disparagement. Blois was hilly, *accidenté*, or varied, clean, tranquil, not too large, endowed with pretty promenades, and amply romantic. "Here was not wanting," as Dr. Johnson puts it, "the private passage, the dark cavern, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower." The silvery Loire reflected its old red bricks and bluish slates; round about were vineyards, a rich undulating plain, prosperous villages with windmills and castles in their midst; the famous châteaux of the Loire were close at hand; and, best of all, one of the most prepossessing of them was the very *clou*, the centre-piece and clinching argument, of the town. Here the houses to rent were in the Place, beside the rich red Louis XII. château itself, which the painter Marchetti, among others, has rendered with such appreciative feeling. One of the houses, unnecessarily large for us, fourteen rooms, with a garden, was about twelve hundred francs. Another was seven hundred francs. It was a queer place, without any windows at all on the square, I think; only its entrance door, which, with a very long hall, was wedged between two other houses. It was much in need of repairs, but these were promised. It was three stories in height, when you got to it, and had seven rooms, and a small sunny terrace which looked down on the slate roofs of the town, old churches, and the ancient bridge crossing the Loire. The Loire ought to be

a resource for boating and swimming in the summer. It was to be considered whether its lush meadows, with their essentially French perspective of vaporous poplars, sent up any malarious exhalations that were to be guarded against. That was one of the things to be inquired about. The Château of Blois was entirely charming, and the strangers coming up to look at its warm façade and see the room where the Duke of Guise was stabbed would be something of a distraction, if other amusement failed.

There was another point in favor of Blois, — a strong one: it was only four hours from Paris. All the other localities mooted would entail long and costly migrations; if such a place as Blois would do, what a vast saving in expense and trouble, besides retaining the closer connection with America! Naturally it was not the same sort of a change; plenty of brooding skies, plenty of winter, might be expected at Blois; but, considering the notable economy, some disadvantages could be put up with. The lilacs were in bloom in those last days, and spring gave her most illusive impressions.

Arrived in Paris, and submitting the report of the journey to the expectant ears of S——, we summed up the whole subject calmly, and again not at all so calmly. We fancied ourselves living now in face of the ducal palace at Nevers, now by the Palace of the Popes at Avignon, now in the Moorish farmhouse at Algiers, now under the red Alhambra tower at Granada, again at Saint Jean de Luz, at Pau, and at Blois. We threw them out one by one; then threw them back again and began anew.

"If we should write to the man at Villefranche-sur-Mer, and see if by any chance *that* one — the one, you know, with the long walk, and the terrace, and the unlimited orange-trees — was not rented yet?" suggested S——.

The suggestion being acted upon, the agent at Villefranche-sur-Mer replied that his villa was not rented. He had probably known quite well it would not be, and fixed the date of the first of May only to force a decision more advantageous to himself. He placed it entirely at our disposition; he would put it in order, and we could have it from the 1st of July. We gladly closed with him, and completed the negotiation by mail.

William Henry Bishop.

THE WITCHING WREN.

"There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine."

THE song of the winter wren is something that must be heard to be appreciated; words can no more describe it than they can paint the sky at evening, or translate the babble of the mountain brook.

"Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood bell's peal and cry?"

This witching carol, one of nature's most alluring bits of music, fell upon my ear for the first time one memorable morning in June. It was a true siren-strain. We forgot, my comrade and I, what we were seeking in the woods. The junco family, in their snug cave among the roots, so interesting to us but now, might all fly away; the oven-bird, in the little hollow beside the path, might finish her lace-lined domicile, and the shy tanager conclude to occupy the nest on the living arch from which we had frightened her, — all without our being there to see. For the moment we cared for but one thing, — to follow that "wandering voice," to see that singer.

Silently we arose, folded our camp-

stools, and started. We wished to move without sound; but the woods were dry, and every dead stick snapped with a crack; every fallen leaf rustled with startling sound; every squirrel under whose tree we chanced to pass first shrieked, and then subsided into a sobbing cry or a scolding bark, according as his fur was gray or red. A procession of elephants could hardly make more noise, or create more consternation among the residents of the forest, than we three (counting the dog), when we wished to be silent as shadows. But the wren sang on. Evidently, he was accustomed to squirrel vagaries, and snapping twigs did not disturb him. Nearer and nearer sounded the song, and more and more enraptured we became. We were settling ourselves to listen and to look for our charmer, when the third member of our party created a diversion. Wrens had no attraction for him, but he came upon the scent of something he was interested in, and instantly fell to pawing the ground and tearing up the obstructing roots with his teeth, as though he had gone suddenly mad.

The door through which had doubtless vanished some delectable mouse or mole was, when discovered, of a proper size for his small body, but in less than a minute it was big enough to admit the enormous head of the dog, who varied his eager tearing up of the soil with burying his head and shoulders in the hole he had made; smelling and listening a few seconds, then jerking it out with a great snort, and devoting himself with fresh vigor to digging. It was a curious contrast to the indifference with which he usually accompanied us, but it proved that he had his enthusiasms, if he did not share ours. We could not but be amused, notwithstanding the delicious trilling notes that drew us grew fainter and fainter, and we despaired of seeing our songster till the important affairs of that mouse should be settled. Arguments were of no avail with the four-footed sportsman, a rival attraction failed to attract, and commands were thrown away on him in his excited state. We were forced to go home without the sight we desired.

We were not the first to be fascinated by this marvelous melody. "Dull indeed must be the ear that thrills not on hearing it," says Audubon, and its effect upon him is worth telling. He was traveling through a swamp, where he had reason to suspect the presence of venomous snakes and other reptiles. While moving with great circumspection, looking out for these unwelcome neighbors, the captivating little aria burst upon his ear. Instantly snakes were forgotten, his absorbing passion took full possession, and he crashed recklessly through the briers and laurels in pursuit. It is pleasant to know, further, that he found not only the singer, but his nest, which was the first he had ever seen, and gave him a delight known only to enthusiastic bird-lovers.

The morning after the absurd incident of a mouse-hunt, by the dog who in his character of protector was our daily companion, we started out afresh, with ears for nothing but wren songs. Making a wide detour to avoid the scene of yesterday's excitement, we were soon comfortably seated near the spot the wren seemed to haunt, and silence fell between us. That is to say, *we* were quiet, though nothing is farther from the truth than our common expression "silent woods." The forest is never silent. Hushed it may be of man's clamor, and empty as well of his presence, but it is filled with sounds from its own abundant life; not so loud, perhaps, and aggressive to the ear as the rumble of Broadway, but fully as continuous; and if the human wanderer in its delightsome shades will but bring his own noisy progress to a halt, he will enjoy a new sensation. There is the breeze that sets all the leaves to whispering, not to speak of rougher winds that fill the dim aisles

with a roar like Niagara. There are the falling of dead twigs, the rustle of leaves under the footsteps of some small shy creature in fur, the dropping of nuts, and the tapping of woodpeckers. There are the voices of the wood-dwellers, — not songs alone, but calls and utterances of many kinds from birds; cries and scolding of squirrels, who have a *répertoire* astonishing to those who do not know them; squawks and squeals of little animals more often heard than seen; and, not least, the battle-cries of the winged hosts "who come with songs to greet you" wherever and whenever you may appear.

Moreover, the moment one of the human race is quiet, — such is our reputation for unrest, — the birds grow suspicious, and take pains to announce to all whom it may concern that here is an interloper in nature. Even if there be present no robin, — vociferous guardian of the peace, — a meek and gentle flicker mounts the highest tree and cries "pe-auk! pe-auk!" as loud as he can shout, a squirrel on one side shrieks at the top of his voice, veeries call anxiously here and there, while a vireo warbles continuously overhead, and a redstart "trills his twittering horn."

When the wren song began, quite near this time, everything else was forgotten, and after a few moments' eager suspense we saw our bird. He was little and inconspicuous in shades of brown, with tail stuck pertly up, wren fashion, foraging among the dead leaves and on old logs, entirely unconscious that he was one of the three distinguished singers of the wood; none but the hermit thrush and the veery being comparable to him. Whenever, in the serious business of getting his breakfast, he reached a particularly inviting twig, or a more than usually nice rest on a log, he threw up his little head and poured out the marvelous strain that had taken us captive, then half hopped, half flew down, with such energy that he "whirred" as he went. We watched his "tricks and manners," and, what was more, we steeped our souls in his music as long as we chose, that morning.

The lovely long June days were never more fascinating. Every morning we went into our beloved woods to watch its bird population; to find out who was building, who had already set up housekeeping; to penetrate their secrets, and discover their wonderfully hidden nests. Each day we heard the witching song that never lost its charm for us. One morning — it was the fifteenth of the month — we were sauntering up one of the most inviting paths. The dog was ahead, carrying on his strong and willing neck his mistress's stool, she following closely, steadying the same with her hand, while I, as was my custom, brought up the rear. Suddenly, as we approached a pile of dead limbs from a fallen tree, my friend stopped motionless, and as usual the caravan came to instant halt. Without taking her eyes from the brush heap, she silently pulled the stool from the dog's neck and sat down upon it. I seated myself beside her, and the dog stretched himself at our feet.

"A wren," she whispered briefly, and in a moment I saw it. A mother, no doubt, for her mouth was full of food, and she was fidgeting about on a branch, undecided as yet what she should do, with that formidable array in front of her very door, as it afterward turned out. A wren is a quick-witted little creature, and she was not long in making up her mind. She flitted around us, turned our right flank (so to speak), and vanished behind us.

We took the hint, changed our front, and, after the moment's confusion, subsided again, gently waving our maple boughs to terrorize the foe that was always with us, and keeping sharp watch while we held whispered consultation as to whether that was the winter wren, and the mate of our singer.

"Oh, if she has a nest!" said my

comrade, to whose home belonged these woods. "The winter wren is not known to nest here. We must find it."

Silence again, while a tanager called his agitated "chip-chur!" in the tops of the tall beech-trees, a downy woodpecker knocked vigorously at the door of some ill-fated grub in a maple trunk, and the wren burst into his maddest melody afar off. We were not to be lured this morning. We were enjoying the excitement of discoverers. Where a bird is carrying food must be a nest with birdlings, and nothing could draw us from that.

We waited. In a few minutes the bird appeared again with her mate. Was he the singer? Breathless hush on our part, with eyes fixed on the two restless parents, who were anxious to pass us. In a moment one of them became aggressive. He — or she — flew to a twig eight or ten feet from us, jerked himself up in a terrifying way, as though about to annihilate us, and then bowed violently; not intending a polite salutation, as might be supposed, but defiance, threat, or insult. We held our ground, refusing to be frightened away, and at last parental love conquered fear; both of them flew past us at the same instant, went to one spot under the upturned roots of a fallen tree, and in a moment departed together.

My fellow-student hurried eagerly to the place, dropped upon her knees on the wet ground, amid rank ferns and weeds, leaned far under the overhanging roots with their load of black earth, thrust careful fingers into something, and then rose, flushed and triumphant.

"Come here," she commanded. "A nest full of babies! Oh, what luck!"

There it was, sure enough, away back under the heavy roof of earth and roots, a snug round structure of green moss, little bigger than a croquet ball. The hole occupied by the roots when the tree stood erect was now filled with water, and before it waved a small forest of ferns. It was an ideal situation for a nest; pleasant to look at, and safe — if anything could be safe — from the small fur-clad gentry who claimed the wood and all it contained for their own.

> "The hermit has no finer eye
> For shadowy quietness"

than had this pair of wise little wrens.

From the blissful moment of our discovery, whatever interesting excursion was planned, whatever choice nest to be sought or charming family of nestlings to be called upon, our steps first turned of themselves up the wren path. Every day we saw the birds go in and out, on household cares intent, and we soon began to look for the exit of the younglings.

During this time of close watching, it happened that for a day or two I was obliged to make my visit alone. Why is it that solitude in the depths of the forest has so mysterious an effect on the imagination? One dreads to make a noise, and though having nothing to fear he instinctively steals about as if every tree concealed a foe. The first morning I sauntered along the lonely paths in silence, admiring for the hundredth time the trunks of the trees, with their varied decorations of lichen and their stately moss-grown insteps, and pausing a moment before the butternut which had divided itself in early youth, and now supported upon one root three tall and far-spreading trees. I had not heard the wren; and indeed the birds seemed unusually silent, the squirrels appeared to be asleep in their nests, and not a leaf was stirring. Wordsworth's admonition came into my mind: —

> "Move along these shades
> In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand
> Touch — for there is a spirit in the woods."

Suddenly something sprang out from under a tree, as I passed, jerked at my gown, and ran after with noisy footsteps. I started, and quickly turned to face my assailant, expecting to see a bear at least. I found instead — a dead branch which had caught in my dress and was drag-

ging behind me. I loosened the branch from its hold, and went on. But though I laughed at the absurdity, I found my nerves a little shaken. Just as I reached the wren corner a shriek arose, as if I had stepped on a whole family of birdlings. Again I started, when a saucy squirrel ran out on the branch of a tree, scolding me in good round terms.

It is impossible to discourage or tire out a squirrel; his business is never pressing, and if it were, he considers it an important part of his duties to see that no one interferes with the nests he depends on for fresh eggs. He is sure to keep up a chatter which puts all the birds of the neighborhood on their guard; and as I was particularly desirous not to reveal to him the position of the wrens' nest, I stayed only long enough to assure myself that the little birds had not flown, and the parents were attending strictly to domestic affairs.

The next day I succeeded in reaching the wren quarter without arousing the ire of the squirrels, and I placed my seat very near the nest to see if the bird had learned not to fear me. Fixing my eyes on the place she must enter, I waited, motionless. Some time passed, and though I heard many bird notes about me, and the wren song itself afar off, there was no flit of wing nor faintest wren note near me. But suddenly a shadowy form passed in directly from the front, stayed an instant, and left in the same way. It was perfectly silent, not the slightest rustle of a feather, and it was so near the ground I could not tell whether it flew or ran; it appeared to glide. Brave little creature! I was heartily ashamed of annoying her. I moved my seat to a more respectful distance, and she went in and out as usual.

It was much more satisfactory watching the little mother about her daily cares than trying to keep track of her mate. He was one of the most baffling birds I ever tried to spy upon. Often I heard his delightful song so near that I was sure in a moment I should see him. Then I peered through the low bushes without moving so much as an eyelash, expecting every instant that my eyes would fall upon him, and certain that not a leaf had rustled nor a twig sprung back, when all at once I heard him on the other side. He had flitted through the underbrush, not flying much, but hopping on or very near the ground, without a breath to betray him. The wren mother could not hide herself so completely from me, there being one spot on earth she could not desert, — the charming nook that held her babies; and yet, be as motionless as I might, I could not deceive her. She never could be convinced that I was a queer-shaped bush, not even when I held a maple bough before my face, and my garments harmonized perfectly with my surroundings. She always came near and bowed to me, jerked herself up, and flirted her wings and tail, as if to say, "I know you. You need n't try to hide." When I went too near, as on the occasion spoken of, while she was much more wary she was not afraid, and I had no compunctions about studying her quaint ways.

We were exceedingly desirous of seeing that family start out in life, and we did, in a way that startled us as much as it must have surprised them. "I wonder if they 're gone," was our anxious thought every morning as we approached; and one day, not seeing either parent, we feared they had made their *début* without our assistance, in the magical morning hours when so many things take place in the bird world.

"I mean to see if they are still there," said my comrade, creeping up to the mass of roots, leaning far under, and carefully thrusting one finger into the nest.

A dynamite bomb could not have been more effective, nor more shocking to us, for lo! in sudden panic five baby wrens took flight in five different directions. The cause of the disturbance

rose, with a look of discomfiture on her face, as if she had been caught robbing a nest. She seemed so dismayed that I laughed, while those wrenlings made the air fairly hum about her head.

That they were ready to fly, and only waiting for "the Discourager of Hesitancy" to start them, was plain, for every one used his little wings manfully, — perhaps I should say wrenfully, — and flew from fifteen to twenty feet before he came down. In less than a minute the air was filled with wren-baby chirps, and we seated ourselves to await the mother's return and witness the next act in the wren drama. The mother took it philosophically, recognizing the chirps, and locating them with an ease and precision that aroused envy in us bird-lovers, to whom young-bird calls seem to come from every direction at once. She immediately began to feed, and to collect them into a little flock. With her help we also found them, and watched them a long time: their pretty baby ways, their eager interest in the big world, their drawing together as they heard one another's voices, and their cozy cuddling up together on a log.

Feeling that we had made disturbance enough for one day, we finally went home; but the next day, and several days thereafter, we hunted up the little family as it wandered here and there in the woods, noting the putting on of pert wren ways, and the growth of confidence and helpfulness. We identified them fully as the family of our beautiful singer, for we saw him feed them, then mount a projecting root and sing his perfect rhapsody, not fifteen feet from us.

I must explain the name I have used, "the Discourager of Hesitancy." It is the invention of Mr. Frank Stockton, as every one knows, but I applied it to my fellow-student because of her conduct in the case of the wrens; and a day or two later she proved her right to it by her treatment of a chipping-sparrow family near the house. She took hold of the tip end of a branch and drew it down to look at the nest full of young chippies. "They 're about ready to fly," she remarked calmly; and at that instant the branch was released, sprang up, and four young birds were suddenly tossed out upon the world. They sailed through the air, too much surprised to use their wings, and dropped back into the tree, which fortunately was a thick evergreen. The "Discourager's" face displayed a mixture of horror and shame that was very droll. She *said* the twig broke, but in the light of her behavior to the wrens, and her avowed pleasure in stirring birds up to see what they would do, I must say I have my suspicions, especially when I remember that that was the second family whose minds she had made up for them that week.

After about ten days of watching the wren family, we lost their lively chirpings, the witching song ceased, the place seemed empty of wren life, and our charming acquaintance with them a thing to be remembered only. At least so we sadly thought, till nearly the end of July, when, on sauntering through the old paths for almost the last time (for me), we heard once more the familiar music, as full, as fresh, as bewitching, as in the spring. We sought the singer, eager to see as well as hear. After a tramp over underbrush and through a swamp, we saw him, — the same delightful bird, so far as we could tell; certainly he had sung the exact song that charmed us in early June. He had probably trained and started out in life his five babies, and now had time as well as inclination to sing again.

During the three days that were left of my stay I heard the enchanting voice every time I went into the woods,

> "Chaunting his low impassioned vesper-hymn,
> Clear as the silver treble of a stream."

Olive Thorne Miller.

DON ORSINO.[1]

XII.

Orsino looked about him with some curiosity, as he entered Del Ferice's abode. He had never expected to find himself the guest of Donna Tullia and her husband, and when he took the robust countess's hand he was inclined to wish that the whole affair might turn out to be a dream. In vain he repeated to himself that he was no longer a boy, but a grown man, of age in the eyes of the law to be responsible for his own actions, and old enough in fact to take what steps he pleased for the accomplishment of his own ends. He found no solace in the reflection, and he could not rid himself of the idea that he had got himself into a very boyish scrape. It would indeed have been very easy to refuse Del Ferice's invitation, and to write him a note within the hour explaining vaguely that circumstances beyond his control obliged him to ask another interview for the discussion of business matters. But it was too late now. He was exchanging indifferent remarks with Donna Tullia, while Del Ferice looked on benignantly, and all three waited for Madame d'Aranjuez.

Five minutes had not elapsed before she came, and her appearance momentarily dispelled Orsino's annoyance at his own rashness. He had never before seen her dressed for the evening, and he had not realized how much to her advantage the change from the ordinary costume or the inevitable "tea garment" to a dinner gown would be. She was assuredly not overdressed, for she wore black without colors, and her only ornament was a single string of beautiful pearls, which Donna Tullia believed to be false, but which Orsino accepted as real. Possibly he knew even more about pearls than the countess, for his mother had many and wore them often, whereas Donna Tullia preferred diamonds and rubies. But his eyes did not linger on the necklace, for Maria Consuelo's whole presence affected him strangely. There was something light-giving and even dazzling about her which he had not expected, and he understood for the first time that the language of the newspaper paragraphs was not so grossly flattering as he had supposed. In spite of the great artistic defects of feature, which could not long escape an observer of ordinary taste, it was clear that Maria Consuelo must always be a striking and central figure in any social assembly, great or small. There had been moments in Orsino's acquaintance with her when he had thought her really beautiful; as she now appeared, one of those moments seemed to have become permanent. He thought of what he had dared on the preceding day; his vanity was pleased and his equanimity restored. With a sense of pride which was very far from being delicate, and was by no means well founded, he watched her as she walked in to dinner before him, leaning on Del Ferice's arm.

"Beautiful, eh? I see you think so," whispered Donna Tullia in his ear.

The countess treated him at once as an old acquaintance, which put him at his ease, while it annoyed his conscience.

"Very beautiful," he answered, with a grave nod.

"And so mysterious," whispered the countess again, just as they reached the door of the dining-room. "She is very fascinating. — take care!"

She tapped his arm familiarly with her fan and laughed, as he left her at her seat.

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan & Co.

"What are you two laughing at?" asked Del Ferice, smiling pleasantly as he surveyed the six oysters he found on his plate, and considered which should be left until the last, as the crowning tidbit. He was fond of good eating, and especially fond of oysters as an introduction to the feast.

"What were we laughing at? How indiscreet you are, Ugo! You always want to find out all my little secrets. Consuelo, my dear, do you like oysters, or do you not? That is the question. You do, I know, — a little lemon and a very little red pepper. I love red, even to adoring cayenne."

Orsino glanced at Madame d'Aranjuez, for he was surprised to hear Donna Tullia call her by her first name. He had not known that the two women had reached the first halting-place of intimacy.

Maria Consuelo smiled rather vaguely, as she took the advice in the shape of lemon juice and pepper. Del Ferice could not interrupt his enjoyment of the oysters by words, and Orsino waited for an opportunity of saying something witty.

"I have lately formed the highest opinion of the ancient Romans," said Donna Tullia, addressing him. "Do you know why?"

Orsino professed his ignorance.

"Ugo tells me that in a recent excavation twenty cartloads of oyster shells were discovered behind one house. Think of that! Twenty cartloads to a single house! What a family must have lived there! Indeed, the Romans were a great people."

Orsino thought that Donna Tullia herself might pass for a heroine in future ages, provided that the shells of her victims were deposited together in a safe place. He laughed politely, and hoped that the conversation might not turn upon archæology, which was not his strong point.

"I wonder how long it will be before modern Rome is excavated, and the foreigner of the future pays a franc to visit the ruins of the modern house of parliament?" suggested Maria Consuelo, who had said nothing as yet.

"At the present rate of progress, I should think about two years would be enough," answered Donna Tullia. "But Ugo says we are a great nation. Ask him."

"Ah, my angel, you do not understand those things," said Del Ferice. "How shall I explain? There is no development without decay of the useless parts. The snake casts its old skin before it appears with a new one. And there can be no business without an occasional crisis. Unbroken fair weather ends in a dead calm. Why do you take such a gloomy view, madame?"

"One should never talk of things; only people are amusing," said Donna Tullia, before Madame d'Aranjuez could answer. "Whom have you seen to-day, Consuelo? And you, Don Orsino? And you, Ugo? Are we to talk forever of oysters, and business, and snakes? Come, tell me, all of you, what everybody has told you. There must be something new. Of course that poor Carantoni is going to be married again, and the Princess Befana is dying, as usual, and the same dear old people have run away with each other, and all that. Of course. I wish things were not always just going to happen. One would like to hear what is said on the day after the events which never come off. It would be a novelty."

Donna Tullia loved talk and noise, and gossip above all things, and she was not quite at her ease. The news that Orsino was to come to dinner had taken her breath away. Ugo had advised her to be natural, and she was doing her best to follow his advice.

"As for me," he said, "I have been tormented all day, and have spent but one pleasant half hour. I was so fortunate as to find Madame d'Aranjuez

at home, but that was enough to indemnify me for many sacrifices."

"I cannot do better than say the same," remarked Orsino, though with far less truth. "I believe I have read through a new novel, but I do not remember the title, and I have forgotten the story."

"How satisfactory!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, with a little scorn.

"It is the only way to read novels," answered Orsino, "for it leaves them always new to you, and the same one may be made to last several weeks."

"I have heard it said that one should fear the man of one book," observed Maria Consuelo, looking at him.

"For my part, I am more inclined to fear the woman of many."

"Do you read much, my dear Consuelo?" asked Donna Tullia, laughing.

"Perpetually."

"And is Don Orsino afraid of you?"

"Mortally," said Orsino. "Madame d'Aranjuez knows everything."

"Is she blue, then?" asked Donna Tullia.

"What shall I say, madame?" inquired Orsino, turning to Maria Consuelo. "Is it a compliment to compare you to the sky of Italy?"

"For blueness?"

"No; for brightness and serenity."

"Thanks. That is pretty. I accept."

"And have you nothing for me?" asked Donna Tullia, with an engaging smile.

The other two looked at Orsino, wondering what he would say in answer to such a point-blank demand for flattery.

"Juno is still Minerva's ally," he said, falling back upon mythology, though it struck him that Del Ferice would make a poor Jupiter, with his fat white face and dull eyes.

"Very good!" laughed Donna Tullia. "A little classic, but I pressed you hard. You are not easily caught. Talking of clever men," she added, with another meaning glance at Orsino, "I met your friend to-day, Consuelo."

"My friend? Who is he?"

"Spicca, of course. Whom did you think I meant? We always laugh at her," she said, turning to Orsino, "because she hates him so. She does not know him, and has never spoken to him. It is his cadaverous face that frightens her. One can understand that. We of old Rome have been used to him since the deluge. But a stranger is horrified at the first sight of him. Consuelo positively dreads to meet him in the street. She says that he makes her dream of all sorts of horrors."

"It is quite true," said Maria Consuelo, with a slight movement of her beautiful shoulders. "There are people one would rather not see, merely because they are not good to look at. He is one of them, and if I see him coming I turn away."

"I know; I told him so to-day," continued Donna Tullia cheerfully. "We are old friends, but we do not often meet nowadays. Just fancy! It was in that little antiquary's shop in the Monte Brianzo, — the first on the left as you go; he has good things, — and I saw a bit of embroidery in the window that took my fancy, so I stopped the carriage and went in. Who should be there but Spicca, hat and all, looking like old Father Time! He was bargaining for something, — a wretched old bit of brass, — bargaining, my dear! For a few sous! One may be poor, but one has no right to be mean. I thought he would have got the miserable antiquary's skin."

"Antiquaries can generally take care of themselves," observed Orsino incredulously.

"Oh, I dare say, but it looks so badly, you know. That is all I mean. When he saw me he stopped wrangling, and we talked a little while I had the embroidery wrapped up. I will show it to you after dinner. It is sixteenth century, Ugo says, — a piece

of a chasuble, — exquisite flowers on claret-colored satin; a perfect gem, so rare now that everything is imitated. However, that is not the point. It was Spicca. I was forgetting my story. He said the usual things, you know, — that he had heard that I was very gay this year, but that it seemed to agree with me, and so on. And I asked him why he never came to see me, and as an inducement I told him of our great beauty here, — that is you, Consuelo, so please look delighted instead of frowning; and I told him that she ought to hear him talk, because his face had frightened her so that she ran away when she saw him coming towards her in the street. You see, if one flatters his cleverness, he does not mind being called ugly, — or at least I thought not until to-day. But to my consternation he seemed angry, and he asked me almost savagely if it were true that the Countess d'Aranjuez — that is what he called you, my dear — really tried to avoid him in the street. Then I laughed and said I was only joking, and he began to bargain again for the little brass frame, and I went away. When I last heard his voice he was insisting upon seventy-five centimes, and the antiquary was jeering at him and asking a franc and a half. I wonder which got the better of the fight in the end? I will ask him the next time I see him."

Del Ferice supported his wife with a laugh at her story, but it was not very genuine. He had unpleasant recollections of Spicca in earlier days, and his name recalled events which Ugo would willingly have forgotten. Orsino smiled politely, but resented the way in which Donna Tullia spoke of his father's old friend. As for Maria Consuelo, she was a little pale and looked tired. But the countess was irrepressible, for she feared lest Orsino should go away and think her dull.

"Of course we all really like Spicca," she said. "Every one does."

"I do, for my part," said Orsino gravely. "I have a great respect for him, for his own sake, and he is one of my father's oldest friends."

Maria Consuelo looked at him very suddenly, as though she were surprised by what he said. She did not remember to have heard him mention the melancholy old duelist. She seemed about to say something, but changed her mind.

"Yes," said Ugo, turning the subject, "he is one of the old tribe that is dying out. What types there were in those days, and how those who are alive have changed! Do you remember, Tullia? But of course you cannot, my angel; it was far before your time."

One of Ugo's favorite methods of pleasing his wife was to assert that she was too young to remember people who had indeed played a part as lately as after the death of her first husband. It always soothed her.

"I remember them all," he continued. "Old Montevarchi, and Frangipani, and poor Casalverde, and a score of others."

He had been on the point of mentioning old Astrardente, too, but he checked himself.

"Then there were the young ones, who are in middle age now," he went on, "such as Valdarno and the Montevarchi, whom you know, as different from their former selves as you can well imagine. Society was different, too."

Del Ferice spoke thoughtfully and slowly, as though wishing that some one would interrupt him or take up the subject, for he felt that his wife's long story about Spicca and the antiquary had not been a success, and his instinct told him that Spicca had better not be mentioned again, since he was a friend of Orsino's, and since his name seemed to exert a depressing influence upon Maria Consuelo. Orsino came to the rescue, and began to talk

of current social topics in a way which showed that he was not so profoundly prejudiced by traditional ideas as Del Ferice had expected. The momentary chill wore off quickly enough, and when the dinner ended Donna Tullia was sure that it had been a success. They all returned to the drawing-room, and then Del Ferice, without any remark, led Orsino away to smoke with him in a distant apartment.

"We can smoke again when we go back," he said. "My wife does not mind, and Madame d'Aranjuez likes it. But it is an excuse to be alone together for a little while; and besides, my doctor makes me lie down for a quarter of an hour after dinner. You will excuse me?"

Del Ferice extended himself upon a leathern lounge, and Orsino sat down in a deep easy-chair.

"I was so sorry not to be able to come away with you to-day," said Orsino. "The truth is, Madame d'Aranjuez wanted some information, and I was just going to explain that I would stay a little longer, when you asked us both to dinner. You must have thought me very forgetful."

"Not at all, not at all," answered Del Ferice. "Indeed, I quite supposed that you were coming with me, when it struck me that this would be a much more pleasant place for talking. I cannot imagine why I had not thought of it before; but I have so many details to think of."

Not much could be said for the veracity of either of the statements which the two men were pleased to make to each other, but Orsino had the small advantage of being nearer to the letter, if not to the spirit, of the truth. Each, however, was satisfied with the other's tact.

"And so, Don Orsino," continued Del Ferice, after a short pause, "you wish to try a little operation in business. Yes. Very good. You have, as we said yesterday, a sum of money ample for a beginning, and you have the necessary courage and intelligence. You need a practical assistant, however, and it is indispensable that the point selected for the first venture should be one promising speedy profit. Is that it?"

"Precisely."

"Very good, very good. I think I can offer you both the land and the partner, and almost guarantee your success, if you will be guided by me."

"I have come to you for advice. I will follow it gratefully. As for the success of the undertaking, I will assume the responsibility."

"Yes. That is better. After all, everything is uncertain in such matters, and you would not like to feel that you were under an obligation to me. On the other hand, as I told you, I am selfish and cautious. I would rather not appear in the transaction."

If any doubt as to Del Ferice's honesty of purpose crossed Orsino's mind at that moment, it was fully compensated by the fact that he himself distinctly preferred not to be openly associated with the banker.

"I quite agree with you," he said.

"Very well. Now for business. Do you know that it is sometimes more profitable to take over a half-finished building than to begin a new one? Often, I assure you, for the returns are quicker, and you get a great deal at half price. Now, the man whom I recommend to you is a practical architect, and was employed by a certain baker to build a tenement building in one of the new quarters. The baker dies, the house is unfinished, the heirs wish to sell it as it is (there are at least a dozen of them), and meanwhile the work is stopped. My advice is this: buy this house, go into partnership with the unemployed architect, agreeing to give him a share of the profits, finish the building, and sell it as soon as it is habitable. In six months you will get a handsome return."

"That sounds very tempting," answered Orsino, "but it would need more capital than I have."

"Not at all, not at all. It is a mere question of taking over a mortgage and paying stamp duty."

"And how about the difference in ready money, which ought to go to the present owners?"

"I see that you are already beginning to understand the principles of business," said Del Ferice, with an encouraging smile. "But in this case the owners are glad to get rid of the house on any terms by which they lose nothing, for they are in mortal fear of being ruined by it, as they probably will be if they hold on to it."

"Then why should I not lose, if I take it?"

"That is just the difference. The heirs are a number of incapable persons of the lower class, who do not understand these matters. If they attempted to go on, they would soon find themselves entangled in the greatest difficulties. They would sink where you will almost certainly swim."

Orsino was silent for a moment. There was something despicable, to his thinking, in profiting by the loss of a wretched baker's heirs.

"It seems to me," he said presently, "that if I succeed in this I ought to give a share of the profits to the present owners."

Not a muscle of Del Ferice's face moved, but his dull eyes looked curiously at Orsino's young face.

"That sort of thing is not commonly done in business," he said quietly, after a short pause. "As a rule, men who busy themselves with affairs do so in the hope of growing rich, but I can quite understand that where business is a mere pastime, as it is to be in your case, a man of generous instincts may devote the proceeds to charity."

"It looks more like justice than charity, to me," observed Orsino.

"Call it what you will, but succeed first, and consider the uses of your success afterwards. That is not my affair. The baker's heirs are not especially deserving people, I believe. In fact, they are said to have hastened his death in the hope of inheriting his wealth, and are disappointed to find that they have got nothing. If you wish to be philanthropic, you might wait until you have cleared a large sum, and then give it to a school or a hospital."

"That is true," said Orsino. "In the mean time it is important to begin."

"We can begin to-morrow, if you please. You will find me at the bank at midday. I will send for the architect and the notary, and we can manage everything in forty-eight hours. Before the week is out you can be at work."

"So soon as that?"

"Certainly. Sooner, by hurrying matters a little."

"As soon as possible, then. And I will go to the bank at twelve o'clock to-morrow. A thousand thanks for all your good offices, my dear count."

"It is a pleasure, I assure you."

Orsino was so much pleased with Del Ferice's quick and business-like way of arranging matters that he began to look upon him as a model to imitate, so far as executive ability was concerned. It was odd enough that any one of his name should feel anything like admiration for Ugo, but friendship and hatred are only the opposite points at which the social pendulum pauses before it swings backward, and they who live long may see many oscillations.

The two men went back to the drawing-room, where Donna Tullia and Maria Consuelo were discussing the complicated views of the almighty dressmaker. Orsino knew that there was little chance of his speaking a word alone with Madame d'Aranjuez, and resigned himself to the effort of helping the general conversation. Fortunately, the time to be got over in this

way was not long, as all four had engagements in the evening. Maria Consuelo rose at half past ten, but Orsino determined to wait five minutes longer, or at least to make a show of meaning to do so. But Donna Tullia put out her hand, as though she expected him to take his leave at the same time. She was going to a ball, and wanted at least an hour in which to screw her magnificence up to the dancing pitch.

The consequence was that Orsino found himself helping Maria Consuelo into the modest hired conveyance which awaited her at the gate. He hoped that she would offer him a seat for a short distance, but he was disappointed.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked, as he closed the door of the carriage. The night was not cold, and the window was down.

"Please tell the coachman to take me to the Via Nazionale," she said quickly.

"What number?"

"Never mind, — he knows. I have forgotten. Good-night."

She tried to draw up the window, but Orsino held his hand on it.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked again.

"No."

"Are you angry with me still?"

"No."

"Then why" —

"Let me shut the window. Take your hand away."

Her voice was very imperative in the dark. Orsino relinquished his hold on the frame, and the pane ran up suddenly into its place with a rattling noise. There was obviously nothing more to be said.

"Via Nazionale. The signora says you know the house," he called to the driver.

The man looked surprised, shrugged his shoulders after the manner of livery-stable coachmen, and drove slowly off in the direction indicated. Orsino stood looking after the carriage, and a few seconds later he saw that the man drew rein and bent down to the front window as though asking for orders. Orsino thought he heard Maria Consuelo's voice answering the question, but he could not distinguish what she said, and the brougham drove on at once without taking a new direction.

He was curious to know whither she was going, and the idea of following her suggested itself; but he instantly dismissed it, partly because it seemed unworthy, and partly, perhaps, because he was on foot, and no cab was passing within hail.

Orsino was very much puzzled. During the dinner Maria Consuelo had behaved with her usual cordiality, but as soon as they were alone she spoke and acted as she had done in the afternoon. Orsino turned away and walked across the deserted square. He was greatly disturbed, for he felt a sense of humiliation and disappointment quite new to him. Young as he was, he had been accustomed already to a degree of consideration very different from that which Maria Consuelo thought fit to bestow, and it was certainly the first time in his life that a door — even the door of a carriage — had been shut in his face without ceremony. What would have been an unpardonable insult coming from a man was at least an indignity when it came from a woman. As Orsino walked along, his wrath rose, and he wondered why he had not been angry at once.

"Very well," he said to himself. "She says she does not want me. I will take her at her word, and I will not go to see her any more. We shall see what happens. She will find out that I am not a child, as she was good enough to call me to-day, and that I am not in the habit of having windows put up in my face. I have much more serious business on hand than making love to Madame d'Aranjuez."

The more he reflected upon the situation, the more angry he grew, and

when he reached the door of the club he was in a humor to quarrel with everything and everybody. Fortunately, at that early hour, the place was in the sole possession of half a dozen old gentlemen, whose conversation diverted his thoughts, though it was the very reverse of edifying. Between the stories they told and the considerable number of cigarettes he smoked while listening to them, he was almost restored to his normal frame of mind by midnight, when four or five of his usual companions straggled in and proposed baccarat. After his recent successes he could not well refuse to play, so he sat down rather reluctantly with the rest. Oddly enough, he did not lose, though he won but little.

"Lucky at play, unlucky in love," laughed one of the men carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino, turning sharply upon the speaker.

"Mean? Nothing," answered the latter in great surprise. "What is the matter with you, Orsino? Cannot one quote a common proverb?"

"Oh — if you meant nothing, let us go on," Orsino answered gloomily.

As he took up the cards again, he heard a sigh behind him, and, turning round, saw that Spicca was standing at his shoulder. He was shocked by the melancholy count's face, though he was used to meeting him almost every day. The haggard and cadaverous features, the sunken and careworn eyes, contrasted almost horribly with the freshness and gayety of Orsino's companions, and the brilliant light in the room threw the man's deadly pallor into strong relief.

"Will you play, count?" asked Orsino, making room for him.

"Thanks, no. I never play nowadays," answered Spicca quietly.

He turned and left the room. With all his apparent weakness his step was not unsteady, though it was slower than in the old days.

"He sighed in that way because we did not quarrel," said the man whose quoted proverb had annoyed Orsino.

"I am ready and anxious to quarrel with everybody to-night," replied Orsino. "Let us play baccarat, — that is much better."

Spicca left the club alone, and walked slowly homewards to his small lodging in the Via della Croce. A few dying embers smouldered in the little fireplace which warmed his sitting-room. He stirred them slowly, took a stick of wood from the wicker basket, hesitated a moment, and then put it back again instead of burning it. The night was not cold, and wood was very dear. He sat down under the light of the old lamp which stood upon the mantelpiece, and drew a long breath. But presently, putting his hand into the pocket of his overcoat in search of his cigarette case, he drew out something else which he had almost forgotten, a small something wrapped in coarse paper. He undid it, and looked at the little frame of chiseled brass which Donna Tullia had seen him buying in the afternoon, turning it over and over absently, as though thinking of something else. Then he fumbled in his pockets again, and found a photograph which he had also bought in the course of the day, — the photograph of Gouache's latest portrait, obtained in a contraband fashion and with some difficulty from the photographer.

Without hesitation Spicca took a pocket-knife and began to cut the head out, with that extraordinary neatness and precision which characterized him when he used any sharp instrument. The head just fitted the frame. He fastened it in with drops of sealing-wax, and carefully burned the rest of the picture in the embers.

The face of Maria Consuelo smiled at him in the lamplight, as he turned the picture in different ways so as to find the best aspect of it. Then he hung it on a nail above the mantelpiece, just under a pair of crossed foils.

"That man Gouache is a very clever fellow," said Spicca aloud. "Between them, he and nature have made a good likeness."

He sat down again, and it was a long time before he made up his mind to take away the lamp and go to bed.

XIII.

Del Ferice kept his word, and arranged matters for Orsino with a speed and skill which excited the latter's admiration. The affair was not, indeed, very complicated, though it involved a deed of sale, the transfer of a mortgage, and a deed of partnership between Orsino Saracinesca and Andrea Contini, architect, under the style "Andrea Contini and Company," besides a contract between this firm, of the one party, and the bank in which Del Ferice was a director, of the other; the partners agreeing to continue the building of the half-finished house, and the bank binding itself to advance small sums up to a certain amount for current expenses of material and workmen's wages. Orsino signed everything required of him, after reading the documents, and Andrea Contini followed his example.

The architect was a tall man, with bright brown eyes, a dark and somewhat ragged beard, close-cropped hair, a prominent bony forehead, and large, coarsely shaped, thin ears oddly set upon his head. He habitually wore a dark overcoat, of which the collar was generally turned up on one side, and not on the other. Judging from the appearance of his strong shoes, he had always been walking a long distance over bad roads, and when it had rained within the week his trousers were generally bespattered with mud to a considerable height above the heel. He habitually carried an extinguished cigar between his teeth, of which he chewed the thin black end uneasily. Orsino fancied that he might be about eight - and - twenty years old, and was not altogether displeased with his appearance. He was not at all like the majority of his kind, who, in Rome at least, usually affect a scrupulous dandyism of attire and an uncommon refinement of manner. Whatever Contini's faults might prove to be, Orsino did not believe that they would turn out to be those of idleness or vanity. How far he was right in his judgment will appear before long, but he conceived his partner to be gifted, frank, enthusiastic, and careless of outward forms.

As for the architect himself, he surveyed Orsino with a sort of sympathetic curiosity which the latter would have thought unpleasantly familiar if he had understood it. Contini had never before spoken with any personage more exalted than Del Ferice, and he studied the young aristocrat as though he were a being from another world. He hesitated some time as to the proper mode of addressing him, and at last decided to call him "Signor Principe." Orsino seemed quite satisfied with this, and the architect was inwardly pleased when the young man said "Signor Contini" instead of "Contini" alone. It was quite clear that Del Ferice had already acquainted him with all the details of the situation, for he seemed to understand all the documents at a glance, picking out and examining the important clauses with unfailing acuteness, and pointing with his finger to the place where Orsino was to sign his name. At the end of the interview Orsino shook hands with Del Ferice and thanked him warmly for his kindness, after which he and his partner went out together. They stood side by side upon the pavement for a few seconds, each wondering what the other was going to say.

"Perhaps we had better go and look at the house, Signor Principe," observed Contini, in the midst of an

ineffectual effort to light the stump of his cigar.

"I think so, too," answered Orsino, realizing that since he had acquired the property it would be as well to know how it looked. "You see I have trusted my adviser entirely in the matter, and I am ashamed to say I do not know where the house is."

Andrea Contini looked at him curiously.

"This is the first time that you have had anything to do with business of this kind, Signor Principe," he observed. "You have fallen into good hands."

"Yours?" inquired Orsino, a little stiffly.

"No. I mean that Count Del Ferice is a good adviser in this matter."

"I hope so."

"I am sure of it," said Contini, with conviction. "It would be a great surprise to me if we failed to make a handsome profit by this contract."

"There is luck and ill luck in everything," answered Orsino, signaling to a passing cab. The two men exchanged few words as they drove up to the new quarter in the direction indicated to the driver by Contini. The cab entered a sort of broad lane, the sketch of a future street, rough with the unrolled metaling of broken stones, the space set apart for the pavement being an uneven path of trodden brown earth. Here and there tall detached houses rose out of the wilderness, mostly covered by scaffoldings and swarming with workmen, but hideous where so far finished as to be visible in all the isolation of their six-storied nakedness. A strong smell of lime, wet earth, and damp masonry was blown into Orsino's nostrils by the sirocco wind. Contini stopped the cab before an unpromising and deserted erection of poles, boards, and tattered matting.

"This is our house," he said, getting out, and making another attempt to light his cigar.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" asked Orsino, holding out his case.

Contini touched his hat, bowed a little awkwardly, and took one of the cigarettes, which he immediately transferred to his coat pocket.

"If you will allow me, I will smoke it by and by," he said. "I have not finished my cigar."

Orsino stood on the slippery ground beside the stones and contemplated his purchase. All at once his heart sank, and he experienced a profound disgust for everything within the range of his vision. He became suddenly aware of his own total and hopeless ignorance of everything connected with building, theoretical or practical. The sight of the stiff, angular scaffoldings draped with torn straw mattings that flapped fantastically in the southeast wind, the apparent absence of anything like a real house behind them, the blades of grass sprouting abundantly about the foot of each pole and covering the heaps of brown pozzolana earth prepared for making mortar, even the detail of a broken wooden hod before the boarded entrance, — all these things contributed at once to increase his dismay, and to fill him with a bitter sense of inevitable failure. He found nothing to say, as he stood, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the general desolation, but he understood for the first time why women cry for disappointment. And, moreover, this desolation was his own peculiar property, by deed of purchase, and he could not get rid of it. Meanwhile, Andrea Contini stood beside him, examining the scaffoldings with his bright brown eyes, in no way disconcerted by the prospect.

"Shall we go in?" he asked at last.

"Do unfinished houses always look like this?" inquired Orsino, in a hopeless tone, without noticing his companion's proposition.

"Not always," answered Contini cheerfully. "It depends upon the amount of work that has been done,

and upon other things. Sometimes the foundations sink and the buildings collapse."

"Are you sure nothing of the kind has happened here?" asked Orsino, with increasing anxiety.

"I have been several times to look at it since the baker died, and I have not noticed any cracks yet," replied the architect, whose coolness seemed almost exasperating.

"I suppose you understand these things, Signor Contini?"

Contini laughed, and felt in his pockets for a crumpled paper box of waxlights.

"It is my profession," he answered. "And then I built this house from the foundations. If you will come in, Signor Principe, I will show you how solidly the work is done."

He took a key from his pocket and thrust it into a hole in the boarding, which latter proved to be a rough door and opened noisily upon rusty hinges. Orsino followed him in silence. To the young man's inexperienced eye the interior of the building was even more depressing than the outside. It smelt like a vault, and a dim gray light entered the square apertures from the curtained scaffoldings without, just sufficient to help one to find a way through the heaps of rubbish that covered the unpaved floors. Contini explained rapidly and concisely the arrangement of the rooms, calling one cave familiarly a dining-room and another a "conjugal bedroom," as he expressed it, and expatiating upon the facilities of communication which he himself had carefully planned. Orsino listened in silence, and followed his guide patiently from place to place, in and out of dark passages and up flights of stairs as yet unguarded by any rail, until they emerged upon a sort of flat terrace intersected by low walls, which was indeed another floor, and above which another story and a garret were yet to be built to complete the house. Orsino looked gloomily about him, lighted a cigarette, and sat down upon a bit of masonry.

"To me it looks very like failure," he remarked. "But I suppose there is something in it."

"It will not look like failure next month," returned Contini carelessly. "Another story is soon built, and then the attic, and then, if you like, a Gothic roof and a turret at one corner. That always attracts buyers first, and respectable lodgers afterwards."

"Let us have a turret, by all means," answered Orsino, as though his tailor had proposed to put an extra button on the cuff of his coat. "But how in the world are you going to begin? Everything looks to me as though it were falling to pieces."

"Leave all that to me, Signor Principe. We will begin to-morrow. I have a good overseer, and there are plenty of workmen to be had. We have material for a week, at least, and paid for, excepting a few cartloads of lime. Come again in ten days and you will see something worth looking at."

"In ten days? And what am I to do in the mean time?" asked Orsino, who fancied that he had found an occupation.

Andrea Contini looked at him in some surprise, not understanding in the least what he meant.

"I mean, am I to have nothing to do with the work?" added Orsino.

"Oh, as far as that goes, you will come every day, Signor Principe, if it amuses you; though, as you are not a practical architect, your assistance is not needed until questions of taste have to be considered, such as the Gothic roof, for instance. But there are the accounts to be kept, of course, and there is the business with the bank from week to week, office work of various kinds. That becomes, naturally, your department, as the practical superintendence of the building is mine; but you will of course leave it to the steward

of the Signor Principe di Sant' Ilario, who is a man of affairs."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Orsino. "I will do it myself. I will learn how it is done. I want occupation."

"What an extraordinary wish!" Andrea Contini opened his eyes in real astonishment.

"Is it? You work. Why should not I?"

"I must, and you need not, Signor Principe," observed Contini. "But if you insist, then you had better get a clerk to explain the details to you at first."

"Do you not understand them? Can you not teach me?" asked Orsino, displeased with the idea of employing a third person.

"Oh, yes, I have been a clerk myself. I should be too much honored, but — the fact is, my spare time" —

He hesitated, and seemed reluctant to explain.

"What do you do with your spare time?" asked Orsino, suspecting some love affair.

"The fact is — I play a second violin at one of the theatres, and I give lessons on the mandolin, and sometimes I do copying work for my uncle, who is a clerk in the Treasury. You see, he is old, and his eyes are not as good as they were."

Orsino began to think that his partner was a very odd person. He could not help smiling at the enumeration of his architect's secondary occupations.

"You are very fond of music, then?" he asked.

"Eh — yes — as one can be, without talent — a little by necessity. To be an architect one must have houses to build. You see, the baker died unexpectedly. One must live somehow."

"And could you not — how shall I say? Would you not be willing to give me lessons in book-keeping instead of teaching some one else to play the mandolin?"

"You would not care to learn the mandolin yourself, Signor Principe? It is a very pretty instrument, especially for country parties, as well as for serenading."

Orsino laughed. He did not see himself in the character of a mandolinist.

"I have not the slightest ear for music," he answered. "I would much rather learn something about business."

"It is less amusing," said Andrea Contini regretfully. "But I am at your service. I will come to the office when work is over, and we will do the accounts together. You will learn in that way very quickly."

"Thank you. I suppose we must have an office. It is necessary, is it not?"

"Indispensable; a room, a garret, — anything; a habitation, a legal domicile, so to say."

"Where do you live, Signor Contini? Would not your lodging do?"

"I am afraid not, Signor Principe; at least not for the present. I am not very well lodged, and the stairs are badly lighted."

"Why not here, then?" asked Orsino, suddenly becoming desperately practical, for he felt unaccountably reluctant to hire an office in the city.

"We should pay no rent," said Contini. "It is an idea. The walls are dry downstairs, and we need only a pavement, and plastering, and doors and windows, and papering, and some furniture, to make one of the rooms quite habitable. It is an idea, undoubtedly. Besides, it would give the house an air of being inhabited, which is valuable."

"How long will all that take? A month or two?"

"About a week. It will be a little fresh, but if you are not rheumatic, Signor Principe, we can try it."

"I am not rheumatic," laughed Orsino, who was pleased with the idea of having his office on the spot, and

apparently in the midst of a wilderness. "And I suppose you really do understand architecture, Signor Contini, though you do play the fiddle?"

In this exceedingly sketchy way was the firm of Andrea Contini and Company established and lodged, being at the time in a very shadowy state, theoretically and practically, though it was destined to play a more prominent part in affairs than either of the young partners anticipated. Orsino discovered before long that his partner was a man of skill and energy, and his spirits rose by degrees as the work began to advance. Contini was restless, untiring, and gifted, such a character as Orsino had not yet met in his limited experience of the world. The man appeared to understand his business to the smallest details, and could show the workmen how to mix mortar in the right proportions, or how to strengthen a scaffolding at the weak point, much better than the overseer or the master builder. At the books he seemed to be infallible, and he possessed, moreover, such a power of stating things clearly and neatly that Orsino actually learnt from him in a few weeks what he would have needed six months to learn anywhere else. As soon as the first dread of failure wore off, Orsino discovered that he was happier than he had ever been in the course of his life before. What he did was not, indeed, of much use in the progress of the office work, and rather hindered than helped Contini, who was obliged to do everything slowly, and sometimes twice over, in order to make his pupil understand; but Orsino had a clear and practical mind, and did not forget what he had learned once. An odd sort of friendship sprang up between the two men, who under ordinary circumstances would never have met, or known each other by sight. The one had expected to find in his partner an overbearing, ignorant patrician; the other had supposed that his companion would turn out a vulgar, sordid, half-educated builder. Both were equally surprised when each discovered the truth about the other.

Though Orsino was reticent by nature, he took no especial pains to conceal his goings and comings, but, as his occupation took him out of the ordinary beat followed by his idle friends, it was a long time before any of them discovered that he was engaged in practical business. In his own home he was not questioned, and he said nothing. The Saracinesca were considered eccentric, but no one interfered with them nor ventured to offer them suggestions. If they chose to allow their heir absolute liberty of action, merely because he had passed his twenty-first birthday, it was their own concern, and his ruin would be upon their own heads. No one cared to risk a savage retort from the aged prince, or a cutting answer from Sant' Ilario, for the questionable satisfaction of telling either that Orsino was going to the bad. The only person who really knew what Orsino was about, and who could have claimed the right to speak to his family of his doings, was San Giacinto, and he held his peace, having plenty of important affairs of his own to occupy him, and being blessed with an especial gift for leaving other people to themselves.

Sant' Ilario never spied upon his son, as many of his contemporaries would have done in his place. He preferred to trust him to his own devices so long as these led to no great mischief. He saw that Orsino was less restless than formerly, that he was less at the club, and that he was stirring earlier in the morning than had been his wont, and he was well satisfied.

It was not to be expected, however, that Orsino should take Maria Consuelo literally at her word, and cease from visiting her all at once. If not really in love with her, he was at least so much interested in her that he sorely missed the daily half hour or more

which he had been used to spend in her society. Three several times he went to her hotel at the accustomed hour, and each time he was told by the porter that she was at home; but on each occasion, also, when he sent up his card, the hotel servant returned with a message from the maid to the effect that Madame d'Aranjuez was tired and did not receive. Orsino's pride rebelled equally against making a further attempt and against writing a letter requesting an explanation. Once only, when he was walking alone, she passed him in a carriage, and she acknowledged his bow quietly and naturally, as though nothing had happened. He fancied she was paler than usual, and that there were shadows under her eyes which he had not formerly noticed. Possibly, he thought, she was really not in good health, and the excuses made through her maid were not wholly invented. He was conscious that his heart beat a little faster as he watched the back of the brougham disappearing in the distance, but he did not feel an irresistible longing to make another and more serious attempt to see her. He tried to analyze his own sensations, and it seemed to him that he rather dreaded a meeting than desired it, and that he felt a certain humiliation for which he could not account. In the midst of his analysis his cigarette went out, and he sighed. He was startled by such an expression of feeling, and tried to remember whether he had ever sighed before in his life; but if he had, he could not recall the circumstances. He sought to console himself with the absurd supposition that he was sleepy, and that the long-drawn breath had been only a suppressed yawn. Then he walked on, gazing before him into the purple haze that filled the deep street just as the sun was setting, and a vague sadness and longing touched him which had no place in his catalogue of permissible emotions, and which were as far removed from the cold cynicism which he admired in others and affected in himself as they were beyond the sphere of his analysis.

There is an age, not always to be fixed exactly, at which the really masculine nature craves the society of womankind, in one shape or another, as a necessity of existence; and by the society of womankind no one means merely the daily and hourly social intercourse which consists in exchanging the same set of remarks half a dozen times a day with as many beings of the gentle sex, who, to the careless eye of ordinary man, differ from one another in dress rather than in face or thought. There are eminently manly men, that is to say men fearless, strong, honorable, and active, to whom the common five o'clock tea presents as much distraction and offers as much womanly sympathy as they need; who choose their intimate friends among men rather than among women; and who die at an advanced age without ever having been more than comfortably in love, — and of such is the kingdom of heaven. The masculine man may be as brave, as strong, and as scrupulously just in all his dealings, but, on the other hand, he may be weak, cowardly, and a cheat, and he is apt to inherit the portion of sinners, whatever his moral characteristics may be, good or bad.

Orsino was certainly not unmanly, but he was also eminently masculine, and he began to suffer from the loss of Maria Consuelo's conversation in a way that surprised himself. His acquaintance with her, to give it a mild name, had been the first of the kind which he had enjoyed, and it contrasted too strongly with the crude experiences of his untried youth not to be highly valued by him and deeply regretted. He might pretend to laugh at it, and repeat to himself that his Egeria had been but a very superficial person, fervent in the reading of the daily novel, and possibly not even worldly wise; he

did not miss her any the less for that. A little sympathy and much patience in listening will go far to make a woman of small gifts indispensable even to a man of superior talent, especially when he thinks himself misunderstood in his ordinary surroundings. The sympathy passes for intelligence, and the patience for assent and encouragement. A touch of the hand, and there is friendship; a tear, a sigh, and devotion stands upon the stage, bearing in her arms an infant love who learns to walk his part at the first suspicion of a kiss.

Orsino did not imagine that he had exhausted the world's capabilities of happiness. The age of Byronism, as it used to be called, is over. Possibly tragedies are more real and frequent in our day than when the century was young; at all events, those which take place seem to draw a new element of horror from the undefinable, mechanical, prosaic, pseudo-scientific conditions which make our lives so different from those of our fathers. Everything is terribly sudden nowadays, and alarmingly quick. Lovers make love across Europe by telegraph, and poetic justice arrives in less than forty-eight hours by the Oriental Express. Divorce is our weapon of precision, and every pack of cards at the gaming-table can distill a poison more destructive than that of the Borgia. The unities of time and place are preserved by wire and rail in a way which would have delighted the hearts of the old French tragics. Perhaps men seek dramatic situations in their own lives less readily since they have found out means of making the concluding act more swift, sudden, and inevitable. At any rate, we all like tragedy less and comedy more than our fathers did, which, I think, shows that we are sadder and possibly wiser men than they.

However this may be, Orsino was no more inclined to fancy himself unhappy than any of his familiar companions, though he was quite willing to believe that he understood most of life's problems, and especially the heart of woman. He continued to go into the world, for it was new to him; and if he did not find exactly the sort of sympathy he secretly craved, he found at least a great deal of consideration, some flattery, and a certain amount of amusement. But when he was not actually being amused, or really engaged in the work which he had undertaken with so much enthusiasm, he felt lonely, and missed Maria Consuelo more than ever. By this time she had taken a position in society from which there could be no drawing back, and he gave up forever the hope of seeing her in his own circle. She appeared to avoid even the Gray houses where they might have met on neutral ground, and Orsino saw that his only chance of finding her in the world lay in going frequently and openly to Del Ferice's house. He had called on Donna Tullia after the dinner, of course, but he was not prepared to do more, and Del Ferice did not seem to expect it.

Three or four weeks after he had entered into partnership with Andrea Contini, Orsino found himself alone with his mother in the evening. Corona was seated near the fire in her favorite boudoir, with a book in her hand, and Orsino stood warming himself on one side of the chimney-piece, staring into the flames, and occasionally glancing at his mother's calm, dark face. He was debating whether he should stay at home or not.

Corona became conscious that he looked at her from time to time, and dropped her novel upon her knee.

"Are you going out, Orsino?" she asked.

"I hardly know," he answered. "There is nothing particular to do, and it is too late for the theatre."

"Then stay with me. Let us talk." She looked at him affectionately, and pointed to a low chair near her.

He drew it up until he could see her face as she spoke, and then sat down.

"What shall we talk about, mother?" he asked, with a smile.

"About yourself, if you like, my dear. That is, if you have anything you know I would like to hear. I am not curious, am I, Orsino? I never ask you questions about yourself."

"No, indeed. You never tease me with questions; nor does my father, either, for that matter. Would you really like to know what I am doing?"

"If you will tell me."

"I am building a house," said Orsino, looking at her to see the effect of the announcement.

"A house?" repeated Corona in surprise. "Where? Does your father know about it?"

"He said he did not care what I did." Orsino spoke rather bitterly.

"That does not sound like him, my dear. Tell me all about it. Have you quarreled with him, or had words together?"

Orsino told his story quickly, concisely, and with a frankness he would perhaps not have shown to any one else in the world, for he did not even conceal his connection with Del Ferice. Corona listened intently, and her deep eyes told him plainly enough that she was interested. On his part, he found an unexpected pleasure in telling her the tale, and he wondered why it had never occurred to him that his mother might sympathize with his plans and aspirations. When he had finished, he waited for her first word almost as anxiously as he would have waited for an expression of opinion from Maria Consuelo.

Corona did not speak at once. She looked into his eyes, smiled, patted his lean brown hand lovingly, and smiled again before she spoke.

"I like it," she said at last. "I like you to be independent and determined. You might perhaps have chosen a better man than Del Ferice for your adviser. He did something once — Well, never mind. It was long ago, and it did us no harm."

"What did he do, mother? I know my father wounded him in a duel before you were married" —

"It was not that. I would rather not tell you about it, — it can do no good; and after all, it has nothing to do with the present affair. He would not be so foolish as to do you an injury now. I know him very well. He is far too clever for that."

"He is certainly clever," said Orsino. He knew that it would be quite useless to question his mother further, after what she had said. "I am glad that you do not think I have made a mistake in going into this business."

"No, I do not think you have made a mistake, and I do not believe that your father will think so, either, when he knows all about it."

"He need not have been so icily discouraging," observed Orsino.

"He is a man, my dear, and I am a woman, — that is the difference. Was San Giacinto more encouraging than he? No. They think alike, and San Giacinto has an immense experience besides. And yet they are both wrong. You may succeed, or you may fail, — I hope you will succeed, — but I do not care much for the result. It is the principle I like, the idea, the independence of the thing. As I grow old, I think more than I used to do when I was young."

"How can you talk of growing old?" exclaimed Orsino indignantly.

"I think more," said Corona again, without heeding him. "One of my thoughts is that our old restricted life was a mistake for us, and that to keep it up would be a sin for you. The world used to stand still in those days, and we stood at the head of it, or thought we did. But it is moving now, and you must move with it, or you will not only have to give up your place, but you will be left behind altogether."

"I had no idea that you were so modern, dearest mother," laughed Orsino. He felt suddenly very happy and in the best of humors with himself.

"Modern, — no, I do not think that either your father or I could ever be that. If you had lived our lives, you would see how impossible it is. The most I can hope to do is to understand you and your brothers as you grow up to be men. But I hate interference and I hate curiosity, — the one breeds opposition, and the other dishonesty; and if the other boys turn out to be as reticent as you, Orsino, I shall not always know when they want me. You do not realize how much you have been away from me since you were a boy, nor how silent you have grown when you are at home."

"Am I, mother? I never meant to be."

"I know it, dear, and I do not want you to be always confiding in me. It is not a good thing for a young man. You are strong, and the more you rely on yourself the stronger you will grow. But when you want sympathy, if you ever do, remember that I have my whole heart full of it for you. For that, at least, come to me. No one can give you what I can give you, dear son."

Orsino was touched and pressed her hand, kissing it more than once. He did not know whether, in her last words, she had meant any allusion to Maria Consuelo, or whether, indeed, she had been aware of his intimacy with the latter. But he did not ask the question of her nor of himself. For the moment he felt that a want in his nature had been satisfied, and he wondered again why he had never thought of confiding in his mother.

They talked of his plans until it was late, and from that time they were more often together than before, each growing daily more proud of the other, though perhaps Orsino had better reasons for his pride than Corona could have found, for the love of mother for son is more comprehensive, and not less blind, than the passion of woman for man.

F. Marion Crawford.

"HAVE I NOT LEARNED TO LIVE WITHOUT THEE YET?"

Have I not learned to live without thee yet? —
Years joined to scornful years have mocked my pain;
Light-footed joys have proffered transient gain,
And smiled on me, and wooed me to forget;
And lesser loves my pathway have beset
With cheap enticements. Since my heart was fain,
Sometimes I listened, but their boast was vain, —
They had no coin to pay the old time's debt.

And thou? Thou art at rest, and far away
From all the vain delusions of the hour;
Like some forsaken child, I weep by night,
Whilst thou rejoicest in thy perfect day:
Thine is the triumph, thine the immortal power, —
Art thou too glad to mourn for earth's delight?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW STELLAR SYSTEM.

It has become customary, within the last few years, for popular writers upon astronomy to distinguish two branches of that science by the terms "old" and "new." By the old astronomy they understand the investigation of the comparative structure and of the relative places and movements of the bodies composing the universe, so far as this inquiry can be conducted by direct observation of them, or by inference from the facts thus observed. These were the only means of astronomical research available to the ancients, and until a time within the memory of the present generation they still continued to be almost exclusively in use. The principal exception to this rule was formed by the study of variable stars, which had been seriously undertaken by a few observers more than a century ago. In this work, the facts to be observed are the variations in the quantities of light emitted at different times by the stars under examination; and such researches, conducted with no special apparatus except ordinary telescopes, form a connecting link between the old astronomy and the new. But since the ancient astronomers so far entered upon this field as to classify the stars according to their brightness, and also because the observation of variable stars, as above described, does not require special instrumental appliances, it is presumably to be regarded as a part of the old astronomy. The new astronomy is distinguished by its use of new apparatus designed for the measurement or analysis of the light of the stars, and for the discovery of stellar radiations imperceptible by the eye. Photometers, spectroscopes, and, still more recently, the art of stellar photography have been employed in these novel inquiries, with results in the enlargement of our knowledge perhaps as marked as those which were derived, more than two centuries ago, from the invention of the telescope.

Recent writers, in the elation which naturally attends the sudden opening of a path into a new region of discovery, have occasionally expressed themselves as if the old astronomy had accomplished all its work, and had lost its originally attractive and interesting character. But the account here to be given of the discovery of a new stellar system will probably make it appear that those phenomena of the universe which are open to direct observation are not likely as yet to have been fully explored, and especially that a sufficiently acute mind can still extract from them an indefinite series of brilliant conclusions.

A very familiar and yet a highly inspiring experience to the scientific mind is the continual suggestion of new inquiries by the facts developed during the progress of one previously undertaken. Nothing more forcibly exhibits the unbounded extent of the field open to investigation, and the connection of all its parts, however dissimilar they at first appear. From this point of view, some notice of the research which gave rise to that forming our principal subject will be desirable on account of its own interest, as well as because it has led to one still more interesting.

It is a question which for many years has concerned geologists no less than astronomers whether the axis of the earth maintains an invariable position in the earth itself, or shifts from one position to another. This question, which originated in the last century, if not earlier, has no direct reference to the varying direction of the terrestrial axis in space, which has long been observed and understood. But, independent of this admitted change of direction, an-

other may occur as a purely geographical phenomenon, in consequence of which the latitudes of particular places may be changed. If we suppose such a change to proceed indefinitely, the poles might be transported to what is now the torrid zone, and the arctic regions might thus acquire an equatorial position and climate. If the movement were limited to a small amount, it would result in slight variations of latitude, which, without becoming noticeable to mankind in general, might attract the attention of astronomers and geographers.

It has long been suspected that the discrepancies between the results of different determinations of the latitudes of certain observatories were not wholly to be ascribed to errors of observation, but were due to real changes of latitude. However, until within a few years the question remained an open one. More definite knowledge of the subject was then acquired by special series of observations undertaken by German astronomers, from which it seems to be a well-established fact that the latitude of a place is not a fixed quantity, but is subject to perceptible, although small, variations in the course of a few months. To test this conclusion still more thoroughly an expedition was sent to the Hawaiian Islands, where observations upon the latitude were conducted simultaneously with others in Germany. If the north pole at any time actually moves away from Germany, it must move towards those islands, where the latitude must accordingly increase, while it diminishes at German stations. The result of the observations confirmed the belief previously founded upon the European observations alone, and it is now an accepted theory that certain changes of latitude do occur in short periods of time. Whether there is also a slower and more progressive change in the place of the pole still remains to be decided.

The discovery of the new phenomenon naturally increased the interest of older records of observations, in which the nature and progress of former changes in latitude might now be studied. Among those who undertook researches of this kind was the well-known astronomer, Dr. S. C. Chandler, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He reached the very interesting conclusion that the places of the poles describe approximate circles, which at the present day are about fifty feet in diameter, in a period having recently had the length of four hundred and twenty-seven days, but that for the last hundred and fifty years the magnitude of the disturbance has on the whole tended to decrease, while its period has increased. Each successive revolution of the pole now seems to occupy two days more than that preceding it. About 1730 the period was only a year in length, while the circles described by the poles were perhaps a hundred feet in diameter. Previous to 1730 the development of practical astronomy was insufficient to furnish material for the determination of such minute changes, and it is only since 1840 that the course of the variation could be continuously studied.

The ordinary methods of determining the latitude of a place depend upon the observation of the apparent altitudes of stars, and those stars which pass near the zenith of any observer are best adapted for his use in such an investigation. One of the stars which passes near the zeniths of places in southern Europe and in a large part of the United States is that known as Algol, which is remarkable for its periodical variations of light. Partly on account of its convenience as a point of reference in observations of latitude and in other work of a similar kind, and partly on account of the attention drawn to it by its variability, this star has been observed frequently; and the records of these observations, accordingly, formed part of the material examined by Dr. Chandler in his researches into the variation of terrestrial latitudes. His examination

suggested to him that the recorded observations of Algol exhibited variations due to a change of place in the star itself as well as to changes of terrestrial latitude, and from this suggestion he proceeded to the remarkable conclusions some account of which will here be attempted. His previous discovery with regard to latitudes well deserves a much fuller statement in these pages than has just been allowed to it, but it is necessary to select from so much interesting material those portions which seem most decidedly adapted to popular explanation.

Algol is a star in the constellation Perseus, and when above the horizon, during a clear night, is at all times easily visible without a telescope. It was observed, nearly two centuries ago, to be subject to some variation in brightness, and the general course of this variation has been known for more than a hundred years. At intervals somewhat less than three days the star gradually loses, and again recovers, more than half its customary brightness, the process being completed within about nine hours. A plausible explanation of this phenomenon suggested itself as soon as the facts just mentioned had been ascertained. According to this explanation, which has been decidedly confirmed by recent spectroscopic observations in Germany, a large dark body, at a comparatively small distance from Algol, revolves about it in an orbit the plane of which is presented nearly edgewise to a terrestrial spectator. Hence at every revolution of the dark body it passes between Algol and the observer, so as to cut off for the time a portion of the light ordinarily received from the star.

Attentive observation of these changes during the last hundred years has disclosed a variation in the length of the period occupied by the assumed revolution. This variation is too small to exhibit itself in any short series of observations, but its accumulated effects become manifest in time. Such an accumulation may be likened to that of the errors of a timepiece. Suppose that a watch is compared once a month with a clock kept free from error, and that it is found at the beginning of the experiment to be one minute fast, while the three following comparisons show it to be fifty seconds fast, thirty seconds fast, and forty seconds fast. Its rate must obviously have been varying during the period of observation, and yet on any day in the course of that period it might have been carefully compared for a single hour with the standard clock without the detection of any gain or loss whatever. The lapse of three months has shown, however, not merely that the watch does not keep perfect time, but that it is not uniformly gaining or losing. In like manner, now that Algol has been observed for a century, we are able to assert with confidence not merely that the length of its period changes, but that this change is not uniform. The actual difference in the length of the period at different times amounts to only a few seconds; but if the time at which the star should appear faint is computed for an interval of fifty years by means of the average length of one period of its variation in brightness, the error might amount to four hours, although, as will shortly be explained, this would not always be the case. Similar alterations have been noticed in the length of the periods in which some other variable stars go through their changes of brightness, and these alterations have long offered an interesting problem, with no obvious explanation.

From his study of the recorded observations made to determine the apparent place of Algol among the other stars, Dr. Chandler was led to conclude, as has been said, that this place had been subject to gradual changes. On further examination, he found that these changes were apparently related to those which were known to occur in the period of

the star's variation in brightness. This circumstance suggested a highly plausible and interesting explanation of both sets of phenomena, — the alterations in the star's period of variation, and the alterations of its apparent place in the sky.

According to this explanation, Algol is moving in an orbit approximately comparable in its dimensions with that of Uranus about the sun, and not very greatly inclined to the line along which the terrestrial observer looks at it. The time which the star occupies in completely traversing this orbit is about one hundred and thirty years. Its average apparent place in the sky approximately marks the corresponding place of the centre of its orbit; and, since the orbit is seen almost edgewise, the star seems nearly to occupy this central place when it is on the side of the orbit towards the terrestrial spectator, or on the opposite side, about sixty-five years later. At the intermediate points, which it reaches thirty-two and a half years earlier or later, it will accordingly seem as far as may be from its average place. Now, at these points it is obviously moving nearly towards us or away from us. When moving towards us, at each return of its temporary loss of brightness, it is a little nearer to us than on the last previous return of this phenomenon. Hence the light which the star emits reaches us a little sooner than it would have done if the source of light had remained stationary during the interval. The period, therefore, is shortest when Algol is most directly approaching us, and longest when it is receding from us most rapidly. When it is traversing the side of its orbit nearest us, or the opposite side, the period has its average length; and at the same time, as we have seen, the star is nearly in its average place in the sky.

The success of a prediction founded on the average length of the period, and attempting to state the times when the star will appear faintest about sixty-five years later, will depend upon the place of the star in its orbit. If such a prediction is made when Algol is most rapidly approaching us, it will be tolerably correct; for during the first half of the sixty-five years the star will have continued to approach, and its period, consequently, will have been of less than average length; during the second half of the sixty-five years the star will have been receding, and its period will have been of more than average length. Upon the whole, therefore, the period will have been of nearly its average length, so that the assumption on which the prediction was founded will have proved to be correct. But if a similar prediction is made at one of the times when the star is nearest to us or most remote, the period during the ensuing sixty-five years will have been constantly greater or less than it is upon the average, and the prediction will be largely in error. We are, accordingly, to expect the errors of computation from the average length of the period to be greatest when the star holds nearly its average place in the sky, and this was shown by Dr. Chandler actually to occur.

The cause of the movement of Algol in the orbit attributed to it by the new hypothesis remains to be explained, but the explanation is comparatively simple. Algol must be one of a system of revolving bodies, and the only one in that system which is bright enough to be perceptible to us. In the absence of any similar cases, we might be inclined to reject this supposition, on the ground that the sun, which is the brightest body in our own system, is also so much larger than any of the others that it is scarcely affected by any of them in its movements. But the bright stars Sirius and Procyon have long been known to shift their apparent places in a manner which makes it evident that their movements are affected by companions, which, although much fainter, cannot be much less massive. In the case of Sirius, one such companion has actually been discovered

in the position and with the relative movement required by theory; but the companion or companions of Procyon are still known only by inference. Accordingly, the presumption that Algol belongs to the same class of stars, and is attended by massive companions, cannot appear unreasonable.

It may now naturally be asked whether the companion of Algol which is assumed to pass between it and us, and thus to produce its periodical decline of brightness, may not itself be the body which disturbs its motion. A moment's consideration, however, will show the great improbability of this supposition. The period of the mutual revolution of Algol and this close companion is less than three days, instead of one hundred and thirty years; nor can any form of action well be imagined which can cause the second period to arise from the first. But the evidence now before us for the existence of at least one more body belonging to the system tends to strengthen the previous belief that the close companion really exists, and periodically eclipses the bright star.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the theory proposed by Dr. Chandler is the fact that, if it is correct, it supplies means of determining the distance between us and Algol. The differences in the period of the star's variation in brightness, as it approaches the observer or recedes from him, combined with the known velocity of light, enable us to determine the speed with which Algol moves in its orbit. Knowing also the number of years in which the entire orbit is traversed, we may next find the length of that orbit in miles, or in any more convenient unit of length which we may prefer. We also know the apparent displacement of the star in the sky occasioned by its movement. Combining the apparent and the real dimensions of the orbit, we may find the distance of the star by methods familiar to surveyors as well as to astronomers; but it must not be supposed that this distance can be very accurately calculated from the material as yet at hand. The provisional result reached by Dr. Chandler places the star at such a distance from us that light which occupies eight minutes in reaching us from the sun needs more than forty-six years to come to us from Algol. Hence, when the star appears faint, it is not because the occulting body is now between us and it, but because it did pass before it almost half a century ago.

It will easily be understood that the calculations by which the theoretical orbit and distance of Algol have been deduced are by no means of the simple character which has been aimed at in the explanations of the new theory given above. It must also be remembered that every such theory is intended, not as a finality, but rather as a stimulus to further observation. Algol will henceforward be more carefully observed than ever. It remains to be seen whether the period of the star's variation, which has been diminishing, will begin to increase, and when it will again begin to diminish; whether the apparent place of Algol will continue to change in conformity with the theory; and especially whether the distance of the entire system can be determined by the comparison of the place of Algol with that of any faint star in its apparent vicinity during a single year. This is the only method ordinarily available for finding the distance of a fixed star. The observations are often pursued for more than one year, but the change of place to be observed runs through its whole course in that time.

Moreover, the hypothetical distant companion of Algol may not be so absolutely destitute of light as to be beyond the reach of vision. It will be an interesting problem for observers having at their command the most powerful telescopes to search for it in the direction from Algol assigned to it by theory.

Arthur Searle.

PRIVATE LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

II.

THE man-child born into a Roman household, and formally acknowledged by his father, received upon the ninth day that religious *lustratio* which so plainly foreshadowed the rite of Christian baptism. A girl was thus consecrated on the eighth day after her birth. A sacrifice was offered for the infant upon the family altar, or the child was presented in one or more of the temples of the gods, and recommended to their especial protection. As a defense, also, against the evil eye and like mysterious ills, there was hung around the baby's neck, by ribbon or chain, a small locket, — usually heart-shaped or circular, sometimes crescent or cruciform, — made of gold if the parents were wealthy, otherwise of some inferior material, and containing an amulet. This was the *bulla*, of which so many specimens are still to be seen in various museums, and which never fails in the picture of a well-born youth. The custom was probably of Etruscan origin, and applied originally to the children of patricians only; but it was subsequently extended to those of all senators and knights, and eventually to all free-born children. A boy wore his bulla constantly until he received the gown of manhood; a girl hers until her marriage. But the ornament was always carefully cherished, and occasionally resumed; and it is a curious fact that a *triumphator* invariably put on his bulla upon the great day of his public glorification, as a protection against the envy of his fellow-citizens.

There was no such thing as a public registry of births, for civic purposes, before the time of Marcus Aurelius; but a private record of the lustratio appears to have been kept, in most cases, and was sometimes appealed to for purposes of identification. Without attempting here to enter fully into the complex question of Roman nomenclature, it may suffice to say that, from early republican times, we find every free-born Roman male possessed of at least three names: his own individual first name, or *prænomen;* a gentile name, derived from the great *gens*, or clan, to which he belonged; and a *cognomen*, or surname, which more narrowly defined the special branch of the family from which he sprung. A girl's name consisted, in primitive times, of the feminine form of her father's *nomen;* later, of his cognomen, and a personal appellation of her own, which was not, however, very much used. Marriage had originally implied, as with us, the wife's acceptance of her husband's family name; but this had been, in the vast majority of cases, the same as her own. After mixed marriages between the members of different *gentes* became customary, the wife made rather a point of retaining her own family name.

The child received its first instruction at home. Either the mother was the teacher, or, in cases where one or more married sons lived on under the paternal roof, some freedwoman or female relative acted as nursery governess to all the little ones. In this way they were taught reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic and of the laws. But far more important than even this modicum of book-learning was held, at least in the earlier period, that practical education which the child received by association with its elders, and admission, as years went on, into their activities. Thus the girl learned at her mother's side to spin, to weave, and to sew; the boy, of his father or elder brothers, the mysteries of planting and harvesting, of swimming, riding, boxing, and the use of weapons. If the father were a *flamen*, the son was early

trained to assist at sacrifices as his *camillus* (bearer of the sacred vessels). If the mother offered a sacrifice, her daughter acted as *camilla*. Were the father of a station to receive clients in his atrium, his boys stood beside him during the ceremony, and so learned to know the names and faces of his political and social following. In days of family triumph or mourning, when the shrines were opened and the images of the ancestors displayed, the children were always present. They took part in the family meals, when these were simple and there were no guests, and sometimes they helped serve at table.

Very early, also, in the history of Rome we find mention both of boys' and girls' schools. Plutarch seems to imply that even Romulus and Remus went to school in Gabii, and the unhappy Virginia was on her way to school when her precocious beauty attracted the fatal notice of Appius Claudius. Virginia, however, was of plebeian rank, and her mother was dead.

The primary teacher, or *litterator*, was usually a slave or freedman, who acted as private tutor, or instructed a small class in the *pergula*, or veranda, attached to a house or shop. Schooling of this kind was usually paid for by the month, and very poorly paid; insomuch that the litterator had often to eke out his income by some other employment, such as the writing of wills. Under Diocletian, the monthly fees of a primary teacher were limited to fifty *denarii*, rather less than a dollar. The school year consisted of eight months, with a long vacation, comprising July, August, September, and October. There were also special holidays, such as the feast of Minerva and the Saturnalia, New Year's Day, and the 22d of February, the great day of commemoration of the dead.

The substance of what was taught in these primary schools was the same as that which an old-fashioned or more carefully secluded child acquired at home; and this simple instruction, purely practical in its aim, was deemed all-sufficient for the youth of Rome down to the time of the second Punic war. But after that period there grew up an ever-increasing demand for the services of Greek grammarians, who not only taught their own language, but introduced a more scientific method of studying Latin itself; and who succeeded, after a time, in imbuing the Roman mind with something resembling the broad ideal of Greek culture, — that is to say, the harmonious and equal development of all a man's faculties, both physical and mental.

The principal textbook of the Greek *grammaticus* was Homer. The master read aloud, with proper accent and inflection, a passage from the poet, which the pupil must first commit to memory, and afterward be examined in, not merely upon its grammar and prosody, but upon all the various questions in geography, astronomy, history, and mythology which it might suggest. Written exercises had also to be prepared, translations from poetry into prose, and original themes. The criticism of these last must have involved some elementary teaching in rhetoric, but a further pursuit of the various branches of learning comprehended under this head was reserved for the higher schools of the rhetoricians.

The grammatical course was deemed equally appropriate for boys and girls, and a good number of the latter attended the grammar schools, though there was plainly always a preference in favor of home education for them. To get the full benefit even of this amount of instruction, it was needful that the pupil should both understand and speak Greek, and this the children of the wealthy learned to do in infancy from domestic slaves of that nation; just as to-day those of the Russian nobility learn French and English from their nursery governesses. As soon as a boy was old enough to

begin his public education, he was placed under the special charge of a servant, called *pædagogus*, whose business it was to help him prepare his lessons and go with him to school, and who continued to be his personal attendant until he received the *toga virilis*.

Long after this period, however, a young man might, and often did, frequent the schools of rhetoric, which, like the grammar schools, were an importation from Greece, and conducted mainly upon the Greek method, and where music and the higher mathematics were taught, as well as the arts of composition and oratory. Yet it is evident that a dull but deep-seated objection to all this foreign culture lingered throughout the whole republican period, not merely among the masses, but in the minds of enthusiasts for the old Roman spirit and traditions, like the elder Cato; and when Atticus, the friend of Cicero, published a collection of Greek anecdotes, we find Lucullus congratulating him upon the barbarism of some of his expressions, on the ground that it did not become a good Roman to know Greek too well!

Every well-bred Roman boy learned to ride, run, leap, swim, and box, as a necessary preparation for his military service, and the Campus Martius was the place assigned for the practice of these and all other athletic exercises. Under ordinary circumstances, a lad was supposed to have finished his regular schooling by the end of his seventeenth year, at which time, also, he ceased to be *puer*, and became *juvenis*, and liable for military duty. Already, in the vast majority of cases, he had laid aside the *toga prætexta*, worn both by boys and girls of rank, and had been ceremoniously invested by his father or guardian with the *toga virilis*, or plain white garment of manhood. No precise age was fixed for this solemnity, and the time of the year was also optional, although the feast of the Liberalia, which occurred on March 17, was undoubtedly a favorite season. Upon this great occasion, the bulla was first removed from the boy's neck and consecrated to the Lares, and an offering was then made for him in the family chapel; after which, attended by a train of relatives and friends, he was led into the forum and formally presented to the public. His full name was afterward inscribed on the list of citizens kept in the *tabularium* at the Capitol, or among the archives of his province. A sacrifice was offered for him at some public altar, and a banquet followed, accompanied, in the case of imperial or other very distinguished youth, by largess to the people.

After this ceremonious introduction to public life, there usually remained for the young man a finishing year — the *tirocinium* — of special preparation for the calling which he had elected to pursue. If he were to be a lawyer, or aspired to public life, as almost all the law students did, he attached himself to the train of some eminent statesman, — as did Cicero to that of the great augur Q. Mucius Scævola, and Cælius, afterward, to Cicero, — and learned what he could by observation of his manners and methods. If he had chosen the military career, he obtained a place, in some respects resembling that of a staff officer, under some famous general; so that, without being subjected to all the drudgery of a common soldier, he learned the routine of camp life and the duties of a commander. Boys of the middle and lower classes went directly, as they do now, from school to the business of life.

Some uncertainty exists as to the time at which a free-born youth became qualified to vote in the general elections. He was free to marry, to contract debts, to receive a legacy, or to make a will from his fourteenth birthday; but so long as he was *prætextatus* he certainly did not vote. It is altogether likely that the introduction to the forum constituted his political majority, but it must be remembered that the suffrage lost its sig-

nificance after the state was no longer free; that is to say, in those imperial times about which we know so much more than of any others.

Next below the legitimate children, in the hierarchy of a Roman house, ranked the *vernæ*, or domestic slaves born under its roof. There had always been slaves in the Roman commonwealth from the earliest historic period, and the master had legal power of life and death over his human chattels. But the servitude of the olden time, when even a patrician tilled his own fields, with the help of his sons, was practically a light enough order of bondage. The vast majority of masters had only one, or at most two or three slaves, who were treated in some sort as members of the family; sleeping under the same roof, and taking their meals in the same room with the master, if never at the same table. Similar social conditions are wont to mark the modest beginnings of any state, but in the nature of things they cannot endure. A servile population always increases faster than a free one; great towns grow up, and become centres of civic and commercial activity, and the landed proprietor finds it convenient to pass a part or the whole of the year in them, leaving the main business of agriculture to his rustic dependents. Small freeholds are also gradually absorbed in extensive estates, which are worked by great gangs of laborers, under the supervision of men who have risen from their own ranks; while habits of luxury and ostentation grow fast among the privileged class, and call for armies of domestic servants with highly specialized functions. All these changes were either accomplished or in rapid process of accomplishment in the Roman state by the year of the city 550; that is to say, two centuries before the Christian era. The dominant passion of the race for foreign conquest had also its influence in developing the institution of slavery. On the one hand, a slave could not be drafted into the army, wherefore his services were all the more indispensable in every department of home industry; on the other, among the countless prisoners taken in foreign war, and thereby reduced to slavery, there were many from highly civilized Greece and the farther Orient, who were capable of instructing their comparatively rude conquerors not merely in the finer arts and crafts, but in every department of human knowledge, whence it came to pass that a large majority both of the skilled workmen of Rome, and of the teachers, readers, and amanuenses employed by the wealthy who aspired to culture, were slaves of foreign extraction.

The first step in the social revolution thus accomplished was the division of a man's slaves into the *familia rustica* and the *familia urbana*, a classification corresponding roughly to that of our negro slaves into field and house hands; while exactly the same notion of degradation was involved in the transfer of a member of the latter department to the former. Meanwhile the rural slaves worked under overseers, risen for the most part from their own rank, who were almost of necessity hard and cruel, and they were often little better lodged than the beasts for which they cared. Now and then there would be a fanciful and kind-hearted master like the younger Pliny, who piqued himself on having made the slave quarters in his Laurentian villa "nice enough for guests;" but it may be taken for granted that such philanthropists were not exceptionally numerous in ancient Rome.

The modest corps of house servants maintained by a distinguished Roman in the earlier time had been headed by an *atriensis*, or steward, who also kept the house accounts. Later, when the style of living had grown more elaborate, his duties were divided, and the atriensis became a mere major-domo, who had enough to do in exercising a general supervision over the arrangements of the dwelling itself. The ever-increasing

crowd of menials under him fell into different classes, each with a sub-intendant or overseer of its own. The *cubicularii* performed the duties of housemaids; the *tricliniarii* took charge of the dining-rooms; the *supellecticarii* kept the furniture and tableware in order; the *culinarii* were kitchen drudges. Those who served the bath formed another distinct class, and the functions of valet and lady's-maid were distributed among a score of specialists. There were pages, more or less pampered, to run on errands; an *invitator* to summon guests, and other slaves whose special duty it was to wait upon the latter; while the *ostiarius*, or porter, was frequently chained in the vestibule, like a dog. Were the master of an artistic or literary turn, he would have *servi a bibliotheca*, *a pinacotheca*, and *a statuis*, for the care of his books, pictures, and statuary; to say nothing of copyists and amanuenses, runners to carry his letters, and readers to defend him from *ennui*, at his meals, in the bath, or in bed. The number of attendants who should accompany a great man or a great lady when going abroad was matter of lively emulation, especially in respect to the slaves who bore the litter, who wore brilliant liveries, and were usually Syrians or Cappadocians of unusual stature.

Out of this army of functionaries only a limited number were likely to be vernæ, and these were usually trained for the personal service of the children of the house, and shared many of their educational advantages; so that we find the freedman who had been verna always holding himself distinctly superior to other manumitted slaves.

A highly prized slave was occasionally set free by the pure grace of his master, or in gratitude for some signal service, either during the lifetime of the latter, or after his death by his will. The right of the slave was also practically recognized to his own small *peculium*, or savings, and these might be applied to the purchase of his freedom; but their accumulation, very slow at best, was yet further hindered by the master's claim upon the little horde for making good certain pecuniary injuries which he might sustain through the slave. After the number of bondmen had so increased that one man often owned many thousand souls, it became advantageous to educate them wholesale in trades and crafts for which they might show an aptitude, and then let out their services; and occasionally the master directly advanced the capital for setting his slave up in business, allowing the latter a share of the profits, out of which he might hope some day to buy his freedom.

The common punishment for a refractory slave was beating. If a runaway were caught — as he could hardly fail to be, since there were extremely heavy penalties for harboring or assisting him — he was branded, and either fettered, or had an iron collar, like a dog's, forged for his neck. In aggravated cases, he was at once turned into the amphitheatre or otherwise put to death; and if he attempted to take personal vengeance upon his master for any wrong whatsoever, his whole family shared his fate; the regular form of capital punishment for a slave being crucifixion, under the most ignominious and agonizing circumstances.

The institution of slavery reached its greatest development in Rome in the last century of the republic, when slave traders and slave markets flourished both in the capital itself and in all the great ports visited by Roman ships. Already, however, in the early days of the empire, the spread of philosophic and humanitarian ideas had softened the theory of human servitude and modified the slave's position. Marriage was made legal for him; he was empowered to testify in certain courts, and to lodge complaints of cruelty; kind masters, like Pliny, respected the provisions of his will; under Claudius, if his master abandoned him when he was old or ill, he was

thereby set free; under Hadrian, the wanton slaughter of a slave by his master was forbidden; under Constantine, the crime was made one of homicide. And thus, at last, with the formal conversion of the world to Christianity the long-declining slave system of Rome received its death-blow.

So much for the position and mutual relations of the ordinary members of a Roman household, or what may be called the inner family circle. But there was a sense in which the Roman family might be said to include an indefinitely larger number of persons, and to this outer circle belonged the authorized guests of a house, its clients, and its freedmen. The term *hospitium* embraced not merely the spontaneous welcome to bed and board of a man's personal friends, but a sort of contract for mutual hospitality, written or otherwise attested, which might be made either between two communities, or between two individuals on behalf of themselves and their dependents, or even between an individual and a community. This custom was one of extreme antiquity in Italy, older certainly than the rise of the Roman people. The contract was drawn up, attested by a hand-shake or a formula of words, and accurately recorded; and it remained binding upon the posterity of the contracting parties until formally and publicly annulled. *Hospitia privata*, contracts, that is, for mutual hospitality between individuals, were sometimes engraved upon bronze tablets, and either inserted in the wall of the atrium or suspended upon it. Usually, however, a simpler device was employed by private persons. The would-be guest presented a small engraved ticket, or *tessera*, like that which admitted to the theatres, of which the host had a duplicate; and he was at once made welcome to the privileges of the house. He was given a bath and a meal, an offering was made for him at the family altar, he was assigned a bed, and he became thenceforth, for an indefinite period, to all intents and purposes a member of the family. So far from fretting under this as an imposition, the great Roman statesman was ambitious to harbor as many such guests as possible, and it was a matter of policy with him to look well after their comfort and interests, that he might thus increase his prestige in the provinces and abroad.

Originally, and always so long as the state remained free, the relation of client and patron was also a sufficiently honorable one; resting, like that of guest and host, on pledges of mutual service. There was this difference, however, between the position of a client and that of the legal guest: that the latter was a free citizen in his own community, while the former had usually no civic rights whatever. Either he was in banishment from his native place, or he belonged to a tribe or city which had been vanquished, and so disfranchised, or he was a freedman whose manumission gave him no political status. In each case, he needed the protection of some powerful personage, and was only too glad, in return for the same, to take the name of his patron, engaging to fight his battles both at home and abroad, and to assist him out of his own private means — if he had any — when extraordinary payments, as of ransom or dowry, were to be made. Client and patron might neither accuse nor testify against each other in the courts, and it was a capital offense, by the laws of the Twelve Tables, for a patron to betray his client's interests. It was no uncommon thing for the entire population of a conquered city or state to seek such protection of the general who had subdued them, and of his descendants. Thus the Marcelli became the hereditary patrons of the Sicilian towns, the Fabii of the Allobrogian, Cato Uticensis of the island of Cyprus, and so on.

The *libertus*, or freedman, either continued to reside in his patron's house and perform his old functions, or he was endowed by the latter with capital for

starting in business, or with some small freehold property. In case of the subsequent impoverishment of either party, they were still bound to assist each other. The patron always paid for the funeral of his freedman, was his legal heir if he died childless, and the *ex officio* guardian of his children if he left any under age.

The relations of patron and freedman remained virtually the same throughout the imperial period; those of patron and client altered materially, and from a moral point of view very much for the worse. When the number and strength of a patron's following had ceased to have any political significance, and no longer increased his importance in the state, it became largely a matter of senseless ostentation on the one side, and self-interested sycophancy on the other. The hangers-on of a great man received their maintenance, and in most instances this was all they wanted. They were of every rank and condition: men of letters, from whom a certain tribute was expected in the way of flattery; adventurers and professional legacy-hunters; scions of great families, who had early run through their patrimony; the idle of every grade, with a tatterdemalion fringe of the congenitally and hopelessly poor. A few favored individuals out of this motley regiment might be invited to the patron's own table; but all claimed as their right, and regularly received, one substantial meal a day, or its equivalent in money. Sometimes the clients *en masse* were regaled at a public table, where the viands were supplied by a contractor at so much a head. This was, originally at least, an exceptional arrangement for days of public rejoicing, as when Julius Cæsar, on the occasion of his triumph in 46 B. C., entertained the entire male population of Rome at twenty-two thousand tables. A more common custom was to appoint a place where a species of dole was distributed daily to all the *clientèle*. This dole consisted, at first, of food only; later, it was replaced by a money payment, amounting, on an average, to about ten dollars a month. On special occasions, like the patron's birthday, a larger sum was given, and Martial mentions one such when the amount was trebled; but he adds contemptuously that the donor's origin was so obscure that it was doubtful whether he had a right to a birthday at all! On the other hand, if the great man were ill and could not receive his clients, there appears to have been no distribution; but even so a client who managed to make a number of successive salutations, and to keep well with several patrons, as many did, might secure without further exertion a modest maintenance for a rising family.

Passing now from the domestic habits and indoor arrangements of a Roman of condition to his means of locomotion, and the consequent power of obtaining change of scene, when this was needful, we find that when Rome was at the summit of her power the entire extent of the empire was provided with a system of public highways which rendered communication between its different parts easy and comparatively rapid. The model for all these mighty roads was the oldest and most frequented of them all, the Via Appia, which led southward from Rome, and was built in 312 B. C. by Appius Claudius, at a cost, so it was said, of about six thousand dollars the English mile. It was wide enough for two teams to pass, and paved with imported stones as broad as the way itself, and so accurately fitted that no joining was perceptible. It seems hardly probable that all the Roman highroads were as magnificently constructed as the Appian Way, yet the time made by the government post does not appear greatly to have varied on the different routes, and it was everywhere much the same as that of the modern *diligence*.

No public provision was made for private travelers, their needs being met

by individual enterprise. There were men in most of the Italian cities who let out *rhedæ*, which were roomy four-wheeled carriages, and *cisia*, a species of light two-wheeled gig, rather like the *bagherino* of modern Tuscany, as well as the horses to draw them. The offices of these were just without the city gates (for driving within the walls, except in the case of the vestals, was almost unknown), and here the bargain was made, either for changing carriage and horses from stage to stage, or for making the whole journey with the same team. No doubt a man might also use his own conveyance, if he had one, providing it with horses or mules hired along the road.

In the latter days of the republic great pomp began to be affected by wealthy travelers, and this increased to such a pitch that Nero's regular train consisted of a thousand wagons, while Poppæa took with her five hundred she-asses for convenience of bathing in their milk, and had horses shod with gold. "Everybody travels, nowadays, with a troop of Numidian cavalry in front, and a band of scouts sent on ahead," is the satirical observation of Seneca. "They all have mules loaded with vessels of glass and *murrha* and sculptured work of famous craftsmen, for it would be beneath a man's dignity to load his packs with stout articles which would bear knocking about."

The traveler of consequence always avoided, if possible, passing a single night at an inn. On the incessantly frequented route from Rome to Naples, he was almost sure to have either a villa of his own, or a friend whose hospitality he might demand. Failing these, he would take tents along and camp out, particularly in summer time; and doubtless it was the absence of distinguished patronage which made the inn of those days both so comfortless and so cheap. It is certain, however, that places of public entertainment, such as they were, existed all along the most frequented roads of the empire, and that in some cases they were aided from the public treasury. Proprietors in the neighborhood often built them on speculation, letting them to landlords, or managing them through their own slaves. At certain places there would be a choice of inns, and Horace remarks on the rival establishments of Forum Appii.

Popinæ, or restaurants, both those where a regular table was laid, and the humbler kind where a lunch was taken standing, are mentioned so often as to lead us to infer that the fashion of renting furnished rooms and going out for one's meals was as common in ancient Rome as it is in Latin countries now. At the rural inns it was customary to pay an inclusive sum for board and lodging; and indeed one hardly sees how items could have been specified, when the total bill amounted to a half *as* (about seven tenths of a cent), which Polybius says was the regular charge, in his day, for a night's entertainment in the inns of Cisalpine Gaul.

Highway robbers abounded in the outlying provinces of the empire, and in all mountainous and forest regions; but those who went southward from Rome by day, during the first century of our era, were in general safe enough, owing to the very press of travel upon the road. There was a constant succession of those caravans described by Seneca, whose owners aped imperial luxury. The expense thus incurred was often literally ruinous, and many of those who had thus flaunted upon the road ended their days as gladiators, a profession which Nero had made rather fashionable.

Great stress was laid upon travel as putting a finishing touch to the education of a distinguished youth, whose mind was supposed to be expanded by the mere sight of novel scenes; and rich young Romans were continually sent to study for a year or more in the famous schools of Greece. Thither, too, went the Roman of leisure, either as a reli-

gious pilgrim to some famous temple or shrine, or as a mere tourist; for every self-respecting citizen of the later republic felt that he ought once, at least, to have seen the beautiful monuments of the elder land. Relics of demigods and heroes, particularly those which claimed connection with that great epic war under the walls of Troy which had led to the building of Rome, were objects of especial interest and awe.

But while the Roman of the Augustan age had often a cultivated and even critical taste in matters of art, his enjoyment of the beauties of nature was much more limited. Those grander scenes and phenomena of the outer world which are so thrilling to the modern mind were for the most part uncomfortable and repugnant to him, though there are examples of landscape art which warn one against too sweeping a statement. Certain of the gentler aspects and humbler charms of nature, cool springs with mossy banks, broad green meadows, quiet sheets of water, shady groves, and fair garden-beds, he did love intensely, and such he would have about his country home, or if, like Atticus, he were rich enough, even inside the city; but his villa was his first extravagance, and always his peculiar pet and pride. It is difficult to say how many distinct country properties a Roman of rank might not possess. If Cicero and Pliny, who have told us so much about their various installations, are to be taken as representatives, one would say that four or five huge country-seats and as many lesser villas would be a moderate allowance, while the dates of the letters of these two show how incessantly they moved from one place to another. Sometimes, no doubt, they did so at the bidding of their affairs; often they were impelled by mere restlessness and love of change.

"Hence are vague journeys undertaken," says Seneca in his discourse on Tranquillity of Soul, "and divers coasts are visited; but everywhere, whether on land or on sea, we discover that levity of mind which is always disgusted with the present. Now we seek Campania, and anon, aweary of its delicacies, we make for the wilderness, and explore the forests of Bruttium and Lucania. But the craving for something pleasant revives in the desert, and we must needs have some relief from the tedious squalor of those rude spots. Tarentum is the place! We praise its harbor, its exquisite winter climate, and its fine old mansions. Finally we bend our steps toward the City of Cities. Too long have our ears missed the din of its streets, the plaudits of its theatre. We are ready even for a taste of human blood. Thus journey follows journey, and scene succeeds scene; and so it is, as the poet Lucretius says, that 'every man would from himself escape.'"

Nearly all we know of the funerals of the earliest period is that they invariably took place at night. Later, when there had come to be much emulation in the matter of funeral expense and display, the obsequies of distinguished people, at least, were often celebrated in the daytime; and it was reserved for the Emperor Julian to prescribe a return to the solemn custom of old by an edict beginning with the simple words, "Death is rest, and night is the time for rest." The lighted torch, however, always held its place in the ceremonial, as it does for the most part in Latin countries to this day, and thus it became the symbol both of wedding and of burial.

Grand public funerals were the exclusive privilege of eminent men and the scions of great families, and the funeral procession was so arranged as to offer an opportunity for the most pompous exhibition of wealth, political honors, and long descent. When a man of rank, whether a patrician or one of the official nobility, had breathed his last, his eyes were closed by the nearest of

his by-standing relatives, while the rest lifted up the *conclamatio*, or traditional cry of lament, "Ave atque vale!" (Hail and farewell!) The friends then retired, and the body was left in the hands of professional undertakers, who washed, anointed, and robed it richly, set between its teeth a coin to pay the ferryman Charon, and laid it on a couch of state in the atrium of the dwelling, with feet turned toward the entrance door. Incense was then burned all about, either in trays or upon miniature altars, and flowers were used in profusion. The insignia of office of the deceased, if he had filled public offices, were displayed, and the crowns, if any, which he had won in the public games, or which had been decreed him by the Senate for triumphs upon the sterner field of war. Boughs of cypress or pine were hung up in the vestibule as a token of mourning, and the lying in state lasted from three to eight days, during which time the corpse was visited by kindred, clients, and friends. If the interment or cremation were to be private, the remains were then quietly taken away. Otherwise a herald summoned those who were expected to join the procession by the solemn and immemorially ancient formula: "Ollus Quiris leto datus. Exsequias, quibus est commodum, ire jam tempus est. Ollus ex ædibus effertur." The order of the procession was thereupon arranged by a master of ceremonies, called a *designator*, and it closely resembled a triumphal march. First came a band of music, with trumpets, pipes, and horns, and immediately after this the hired female mourners intoning a sonorous elegy on the deceased. Next, exactly as in the procession which introduced the games of the circus, came dancers and mimes, to whom a singular freedom of speech and action, and even of jest, was allowed. In the fourth place came the most significant and imposing part of the whole stately ceremony, the procession of ancestors in their images or likenesses. When a man of note died, a wax mask was immediately taken of his features, and colored in exact resemblance to his look in life and health. This mask was affixed to a bust of wood or marble, inclosed in a marble or alabaster shrine, and set up in the atrium of the deceased. On the occasion of a public funeral, these wax masks were removed, or fac-similes of them were made, and worn by professional actors hired for the occasion, who might resemble the distinguished dead in stature, and strive further to impersonate them in dress and action. The dead man seemed thus to be accompanied and ushered to his rest by a guard of honor composed of all his famous forbears. Nor was family pride always content with the images of historic personages merely, but mythical ancestors were also introduced, and Tacitus tells us that Æneas and all the kings of Alba Longa walked in the funeral train of Drusus. The same great writer has left us one of his most thrilling descriptions of the funeral, sixty-four years after the battle of Philippi, of the aged Junia, niece of Cato, wife of Cassius, and sister of Marcus Brutus. "The images of twenty most illustrious families were carried before her," he says, "but Brutus and Cassius were conspicuous" (nay, his word is stronger, —*præfulgebant*, were illustrious) "by their absence;" being still under attainder on account of their complicity in the death of Cæsar.

After the ancestors followed the memorials of the dead man's public achievements; then torch-bearers and lictors with lowered *fasces;* and after these the body itself, borne by the sons upon a bier in early times, but subsequently extended upon a car of state, clad in magnificent robes, or inclosed in a hearse, which was surmounted by a sitting effigy of the deceased. Last walked the mourners, all in black, — the women without ornaments, the men without any insignia of office; the sons with veiled

faces; the daughters unveiled, but with streaming hair; freedmen, and slaves who might have been liberated by the will of the deceased, — the latter with shaven heads, — clients, friends, the public generally, just as in a funeral of to-day. Custom imposed no check on the expression of grief, and flowers and severed locks of hair were freely scattered upon the passing bier.

If there were to be a public oration, the funeral procession moved first to the forum, where the speech was delivered. In other cases, an informal eulogy was delivered at the place of interment or cremation, which was almost invariably outside the city walls. All the great highways leading out of Rome had come, in the last centuries of the state, to be lined with family tombs, some of them of vast extent and of infinite splendor. Certain noblemen had private burial-places of great beauty, shady with trees or gay with flower-beds and fountains, upon their suburban estates; and slaves and other dependents of the family were laid, humbly, indeed, and at a respectful distance, but within the same precinct as their betters. The tomb was conceived of as at least the temporary dwelling-place of the dead, and was often very richly furnished. The walls were frescoed; there were lamps and candelabra, both for illumination and decoration, and vases of beautiful shape and workmanship adorned the walls. The warrior had his weapons beside him, the civil officer his badges, the great lady her ornaments and toilet articles, the child its toys. All these things helped to give the tomb a home-like appearance, both on the grievous day of burial, and on those subsequent days when religious services were held there in memory of the dead. The remains were either simply deposited with the couch on which they had been carried to the grave, or they were inclosed in one of those sculptured sarcophagi of which so many beautiful examples are still to be seen.

The religious rites which followed included both a consecration of the new resting-place and a purification of the bereaved relatives from their contact with death. A nine days' mourning followed, and was concluded by an offering to the *manes* and a funeral feast; after which the black robes were laid aside, and the ordinary activities of life resumed. If there were funeral games, these too were celebrated originally on the ninth day.

In cases of cremation, the simpler and probably older fashion was to excavate a grave, three or four feet deep, and fill it with fuel. This was a *bustum*. The corpse was extended upon it, the fuel kindled; the bones and ashes fell into the cavity with the coals of the dying fire, and the former were subsequently collected in an urn, which was set in the midst of the ashes. The earth was then filled in and heaped above in a *tumulus*, or barrow, and the place was inclosed. Cremation upon the *rogus*, or funeral pyre, was a much more stately and costly affair. It took place upon unconsecrated ground, but near the family burial-place. The pyre was often of elaborate and artistic construction, and all manner of articles of luxury, spices, garments, ornaments, and rich wares of every kind were laid thereon by friends, as last gifts to the deceased, and consumed in the general conflagration. The coals were then quenched with water or wine, and a few days' exposure to the Italian sun and air sufficed to dry the ashes, which were collected in an urn or other *cinerarium* and deposited in the tomb before the end of the nine days' mourning.

Such were the obsequies of the rich and great. The masses laid their dead away silently, as they have done in all time. For the comparatively well to do there were the vast systems of *columbaria*, associated in our minds chiefly with their hallowed usage by Christians in the catacombs, but originally a pagan

fashion, dating from early Roman times. These columbaria were often constructed and owned by joint-stock companies, who undertook to keep them in order, and sold or let the separate niches as required. Or a great nobleman would build a columbarium for the reception of his slaves, by way of adjunct to the family tomb, as may still be seen in the burying-place of the Volusii, near Perugia. For the very poor there were simply vast common pits, into which the bodies were flung, uncoffined, while the remains of malefactors, even in Horace's time, were exposed, unburied, to the action of the elements and to the birds and beasts of prey.

All through the republican period, and probably from yet earlier times, a vast common burial-ground extended outside the Viminal and Esquiline gates of Rome. Mæcenas seems to have been the first to appropriate to private uses a portion of this ancient cemetery, which he transformed into a garden or park. His example was followed by Pallas, a freedman of Claudius, and by others, until the whole region became a place of gardens, like the Pincian, and the recent dead were probably pushed further afield.

As between burial and cremation, the former was the ancient Oscan and Latian practice, and the innate prejudices of the Latin race appear always to have been in its favor; but the two customs flourished side by side in Rome from an early historic period. The expansion of the city and the vast increase in its population created powerful sanitary reasons in favor of cremation, but certain great families, like the Cornelii, stood out against it to the end. The underlying thought in burial appears to have been that of deep rest on the bosom of the common mother; in burning, that of consuming the corruptible flesh in sacrifice, while the spirit ascended in vapor to the heaven out of which it came. The latter idea seems, at first sight, the more pious of the two; but their full belief in the resurrection of the body caused it to be rejected by the early Christians, and with the conquest of the Roman Empire by Christianity the burning of man's mortal relics went wholly out of use.

It remains to say a word concerning Roman feasts and services in commemoration, one might almost say in worship, of the dead. These were numerous and religiously observed, some public and some private. To the former belong the Parentalia, which lasted from the 13th to the 21st of February inclusive. Their celebration began with a service of the vestal virgins at the grave of Tarpeia, and while they continued the temples were closed, magistrates laid aside the badges of their office, and weddings, as we have seen, might not take place. We seem to hear an echo of the priestly functions performed on these occasions in the voice which weekly, in every Roman Catholic church, entreats the charity of common prayer for those "whose anniversaries occur about this time." Over and above the public rites there were many private services in memory of the departed, feasts like the so-called Rosalia, occurring in the spring or early summer, when flowers are most abundant, when friends were invited to partake of a simple banquet of bread and wine, eggs and vegetables, at the tomb of the deceased; when roses or violets were distributed to the guests, to be laid upon the grave, and offerings were made there of water, wine, warm milk, honey, or oil. There exists the fragment of a funeral stone, the inscription upon which provides that the sleeper shall be commemorated by sacrifices four times in each year, namely, "on the anniversary of his birthday, on rose day and on violet day, during the general Parentalia, and on the kalends, nones, and ides of every month."

Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.

WHITMAN.

It is the complaint of fate that the dead actor lives but in the dying memories of the few thousands whom he moved to tears and laughter; anecdotes, recorded testimonies, diaries, fail to give posterity any echo of the voice or shadow of the gesture. Kean, Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, all fade into darkness, yet Hamlet, Lear, Lady Macbeth, come forward into increasing brightness of day. The personality of a poet during his lifetime may impress those who are brought into close connection with him, but the impression which he makes upon them is dissipated unless it finds essential expression in his work. It is like rhythm. If to a delicate ear a measure refuses to sing itself, it is in vain that we are told how melodiously it fell from the poet's lips. The chant must be in the verse, not in the singer.

It is a test of this sort which must finally be applied to the author of Leaves of Grass. The facts of his life undoubtedly help in accounting for him, and the evidence of eye-witnesses will have value, but his biography and the discourse of his contemporaries must give place to the collection of his verse and prose. By that he will be measured, and in attempting anything like an estimate in the spring when he died it is better to rely upon his books than to listen too attentively to friends or enemies. Yet one agreement between Leaves of Grass and the reports of acquaintance is too manifest to be disregarded, for it points to a fundamental fact, — the fact of Whitman's magnificent physical presence. A member of the Contributors' Club in this number of The Atlantic deftly intimates this, and one who had never seen the man, but has read Song of Myself, feels the force of a tremendous physical energy in the throbbing lines.

It is impossible to get away from this expression of a conscious superabundance of physical energy. From the moment he bursts forth with the words,

> "I celebrate myself, and sing myself,"

to the final whisper in which his mystical presence is promised to all who have the resolution and faith to receive the gift of the personality which he offers, there is a continuous stream of influence from a body which has somehow managed to find an articulate voice. The tune to which all this is sung is insolently characterized by the singer as a barbaric yawp; and inasmuch as the whole piece may be vulgarly summed up in the phrase "letting off steam," the mocking reader may easily persuade himself that he is listening to that vibrant attachment known on river steamboats as a calliope, an instrument whose sounds always seem to aim lower than the ear. Yet even the most unsympathetic listener is arrested now and then by lines which do perfect duty, as in that balancing, swaying fifteenth number, where a procession of persons of all sorts and conditions move in a sort of rude Shaker dance. What could be better in its way than this?

> "The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp."

The verse is not subtle, nor very penetrating, nor always even picturesque, yet if one gets into the swing the accumulation of figures produces a certain largeness of effect which serves the purpose of the poet.

It is not, however, the outside human show which is the most intimate expression of this chant. The reader is constantly called back to the prime intention of the singer, which is to celebrate himself, and to turn the subject into an

object. Now, if any one thing can be asserted of this child of nature, it is that he was literary. We know this is regarded as an heretical opinion, and that Whitman is held to stand outside of the literary class; but we do not see how his work can be explained on any other ground than as the production of a man conscious of his vocation as a writer, and instinctively seeking to record, to shape, to handle words as material for artistic construction. The very form which he adopted and used almost exclusively was a deliberate attempt at an adequate mode of expressing large, elemental ideas. It was not so much a revolt against conventionalism as it was an effort at construction upon new and fitting lines. Whitman thought he had a new song to sing, and he wished to employ a new mode. He got his hint, apparently, from Ossian, but once he had fairly possessed himself of the trick he used it persistently, because it best answered his purpose; and when one considers the large amount of verse which he wrote, and how it is almost uniformly cast in the mould of unrhymed, irregular stanzas, it is clear that in this style must be sought the man.

We are helped to some understanding of him by a consideration of the fullest use which he made of his favorite measure, and of the almost solitary instance in which he departed from it. We think a candid reader will admit that, as a wielder of this swinging line, Whitman is at his best precisely in those passages which celebrate man in his most sensuous organism.

> "If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred,"

he says in one passage, and his poetic enthusiasm, his verbal passion, his glow of feeling, are expended upon this subject to a degree not to be found elsewhere. In a word, this theme inspires him because he is intoxicated with physical life, with the sense of bodily power, with the elemental force which lies hidden, profound, prophetic, in the human body. The rush of words, the swing of the lines, the exultant shout of the stanzas, all testify to this overwhelming flood of physical self-consciousness bearing him along. He had theories, and these theories were not wholly formulated later to account for his work; but we doubt if in these passages he was very much affected intellectually by prior considerations and meditations. "I permit to speak," he says in his jargon, "at every hazard, nature without check, with original energy."

Now, this revel of life instinctively demands freedom of expression, and the form which Whitman adopted perfectly met his need, and is seen in whatever perfection it may attain in just such passages. Consciousness of power, entirely self-centred, exults in manifestation. Why then do we protest against it? Why does this portion of Whitman's work turn our stomachs, unless we approach it armed with the philosophic mind? Simply because there is a profounder law which rises silently, majestically, to view, the law of restraint, the law of sacrifice, the law of obedience, — the law, in a word, of self-forgetfulness. And here comes to view an attestation in Whitman's own work. It is little to say, for the whole world has said it, that no single production from his pen has been so moving, so universally accepted for his one great contribution to the world's literature, as his lines on Lincoln's death, O Captain! My Captain! This lyric is by no means rigidly constructed. It reads, to those who do not know another line of Whitman's, like the song of a singer too overwhelmed with grief to be curious about the structure of his verse, yet instinctively faithful to the larger laws of poetic composition. To those, on the other hand, who do know Whitman's work, and recognize the fact that perhaps in only one other instance, Ethiopia Saluting the Colors,

does he make use of rhymed form, this lyric flung out at Lincoln's death gives rise to another thought. In this little poem is concentrated that other passion which divides the empire with himself, his passion for America ; and here, in a supreme moment, Whitman rises — and it is a great height for such a nature — absolutely above himself. The law of selfhood gives place for one moment of light to the law of self-forgetfulness ; all thought, all emotion, is fixed upon that great figure which carries the passion of the nation, and the poet who has heretofore deliberately and consciously used a form which stands for unchecked nature, now, we almost dare to say unconsciously, yields to the law of restraint, and casts his dirge, with all its mingling of triumph and grief, into a form which is both musical and humbly obedient to the laws of lyrical composition. The flaws merely intimate the force of old habit.

The style of the most characteristic portions of Leaves of Grass, once formed, became by choice, and still in accordance with the author's nature, the style which he preserved for all of his poetic work. It was, only in a less degree, consonant with the attitude of Whitman toward nature and the great facts of human life, and more particularly toward the social order in which he found himself. A dominating consciousness of self, when that self is built upon large, powerful lines, finds sympathy with the elemental forces of nature, and takes delight in movements which are comprehensive and sweeping. Hence the sea and the life of the sea recur repeatedly in his verse, either directly or allusively, and the group headed Sea-Drift contains, to our thinking, the best examples of what may be done with rhythm divorced from rhyme. Here the effort to mate nature unchecked with language which disregards the most commonly accepted laws is most successful, because the sea and its life constantly suggest obedience only to remote and concealed intelligence. One is tempted, when one considers this section alone, to search for some deep-lying principle of particular assonance controlling the choice of the verse, but the uniformity of its use forbids this reference. The style remains the same when the poet deals with human life, and again it seems significant when employed in the musings over death. Of all these poems, and there are many, we should choose The City Dead-House, in spite of its inevitable lapse into stupid matter of fact, — *vide* " nor running water from faucet," — as the most full of tenderness and profound pity and reverence. It is indeed observable that here the sight which moves the poet is closely connected with that predominant self-consciousness to which we have referred.

" That house once full of passion and beauty,
all else I notice not,
. . . . . .
But the house alone — that wondrous house
— that delicate fair house — that ruin !
That immortal house more than all the rows
of dwellings ever built !
Or white-domed capitol with majestic figure
surmounted, or all the old high-spired
cathedrals !
That little house alone more than them all
— poor, desperate house ! "

Browning's Apparent Failure, with its insolence of life viewing the poor bodies in the morgue, and its vigorous, firmly knit verse, strikes no such note as these ambulatory lines, with the manly sob ending them : —

" House of life, erewhile talking and laughing
— but ah ! poor house, dead even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house —
but dead, dead, dead."

With Whitman death is a fact of nature, and it is not often that he makes even so slight a reference as this to its ethical significance.

When we consider his attitude toward human life in its social order, we perceive that for all his avowed interest in persons, in comrades, as he repeatedly

calls the men and women of his generation, the world, and America in particular, inevitably takes the form of a vast procession. "All is a procession," he remarks parenthetically in one of his chants; "the universe is a procession with measured and perfect motion;" and again and again, both in such pieces as A Broadway Pageant, and whenever he aims at a comprehensive, sweeping generalization, he strives with heroic persistence to marshal particulars so as to present a cumulative effect. One feels as if one needed to stand off at a distance and look at these columns as they tramp by, occasionally with a measured beat, but quite as frequently like a random mob. Nevertheless, in all this part of his work Whitman is true to his instincts. He uses particulars, but he is after masses. He says somewhere,

> "The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything,"

and that is precisely the effect produced upon most minds when coming in contact with his verses; they see what he is driving at, as the phrase is, but they also fail to find any pleasure, except now and then, in dwelling upon the expression. In truth, when Whitman leaves those themes which consort with largeness and vagueness, — sleep, the stars, night, the sea, death, and the like, — the style of his verse fails him. A scythe which can mow with a symmetrical sweep a whole field of grain is a blundering instrument with which to cut the flower of the field. But the style, again, is the man, and for all his minute detail Whitman resolves particulars into masses, and it is only now and then that one of his particulars gets set forth with a beauty, or delicacy, or even strength of its own.

The superabundant life which was his first conscious spring of song is that which attracts him in the concourse of men, and his praises of New York, or Mannahatta, as he calls it, in the attempt to discover some word sonorous enough to meet the demands of musical use, are called out chiefly by the pageant of multitudes, the appeal of swarms of men as typifying great natural forces. It is when his theme is America that the processional and panoramic features have blended with them certain more or less defined notes touching the spiritual forces inhering in the nation. As we have hinted, the passion for his country as a vast democracy divides the empire of Whitman's nature with the passion for himself as a splendid manifestation of natural energy. It is the fashion to speak of him as taking a prophetic view, and there is no doubt that both in his verse and in his prose he was building in an expansive way upon the actual, and construing all the signs of power into the consummation of a stupendous democratic empire. In the preface to Leaves of Grass there is a passage, too long to be quoted here, beginning: "The American poets are to inclose old and new; for America is the race of races. Of them a bard is to be, commensurate with a people. . . . His spirit responds to his country's spirit; he incarnates its geography and natural life and rivers and lakes." Then follows a geographical summary, a survey of nature, a panoramic view of humanity. There is in the statement, catalogue as it is, a breadth of sweep, as the poet ascends from the lowest forms of life to the higher, and a comprehensive sympathy, which command admiration, and help one to escape from a petty, hesitating, and critical habit of mind. Nevertheless, the same fundamental weakness is discoverable here as in the verse which celebrates the bodily energy of a strong man. It is the insolence of conscious power, the fatal satisfaction in the lower law of selfhood, the arrogance of manifest destiny. In truth, it is the most magnificent pæan yet sung in America to the tune of Fourth of July. As such, it is hopeful, swelling, victorious, but it

is not noble; for it is unrestrained; it celebrates pride. Now, it was said of old that the meek shall inherit the earth, and a democracy which is an Augustus may have its *carmen seculare*, but the poetry which is truly prophetic is not all in the major key. The nature which Whitman glorifies has its tigers and jungles; the human life which is to him wonderful in its range of vitality has its development, not through the exercise of its unchecked energy, but through that unceasing struggle for mastery which a certain large-hearted, large-minded man once vividly characterized as a war in the members.

> "What blurt is this about virtue and about vice!"

says Whitman, with his large scorn of small distinctions; but when blurting ceases, there still comes a voice which cannot be drowned. There is unquestionably, for many natures, a tonic in Whitman's verse, and his work tells for largeness, for freedom, for the recollection of elemental forces in man and nature; but that it has in it the quality of universality which is the final test of a poet who sets up such claims as he we deny emphatically. A few verses will be everybody's; a few persons will want everything; but for the most part the work is a quarry from which one here and one there will bring away stones precious to him and for his use. There is a law of life for great poetry, and Whitman was not obedient to it; though one may call him a Titan, he will meet the fate of Titans.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

Our American life is somewhat unfavorable to the cultivation of the privacy of genius. It is not so much that there is an inherent desire for publicity, for the disclosure of one's powers, as that, in the mobility of society and the constant pressure of the whole body upon each member, one who is conscious of gifts seldom finds himself so shut in by circumstance that he quails before the necessity of making fight against fortune, and absconds into the secluded inclosure of a private life. It is when society is more rigid, and the individual is left more to himself, that such cultivation of privacy is frequent. It supposes, to be sure, a certain extreme sensitiveness in the person, accounted by some weakness of will, and finding expression often in eccentricity, but exhibiting also, at times, a very highly developed personal consciousness. One sees this truth illustrated in the historic New England life, when the provincial self-content was most complete. Scarcely a village but had its "characters," as they were significantly termed, — men and women who failed to find a regularly adjusted place in the community, who were not fools, were often indeed very shrewd, but who had, in their own fashion, withdrawn themselves from classification, and asserted in a vague way an independence of convention. Mrs. Slosson's ingenious Seven Dreamers illustrates this phase of character, and Miss Wilkins's penetrating genius has singled such persons out for presentation in her stories. But besides and above these strays and waifs of society, mostly persons of insignificant position socially, there were in the same place and period men and women, well born and bred, whose nature inspired them to the cultivation of their gifts, but not to the exhibition of them: private theologians

in the midst of a generation of official theologians; keen publicists, who contented themselves with political speculation, but never had ambition for affairs; scholars, who accumulated, but never published.

What has been the case in New England in such limited sense as a provincial civilization affords is emphatically illustrated in England. The story still lingers of that unhappy heir to an earldom, who, vainly struggling in the meshes of fortune which forbade him to be anything but an earl, finally broke away altogether, took another name, shipped before the mast, and sought independence by absolute suppression of his inherited self. That was an exceptional case in its outward rebellion, but it was typical of a class easily recognizable by any one familiar with English social life. In a less ungovernable form, the temper finds expression in the eccentricity which appears frequently in the English man of wealth and social position, but more significantly, though less noticeably, in the lives of men and women who are not in rebellion, but simply are, so to speak, non-resistants; who oppose to the demands of society an effective inertia, and are not only content to live far from the madding crowd, and forbidden by their lot to read their history in a nation's eyes, but positively shape their lives after ideals which magnify their simple occupations and seem to set their being in a large place.

Some such figure one may discover in James Smetham, whose name is known incidentally to students of William Blake literature by a thoughtful article which he contributed to an English periodical as a review of Gilchrist's Life of Blake, and which Mrs. Gilchrist reprinted in the second volume of the new edition of that Life. In referring to this article, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in this new edition, wrote as follows: "Some personal mention, however slight, should here exist as due to its author, a painter and designer of our own day, who is in many signal respects very closely akin to Blake; more so, probably, than any other living artist could be said to be. James Smetham's work, generally of small or moderate size, ranges from Gospel subjects, of the subtlest imaginative and mental insight, and sometimes of the grandest coloring, through Old Testament compositions and through poetic and pastoral themes of every kind, to a special imaginative form of landscape. In all these he partakes greatly of Blake's immediate spirit, being also often nearly allied by landscape intensity to Samuel Palmer, in youth the noble disciple of Blake. Mr. Smetham's works are very numerous, and, as other exclusive things have come to be, will some day be known in a wide circle. Space is altogether wanting to make more than this passing mention here of them and of their producer, who shares in a remarkable manner Blake's mental beauties and his formative shortcomings, and possesses besides an individual invention which often claims equality with the great exceptional master himself."

This was written presumably in 1880, or thereabout, when Smetham had passed into that mental eclipse which is so delicately referred to in the volume of Letters [1] which constitutes the fullest record thus far published of his career. We quote it because, brief as it is, it sets Smetham forth upon his artistic side somewhat more sharply than the book itself, which is more fully occupied with a presentation of Smetham's intellectual and religious nature. The brief introductory memoir by Mr. Davies — himself, we suspect, to be classed under the head of private geniuses — may be read profitably after as well as before the reader has become directly acquainted with Smetham through the letters.

[1] *Letters of James Smetham.* With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM and WILLIAM DAVIES. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

These letters, extending over a score of years, and addressed mainly to the writer's intimate companions, though a few were written also to men like Ruskin and Rossetti, who valued him for his gifts in art, but scarcely belonged in the inner circle of his friends, impress the reader by their exceeding delicacy of form, and slowly reveal a nature very rare in its fineness of spirit. Evidently they are drawn from a much larger mass, and they must be taken also as differing only in outward form from a considerable body of notes upon life, literature, art, and religion, accumulated by Smetham in the course of a patiently laborious and loving life led on simple lines. To the world looking on casually he was a not over-successful painter, a teacher of drawing, an occasional contributor to periodicals. To the world brought more closely into contact with him he was a devout man, a class-leader in the Methodist connection. To his immediate friends he must have been a grave but not austere man, tremulously susceptible to the faintest suggestion of beauty, whether in life, in nature, or in art; giving expression in conversation and in writing to searching, suggestive thought, and putting into his pictures a depth of meaning which cost him a travail of spirit.

Indeed, without knowing his pictures save by description, we cannot avoid the conclusion that, though the simple domestic subjects, conscientiously painted, brought a genuine pleasure to the painter, the more serious pictures made such demands upon his sensibility that he chose, almost from necessity, to throw his thought and feeling rather into his writing, and that thus his writing became, through long practice, more firm and expressive. One seems to discover, as the years lengthen, a deeper tone to his writing, and yet a more confident touch, as though the pen came to be his preferred implement. Yet with all this there appears to have been little craving for publicity, and his letters and memoranda continued to be for himself and his dearest friends.

Be this as it may, the reader comes to be indifferent to Smetham's fame, and even to his artistic production, and takes an extraordinary satisfaction in intercourse with this privacy of genius. With him he is willing to leave the outer world, and take his pleasure in the cool shades of a reflective life. The sincere humility which characterizes Smetham's connection with the plain people to whom he was a religious teacher and leader does not seem another or incongruous element in a nature which was keenly susceptible to beauty. Rather, one is disposed to regard it as only another phase of that reverential attitude which Smetham took toward art. The penetrating, often very subtle observations which he makes to his friends on religious themes could scarcely, we may think, have formed the staple of his instruction to his humble disciples, yet there is an utter absence of anything like condescension in his habit of speech regarding these disciples. The rare blending of lofty thought, acute criticism, and gentle, affectionate interest in common things and common men so marks the entire nature of this delicately organized man that superficial incongruities disappear, and the unworldliness which confronts us is integral, not conventional. We make no quotations from these letters, though it would be easy to do so, but we advise all who have not lost their taste for elevated thought, shy pleasure, gentle humor, and pure sentiment, touched throughout with an unaffected, simple, but deep piety, to linger for themselves over the pages of this unusual book.

During the last twenty years the South has been fruitful in writers of novels and short stories. Cable, Harris, Page, and Miss Murfree, for instance, have done work which, in their own lines, has not been surpassed. It has been much less fruitful in writers of a more

serious kind; and hence we welcome with especial pleasure a book so excellent alike from the literary and the historical standpoints as Professor Trent's biography of the almost forgotten South Carolina novelist, Simms.[1] Mr. Trent is evidently not only a man of wide reading and a close student of literature, but also, what is much more important, a man of originality and of historic insight, capable of seeing the facts as they are, and fearless enough to state his conclusions as he sees them. His book is a credit to the scholarship of the South, and is a real addition to the list of American works which deal with both our literary and our political history; and this means, of course, that it is a real addition to English literature, using the words in their larger and proper sense.

Simms was much the most considerable of the Southern school of writers in the years before the war, — for Poe belongs to no school and no section, — and he was the most prolific novelist, essayist, and (Heaven save the mark!) poet this country has ever produced. Yet he is now almost completely forgotten. It is probable that most people, even among those who are fairly well read, do not so much as know the name of an author some of whose books, at least, are well worth a permanent place on our bookshelves. It is a pleasure to record the fact that a faithful few have always remembered him, and that in the Atlantic Monthly itself there appeared, a couple of years ago, an appreciative review of his novels.

Mr. Trent has prepared himself for his task very carefully and faithfully. He has searched out all the available material, printed or in manuscript, dealing either with Simms's life or his writings. He possessed two great advantages at the outset, — a thorough acquaintance with American literature, and an intimate knowledge of old-time life in the Southern States. Finally, to a very real and affectionate sympathy with and regard for Simms, a sympathy and regard which his readers are sure in the end to share, he has added a noteworthy clear-sightedness and impartiality of judgment which give his criticisms of men and events a permanent value. He has thus been able to produce a book which stands high even in so excellent a series as that in which it appears, — a series which, in Lounsbury's Cooper, has given birth to the best piece of literary biography that has been produced anywhere of recent years.

Simms was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, and died in 1870. All his literary work which was worth doing was done between 1834 and 1856. Throughout his life his home was in South Carolina, but he made repeated trips to the North and to the Southwest. He traveled and sojourned for months at a time among the Creeks and the Cherokees, and he lived much with the hardy white borderers; he was therefore familiar with Indians and frontiersmen as they really were, knowing both their faults and their virtues. Moreover, he knew well "the wealth of beauty and charm hidden away in the chronicles and traditions of his native State." He had the good sense to see the rich and virgin fields which lay open to him, and he made these fields his own. Of his poems, polemics, and historical and literary essays nothing need be said here. He made his mark in the two series of border and of historical romances. In the former he is not at his best, though in them he gives some valuable sketches of backwoods life, and draws some striking pictures of typical backwoods characters. His really excellent historical romances, such as The Yemassee and The Partisan, are the works upon which his title to lasting fame must rest. To begin with, these romances possess the

[1] *William Gilmore Simms.* By William P. Trent. [American Men of Letters.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

merit of being eminently readable, — no slight virtue, though some modern book-makers apparently look upon it rather in the light of a defect. In the next place, though of course a disciple in the school of Scott and Cooper, he did original work in a line which no one else had taken, and which was well worth taking. His romances dealt with certain picturesque phases of Carolinian history which had fired his imagination. His mind was saturated with the legendary and historical lore of the Carolinas, while he had been born and brought up in the very localities about which he wrote. He was therefore "following out the universal principle of literary art which requires that a man shall write spontaneously and simply about those things he is fullest of and best understands." He tried to charm his readers with a true picture of the deeds and the times by which he had himself been charmed; and he succeeded. He was equally successful in describing the warfare waged by the early colonists against the Indians, and the bitter, harassing struggle between Tarleton's red dragoons and the weather-worn troopers of Marion.

Unfortunately, his faults were many and grave. His natural talents were great, but his education was very defective, and he lived in a society totally devoid of a creative literary atmosphere. He had no idea of such qualities as thoroughness, finish, and self-restraint. His style is hurried and slipshod; many of his passages are wooden or bombastic; and his petulant impatience of criticism forbade his gaining any profit by experience. At one time he was foolish enough to make ventures in the field of European romance, only to meet deserved and dismal failure. Yet, in spite of all these failures and shortcomings, Mr. Trent is right in stating that Simms has fairly won his place among American men of letters.

Of Simms the man Mr. Trent writes most interestingly. He shows us a brave, dogmatic, generous-hearted man, who went wrong politically, as all his associates did, but who was incapable of a mean or cowardly action; a man of genuine even if misguided patriotism; an indefatigable literary worker; and in the days of sore trial after the war a pathetically courageous spirit, toiling unceasingly, in the teeth of overwhelming disaster, for the welfare of his children and friends; in short, a man who commands our heartiest respect. Mr. Trent realizes that no biography is complete unless not only the man, but his surroundings, are clearly outlined; and he describes very appreciatively, and sometimes humorously, the now utterly vanished life of the old South. He grasps the essential features with remarkable clearness; and his sketch abounds in many interesting details, the letters to and from Beverley Tucker offering a case in point. There are one or two small and unimportant slips: for instance, in one place he seems to confound two of the Bonhams, and occasionally his English is too colloquial; it is difficult to defend the use of such a word as "vim." But these are merely trivial errors.

The most valuable portion of the book is that portraying Simms's relation to the political movements which culminated in the civil war. Mr. Trent strikes his true theme when he writes as a historian; and if he fulfills the promise of this book he will eventually stand in the first rank of our politico-historical writers. He possesses the rare quality of "seeing veracity," as Carlyle phrased it; he knows things as they really are, and recognizes their true significance. He understands that men may believe in a cause with a touching earnestness and sincerity of conviction, and may battle for it with a valor so heroic as to make all their right-thinking opponents doubly proud that they can still call them fellow-countrymen; and that nevertheless this same cause may be historically indefen-

sible. He goes straight to the root of matters, and, in fixing on what really brought about the civil war, he brushes aside with good-humored contempt the cobwebs of childish sophistry which some well-meaning but not over clear-headed writers still persist in trying to spin around the subject. He has far too much common sense, he possesses a mind too well trained in the consideration of historic problems, and he has studied too deeply, to waste his time in seriously discussing such propositions, for instance, as that a battle for human slavery can really be a battle for civil liberty; and he has too keen a sense of humor to pay heed to the re-thrashing of constitutional theories which are now of as little interest as the theses over which the mediæval schoolmen wrangled, or as the seventeenth-century dogmas concerning the divine right of kings.

In sum, Mr. Trent has produced a work of excellent performance, which contains the promise of still better things to follow.

The power which the mind of a great man may impart to the mind of a young man may some day be the subject of investigation in scientific hypnotism. Certain it is that there have been great instructors in the world who seem to have given to their pupils impulses, or ideas, or qualifications, or ambitions, by which the latter have risen into prominence. Certain it is that two of our American colleges, small, obscure, and exceedingly poor in material equipment, have produced beyond their due proportion men possessed of the faculty of becoming prominent, and that these successful men have ascribed their success, with wonderful unanimity, to two great teachers. That is to say, two microscopic specks upon the chart of population, hardly discernible by the unassisted eye, have suddenly thrown off judges, generals, governors, legislators, members of the cabinet, and even Presidents, — not perhaps abstract thinkers or scholars, but men who have become eminent in contact with other men. It is also noticeable that the greater minds seem to be those which are most deeply impressed by the great teacher. At the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Seward was, we will not say the greatest or wisest of Americans, but certainly the American statesman most prominent in both Europe and America. The boyish exclamation of the Prince of Wales in 1859, "Mr. Seward, I have heard so much of you in England that I am very glad to see you before I leave this country," evidenced the position he had obtained under the most adverse conditions, and in the most trying political period of our history. The graduate of Williams who is best known to his countrymen, and indeed to the world, is, of course, President Garfield; and the lives of these two Americans seem wonderful instances of self-construction. Yet each attributed his success in life to his college president, held him in the greatest reverence, deferred to him, sought his counsel, and warmly declared him to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men.

It is manifest that one who could so profoundly affect the minds and lives of some of the greatest men of our time cannot have the story of his long life fully told in this small volume[1] of the Religious Leaders series. In strictest terms, Dr. Hopkins was not a leader of religious thought. We should reckon as such, Luther, Calvin, Loyola, Knox, the Wesleys, Edwards, Channing, Pusey, Newman, — men who, right or wrong, *led*, and led upon *new* religious lines. We might indeed turn back a century in the same family, and properly take Dr. Samuel Hopkins as a leader of religious thought. But the late president of Williams was possessed of a great and contented mind. The fifth chapter of Matthew formulated his theology; and

[1] *Mark Hopkins.* By Franklin Carter. [American Religious Leaders.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

if all the religious writings in the world had been obliterated save the Gospel of Matthew he would have been the same theologian that he was. The religious leaders of the world have been non-contented men, unsatisfied with theology or religious life as they found it, and have led the way to different and, as they believed, to better things. Dr. Hopkins was a man who feared God and hated iniquity, but he was a man who saw the good in everything that constituted his earthly or spiritual environment. Instead of organizing departures to new religious realms, he planted new germs of religious thought; and the tendency of his nature was to teach men that they already possess, or can possess, all of the spiritual hopes and treasures of the universe, if they will but accept what the great Beneficence has given. Love and duty were the two great elements of his theology as of his life and character; and his theological instruction may be analyzed by saying that it was to teach the individual man to open his heart to the impulses of the one, and to direct his eyes to the pathway of the other.

The extraordinary contentedness of Dr. Hopkins's nature, and his absolute submission, as it may be termed, to love and duty, may be seen in the manner and methods by which he solved the problem of his own life. Given a young physician, appointed professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric at the age of twenty-eight, elected president of a poor and poorly managed college in a remote mountain hamlet at the age of thirty-four, the college for thirty years never far from the verge of insolvency, — with such gigantic improbabilities of success, what would the ordinary solution be? Undoubtedly, the aspiring young professor would take the first "better place" that came in his way, and leave the insolvent college to take care of itself. Familiar as we are with the life of Dr. Hopkins, we confess to astonishment at the number of "better places" that beckoned him away. In 1844 it was Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; in 1847 it was Andover; in 1850 it was the chancellorship of the University of New York; again, in 1850, it was the Union Theological Seminary; in 1851 the Mercer Street Church in New York; in 1852 the presidency of the University of Michigan; in 1853 a church in Philadelphia; in 1858 the Chicago Theological Seminary. But Williams College needed him, and he no more thought of abandoning it than of abandoning his children. A good workman does not find fault with his tools. In the struggles of the struggling college he rose to eminence, and had at his feet some of the greatest and best of our time and country.

Dr. Hopkins was one of those men whose lives it is not easy to portray. We are often confounded, in the records of human nature, by finding much where we expected little, and by finding nothing where we expected much. General Sheridan, subjectively the most reserved and reticent of our generals, for a long time refused to write his own life, and indeed began by having somebody write it in the third person; yet we do not recall another autobiography of a great soldier which so unconsciously takes the reader into the inmost recesses of the writer's confidence, into his hopes and apprehensions, into his petulance and diffidence. Dr. Hopkins was frank and genial, sympathetic and unreserved; yet his writings portray his thoughts, and not his life. The death of his daughter was the great, the incomparable bereavement and sorrow of his life. She was his first-born, his companion, critic, counselor, and friend. Knowing the anguish which shook him as he saw her going, day by day, down the sharp decline of her last illness, and the wonderful tenderness and sympathetic nature of the man, it is inconceivable to us that in less than a fortnight he could have written of the affliction to his oldest and most intimate friend, and have said absolutely nothing

of himself. "I have known no one who seemed to me to come nearer to my conception of a saint," is all that escapes from the wounded heart of the father as expressive of his individual loss. It seems as if a writer, to depict his life or himself graphically to other men, must have the element of egotism, consciously or unconsciously, as a large ingredient of his nature. This ingredient was not in Dr. Hopkins. As a matter of judgment, he knew accurately what he could do and what he could not do, and to his mind, to use one of his own phrases, "that was all there was of it." A great address on a great occasion never took away his appetite or disturbed his night's rest. When pressed by his children or his friends to write the story of his early life, he could say, in all sincerity, "Pooh! I went to school and to college, as other boys did, and studied medicine, and was called to a professorship here, and that was all there was of it."

He moved in a calm, leisurely, deliberate way, yet performed an immense amount of work. During the six months in which he wrote his work on the Evidences of Christianity he preached every Sunday, conducted college prayers at least once a day, heard two recitations a day, and carried on the correspondence and much of the administrative work of the college. His house was the hostelry for college visitors. His study door was never locked. By nature he was a student and thinker, a philosopher; but he was strong physically, mentally, morally, courageous, cool, and ready, and he could have been anything, — a general, a judge, an eminent lawyer, an eminent statesman, — anything but a physician. It is an extraordinary fact that, like one of the greatest of American lawyers, Horace Binney, and one of the greatest of American jurists, Mr. Justice Miller, he chose for his work in life this profession for which he was not fitted. Two of these three were diverted from the path which they had chosen, each by other influences than his own judgment; the third rose to distinction in two professions, and to eminence on the bench of the highest judicial tribunal in the world.

The work of President Carter may be defined as being the exact opposite of Boswell's Life of Johnson. It consists of one small octavo volume; it is one of a religious series; it deals chiefly with the thoughts of a great thinker as expressed in his written words. Within these limitations President Carter, we think, has done his work well. The greater portion of Dr. Hopkins's writings relates to three abstruse subjects, — mental philosophy, moral philosophy, and the deepest currents of religious thought. Such writings may not be hard to understand, but they are easy to be misunderstood. To handle them intelligently, and to bring the views of such a writer clearly within the vision of the ordinary reader, of the readers of this series, and to do so in the brief space allowed, is no easy task for a biographer. In a word, the book places before the reader clearly and comprehensively, if not fully, the thoughts of the man, but not the man. The anecdotes are few, the traits indistinct, the personality meagre. The chapter entitled The Friend is made up entirely of letters from Dr. Hopkins, and they are letters to a single individual, and relate almost entirely to a single theme, — the literary work of the two men. Of the events in the chapter on the College Rebellion President Carter was an eye-witness; he there drops into the character of annalist, and it is the most *living* chapter in the book. In the intellectual fields — the ethical, metaphysical, and theological — President Carter's lines are clear and strong. His delineation of the views of Dr. Hopkins, of their growth, development, and perhaps modification, is admirable. The student of other days will find not only that the book revives memories, but that it discloses views which he did not then

truly perceive. The reader who acquires his first knowledge or impressions from it will understand why it was that so unobtrusive a man was such a force among thinking men, and will perceive the strength, sincerity, and simplicity which were the chief elements of his nature. President Carter has shown, with commendable disapproval, how the office of president is changing, in our American colleges, from a moral and intellectual to an administrative power; and not the least interesting portions of the book are those which show his own growth in respect and appreciation from the time when he entered the college, a "thoughtless boy," to the time when, as the president of Williams College, he delivered the affecting eulogy at the funeral services of his teacher, friend, and predecessor.

But the students of Williams, and the great army of the American Board, and missionaries in foreign lands, and scholars in mental and moral science have been supposing, in a vague way, that there was a Boswell lying in wait through this long life to record the humorous stories, witty rejoinders, shrewd incisive thrusts, the serene wisdom, and the hardly spoken admonitions of a great and good man. The Boswell is not here. If he exists, he has given no sign. Nevertheless, while the most we know, biographically, of Dr. Hopkins is seen through the cold medium of an intellectual atmosphere, the radiance of his lofty and tender character is felt, if not portrayed. Mr. Lowell, with the insight of poetic genius, perceived the fact when he wrote, "His personal character is a *possession* valued by all his countrymen;" and, in the words of one of the ablest governors of Massachusetts, we may still "claim his long life as a glorious part of our moral public riches."

A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY.

WHETHER hymns have a place in literature has been frequently questioned, perhaps generally doubted. Dr. Johnson's objection to devotional lyrics, if rather confident than well considered, availed to set the current of opinion. Matthew Arnold, who avoided sacred themes no more in his verse than in his prose, professed "very little sympathy" with the provision offered in the hymn books. The critics, and literary folk generally, have maintained this unfriendly estimate, with an exception in favor of Latin hymns, or some of them. Distance lends enchantment, and perhaps that which is enshrined in a dead language, and yet has managed to keep itself in view for several centuries, is entitled to vastly more honor than any corresponding efforts in the vernacular; yet if the Dies Iræ and the Stabat Mater be admitted within the gardens of the Muse, why should the modest claims of Rock of Ages or Lead, Kindly Light be denied consideration?

The question is cumbered by the facts that hymns have a double character, and that many which make but the scantiest pretense to poetic grace have been valued and used for their religious quality. But that the entrance of this element necessarily involves the exclusion of the other is surely a large assumption. Recent researches have disclosed in the hymns of the Greek Church (though nobody but Dr. Neale has succeeded in translating them) beauties not inferior to those found in the canticles of Bernard and Adam of St. Victor. Some of the German songs of faith, if not yet classical, are in a way

to become so, dating back to the early years of the Reformation; and one would think twice before assigning the importance of Ein Feste Burg solely to its historical associations. England, it is true, began much later, if we count out her somewhat wheezy and rheumatic psalm versions; so that Watts and Wesley may be esteemed parvenus beside Luther and Notker and John of Damascus. But its age is not the only point to be considered in a hymn, and within the last century or so Great Britain has made up for lost time, and come in a good second to long-industrious Germany. The other northern lands of Europe have also a record of their own, and France and Italy have done something.

All these various portions of the hymnic field are duly considered by Mr. Julian, whose work,[1] though he keeps a careful eye upon the lyrics "contained in the hymn books of English-speaking countries and now in common use," aims to be comprehensive, if not exhaustive. He and his co-workers, especially his indefatigable assistant editor, Mr. Mearns, were not the men to disregard the pre-Reformation era of hymnody, or to slight what has been done in former ages and foreign lands. Previous treatises have been tolerably sufficient guides for those whose interest was confined to a single hymnal, like Dr. Hatfield's Hymns of the Church or Dr. Robinson's Laudes Domini, or to the two dozen British collections covered by Miller's Singers and Songs; but until now no volume or series of volumes ever attempted such a range as this work. It would require a careful specialist to point out any hymns or writers that are not included here, and then the omitted topics would usually be recent, probably American, and of very slight importance. Not only has the intention been to take in everything noteworthy, without regard to nationality, creed, or sect, but this design has been carried out thus far with amazing industry and eminent success. No labor has been spared to get light from all quarters, to shed it on remote and dubious dark places, to correct the errors of earlier investigators, and to fill up the wide and numerous gaps they left. The filling up of gaps, indeed, has been a main part of the business; but it has not interfered with the exposure of blunders and the withdrawal of misplaced credits.

For instance, "the most complete and popular account of Latin hymn writers and their hymns" in English up to 1889 is here (page 1526) said to be the posthumous work of S. W. Duffield, enriched by the additions of Professor R. E. Thompson. Now, Mr. Duffield laid great stress on certain discoveries of his own, especially the transference of Veni Sancte Spiritus from Robert II. of France to Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau. On page 1213 we are told that he "altogether fails to produce anything that can be called proof in support of his assertions and conjectures," — which indeed was apparent at the time, — and on page 1531 that "the manuscripts at St. Gall and at the British Museum were not examined by Duffield, and are much older and more important than any of those with which he was acquainted." On page 1526 two lines are added as to the qualities which led the American student so far astray. The hymn (page 1214) "is certainly neither by Robert II. nor by Hermannus Contractus. The most probable author is Innocent III."

This is merely a sample. One may be vexed at having, through the peculiar construction of the book, to look up a single subject in two or three different places, but a diligent study of the indices will point the way to these; and if the

[1] *A Dictionary of Hymnology.* Setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations. Edited by JOHN JULIAN, M. A., Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

matter be important (especially if it be a Latin or German text), the reader, after hunting far enough, will usually get all he wants about it, and may be sure that research has said its last word on that topic.

Mr. Julian has earned the respect of scholars by the abundant attention here bestowed on the more classical portion of his field. Not only is every important Latin hymn annotated by itself, but there are long and learned articles on Latin Hymnody (fifteen pages), Translations from the Latin, Breviaries (ten pages), Hymnaries, Sequences (twelve pages), the Te Deum (fifteen pages), and other special subjects. These are from several pens, and include lists which must be supposed to be exhaustive. The Greek material is handled with equal fullness (considering its lesser extent as known in the West), chiefly by the Rev. H. L. Bennett. The huge German field has been looked after by Mr. Mearns, to whose marvelous knowledge few native Germans could add anything, and whose minute and careful handling of his diligently accumulated and arranged stores leaves nothing to be desired. He is a Scotchman, and now a curate in Bucks. The only other hands that have been allowed to touch his chosen province are those of Dr. Schaff, in a brief survey of the whole Germanic field, and the Rev. J. T. Mueller, of Herrnhut, who supplies authoritative papers on the Bohemian Brethren and the Moravians.

For cosmopolite scholars all this is admirable. The plain Englishman or American, who takes his hymns in the vernacular, loves them for their uses and associations, and has hitherto known but a few thousand of them, may be moved to complain that here is too heavy a preponderance of foreign or ancient matter. Two or three hundred Latin and German lyrics, he will be apt to say, and some dozen from the Greek, have been rendered into our books and won a place in our hearts; for the rest of them, "What 's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" From his point of view, it looks as if the native English field had not received proportionate attention. He is at a loss where to look for old friends, among this multitude of strangers; and when he finds them, they — or some of them — look dwarfed, neglected, and out of countenance, as if they had been thrust aside in the crowd, and robbed of part of their due honors.

We fear this supposed charge has some foundation in the facts. Not as to the longer articles; those on Early English Hymnody and that of the Church of England are proportionate to the Latin and German ones, and those which deal with the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Unitarians, etc., appear sufficient. Scottish writers (apart from the paraphrasers) receive more than twelve pages from the loving and all-gathering hands of Mr. Mearns, and there is a unique paper, the longest in the book, on the hymnic history of foreign missions, which are almost solely those conducted by Britons. Enough space is given to Dr. Watts, the Wesleys, Dr. Neale, and others of eminent fame, but minor writers of at least former repute and usefulness, not yet forgotten by their beneficiaries, are often coldly and narrowly handled, so that no account seems taken of their personality; to get the facts about them, one must, in some cases, go back to Miller and other books of far less scope and accuracy tnan this. One is tempted to ask, Would they have been treated thus if they had written in German or in Latin?

To this and other obvious criticisms there is an obvious if partial answer. The book is what it purports to be: a dictionary, not a collection of anecdotes; a history of hymns, and only incidentally of their authors, — therefore much more bibliographic than biographic; caring greatly for texts, dates, and titles, slightly for weddings and funerals; a

vast storehouse of literary facts, with a minimum of casual comment; in intent scientific rather than popular, designed for reference, not for continuous perusal, — hence addressed to the head chiefly. The reader may draw his moral sentiments himself, and find edification in abundance elsewhere. If these traits be disappointing to some, they will gratify others, and are a part of the Dictionary plan. If the arrangement (as already hinted) be somewhat confused, irregular, and inconvenient, with its appendices and multiplied indices, one must remember that the work grew upon its builders' hands. If the style be sometimes slovenly and awkward, the editor had too much to do to polish all his sentences, or those for which he leaves the credit to his contributors: the labor of revision was heavy, his was the directing mind, and many hundreds of articles had to be done over again. If the criticism sometimes misses the mark, as when a rival dignitary says that Dean Stanley's "taste and felicity of diction seem to desert him when he is writing verse," the reader who thinks differently can make his own mental note. Both England and America are free countries, and those who find their favorite authors unjustly used here, or some topics scrappily and incompetently handled, may retain their prior opinions without blame. In short, the encyclopædist cannot always be also a stylist and an acute thinker. No human judgment is infallible, no work of man can attain perfection at all points; certainly this one has not done it. Defective as it may be on its intellectual and literary side, it is such a treasury of information about the hymns of all lands and ages as we have not had before, and a monument of laborious zeal in collecting and tabulating minute facts in a field hitherto imperfectly tilled, and which we venture to consider in some sense a field at least appertaining to the huge farm of literature.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Travel and Outdoor Life. Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator, by Edward Whymper. (Scribners.) Mr. Whymper is a veteran mountaineer, and, like men who have a passion for high altitudes, he cast about for a special reason for making his next trip. Nothing so whets the appetite for climbing as the search for some bug, or plant, or glacial phenomenon, or what not. Mr. Whymper had debated the question whether or no there was such a thing as mountain sickness, and what its actual conditions were. He was prevented from going to the Himalayas or the highest Andes, so he went to Ecuador, and spent several months on Chimborazo and other poetical peaks. He accomplished his errand, but it must not be supposed that he perpetually discusses the subject of mountain sickness. Not at all. That was a mere excuse for his journey, and the reader gets a lively account of Mr. Whymper's experience, with admirable pictures and a running description of such fauna and flora as came in his way. The book will have fascination for climbers. — Equatorial America, Descriptive of a Visit to St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes, and the Principal Capitals of South America, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Houghton.) Mr. Ballou lingers among the West Indies, and then circumnavigates South America, touching at the principal places, but not going very far inland. He records personal impressions, and occasionally gives brief statistics or comments upon the political, commercial, and social life with which he comes in contact. — The Spanish-American Republics, by Theodore Child. (Harpers.) The first impression produced by this book is of its

pictorial value, since its great variety of illustrations gives to the eye a quick notion of the external features of the countries and inhabitants. The letterpress gives at first the same impression, and is marked by animated observation and agreeable narrative ; but the reader discovers that the author sees below the surface, and is intent on bringing to light some of the underlying elements of this strange compound of barbarism and civilization. Mr. Child is an acute observer, and writes as a man of the world who does not mistake appearances for realities. — The Mediterranean Shores of America, or The Climatic, Physical, and Meteorological Conditions of Southern California, by P. C. Remondino, M. D. (The F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia.) The range of climate in Southern California is indicated by six well-marked divisions ; hence the necessity of a clear understanding of the needs of the patient, and an intelligent perception of the different phases of climate, in order to make the punishment fit the crime. This work is an abridged handbook, designed chiefly for the invalid, but containing also a variety of information about the several sections of the country, and a number of pictures, among them one of a man a hundred and ten years old, whose figure and countenance are a warning to those who give up the pleasure of dying in their prime by living in Southern California. — Across the Plains, with Other Memories and Essays, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) The title essay recounts Mr. Stevenson's experience in traveling from New York to San Francisco in 1879 by an emigrant train, and afterward he describes his sojourn at Monterey. Fontainebleau : Village Communities of Painters follows, and nine other papers of a miscellaneous character fill out the dozen numbers. The only thread on which they are strung is the shining thread of Stevenson's genius, which is at play here in its light, idle fashion. — Glimpses of Nature, by Andrew Wilson. (Harpers.) A collection of science jottings, originally contributed to the Illustrated London News by a scientist of standing, who brings his large knowledge to bear upon a great variety of topics capable of brief notice, such as lobsters, oysters, starfishes, dandelion down, the mistletoe bough, flies, the tongue and speech, a corner of Kent, and the like. — The Rescue of an Old Place, by Mary Caroline Robbins. (Houghton.) A score or more of chapters relating the experience of the buyer of a neglected spot on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The place was a small one ; everything was on a minute scale except the zeal and ingenuity of the restorer. The charm of the book is in the graceful manner in which the little place is gradually built up before the imagination ; and the very modesty of the experiment attracts the reader, who sees that the materials from which all this beauty grows were of common, and not exceptional sort. The style is winning, and the pretty book ought to awaken a desire in many to go and do likewise. — Little Brothers of the Air, by Olive Thorne Miller. (Houghton.) Readers of The Atlantic need only to be reminded of Mrs. Miller's characteristics as a narrator of bird life. She is after the individual bird, and an opera-glass is her deadliest weapon. No one has written more precisely and more affectionately of this and that winged creature, and the studies which lie at the basis of her description are so patiently and steadily conducted that one comes to have as much confidence in Mrs. Miller's accuracy as he has unflagging interest in her charming narratives. — Wood Notes Wild, Notations of Bird Music, by Simeon Pease Cheney. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Cheney was a singing-master, who spent the spare moments in the last few years of a long life in collecting and noting down the bird songs of New England. His enthusiasm is delightful, and the text, which is a running comment on the birds and their music, is fresh, unconventional, and hearty. The book is edited by Mr. Cheney's son, John Vance Cheney.

Fiction. A Fellowé and his Wife, by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp. (Houghton.) A very skillfully constructed story. The theme is simple. A man and his wife are separated by the passion of the wife for art, which leads her to study in Italy, while he remains on his estate in north Germany. A correspondence ensues which supposes entire confidence between the two ; so much so that the wife unconsciously betrays her peril through a net of intrigue woven about her. Her art blinds her to the danger she is in, and at the same time makes the danger real. The whole narrative is conducted by the corre-

spondence, and though in the most dramatic portions this vehicle is strained to carry the action, there is no outrageous departure from probability, and the device permits the story to avoid mere incident in the culminating passages, and centre upon the relations of these two persons to each other. The scheme excites one's admiration the more that Mr. Sharp writes all the letters of the wife, and Miss Howard all those of the husband. — In the new and revised edition of William Black's novels (Harpers) a recent number is A Princess of Thule. The freshness which made Black's early novels so attractive to novel-readers does not vanish when one returns to them. It is perhaps most noticeable after one has been reading the more jaded novels which have done service under his name of late. Another volume in the same series is his lively and provocative Strange Adventures of a Phaeton. — Grania, the Story of an Island, by Hon. Emily Lawless. (Macmillan.) One of the islands of Arran — Inishmaan — is the scene of this story. It is a faithful, if rather sombre, picture of Irish fisher-life, well written, and with a real love and appreciation for the wilder aspects of nature — and of human nature. The exigencies of the final situation demanded perhaps the sacrifice of the heroine, although it would have been well if the dull and somewhat monotonous picture could have been lightened rather than deepened at the close. But the book is worth reading, and vastly better than the average novel. — The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, by Henry B. Fuller. (The Century Co.) A reissue of a little book which is well worth its prettier dress. The charm of the style is somewhat elusive, and doubtless to some readers the book teases rather than charms; but the half-serious, half-mocking tone is too consistent and persistent to be regarded as an affectation. How well it will wear it is impossible to tell, but here is an individual note struck firmly and delicately. The matter of the book is partially concealed by the style, but the writer has not traveled, observed, and reflected in vain. — The Three Fates, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.) The three seem in turn to be the arbiters of George Wood's destiny, and Mr. Crawford has set his pieces and played them against each other with a cool, dispassionate skill which assures the reader that his confidence in this author will not be misplaced. — Roger Hunt, by Celia Parker Woolley. (Houghton.) A story in which a man, unhappily married, leaves his wife in an inebriate asylum, and seeks redress by taking to himself another woman. The moral of the tale is the misery which follows upon a selfish consideration of happiness. The writer has written with careful attention to details, but always with an eye upon the issue of the whole matter. — Cecilia de Noël, by Lanoe Falconer. (Macmillan.) This story, not too long to read at one sitting, has some really admirable character-drawing, and the treatment of the supernatural shows both originality and force. There is undoubtedly a monotony in the regularly expected and regularly recurring appearances of the ghost; but as the mission of the lost spirit is to show the true quality of the mortals visited, this does not matter greatly. "Lanoe Falconer's" style is so bright and graphic, and generally so good, that we the more regret certain small faults, notably her persistent use of the word *like* for *as*. In this, and in nothing else, she continually reminds us of the late Mrs. Henry Wood.

Biography. Recollections of a Happy Life; Being the Autobiography of Marianne North. Edited by her Sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) Miss North, an English lady of high connection, daughter of a member of Parliament, when her father died, in 1870, began a series of wanderings which took in a large part of the world, and continued for a score of years, until her death carried her off to another world, where her cheerful, investigating spirit may haply be engaged on another series of adventures. In the last years of her life, Miss North, drawing apparently from her journals, wrote out the recollections of her life, and the reader may travel comfortably, with a most enjoyable companion, to India, South Africa, Australasia, Brazil, Japan, the Pacific coast, and Boston and its neighborhood. Miss North's passion was for flowers and plants. She was an indefatigable botanist, and drew and painted what she saw. There is something delightful in the picture of this sturdy English dame going up and down the world with her box of water colors, her sketchbook, and her plant-press; meeting interesting

people, keeping her eyes open for all the beauties of nature, and scrambling over the difficulties of travel with a buoyant spirit, careless of petty annoyances. We hope Mrs. Symonds has had the help of judicious friends in other parts of her work; the pages relating to America have a number of petty errors, which do not detract from the solid worth of the book, yet are needless. — The Life of Father Hecker, by Rev. Walter Elliott. (The Columbus Press, New York.) An interesting addition to our knowledge of the movement known as Transcendentalism in New England. Father Hecker was a member of the Brook Farm community and of Fruitlands, but entered the Roman Catholic Church about the same time as Brownson. This volume is very full as to the period, the material being drawn from Father Hecker's diaries and letters. Of his later life as the founder of the Paulist society the details are somewhat less than we could ask. Some space is taken up with the internal conflict which accompanied the formation of the society, and the reader has many opportunities of becoming acquainted with Father Hecker's brusque, energetic spirit; but there is a lack of proportion and coherence in the latter part of the volume which makes the book somewhat troublesome reading. It is interesting to note the effect of a religious brotherhood in cultivating hero-worship. — A second and enlarged edition of Helen Keller has been issued by the Volta Bureau of Washington. The additions consist of the extremely interesting account of the supposed plagiarism by the child in one of her stories. The investigation brought to light a far more fundamental fact, which is clear as day when once recognized, namely, that Helen has an extraordinary faculty for receiving and appropriating language, and that in making use of it afterward she employs it as she would any instrument placed in her hands, entirely regardless of its origin; her memory is for phrases and sentiments, and, deprived as she is of sight, hearing, and natural speech, she does not associate this language with the place, time, or circumstances of its delivery to her. The whole narrative is most affecting and inspiring, and in nothing more than in the transformation of the child after a true vent had been found for her pent-up nature. — Pitt, by Lord Rosebery. Twelve English Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Though this memoir is hardly such a masterpiece as the author's enthusiastic admirers would have us believe, it is full of cleverness, is steadily readable, and, viewed as the work of a non-professional writer, exceedingly well written. The candor and justness of its tone are strikingly shown in the comments on Pitt's career as a war minister, and the treatment of the still vexed question of his Irish policy. It is a noteworthy and indeed an impressive fact, when one remembers the persistent and virulent abuse with which the great Tory statesman was assailed by his political adversaries, even for a full generation after his death, that today his Liberal biographer has, in his eloquent summing up, only unstinted praise for the leader, than whom he finds in all history "no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, and none more pure." — Queen Elizabeth, by Edward Spencer Beesley. Twelve English Statesmen Series. (Macmillan.) Considering that the life of Elizabeth not only abounds in personal interest, but also necessarily comprises the annals of forty-five of the richest, fullest years in English history, we find this little book a marvel of well-proportioned condensation. Professor Beesley writes with admirable impartiality, showing neither temper nor prejudice even when discussing the religious questions of the time and the tragedy of the rival queens. The characteristics of each of these most remarkable women are drawn with a few vigorous, incisive touches, and nowhere does the author more conspicuously show his intelligent and easy mastery of his subject than in the lines of these portraits which differ from the ordinary historic conventions. — Sir Philip Sidney, by H. R. Fox Bourne. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Mr. Fox Bourne has recast and largely rewritten his excellent memoir, published twenty years ago, to fit it for its place in this series. For this reason, too, we suppose, he shows Sidney more as the courtier, man of affairs, and soldier than as the author of Arcadia and of some of the sweetest love-sonnets in the language, though this side of his character is by no means neglected. We feel anew the undying charm of the man who surely deserves to be considered, in the highest sense of that much-abused word, the typical gentleman of our race, and whose greatness,

notwithstanding all his accomplishments, all his share in the many-sided life of his time, was the greatness of character rather than of achievement. The illustrations are numerous and very well selected, though they vary in merit, after the manner of process plates.

Literature and Criticism. Two recent numbers of the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series (Putnams) are Johnson's Rasselas and Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford. Could two more delightfully opposite specimens of fiction be found? Contrast and comparison are constantly suggested by a consideration of the two isolations of happiness. — Three volumes of the Dilettante Library (Macmillan) are, Goethe by Oscar Browning, Dante by the same author, and Ibsen by Philip Wicksteed. The two former are expansions of articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica. The third is in the form of four lectures, and is an honest, thoughtful effort to reach a solution of Ibsen's philosophy rather than to philosophize upon his art. — Tales and Legends of National Origin, or Widely Current in England from Early Times, with Critical Introductions by W. C. Hazlitt. (Macmillan.) Under the head, successively, of Supernatural, Feudal and Forest, Romantic, Descriptive, and Humorous Legends, Mr. Hazlitt tells such stories as Friar Bacon, Robin Hood, Whittington, and The Miller and the Tailor. Sometimes he has recourse to an original form, sometimes he modernizes, and sometimes he turns verse, particularly ballad verse, into prose. His introductions are designed to account for the spirit of the stories, and he rarely troubles the reader with specific information as to the sources of his material. The book is of little value to the scientific student of folk lore, and would be more interesting to the general reader if Mr. Hazlitt were at once more scholarly and more graceful as a *raconteur*. It is a convenient medley, however. — The Quintessence of Ibsenism, by G. Bernard Shaw. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Mr. Shaw gives analyses of the several plays, and prefaces the whole with some fifty pages, in which he undertakes to clear the way by a general discussion of the grounds of conduct, especially as exemplified by modern criticism. It is not quite clear what his own conviction is as to the basis of conduct, but it appears to be "ag'in' the government."

Art. L'Art (Macmillan) for February 15 and March 1 has illustrated papers on the Chicago exhibition, and critical studies of Delaunay and Henriquel. — American Architecture, Studies by Montgomery Schuyler. (Harpers.) This handsome book is made up of papers on the so-called Queen Anne style of building, on the Vanderbilt houses, the Brooklyn bridge as a monument, Mr. Richardson's plans for Albany Cathedral, and a survey of architecture in the West. The volume is prefaced by the reprint of an address given before the Association of Builders, called (with the flattery of imitation) "The Point of View." In spite of its somewhat pretentious form, the book has an air of being made up of spoken or hastily written addresses. The papers are a little over-technical in matter for the popular reader, and too popular in the manner of presentation for the serious student, — Mr. Schuyler's style being profuse and overloaded, and obscure in proportion. But the short paper on the Brooklyn Bridge as a Monument seems to us valuable, and Glimpses of Western Architecture is worth reading. A word should be said of the profusion of admirable illustrations which elucidate the essays, although the abomination of highly glazed paper prevents the reader from looking at the pictures or reading the text with comfort. — Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art. (Macmillan.) This volume, which seems needlessly clumsy, contains first a Memoir, by André Theuriet; then a criticism, Jules Bastien-Lepage as Artist, by George Clausen; a paper on Modern Realism in Painting, by Walter Sickert; and A Study of Marie Bashkirtseff, by Mathilde Blind. The matter first to attract the eye, and over which one is likely to linger longest, is the group of illustrations from the works of Bastien-Lepage, together with a copy of St. Gaudens's bas-relief and two or three pictures by Marie Bashkirtseff. M. Theuriet's sketch is full of color, and contains in addition some interesting bits from the artist's talk and letters. The book is not all eulogy, for Mr. Sickert, in his paper, undertakes to set forth the limitations of Bastien-Lepage, which he does in a somewhat dogmatic fashion. — Dawn of Art in the Ancient World, an Archæological Sketch, by W. M. Conway. (Macmillan.) An interesting group of essays treating in

some detail the early art of Egypt, Assyria, Chaldæa, Phœnicia, with a view to determining the ideals and the first movements of early civilization ; for throughout the volume Mr. Conway regards art as a function of social and religious history. The suggestions of the sketch are of most service to those who have acquired unrelated knowledge in the specific directions followed by the author.

Education. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1888–89 (Government Printing Office, Washington) is contained in two octavo volumes. It is for the most part a mass of classified statistics, but the commissioner has taken advantage of the special reports to present some of the results in more general terms. What he has to say of the relations of the schools to the colleges is guarded and judicious. His comments on the development of the university are much to the point. — In Heath's Modern Language Series, Victor Hugo's Hernani is edited by John E. Matzke. The introduction sketches rapidly the French theatre of the eighteenth century and the Romantic drama, of which Hugo is the great master, the versification, the story of Hernani, and the occasion of its first representation, when it caused such a commotion among the Classicists. — Burke's Speeches on the American War, and Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, with Introduction and Notes by A. J. George. (Heath.) A convenient textbook. Mr. George's work is confined to excerpts from writers on Burke, suggestions as to study, and brief notes.

Sociology. Darkness and Daylight, or Lights and Shadows of New York Life, by Mrs. Helen Campbell. (A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.) Mrs. Campbell contributes the greater part of the material in this book, but there are also two considerable sections by Colonel T. W. Knox and Inspector Byrnes. The general scheme is to lay bare the concealed side of city life, and that aspect of crime and poverty which is not obvious to the casual observer. The lights in the picture are chiefly the efforts made for regeneration by persons and organizations, though there is comparatively slight reference to the noble work done specifically by the churches. The shades, however, form the principal elements in the picture of city life, and a forlorn, miserable procession of rogues and wretches passes before the eye of the reader. The writers have used excellent judgment in keeping clear of the sensational, and especially in the treatment of sensual vice. The book ought to do something toward informing country people of the perils of the darker side of city life. It is such a survey as is likely to be read, for it is not encumbered with statistics, and is plentifully lightened by anecdote. The book is very abundantly illustrated, and the reader remarks how inevitably art, even when photographic, manages to give a picturesque quality to the most squalid conditions, except as connected with human faces. Streets, buildings, ruins in the low quarters, all have a touch of interest and attractiveness ; the ruined faces of men and women alone are unrelieved by art.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Impression of Walt Whitman.

ONE of the most familiar of figures in print and picture, everywhere well known or easily taken for granted, Walt Whitman was also personally most accessible ; it was part of his conception of the high office of poet to be so ; and there are many among us who have seen and spoken with him, many who have had far greater opportunities than I of knowing and estimating him. In writing these lines to the Club, I am conscious of having little in the way of fact or criticism to add to this knowledge, and no claim either of literary authority or of personal intimacy to pronounce his *éloge*. I saw him but twice or thrice ; on one occasion spending a few hours in his company, in a conversation that was impressive and memorable to me. But alas for the lacunes of memory ! I made no record of the talk, and much that he said has gone from me. The impression remains. Perhaps an at-

tempt to define it may fit in with some twilight talk of the dead poet ; perhaps I may slip my pebble between the larger stones of his cairn.

It was a warm Sunday noon, late in the summer of 1883, when two of us went to dine at a suburban house where Walt Whitman was a frequent guest, and was then staying for a few days. Warmth and sunshine were outside, shadow and coolness within, with perfect Sabbath quiet. The table was set for four, and I, the youngest of the party and the sole representative of my sex, had for my *vis-à-vis* the ample figure of the poet clad in light gray linen, his wide rolling shirt collar and long white hair and beard framing the massive, kindly face. He gave the keynote of the conversation, bearing his full share therein, but never monopolizing it ; talking with perfect courteousness, and with a simplicity and sincerity which set his listeners at ease, and made sincerity easy, and in fact the only attitude possible in the reply. What struck me, in his conversation, was first his readiness to talk and to hear of everything, his wide curiosity and sympathy ; and next, the flavor of it, the unity, which seemed to come, not from a stock of opinions, but out of a nature harmoniously adjusted to limitations which fitted it loosely and easily, as the ample linen suit fitted his large frame.

The conversation at first drifted back to war times, Whitman telling of some hospital experiences and interviews with Lincoln ; the other gentlemen adding bits of reminiscence, and discussing with him various incidents and accompaniments of the struggle. We talked, too, of the state of affairs in the South, and its regrettable but ever-lessening separation from the interests and life of the rest of the country. Of course we soon got upon the open-sea topic of human life, the puzzle and mystery of it, the question what should be made of it. The poet maintained that the physical life was nowadays too much neglected ; that between an attention to material and extraneous interests, on the one hand, and a conventional exaltation of the mental aspects, on the other, we were driving the physical to the wall ; as if life, this wonderful, mysterious life, were not primarily a physical phenomenon. To my objection that a perfect physical life was denied to many, and that nature seemed to bring about a sort of balance or provide a compensation in the fact that many persons, physically defective or suffering, had developed deep mental or spiritual insight, gaining through their very loss, he replied : "Yes, that is beautiful, but it is only compensation for loss ; and after all, is anything so beautiful as a whole, complete life, lived after natural laws, and preserving into old age its health and its power?" He went on to speak of the comparative rarity of a healthful, serene old age, such as ought to be the crown of every life, and asked, "How many examples do we see of it?" I mentioned a name that had more than once come to my mind, as we talked, — Victor Hugo. He said, "His is a fine old age," but spoke with little warmth, and added that it was a pity Victor Hugo was not truer and less bombastic.

The conversation turned on poetry. Walt Whitman said : "I envy Homer. I envy him that first strong impression of things. To him it was a new heaven and a new earth. Every poet since Homer has been at a disadvantage, has had to see and feel and describe what had all been seen and felt and described before." Every poet, he went on to say, had to go back as nearly as possible to that position, to see things at first hand ; that his greatness as a poet depended on his power of thus going back to the great elements of life, of seeing the world as a new world, and recreating it in words that were true, fresh, and direct. He spoke of Wordsworth as a poet who had dealt too much with the secondary aspects, with nature as viewed from the standpoint of a complicated human experience, and said, "Bryant is one of my favorites ;" adding that Bryant was never great, and was often monotonous, but that his way of looking at nature was simple and healthful, and more direct than Wordsworth's. I could not help thinking that his application of the principle was defective in that the simplicity he cited was perhaps more or less of an imitative character, while the poet to whom he referred as subtle had struck deeper, through whatever indirection, to the heart of things. He spoke of the pleasure of finding in Bryant allusions to those common objects of American landscape which we know and love.

After dinner I was alone with Walt Whitman for a few moments on the piazza.

He began to explain to me, kindly and carefully, as if fearful lest they should have been misunderstood, his remarks on the relation of the physical and mental life; saying in substance that the life of the soul was the highest end, but that to that end the most perfect equilibrium was essential, the physical having its great part in the development of the ideal. There had been no misunderstanding of his words on my part, and no contradiction, save of the accidental kind which occurs in the movement of conversation when we bring in facts or suggestions without measuring exactly their relation to what has preceded. It was not a point to contradict. If the physical is not with us in our higher aims, it is fearfully against us.

A drive was proposed for the late afternoon, and in the mean time Walt Whitman disappeared for an hour to take a nap. We sat on the piazza till he joined us again, when he recurred to some talk that we had had at dinner, apropos of optimism and pessimism. He had affirmed the former creed, and I had protested against too entire an optimism, because of the possibility it left open of sliding over things too easily, of ignoring the depths of human experience. He now remarked, in his wise, tranquil manner, "Optimism with a touch of pessimism, — that is the right creed." And is not that the optimism of Leaves of Grass, which makes its affirmation so strongly and ardently, without neglecting to take account of the contradictions and negations?

> "Roaming in thought over the Universe,
> I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening towards immortality,
> And the vast all that is called Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead."

Our host asked the poet to read to us before we took our drive, and he consented. We hoped for something of his own, but he suggested Bryant, wishing to show us what he liked in him, and read Thanatopsis. To a seasoned Wordsworthian Thanatopsis is an echo, but it is a stately, pleasing poem for all that, dealing with things that are true and dear to us, and, read as it was read on that quiet Sunday afternoon, it was impressive and beautiful. While the reading was going on we heard at intervals a distant thud, — the firing of a gun. Our host said, "It is a soldier's funeral." Whitman paused, sat silent a moment, then resumed the solemn lines on death.

We had a charming drive about the country, the poet now and then waving his hand, with a smile, to little children by the roadside; enjoying everything, interested in the crops growing or gathered, and admiring particularly some high stone walls built around large properties, for their evident strength, the gray color of the stone, and their honest workmanship. When we bade farewell to our host and Walt Whitman, who left us at our own door, the latter insisted upon alighting, though he was lame from paralysis, and handing me out. He said to us, "It has been a pleasant day, has it not?" My companion assented. I added, with enthusiasm, "It has been a perfectly happy day to me, Mr. Whitman." His face lit up cordially, and he said, "Has it so? I am glad. If there had been anything the matter with it before, that would have made it all right."

The next time I saw him, passing him one day in the street, as he sat in a carriage beside the curbstone, he returned my salutation evidently without recognizing me, but with his hearty manner, as of one glad to salute any fragment of humanity. Later I heard him read, before a large assembly, his poem on the mocking-bird by the seashore, — "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." His voice came across the crowded room as from some open, quiet space without, its harmonies large and loose like those of the verse. And what a suggestion of melody as well as harmony there is in that song of the mocking-bird! How it brings up those night-notes that seem to be thrown out upon the air and then recalled, gathered in for a pause and another outpouring! Walt Whitman's reading of his verse established its right to be. He was really not a modern writer of poems, but an ancient bard and reciter of them.

My last glimpse of him was in his house at Camden, when he was recovering from a long illness. He was in an upstairs room, sitting in an armchair, clad in a long blue dressing-gown, with the usual expanse of immaculate linen. In this costume he sat serene and Jove-like amid an indescribable blending of bareness and confusion: a room of the plainest sort, with an unmade bed, very little furniture besides, a fire in a stove, on the floor a pile of wood, some

stacks of books, and some huge baskets filled with manuscripts, which overflowed and lay round in little heaps. He was gracious and cordial, talked of his illness and of the visits he had had, and showed us some French books that had been sent to him. He spoke of the fact that no new generation of poets stood ready to take the place of that which had grown old and would pass away with Tennyson, lamenting this result of the utilitarian tendency of the age.

Battle of the Babies.

— A warfare has been raging in our midst, the echoes of which have hardly yet died sullenly away upon either side of the Atlantic. It has been a bloodless and un-Homeric strife, not without humorous side issues, as when Pistol and Bardolph and Fluellen come to cheer our anxious spirits at the siege of Harfleur. Its first guns were heard in New York, where a modest periodical, devoted to the training of parents, opened fire upon those time-honored nursery legends which are presumably dear to the hearts of all rightly constituted babies. The leader of this gallant foray protested vehemently against all fairy tales of a mournful or sanguinary cast, and her denunciation necessarily included many stories which have for generations been familiar to every little child. She rejected Red Riding Hood, because her own infancy was haunted and embittered by the evil behavior of the wolf; she would have none of Bluebeard, because he was a wholesale fiend and murderer; she would not even allow the pretty Babes in the Wood, because they tell a tale of cold-hearted cruelty and of helpless suffering; while all fierce narratives of giants and ogres and magicians were to be banished ruthlessly from our shelves. Verily, reading will be but gentle sport in the virtuous days to come.

Now it chanced that this serious protest against nursery lore fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, the most light-hearted and conservative of critics, and partial withal to tales of bloodshed and adventure. How could it be otherwise with one reared on the bleak border land, and familiar from infancy with the wild border legends that Sir Walter knew and loved; with stories of Thomas the Rhymer, and the plundering Hardens, and the black witches of Loch Awe! It was natural that with the echoes of the old savage strife ringing in his ears, and with the memories of the dour Scottish bogies and warlocks lingering in his heart, Mr. Lang could but indifferently sympathize with those anxious parents who think the stories of Bluebeard and Jack the Giant Killer too shocking for infant ears to hear. Our grandmothers, he declared, were not ferocious old ladies, yet they told us these tales and many more which we were none the worse for hearing. "Not to know them is to be sadly ignorant, and to miss that which all people have relished in all ages." Moreover, it is apparent to him, and indeed to most of us, that we cannot take even our earliest steps in the world of literature, or in the shaded paths of knowledge, without encountering suffering and sin in some shape; while, as we advance a little further, these grisly forms fly ever on before. "Cain," remarks Mr. Lang, "killed Abel. The flood drowned quite a number of persons. David was not a stainless knight, and Henry VIII. was nearly as bad as Bluebeard. Several deserving gentlemen were killed at Marathon. Front de Bœuf came to an end shocking to sensibility and to Mr. Ruskin." The Arabian Nights, Pilgrim's Progress, Paul and Virginia, all the dear old nursery favorites must, under the new dispensation, be banished from our midst; and the rising generation of prigs must be nourished exclusively on Little Lord Fauntleroy and other carefully selected specimens of milk-and-water diet.

The prospect hardly seems inviting; but as the English guns rattled merrily away in behalf of English tradition, they were promptly met by an answering roar from this side of the water. A Boston paper rushed gallantly to the defense of the New York periodical, and gave Mr. Lang — to use a pet expression of his own — "his kail through the reek." American children, it appears, are too sensitively organized to endure the unredeemed ferocity of the old fairy stories. The British child may sleep soundly in its little cot after hearing about the Babes in the Wood; the American infant is prematurely saddened by such unmerited misfortune. "If a consensus of American mothers could be taken," says the Boston writer, "our English critic might be infinitely disgusted to know in how many nurseries these cruel tales must be changed, or not told at all to the chil-

dren of less savage generations. No mother nowadays tells them in their unmitigated brutality."

Is this true, I wonder, and are our supersensitive babies reared perforce on the optimistic version of Red Riding Hood, where the wolf is cut open by the woodman, and the little girl and her grandmother jump out, safe and sound? Their New England champion speaks of the "intolerable misery" — a very strong phrase — which he suffered in infancy from having his nurse tell him of the Babes in the Wood; while the Scriptural stories were apparently every whit as unbearable and heart-breaking. "I remember," he says, "two children, strong, brave man and woman now, who in righteous rage plucked the Slaughter of the Innocents out from the family Bible." This was a radical measure, to say the least, and if many little boys and girls started in to expurgate the Scriptures in such liberal fashion, the holy book would soon present a sadly mutilated appearance. Moreover, it seems to me that such an anecdote, narrated with admirable assurance, reveals very painfully the lack of that fine and delicate spirituality in the religious training of children; of that grace and distinction which are akin to saintship, and are united so charmingly in those to whom truth has been inseparably associated with beauty. There is a painting by Ghirlandaio hanging over the altar in the chapel of the Foundling Asylum in Florence. It represents the Adoration of the Magi, and kneeling by the side of the Wise Men is a little group of the Holy Innocents, their tiny garments stained with blood, their hands clasped in prayer; while the Divine Child turns from his mother's embraces and the kings' rich gifts to greet the little companions who have yielded up their spotless lives for him. Now, surely those lean, brown Florentine orphans, who have always before their eyes this beautiful and tender picture, absorb through it alone a religious sentiment unfelt by American children who are familiar only with the ugly and inane prints of American Sunday-schools, in which I have known the line "My soul doth magnify the Lord" to be illustrated by a man with a magnifying-glass in his hand. Possibly our Sunday-school scholars, being more accurately instructed as to dates, could inform the little Florentines that the Innocents were not slaughtered until after the Magi had returned to the East. But no child who had looked day after day upon Ghirlandaio's lovely picture — more appealing in its pathos than Holman Hunt's brilliant and jocund Triumph of the Innocents — could desire to pluck "in righteous rage" that chapter from the Bible. He would have at least some dim and imperfect conception of the spiritual meaning, the spiritual joy, which underlie the pain and horror of the story.

This reflection will help us in some measure to come to a decision, when we return to the vexed problem of nursery tales and legends. I believe it is as well to cultivate a child's emotions as to cultivate his manners or his morals, and the first step in such a direction is necessarily taken through the stories told him in infancy. If a consensus of mothers would reject the good old fairy tales "in their unmitigated brutality," a consensus of men of letters would render a different verdict; and such men, who have been children in their time, and who look back with wistful delight upon the familiar figures who were their earliest friends, are entitled to an opinion in the case. How admirable was the "righteous rage" of Charles Lamb, when he wanted to buy some of these same brutal fairy stories for the little Coleridges, and could find nothing but the correct and commonplace literature which his whole soul abhorred! "Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about," he wrote indignantly to papa Coleridge, "and have banished all the old classics of the nursery. Knowledge, insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, must, it seems, come to a child in the shape of knowledge; and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers, when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and that Billy is better than a horse, and such like; instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child."

Just such a wild tale, fantastic rather than beautiful, haunted Châteaubriand all his life, — the story of Count Combourg's wooden leg, which, three hundred years after its owner's death, was seen at night walking solemnly down the steep turret stairs, attended by a huge black cat. Not

at all the kind of story we should select to tell a child nowadays. By no means! Even the little Châteaubriand heard it from peasant lips. Yet in after years, when he had fought the battle of life, and fought it with success, when he had grown gray, and illustrious, and disillusioned, and melancholy, what should come back to his mind, with its old pleasant flavor of terror and mystery, but the vision of Count Combourg's wooden leg taking its midnight constitutional, with the black cat stepping softly on before? So he notes it gravely down in his Memoirs, just as Scott notes in his diary the pranks of Whippity Stourie, the Scotch bogie that steals at night into open nursery windows, and just as Heine, in gay, sunlit Paris, recalls with joy the dark, sweet, sombre tales of the witch and fairy haunted forests of Germany.

These are impressions worth recording, and they are only a few out of many which may be gathered from similar sources. That which is vital in literature or tradition, which has survived the obscurity and wreckage of the past, whether as legend, or ballad, or mere nursery rhyme, has survived in right of some intrinsic merit of its own, and will not be snuffed out of existence by any of our precautionary or hygienic measures. We could not banish Bluebeard if we would. He is as immortal as Hamlet, and when hundreds of years shall have passed over this uncomfortably enlightened world, the children of the future — who, thank Heaven, can never, with all our efforts, be born grown up — will still tremble at the blood-stained key, and rejoice when the big brave brothers come galloping up the road. We could not even rid ourselves of Mother Goose, though she too has her mortal enemies, who protest periodically against her cruelty and grossness. We could not drive Punch and Judy from our midst, though Mr. Punch's derelictions have been the subject of much serious and adverse criticism. It is not by such barbarous rhymes or by such brutal spectacles that we teach a child the lessons of integrity and gentleness, explain our nursery moralists, and probably they are correct. Moreover, Bluebeard does not teach a lesson of conjugal felicity, and Cinderella is full of the world's vanities, and Puss in Boots is one long record of triumphant effrontery and deception. An honest and self-respecting lad would have explained to the king that he was not the Marquis of Carabas at all; that he had no desire to profit by his cat's ingenious falsehoods, and no weak ambition to connect himself with the aristocracy. Such a hero would be a credit to our modern schoolrooms, and lift a load of care from the shoulders of our modern critics. Only the children would have none of him, but would turn wistfully back to those brave old tales which are their inheritance from a splendid past, and of which no hand shall rob them.

Intelligence and Culture.

— Mr. Henry James, in one of his stories or sketches, I forget which, has said that he does not care to talk with an intelligent woman; he prefers a cultured one. I think there is something in the saying. The "intelligent" woman may be in a way a more interesting mental specimen, — the intelligent American, in particular, is wonderfully alive and alert and hospitable toward all new ideas, — yet for purposes of conversational enjoyment the cultured woman does seem preferable. I happen to live in a place which by right of population calls itself a city, but which, compared with any of our great cities, is to all intents and purposes a provincial town. As a new-comer, I have been struck with the large proportion of intelligence among women of the upper social strata; and I have noted with respect, indeed with a certain awe, their noble efforts after intellectual improvement. Their industry puts to shame the mental indolence of a mere desultory reader like myself. Clubs abound, devoted to the study of history, the drama, art, etc., and no idle dabbler in these things but must feel herself obliged to bow before students who write discourses upon varied themes, which they deliver before assemblies of their peers. If they have not taken all knowledge to be their province, their reach is sufficiently wide. Yet it happens that a humble person coming among them, with no pretensions to being well informed, is sometimes at a loss for lack of a common ground of understanding and sympathy when she alludes to certain things pertaining to literature. The trouble seems to be that which Mr. James felt, — that intelligence, and even a habit of study, do not necessarily imply culture. A lady, whose mental capacity and energy are worthy of all admiration, recently remarked to me

that style in an author was something to which she paid no heed, as a matter of no moment or interest to her. Immediately a sort of gulf seemed to open between my mind and hers. It sometimes appears as though the conscientious habit of study interfered with the spontaneous enjoyment of books. Shakespeare, for instance, is rather an author to be well informed about than a genius to be delighted in.

Far be it from me to seem to depreciate that discipline of mind resulting from thorough and systematic study, in which I confess myself lamentably deficient; still, I cannot but think that there is a certain distinct gain to be derived from what is called desultory reading, from the practice of browsing in a library and imbibing literature for the simple pleasure of it.

In a novel I once read, one of the characters, a dilettante gentleman, was spoken of contemptuously as a man who was always reading "books about books." To neglect the rich originals of literature for books or periodicals full of slight comment upon them, criticism, so called, would be a mistake indeed, but books about books have their uses notwithstanding. Have not John Morley and Matthew Arnold something to tell us about authors beyond what we should have discovered for ourselves?

Thoughts, opinions, knowledge, it has been said, are sensibility to ideas and facts. I do not know that culture is possible for every one; the native "sensibility" must be in him. Receptiveness toward facts is much more common than toward ideas. No doubt the acquisition of knowledge is a genuine pleasure to some persons, but, speaking generally, one would be inclined to say that it is the "literature of power" rather than the literature of knowledge that offers the most rare and varied delights. Among the unfailing joys of life Mr. Lowell placed "spring, and the most poignant utterances of the poets." Culture in art implies sensibility to æsthetic ideas, a capacity for emotion as well as for thought, and is of course not gained wholly or chiefly from books. Next to the good man's joy in deeds of goodness, I suppose there is none comparable to the true artist's joy in creation, — one of the few things worth envy; but for the great majority of us ungifted ones there is consolation in the thought which Mr. Browning has expressed by the mouth of his poet Cleon, who says that he has not produced poetry like Homer nor music like Terpander, nor carved and painted men like Phidias and others; he is not great, as they are, point by point;

> "But I have entered into sympathy
> With these four, running them into one soul.
> Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

Teeth set on Edge.

— If people universally clung to hereditary beliefs, progress would manifestly be impossible; yet, accustomed though we are to moral and intellectual differences between parent and child, it gives us a sense of incongruity when a man zealous in one cause has a son equally zealous in the opposite camp. It was long believed, and Schiller has immortalized the legend, that Don Carlos sympathized with the revolt in the Netherlands, so cruelly repressed by his father, Philip II.; but in reality that deformed, gluttonous, half-insane prince, anxious to escape from paternal control, envied Alva the task of dragooning the Flemings into submission. If William the Silent's elder son, seized as a hostage by the Spaniards, grew up a morose, bigoted Catholic, environment obviously overcame heredity. Still, there are numerous cases in which environment and heredity put together have proved powerless. Richard Cromwell is said to have been a gay young Cavalier, drinking success to Charles I. at the very time when his father was in the field against him. Milton's brother Christopher did not side with his father and brother, and became at last a judge under Charles II. Christina of Sweden, daughter of the great Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, became a Roman Catholic. Benjamin Franklin's son was a loyalist. Wilberforce, a Protestant of the Protestants, had four sons, three of whom became Roman Catholics, while the fourth, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, was so opposed to his father's school of thought as constantly to be charged with Romish leanings; that bishop's only daughter, moreover, joined her uncles. The Coleridges were a thoroughly Protestant family, but one of the poet's nephews is a Jesuit. The Brights have been Quakers for centuries, but John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist. Dr. Arnold of Rugby was a decided Protestant and Philistine, a matter-of-fact radical; his son, Matthew Arnold, wrote philippics

against Philistinism; another son was for a time a Roman Catholic, and that son's daughter is the author of Robert Elsmere. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, famous for the S. G. O. letters in the London Times, thundered against ritualism and Romanism; his son is a priest at the London Oratory. Prévost-Paradol, the agnostic or theist who fought bravely with the pen for liberty in France, accepted the Washington embassy from the apparently liberalized empire, and committed suicide on discovering that he had been deluded, left two daughters who have both taken the veil. The eldest son of Eugène Bersier, the most popular Protestant pastor of this generation in Paris, first married a Catholic, and then became a Catholic himself. The Rev. Charles Voysey, expelled from the Church of England for heresy, now a free-thought minister in London, has two daughters who have both become nuns. Bradlaugh, who refused to take the Christian oath on entering the House of Commons, had religious parents, and has a brother who is a Scripture reader. The two great English cardinals of this century, Newman and Manning, were sons of stanch evangelicals. It reminds us of Macaulay's taunt that the Tories could not produce leaders, but from Strafford to Pitt (he would have added Beaconsfield) had to borrow them from the Whigs. Of Newman's two brothers, Francis first turned to agnosticism, and then swung half back to Unitarianism; the other was a ne'er-do-weel. The children of English Quakers — most of the Gurneys, for instance — frequently become Episcopalians, and William Howitt's wife, like Bright's sister, was a convert to Rome. The Duc de Nemours became a legitimist, regarding his father, Louis Philippe, as a usurper. When, however, heirs apparent are in political opposition to their fathers, it is generally from affectation rather than from conviction. George IV., as Prince of Wales, fraternized with the Whigs, and if he had not been in his teens during the American war probably would have professed admiration for Washington, but on becoming regent he retained his father's Tory advisers.

A great political or religious convulsion necessarily involves a real or an apparent change of creed. Strictly speaking, the first generation of Protestants had all Catholic fathers, and the Americans who fought for independence had all loyalist fathe When Dr. Johnson told a young lady c vert to Quakerism that people should k to the church in which they had b brought up, she asked whether he wo have said this to the first Christians. was silenced; but had he been prepared so prompt a retort, he would doubtless ha argued that an individual and isolated c version is not on the same footing as a gr movement, a "swarmery," as Carlyle, b rowing a Germanism, styles it. It is thing to join a new party or church; it quite another to adopt an opinion of lo standing which is repugnant to your pare or kindred. This latter phenomenon what I am now discussing, and how is it be accounted for? One reason is that mother may have had latent leanings that the mixture of two lines of desc may have exercised a peculiar influen Atavism may likewise be invoked. probably the chief cause lies elsewhe Children are keen observers, and if there any narrowness in the parent's creed, poli ical or religious, they are sure, sooner later, to discover it. Children very strict brought up often go wrong morally; if th have too much moral fibre for this, th go astray theologically. The fathers ha eaten sour grapes, eaten them with a relis and the children's teeth are set on edg The Wilberforces were certainly repelle by the austerity of the so-called Claphai sect. Observing behind the scenes all t pettinesses of one faith, sons perceive onl the glittering outside of the other. Oc sionally they turn back to the paternal f in many cases, we may be sure that even they remain in their new fold, they en conscious of not having found perfecti there, by mentally rendering justice to th old faith. Now and then they box the re ligious compass, trying one sect after an other, and perhaps eventually becomin their own church.

A narrow patriotism induces the sam reaction as a narrow creed. One extrem begets another. Nationality cannot, indeed be shaken off as easily as church or party but spread-eagleism and anti-patriotism cross swords; as in the subjoined faithfu report of a French *table d'hôte* scene, th climax of several days' disputing ove American and European climate, hotels bread, cheese, oysters, and whiskey: —

. "I have never been so well treated n my own country."

. "Well, I have been all over the world, have never been so swindled anywhere t New York."

. "I hate to hear people run down their country. You say things you know not true."

. "What have I said that is n't true?"

. "That you have been cheated at New k more than anywhere else."

. "Well, so I have."

. "It 's downright silly of you."

. "I hate to hear anybody continually vling against the country they are in."

. "You never hear me growling."

. "I see we are getting into deep water."

lship's re, Of- e and sive.

— "Love me, hate my enemies," was the text of a little plaint recently made in the Club. The Contributor rose to protest nst such a demand, but on me the chief grateful effect of his protest was to g to my mind with new clearness much is to be said in its favor.

ut in this form it has a slightly ungen- s sound, but in this day, when the ties veen men are generally so much more ely knit than when personal fighting pe l played a greater part in making steem the virtues of gratitude and fidel- it nevertheless seems to me to need bashed emphasis. Of course it can be ounded in a thousand misplaced and ile ways, but for myself, I am chiefly ous that it shall never be through cow- e, nor laziness, nor stupidity, nor any ness of soul that I refuse help in a d's fight.

observe that some or all of these unde- ble things are often at the root of the ly assertions that it takes two to make arrel, and that both sides are always to ne. Doubtless, as human beings, both s always lack perfect wisdom, but there plenty of quarrels where the overwhelm- wrong comes from one party and is ered by the other, and I take it that it he part of friendship to discover it when is the case, and to make the discovery wn. Indeed, I think the simple, warm of justice might do so much, and that ndship should hardly wait for so im- tive a demand upon its championship. ent fidelity in friendship may lead to ng, but it is itself a good of overbal- ancing value. I rejoice to remember how passionately that prince of friends, Edmund Burke, sustained these views, not only when he could not help it, as the fighter of his friends' battles, but when more intellectual conviction and temerity were required to make him lay down the law as to what his friends must do for him. After his quarrel with Single-Speech Hamilton he writes: "I shall never, therefore, look upon those who, after hearing the whole story, do not think me perfectly in the right, and do not consider Hamilton an infamous scoundrel, to be in the smallest degree my friends, or even to be persons for whom I am bound to have the slightest esteem, as fair and just estimators of the characters and conduct of men. Situated as I am, and feeling as I do, I should be just as well pleased that they totally condemned me as that they should say there were faults on both sides, as I hear is (I cannot forbear saying) the affected language of some persons."

An Infant Industry.

— One might as well spend one's time, like Domitian, catching flies as trying to tell the Club anything new about protection, trusts, or "combines." The members, however, may have overlooked one branch of human activity, to which, as it primarily concerns the mind, their special consideration is due.

It was revealed in an editorial correspondence, which "the party of the first part" opened with the announcement, "This letter is from a Puzzler, who wants to take charge of the Puzzle Department of the Weekly Visitor," — so to call the periodical addressed. The Puzzler went on to say that he has been an "active Puzzler" for years, is a member of the Eastern Puzzlers' League, and enjoys a wide acquaintance with Puzzlers at large.

All this opened an alluring vista of knowledge in unfamiliar fields. The idea of men separating themselves from the world as "Puzzlers," and rejoicing in the distinction, was new. Their industry gave promise of proving an interesting infant. Investigation, especially with reference to the League, was undertaken, and its results are hereby given to a portion of mankind not Puzzlers. The Eastern Puzzlers' League is an actual organization of "the best Puzzlers living east of the Mississippi," and of proved ability to make "puzzles up to the standard." It holds semi-annual conventions

on July 4 and December 25. If their festivals are not red-letter days, it is plainly not the fault of the Puzzlers. Yet the proper pride evinced in their choice of dates extends no further, for pride of place — at least of inherited name — plays no part in the Puzzlers' conventions. All personality, if they claim any such as the world knows it, is abandoned at the doors of these august sessions. According to an authentic report of the Eastern Puzzlers' League's seventeenth convention (and *thus* we may see how the world wags), the members of the body appear under such names as Arty Fishel, B. Ver, F. Aitchell, Kosciusko McGinty, and Nick R. Bocka. A report is read by Maud Lynn. Barnyard reads another, and it is ordered to be printed in the Eastern Enigma, the official organ of the League. Officers are elected, all under their puzzling pseudonyms. Anonyme suggests "the advisability of instituting a puzzleistic exhibit at the World's Fair." A committee is appointed to report upon this subject, and the convention adjourns.

The seriousness of the whole affair is appalling. Yet one into whose ken the new planet swims cannot refrain from light conjectures. The convention report gives but a hint of the strange life of "puzzledom." Are only the persons capable of making "puzzles up to the standard" banded together? Have not the consumers of the article, like the producers, their League? Following the Puzzlers into their daily lives, one hopes they may be still B. Ver and Nick R. Bocka to friends and kinsmen. When Arty Fishel led his wife, if he has one, to the altar, did he say, "I, Arty, take thee, Hannah [or what you will] to be my wedded wife," thereby making her Mrs. Fishel? Do they see "charades" in trees, "squares" in the running brooks, "rebuses" in stones, puzzles in everything?

Who can tell? When some Stockton enters these untrodden paths, and writes a Puzzler story, the world will rejoice and be wiser. Till then the puzzle industry, though without benefit of tariff it appears to thrive, must remain an infant unknown outside the Club.

A Plea for the Minor Artist.

— It is, perhaps, an open question whether the *genus irritabile vatum* should be indulged in its irritability; but the indulgence, being granted, should be freely accorded by the higher to the lower (and to the lowest) grades of the *genus*. In fact, Genius should not look askance at the claims that Talent makes on the ground of its restive sensibilities, nor should Genius or Talent in one field of art deride the whimsical exactions of individuals in another field. If the great and only Byron, through some allusion to merely mundane topics while he was in the anguish of composition, could be rendered so miserable as to throw his watch into the fire, why may not other artists, of greater or less degree, plead the peevishness attributed to the genus? Shall not we, moreover, endeavor to find justification? An instance from Thackeray sets us in the right direction. When, interrupted by the maid asking him something about onions or butter, the French cook lifted his dainty fingers from the piano keys, and remonstrated pathetically with the interrupter, these were his words: "Every great artist has need of solitude to perfectionate his work!" The little maid who stood thus rebuked doubtless had never heard of Kalulah, and so did not know that other senses than the one of hearing could be attuned to harmony; for it was the fantastic author of this now unfamiliar romance who therein devised a scheme by which the olfactory as well as the auditory nerve could be employed for high artistic purposes, creative or interpretative.

Quite outside the pale of the humanities, and in the exercise of arts not recognized as legitimate, Genius cries out to us, in its various straits and dilemmas. In illustration, there occurs the case of the celebrated pickpocket, who, on being arrested for the performance of his function, somewhat surprised the judge by asking to see the coat from which the pocket-book had been taken. The coat was produced, and was seen to be cut and slashed with a reckless disregard that showed the novice. The "Napoleon of pickpockets," as he delighted to call himself, turned upon the judge a face crimson with anger. "I considers zis von grand insult! Ven I does a job, I does it up! I makes no such botch as zis!" On the ground of inherent probabilities, or as tribute to artistic excellence in his own sphere, the indignant adept was discharged. But æsthetic irascibility, except "in high places," rarely receives such appreciation and indulgence.